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YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

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CHAPTER I.—IT GROWS DARK.

'ALONE? Why, father, you surely did not let them go alone, the boys and the young lady, in our boat, with a storm-cloud on Moel Vawr that will lash the lake into a sheet of foam when once it breaks. If so'— And then came a pause, as the speaker, who had come hurrying up in breathless haste along the rugged reef of slippery rocks that stretched out like a narrow promontory into the lake, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked intently out over the expanse of sun-lit waters, now rippling as the breeze freshened.

'I did,' said the elder of the two men, as in his turn he strained his eyes to gaze over the glittering lake; 'and if harm comes of it, heaven forgive me, for I feel now that I was to blame.'

And yet it was a lovely scene on which they looked; for the blue sky overhead, almost Italian in its violet depth of hue, was mirrored in the bright waters of Bala Lake; while the Welsh mountains wore their gayest garb, moss and turf and heather and lichens blending their green and gold and purple to contrast with the bare crags and ghastly scours that were strewn with crumbling shale and loose stones, amid which even the hill-fox could scarcely pick his way. Every glen, every cleft, each tiny thread of trickling water could be seen with unusual distinctness; while the majestic peaks to the northward stood out bold and well defined in sharp relief against the horizon. Over one huge mountain that towered aloft, the giant sentinel of the vale, floated a misty cloud of blackening vapour.

'Moel Vawr,' said the younger of the two boatmen, pointing towards it, 'does not wear his cap for nothing. But they are blind to it, yonder.' And again he looked out over the sun-lit sparkling waters, already heaving, as the wind increased, towards the pretty pinnace, with her white sail

and fluttering crimson flag, that was the only craft in sight. Far away on the left, nestling among trees and green meadows, were the white walls and slated roofs of the village; while nearer to the rude landing-stage, beside which were heaped cart-loads of rough ore awaiting transport to the smelting-works, stood the solitary cottage of the boatmen. These two, father and son, were very unlike to one another, save for that indefinable something which we often observe to make an outward and visible link between those who are near in blood. The elder was sickly, bent, and with haggard features, and hair prematurely gray. The younger, fair, blue-eyed, and strikingly handsome. Englishmen who come to Wales to earn a living there are not always very popular; but Hugh Ashton was liked and respected, somehow, far and wide, from Bettws y Coed and Pllwnt to Beddgelert; and for the sake of the frank, bold lad, people were tolerant to his silent sad-eyed father.

It needed a sailor's eye or that of a mountaineer to note the first signs of the impending change of weather. First the topmost peak of Moel Vawr assumed that clond-cap which the hill-folk, with lambs grazing far afield or corn half-stacked, regarded as a warning worth attention. Then there came creeping from above, gray patches of cloud-mist that clung to the cope and lurked in the hollow and filled the gorge, like an ambushed foe waiting to break from his ambushments when the battle should begin. Next the wind swept in fitful gusts over vale and lake, and threads of vapour spanned the sky, and the other mountains put on each his cowl of storms, as if in obedience to the signal given by Moel Vawr; and the sigh of the breeze became a sob, and the sob a shriek, and presently the veriest tyro could see that mischief was brewing.

The cattle were running to and fro, lowing uneasily in the fields, and the pigeons had fluttered homeward, and the rooks flapped past with hurrying wing and complaining caw, and farming-men were hastening to the more exposed uplands, where live-stock or ill-built haystacks might need protection.

'Nimble ar pen month!' called out one of the shepherds, pointing upwards at the mountain top with its blackening veil of clouds, as he passed the reef of rocks on which the Ashtons stood. The latter made no reply, but gazed with painful intentness at the distant boat.

'They are going about now,' said the elder man with somewhat of a sigh of relief. 'They have seen the signs of a storm, and may perhaps get to shore in time.'

'No, no!' answered Hugh, as his quick glance was cast upward to the darkening sky. 'In five minutes, at most, the squall will be upon them. Look at that flapping sail, and see how the boat dances already on the waves; and no hand upon the rudder but the weak one of a boy!'

Meanwhile those in the boat had perceived, though somewhat late, the threatening portents of the approaching tempest. They were but three in number; two boys, the elder of whom was perhaps fourteen years of age, and a beautiful girl some five years older.

'We'll put the boat about at once, and get back before the rain comes on,' said the bigger of the two boys, with the sanguine confidence that belongs to youth alone.—'Look sharp with the rudder, Willie, while I ease off the sheet a bit.—There's no danger, Cousin Maud, of anything worse than a wetting, I do assure you.'

Yet the pinnace, as she came slowly round in answer to the helm, heeled ominously, and a shower of spray flew over her bows as she laboured among the glassy waves that were rising fast. A dark curtain seemed to have suddenly been drawn across the sun-gilted azure of the sky, and the crystal waters of the lake wore a sullen leaden hue streaked with white froth.

'We ought to lose no time, Edgar, in returning to shore,' said the girl in a tone that she vainly tried to render steady and unconcerned. 'These mountain lakes I have heard are treacherous. Surely we ought to go back.'

'Not a bit of danger!' replied Edgar as he hauled at the wet rope, casting an eager look upwards to the blackening canopy of cloud. 'Why, cousin, I've been out with the fishermen fifty times on the Cornish coast when it really did blow great-guns, and then to think of this little lake—Steady, Willie, steady! We shipped too much water that time!' as a drenching shower of spray broke over the reeling boat, and the sky wore its darkest frown, and the shriek of the wind grew bodily shrill. The pinnace heeled over under the force of the blast; but she righted, and fought a good fight, riding gallantly over the white waves. Far and near, nothing could be seen save inkly sky and angry water. The foaming billows rose menacingly, as if to bar the path; and on the dim shore-line, blotted and blurred by the driving rain, miniature breakers could be vaguely descried.

'They'll run her, stem on, against the Lion Rock,' cried young Hugh Ashton, pointing to a great weed-grown stone protruding from the water

not far from the reef, and which derived its name from some fancied resemblance to the head and shoulders of the King of Beasts. 'Quick, father, now, to help, when the boat goes to pieces!'

Crash! The sound of the shattered woodwork could be heard even above the roar of the gale, as now the pinnace struck upon the Lion Rock, and nothing of her could be seen but a confused medley of broken timber and drooping mast, and human forms half-submerged, and the white foam that rose up all around like a spotless shroud. Then came a splash, followed by another, as the boatmen, father and son, plunged boldly into the water to render aid.

'Save Willie—Willie can't swim!' gasped out Edgar as the elder Ashton approached. 'I shall do well enough. Where's Cousin Maud?' Maud was in better keeping than that of her stripling kinsman. Hugh Ashton was a powerful swimmer, and he had seemed to tear the lake-waves asunder in the force of the swift strong strokes that brought him to where the sinking girl's loosened hair floated on the surface. As she felt his grasp upon her and felt her head raised above the cruel water, she clung to him with the blind instinct of the drowning, and for a moment both sank.

'Don't be afraid, young lady; and hold me, but not so firmly. I want to swim my best now,' panted Hugh, as he battled with the waves. 'Let your head rest on my shoulder—so; and now leave it all to me.'

Just then the lightning flashed forth from the riven clouds, and the roll of heaven's artillery was echoed back from gorge and glen, from cairn and cave, filling the startled air with deep and threatening sound. And then again flared forth the lightning; while the lake boiled and seethed like a witch's caldron, and overhead the gloomy sky stretched like a funeral pall.

ROBERT DICK THE THURSO BAKER.

THROUGH the indefatigable and genial labours of Dr Smiles, we are favoured with an account of a self-reliant genius, whose biography will be a suitable companion to that of Thomas Edwards the Banffshire naturalist, and which we doubt not will be equally popular. While Edwards still lives in deserved esteem as a man of science, unfortunately Robert Dick died twelve years ago, and is beyond the reach of either praise or succour which the world might have been pleased to bestow. The circumstance imparts a certain mournfulness to Dr Smiles's narrative; but for general interest it comes up to any of his previous productions. As an incitement to a perusal of the work, 'Robert Dick, Baker of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist' (Murray, 1878), we offer the following condensed sketch—premising that the book abounds in beautifully executed wood-engravings illustrative of the picturesque scenery on the northern coast of Caithness.

Robert Dick was born in 1811, at Tallbody, a village situated at the foot of the Ockil Hills, Clackmannanshire. He had a brother and two sisters. His father was an officer of excise, and noted as an attentive and able man. Robert had a good plain education, which included a little

Latin. His schooling, however, was abruptly cut short by a family calamity. His mother died, his father married again, and the second wife minding only her own children, treated her step-sons and step-daughters badly. Robert was taken from school, and bound an apprentice to a baker, when he was thirteen years old. At once he was plunged into a routine of severe and ill-requited labour. He got up at three in the morning to light the oven fire, and worked and drudged until seven or eight, and sometimes nine at night. As he grew older, he was sent out with a load on his head, to deliver the bread in the neighbouring villages. Though toilsome, these excursions imparted much pleasure to the boy, for they gave him an opportunity of observing nature, which had charms for him in all its moods. He was fond of examining plants, and watching their character and development. In this way he acquired a practical knowledge of botany, while other boys only spent their time in mischief or idleness. At the age of seventeen, his apprenticeship expired, and he went to be a journeyman baker in Leith. From this place he went to Glasgow, and afterwards to Greenock.

His father meanwhile had removed to Thurso, in the county of Caithness, and by his recommendation Robert went to that town to commence business on his own account. He arrived in Thurso in the summer of 1830, when he was about twenty years of age, and set up as a baker in a house in Wilson's Lane. In trying to begin the battle of life in so small and remote a town, he made a mistake, which was repeated of when too late. Thurso is the farthest north town in Great Britain. It is situated at the head of an inlet from the Pentland Firth, which divides Scotland from the Orkney Islands. The country around is for the most part bare and desolate, and exposed to fierce driving winds. Hedges will not grow. The arable fields are inclosed with flag-stones set up on end. The sea-shore consists of tall precipitous cliffs of red sandstone, worn into fantastic shapes by the incessant dashing of the waves, which come rolling in impetuously from the Atlantic.

No place could be seemingly less favourable than Thurso, either for beginning business or for pursuing researches into botanical science. But from the force of circumstances, Dick had no choice. With his small means, he opened shop as a baker of bread and biscuits, he doing all the operative work himself, and trusting by diligence to succeed. It was so far in his favour that there was only another baker in the town, and there was a hope of being able to supply ship-biscuits to the mariners and herring-fishers who frequented, and at times took refuge in the Bay of Thurso. Usually a Scotch baker starts with very little capital, and he needs no hired assistance. All he has to do is to buy a bag of flour, and make a young woman his wife. He bakes the bread; and the wife, installed in a small room in which by a single pane of glass she can command a view of the counter, takes charge of the shop. It is a cheap and convenient arrangement, and answers until better times. Dick had at first a notion of marrying; but not being successful in his wooing, he for a time was assisted by his sister Jane; and when she and other members of the family quitted Thurso, he was fortunate in securing the services of a steady young Highland woman, named Annie

Mackay, who became his housekeeper and attended to sales in the shop for the long period of three-and-thirty years. Never was there a more honest or simple-minded being than Annie. When Dick was in the bakehouse, or away for hours on his rambles in search of plants or fossils, Annie took charge of affairs. She was not troubled with book-keeping. It was all cash down. When any wandering beggars petitioned for a morsel of bread, she told them 'the bread's no mine to gie;' and so got rid of their importunities. A good hint this to servants.

The maltreatment which Robert Dick endured in his youth had somewhat soured him, and this unhappy feeling clung to him through life. Driven in upon himself, he made no companions, visited no one, and invited no one to his house. Living in the most economical manner, and strictly temperate in his habits, he devoted himself entirely to his daily labour as a baker, and to scientific inquiry. At first, he had no books to assist him, and no one to advise with concerning the nature of plants and geological theories. On this account he became an original inquirer; and by dint of perseverance and the few books he was at length able to purchase, he acquired an amount of knowledge far beyond that of ordinary amateurs in science. By rising and going to work at three o'clock in the morning, he had his batch early out of the oven, and ready to be disposed of by Annie to his limited number of customers. Then off he set on his rambles across the moors or along the sea-shore; and with no other sustenance than one or two biscuits and a drink of water from a brook, he would spend hours and hours in his investigations. People thought him crazy. They could not understand what he was seeking for among the mosses or the rocky precipices. In these pursuits, which were scarcely interrupted by bad weather, he derived the greatest enjoyment. Shy in his general intercourse, he was happy in himself. Often his feelings broke out in singing, for he was fond of the lyrics of Burns; and with a literary turn, he composed some clever pieces in verse for his own amusement.

Nothing that was interesting in nature escaped him. Besides plants and flowers, insects, such as beetles and moths, were his delight. The smallest creature lifted up his mind to the great Creator of all. 'He collected,' says Dr Smiles, 'no less than two hundred and fifty-six specimens of beetles in nine months—in fact all that could be collected in Caithness. He collected two hundred and twenty specimens of bees, and two hundred and forty specimens of butterflies and moths. The boys soon found out the strange baker and his goings.' He said to them: "Whenever you find a rare butterfly, bring it to me, and I will give you something for it." When an unusual butterfly was brought to him, he took great care of it, saw its various transformations, and noted the results. He would take nothing for granted, because it was said in books. He tested everything by acute and patient investigation. This is the true way to discover the workings of Nature. It was nevertheless necessary, for the sake of knowing the names and classification of objects, that he should have certain books. These he procured from the merchant in Leith, who supplied him with flour. The books were packed in paper and placed in the flour-bags.

In the same manner he procured a powerful microscope. All came safely packed in the flour. By means of the microscope he vastly added to his botanical knowledge; and in fact mastered the entire subject of botany as exhibited in northern parts. 'It was a long and arduous work, but he successfully carried out his purpose. At length the plants of Caithness from one end of the county to the other—from the Morven Hills in the south to Dunnet Head in the north—from Noss Head in the east to Halladale Head in the west—became as familiar to him as the faces of familiar friends.'

In one of his night excursions, he was taken for a poacher in quest of salmon. A watcher kept him in sight for several hours, sometimes creeping on his hands and knees, sometimes hiding behind bushes. At length the man thought he saw Dick lifting what seemed a fish. He rushed upon him, with the exclamation: 'Now I have caught you poaching!' Dick 'turned round in a composed manner and said: "No, sir; I am not poaching; I am only gathering some specimens of plants!"' He then opened his handkerchief, which contained some herbs, plants, and flowers. The watcher was disappointed and disgusted. He had been crouching for two hours on his hands and knees, coming up with his man, and finding in his possession, not a salmon, but a lot of things, which in his estimation were worse than useless. . . . Many people about Thurso who saw Dick coming into the town with his feet bedabbled with dirt, and his jean trousers wet up to the knees, said that he would be much better attending to his baking than wandering about the country in search of beetles, bumblebees, ferns, and wild plants.' Invectives of this kind, so like the petty detractions which prevail in small country towns, did not discompose the baker. He never neglected his business, though it may be admitted he took no means to extend it.

Dick was not in the least particular about his dress. He for many years wore an old-fashioned swallow-tailed blue coat with metal buttons; and his hat would be thought hardly worth picking up. On his feet he wore a pair of strong hobnailed shoes. In his long journeys in quest of plants, he always dipped his feet, stockings and all, in a basin of water, then tied on his shoes, and set off. He was now prepared for wading through rivers and burns, and the more his feet were wet he walked the better. He derided the idea of walking any great distance with dry feet. He cared nothing for walking for an hour up to the ankles in salt-water, when looking about for a plant along the shore. These feats did not seem to have any immediately bad effect. Possibly they contributed to undermine his constitution.

Having mastered the entomology and botany of Caithness, and formed a large collection of specimens in these departments of science, he next took to Geology, for which the bold coast-scenery offered favourable scope. A casual glance at the Pentland Firth demonstrates that it is an inburst of the Atlantic, which in some long-past age had severed the mainland on the south from the Orkney Islands on the north. The coast of both is of the same old red sandstone, worn into precipitous cliffs, also isolated stacks, one of which, on the Orkney side, called the Old Man of Hoy, is seen

standing weirdly out like the presiding genius of the waters. All along the rocky shores, one may spend days and years in excavating fossiliferous remains of fish and plants, that by some convulsion of Nature had been imbedded in clay or sand, which are now transformed into stone. Here, with hammer or chisel in hand, Dick was in his element. Going down to the shore one morning after a terrific storm, 'he found a piece of old land strewn here and there with prostrate hazel stems and picked out of the clay five nuts; but how long it was since they grew, no one knows, but it must have been ages ago.'

At Holborn Head on the west and Dunnet Head on the east of the Bay of Thurso, the scene is the grandest on the coast of Great Britain, and singularly wealthy in fossils. In relation to a fossil fish, the *Holoptychius*, which Dick discovered, he opened a correspondence with Hugh Miller, in 1840. Miller was delighted with the discovery, and by it was able to make an important correction in one of his geological works. Not the least selfish, Robert Dick from this time forward sent numerous new fossils that he found to Miller, accompanied by letters that are partly incorporated in the work before us. The discovery of such vast numbers of fossilised fish in the clay-slate strata led to interesting speculations. The fish had been submerged in their clay, which layer above layer was changed by pressure into flag-stones. In fact, the commercial value of Caithness flags consists in the amount of dead fish they contain; for the bitumen of the fish has imparted prodigious hardness to the stone. 'Thurso is built of dead fish,' said Robert Dick; 'and the capitalists and labourers are also maintained by the same article.'

Hugh Miller visited Thurso, and spent a few days with Dick, who hospitably gave up his bed to him. The two had some interesting wanderings in the neighbourhood. After Miller went away, Dick continued to send him fossils, but keeping duplicates for his own collection. One day in a long ramble he was at a loss to know the proper route, and seeing a farm-house, he went to inquire his way. Finding an old man thrashing barley in a barn, he addressed him. 'We give the account of the interview. "Please," said I, "how far is it to Dalemore, and which is the best road?" "Eh? Are ye gaun to Dalemore?" "Yes." "And where cam ye frae?" "Dunbeath." "Did ye come from Dunbeath the day?" "Yes." "An' where are ye gaun to?" "Thurso." "Are ye gaun to Thurso?" "Yes." "And did ye wade the river?" "Yes." "An' are ye gaun to wade it again?" "Please tell me the road to Dalemore." "Hae ye snuff?" "No; I am sorry I have no snuff." "Oo ay. Hand doon the strath; doon by the river; strecht doon!" "How many miles is it to Dalemore?" "Four miles; ay, jist four miles." Dick went as directed, and after a long and weary march found that he had been deceived. The old fellow had taken him for an exciseman, and purposely sent him wrong. After a toilsome journey, Dick thankfully got home.

Obscure and unpretentious as were the labours of Robert Dick, he gradually became known as an earnest, practical worker in geological science. After the death of Hugh Miller, he was visited by Mr Charles W. Peach, a person of congenial tastes, who in the humble position of a coastguardman

in Cornwall had acquired general respect from his diligent investigations into the nature of Zoophytes. Having been promoted in the service, he removed to Peterhead, and thence he made a pilgrimage to converse with Dick and see his collection of specimens. A much more eminent individual was anxious to be acquainted with the Thurso baker. This was Sir Roderick Murchison, Director-General of the Geographical Society. In the course of a journey through the northern counties, he called upon Dick, who was so busy with his batch at the time that he could pay no attention to his visitor. When he visited Thurso on a subsequent occasion, he was accompanied by Mr. Peach, and was fortunate in finding the baker disengaged. 'Dick was in the bakehouse, and still in his working clothes. A conversation took place about the dip of certain rocks in Caithness. Sir Roderick complained of the want of any sufficient map of the county. Dick agreed with him, but said: "I will endeavour to shew you a map of the county." Taking up a few handfuls of flour, and spreading it out on the baking-board, Dick proceeded to mould a model in relief of the geological structure of Caithness. He shewed all the principal features of the county—the hills and dales, the rocks and cliffs, the dislocations and fractures, the watersheds and the drainage; and in fact an outline of the entire geography of the county.' Sir Roderick was surprised and delighted; and in a letter before his departure from Thurso, he thanked Robert Dick for the valuable information he had received. At the meeting of the British Association held at Leeds in 1858, Sir Roderick took occasion to make the following remarks on the Thurso baker.

"In pursuing my researches in the Highlands, and going beyond Sutherland into Caithness, it was my gratification a second time to meet with a remarkable man in the town of Thurso, named Robert Dick, a baker by trade. I am proud to call him my distinguished friend. When I went to see him, he spread out before me a map of Caithness, and pointed out its imperfections. Mr. Dick had travelled over the whole county in his leisure hours, and was thoroughly acquainted with its features. He delineated to me, by means of some flour which he spread out on his baking-board, not only its geographical features, but certain geological phenomena which he desired to impress on my attention. Here is a man who is earning his daily bread by hard work, and yet who is able to instruct the Director-General of the Geographical Society. But this is not the half of what I have to tell you of Robert Dick. When I became better acquainted with this distinguished man, and was admitted into his sanctum—which few were permitted to enter—I found there busts of Byron, of Sir Walter Scott, and other great poets. I also found there books, carefully and beautifully bound, which this man had been able to purchase out of the savings of his single bakery. I also found that Robert Dick was a profound botanist. I found, to my humiliation, that this baker knew infinitely more of botanical science—ay, ten times more—than I did; and that there were only some twenty or thirty plants that he had not collected—the whole of his specimens being arranged in most beautiful order."

This eulogium pronounced by Sir Roderick

Murchison at Leeds, made the name of Robert Dick known far and wide. 'He was,' says Dr. Smiles, 'spoken of as one of the most extraordinary instances of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Even the Thurso people began to look upon him in a different light. . . The lion-hunters came upon him. Point out a man who has done something out of the ordinary way, and immediately a tribe of nobodies flock to see him. If they cannot get introduced to him, they will look at him through his window, and try to see the lion through the bars of his cage. Dick hated all this nonsense. He would not be lionised! Only a few individuals brought by Sir George Sinclair were admitted. Among these were Mr. Thomas Carlyle and the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

With all his diligence, Dick's business fell off owing to competition, and this caused some bitterness in his feelings. At length, a great misfortune overtook him. Twenty-three bags of flour on their way from Leith were lost in the wreck of the steamer at Aberdeen, and were not insured. It was a loss of £45, 13s. 6d., and Dick had not the money at command. In despair he was obliged to sell his magnificent collection of fossils which he had gathered with so much assiduity over a period of thirty years. A gentleman in London bought the fossils for forty-six pounds. The collection should have been secured for Thurso. Lastly, Dick returned to the study of botany, chiefly in connection with mosses, which though commonly despised, are most interesting in their variety and character. Linnaeus considered that a small quantity of moss that could be covered by the hand might be the study of a lifetime. 'Every one remembers how Munro Park, when lost in the desert, was delighted with the sight of a tuft of moss. The little living jewel growing amongst endless wastes and arid rocks, melted the traveller's heart. "If God cares for the moss," he said, "surely he cares for me;" and Park went on his way with an uplifted heart.'

Dick had numerous eager applications for specimens of one kind or other from persons in London and elsewhere; and he was liberal in his donations. No one appears to have thought that he should be required in some shape for his generosity. Everything was taken for nothing. Dreadfully disheartened by the loss of his fossils, and also the falling away of his business, he still struggled on. He would not be beat, he said, while he was able to work. It was some consolation that his sister Jane survived, at Haddington, and that she corresponded with him in a sympathising spirit. In 1835, he was still baking his small batch, and rumbling along the shore in his favourite pursuit. But his health was giving way. The ceaseless, pitiless, pelting rain, he said, was killing him. He took his last journey on the 29th August 1836. It was too much for him. He staggered home—to die. Pious and noble-minded, he declared he was ready to depart. 'He was wearied of life. It was better he should die. He had been oppressed with poverty, and now he was oppressed with agony. Why should he remain a little longer? He had done his appointed work, and was now more than resigned to leave it. He longed to be at rest. In the morning of the 24th December, Robert Dick's spirit returned to Him who gave it. He died quietly and peacefully.'

Thus was terminated the life of one of the most remarkable men of our time. Every one must appreciate the resolute independence and simplicity of his character, his persevering industry, frugality, and modesty as regards his own services to science. His whole life presented a striking instance of self-sacrifice for entirely unselfish ends. Fortunately, by the sale of his books and other effects, sufficient was realised to pay all his debts, which amounted to only seventy-two pounds. His nephew, as nearest relative, presented his herbarium to the Scientific Society of Thurso; and we regret to learn that through neglect it is fast sinking to decay. It is sorrowful to think how Dick had been misunderstood, and sometimes cruelly misrepresented, by those immediately about him. Only when he had passed away did the people of Thurso realise and acknowledge that a distinguished man, an honour to Cuthness, had been amongst them. As if to atone for their error, they conferred on him the dignity of a public funeral, and set up a costly monument to his memory. Perhaps the only sincere mourner for the deceased was poor Annie Mackay, who still lives to praise, amidst tears, her kind and good 'maister,' ROBERT DICK THE BAKER OF THURSO.

W. C.

CLEVER MEN'S WIVES.

It has been said by 'Georges Sand' that love and courtship end together; so that he who would be always in love must be ever a wooer. Such however, was not the opinion of the famous physician, Dr Abernethy, whose courtship, like his prescriptions, was short and to the point. The Doctor had been attending a lady for several weeks, and had observed during those hurried visits certain qualities in the daughter which he considered would render her invaluable as a wife. Accordingly on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport: 'You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come to pay you my farewell visit. But in the meantime I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to — pounds, and I can settle — pounds on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and a ladylike member of a family. Such a person must be all that a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday when I call I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship.' It would have been interesting to know how this was received by the patient and her daughter. The blunt intimation of annual receipts; the 'my character is known to the public, so you may readily ascertain what it is;' then the declaration, 'and no time for courtship,' shall expect an answer on Monday: all this must have been somewhat startling to the patient 'who was now so well.' To medical

men, who above all others long to kill two birds with one stone, the above prescription may prove a useful one, and might with advantage be placed in the Pharmacopœia. It was at least thoroughly successful in the case recorded, for 'a happier couple never existed.'

A woman of mean intelligence, one might imagine, would seldom be chosen by men of great intellect as a life-long companion. Yet such *mésalliances* seem to be the most fascinating for our greatest geniuses. The wife of Dr Johnson is described as a vulgar woman. She was fifty years of age when the Doctor (who was only twenty-seven) married her, and according to Garrick, she was very fat, with swelled cheeks of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials. She was flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and general behaviour. It must be admitted however, that Johnson himself was not altogether a 'brave wooer.' 'He was then,' Miss Porter (the lady's daughter) tells us, 'lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and he often had seemingly convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule.' But as Johnson said to Beauclerk with much gravity: 'Sir, it was a love-marriage on both sides.' It certainly was so on the Doctor's part; and his affection and esteem for 'Tetsy' remained as strong up to the day of her death as it was on that of their marriage.

But if Johnson with his rugged exterior could scarcely hope for a great prize in the lottery, no such remark can be made of the courtly, handsome, intellectual Goethe. This great man, an intimate friend of his Prince, and the idol of the Weimar court, was captivated by a girl in humble life whose father was a drunkard, and who herself made artificial flowers for a livelihood. So sensible was the girl of the *mésalliance* that she herself refused Goethe's offer of marriage. The marriage did take place however, but not till the lapse of years had stolen away all her charms, and the family complaint—drunkenness—had seized upon her. Still Goethe's affection remained, and the great poet worked patiently if sorrowfully by the side of a foolish and drunken wife.

Such another bride did Rousseau choose, and he himself gives the following account of her abilities. 'I wished from the first to form her mind, but my toil was in vain. I do not blush to avow that she has never been able to read; though she writes fairly. When I went to live in the Rue des Petits-Champs, there was a clock opposite my windows upon which I strove to teach her to distinguish the hours for more than a month. She does not quite know them now (after twenty years). She has never been able to follow the order of the twelve months of the year; and knows not how to do the simplest sum, notwithstanding all the trouble I have taken to teach her. She does not know how to count money; and has no idea of what coin to give or how much change to get back in any marketing transaction. What she says is often the opposite of what she wishes to say. At one time I made a dictionary of her phrases for the amusement of Madame de Luxembourg; and her "Qui pro quo" have become celebrated in the circles I frequented.' One would think that with such a catalogue of defects, the husband could

scarcely much esteem the wife; what follows sufficiently enlightens us on this point. 'But this person, so shallow, so stupid if you will, is an excellent adviser upon difficult occasions. Often it has happened in Switzerland, in England, and in France, in the misfortunes which had overtaken me, she has given me advice which was the best in the circumstances; she has removed me from dangers into which I was blindly rushing; and before women of the highest rank, before nobles and princes, her good sense, her replies, and her conduct inspired universal esteem; and compliments, which I knew to be sincere, were repeatedly addressed to me upon her merit.' And to the end of his life the philosopher loved and admired his Therese, as he did in his younger days when they lived in their Parisian garret, looking for hours together upon the pale moon, until the mother-in-law came upon the scene and broke the spell.

It certainly appears from the evidence which we possess on the subject of such marriages, that one of two conditions is necessary in order to secure abiding domestic comfort. The lady must be unusually simple or stupid; or she must be unusually intelligent and wise. The very habits of abstraction and self-study of a man of genius lead him frequently and sometimes for long away from all communion with his family. Thus it is necessary, in order calmly to suffer such neglect, to have an intense sympathy in the work and with the genius which demands it; such sympathy, for example, as we find the wife of Niebuhr giving evidence of on her death-bed. Niebuhr had never spoken to her of her approaching death, much as he longed to receive her parting wishes, because the physician forbade all excitement. Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked her if there was no pleasure he could give her, nothing that he could do for her sake. She replied with a look of unutterable love: 'You shall finish your History whether I live or die.' That was her only desire.

Or as we have said, failing such nobility of mind, it would appear that the next best hope of happiness for the genius is to be found in the opposite extreme—that is, perfect humility or simplicity, or in the downright stupidity of his wife. An example of this latter success, more particular and striking than those we have given, is to be found in the life of one of the greatest of German authors. He was subject to fits of the fiercest passion, in which he denounced his wife (a simple creature) in torrents of the most tragical and scathing language. Any woman of a finer susceptibility or better education must have trembled with terror under such paroxysms of rage; but this lady listened with calm admiration; she did not understand a syllable of the speech; but the unhesitating flow of high-sounding words and the expressive gestures captivated the mind of the simple woman, and the torrent of abuse which should have overwhelmed her with grief, only drew from her some ingenuous expressions of sincere admiration. She was always under the impression that at these moments her husband was but rehearsing to her, parts of the play he had just written; and she was no doubt flattered too in her little way with the rôle of critic apparently assigned to her. Obviously, passion which had so

entirely missed its mark could not be continued with any reasonable hope of success; besides the failure was not more signal than comical, and it never failed to restore the good-humour of the choleric author.

Now if we turn to instances in which men of great genius have married women who have been neither distinguished for sense nor for the want of it—whose mental calibre has been of a mediocre kind—we cannot but be struck with the frequent unhappiness which has followed. Such ladies are not foolish, as the term is usually understood; they perform the duties which they imagine belong to their station, and they expect the privileges also which pertain to it. Thus they make excellent partners for our business men, whose duties and whose pleasures they understand and generally share. But if such a lady thinks of uniting herself to a man of great genius, let her reflect upon the fate of her sisters who have made that experiment. Take first the experiences of Dryden our great English poet and of his wife Lady Elizabeth. The lady, though belonging to the aristocracy, and therefore presumably well educated, had no sympathy with the genius of her husband—a genius that required his retirement so frequently from the family circle; she was moreover a woman of a violent temper and of but moderate intelligence. Dryden had suffered much from that temper; and 'his invectives,' says Malone, 'against the married state were frequent and bitter, and were continued to the latest period of his life.' And as Sir Walter Scott gently remarks: 'His excursions to the country seem to have been frequent; perhaps the more so as Lady Elizabeth always remained in town.'

Milton's unfortunate matrimonial engagements are well known to all; and his *Treatise on Divorce*, which his domestic misfortunes stung him into writing, has been widely perused by all classes. But in this instance we can feel less sympathy for the austere Milton than for that girl of seventeen, who was brought up in a home where there was plenty of company and merriment and dancing, and who when she came to live with the author of *Paradise Lost* found it so solitary! No merriment and dancing in Milton's house assuredly; but all studying as if for their lives—the great poet reading, writing, and conversing in a dozen or more languages; his nephews struggling hard with two or three. A veritable mill this new house of hers, from attic to basement; and the never-ceasing grinding of verbs and declensions a plague to her ears. What would the poor child not have given to have had it changed into a real mill; the one, for instance, near her home at Forest Hill in Oxfordshire; and instead of hearing the valuable opinions of Lucretius and Epicurus and Demosthenes, how her heart would have thumped with joy to have heard the voices of Tom and Jerry shouting to the terriers! Some such thoughts the young bride must have had, for after a few weeks she fled back to her country home, promising to return—some day, as all children do, on the eve of their release.

And now in conclusion, may we venture to ask the young ladies who may read these lines to reflect before giving their hands to genius—let genius press them ever so eagerly. Let them ask themselves if they are stupid enough for

such a fate; or are they clever enough. Perhaps no better test in the matter could be applied than that mentioned above. Having duly reflected, let the young lady say to herself: 'Do I feel certain that I shall *always* prefer Epictetus and Lucretius to Tom and Jerry and their more active pursuits?'

THE SILVER LEVER.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

IN SEVEN SECTIONS.

I.

On the 20th of October 1875, a hunchbacked dwarf looked in at a London pawnbroker's shop-window. It was night-time, and Fleet Street was filled with flaring lights and dreary shadows. The rain plashed down mournfully, and oily tears within and without smeared the glass of the window-panes. The hunchback was waiting for the clock to strike. His battered hat and seedy cloak were agleam with rain, and he shivered as he looked at the window. Passers-by hustled him; the raw stealthy wind nipped him at the nose, the toes, the fingers. He was a sorrowful little figure, and had a sorrowful story, if anybody had cared to hear it. He was an ugly hunchback; not ugly in any half-and-half fashion, but marked from head to foot, on face and body, with unlovable lines and ungracious colours; and his expression was one of starven misfortune, and servitude to Fate. As a matter of fact he would not have either solicited or accepted aid from any living creature—save one. But your first impulse regarding him would have been to put your hand in your waistcoat pocket and fish out half-a-crown. Unless you are a dull man, you would have gone no further; for he wore a look of pathetic dignity, despite his slabbiness and his ugliness, and the squalor of his misery, which no creature with a heart could have insulted. I have seen just such a look of pathetic endurance on a donkey's face no later than this afternoon. It was in the Seven Dials, and his master beat him causelessly and brutally. The nobler animal stood quite still with tears upon his ragged cheeks—long-suffering, uncomplaining, with such unspoken sorrow in the poor dumb face that my heart burned and melted with sudden tenderness and anger. You shall laugh if you are foolish and brutal enough; but that was the look which made this hunchback's ugly misery pathetic, and his grotesqueness dignified.

This is a world of trifles, and there are no such things as trifles in the world. There is no such thing as chance in the lives of any of us, and life is made up of the most trivial chances.

The hunchback, waiting for the clock to strike, paused in rainy Fleet Street and looked in at a pawnbroker's window. And lo! he was wet and cold and hungry and despised and poor no longer; and no longer middle-aged and awary of the world. Dingy Fleet Street vanished, and the City clerk might as well have hustled Vesuvius as this shabby little figure. For the poor thing's soul was back in Warwickshire with the honeysuckle's breath in the balmy air; and the cawing of rooks and the lowing of far-off oxen were clearer in his ears than the growl of cab and omnibus wheels; and a face divinely sweet was close to his, and a warm soft arm round his neck. You could not have guessed it had you seen him; but the heart

within his dingy black cloak was the one which Nature chose at that minute of time from the whole world, wherein to work her supremest emotional miracle. There dwelt within this hunchback the most extravagant soul of hope, the tenderest memories, and the most passionate singleness of purpose which inspired any man living at that time. He was a man transformed. And what do you think acted as the spring to impel him into the midst of this chaos of feeling? Nothing more than the sight of a very old silver lever watch in the pawnbroker's window, labelled: 'A great Bargain. Second-hand. Only 12s. 6d.'

This was just three years ago. The night, as already indicated, was that of the 20th October 1875.

II.

On the night of the 20th October 1830, five men lay *perdu* in a fissure of the rocks in that pass in the Balkans which leads from Tashkessen to Orkhanli. There was snow upon the ground, the first snow of winter, and the glitter of its whiteness made the very darkness dazzle and wink upon the eyes of this waiting five. They were all stalwart and bearded men, all warmly clad and all armed. And they spoke no word, but sat there and crouched from the wind, and looked out across the snow into the darkness. The silence was so deep and dead that they could hear each other breathe; and the shuffle of a foot was startlingly distinct and noisy. Out of this silence came a far-off voice, tuned through the nose in true Turkish fashion, singing with a snuffling jollity ill befitting a love-song,

Çink güzel Fatima, anan!

This voice came nearer up the sloping pass, and by-and-by came the noise of muffled hoof-falls on the snow, and the jingle of bells and the sound of animated converse. A low voice said: 'Hush! Not a shot till I fire,' and the five crouched forward, and the clustered barrels of five revolvers gleamed dull against the snow. The noises in the pass came nearer. 'Pig of a horse!' shouted the singer as his steed stumbled. 'Git, git!' And again the nasal love-song broke out in snuffling jollity:

Çink güzel Fatima, anan!

Ping! sang a bullet, and the amorous prayer to the most beautiful Fatima ended in a yell and a groan. Ping, ping, ping! sang the revolvers sharply following. Ten shots. Six empty saddles. Six horses flying up or down the pass. Six bleeding figures on the snow. Two horses heavily weighted floundering on their knees, and a man at the head of each standing amazed, and not knowing where to turn. Another half-dozen shots, and the bleeding figures on the snow counted eight. The five men dashed at the two horses, dragged them to their feet, forced them up a narrow and winding path on the face of the hill, stumbling, now up, now down, panting, breathless, bathed in perspiration, every echo of the lonely night a scare. Then down hill on the other side at a break-neck pace they tore; and an hour after that wholesale murder in the pass, the two horses, each freed from its burden, were crashing wildly through the brushwood of the lonely valley east of the Baba Konak.

The five worked with spade and mattock in the

snow-lit night like giants. The light was gray on the eastward hills when the work was done.

III.

A pleasant place. A pleasant time. Homely gilly-flowers bloomed in the garden. 'Old Man' and 'Old Woman,' quaintly named plants of rich and aromatic odour, flavoured the summer evening air. Red and white currants, gleaming like pearls and rubies and rough hairy gooseberries, swollen with summer fullness, gave signs of careful cultivation; but the flowers of the garden were a rich and lovely tangle. Lilies and roses drooped their pure pallor and their blushes together, and mignonette ran freely at the stem of everything that grew there. Ivy and Virginia creeper mingled perennial green with hues of autumn on the walls of the old cottage. The garden-gate was open, and the owner of the cottage and the garden sat just within it in a wicker-bottomed chair, and smoked his pipe and took things tranquilly. He was not the sort of man to be met often by the wayside in quiet Warwickshire. A man of enormous width and weight, but carrying no more fat than a greyhound; sunburned, and scarred across the face by a stroke which must have gone near to finishing his story. Prematurely bald and gray. Eyebrows, eyes, and beard as black as night. Expression resolute, defiant. The man's age five-and-forty or thereabouts. It seemed a terrible pity that such a splendid body as the man had should have been so disfigured; but he wore a wooden leg. I say he wore a wooden leg. The leg for which the wooden substitute was used was there in apparent completeness; but the knee was always bent, and the wooden leg was strapped to it. As he sat within his garden-gate with the lame leg leisurely cocked over the sound one, the wooden stump perked itself up like the horn of a unicorn, and the man had a knack of laying hold of it and playing soundless tunes upon it, as though he were fingering a dumb bagpipe.

On the opposite side of the road there was another cottage so exactly like that in the garden of which the wooden-legged man was sitting that anybody with a little fancy might have been excused for believing that the two houses had been built together side by side—absolute twins, and that one had quarrelled and parted company, and had crossed the road and set itself down to stare the other out of countenance. The garden of the second cottage was tidier than that of the first, and as rich in bloom. Within it, facing the wooden-legged man, sat a big grizzled fellow, whose skin warmer climates than that of Warwickshire had embrowned. If daring defiance and resolution were written plainly on the scarred face of the wooden-legged man, they were absolutely blazoned on the face of his opposite neighbour. The great ragged sandy moustache drooped over a mouth which looked as firm as granite; the chin was broad and square, and the jaw was oblate and even cruel in its firmness. Big, handsome gray eyes, with thick sandy eyebrows coming close down upon them, looked calm wilfulness even at the tranquil summer sky above him. He sat with his head a little back, with his chest bare, and his corded arms hanging lazily at his sides. His sleeves were turned up and his shirt-collar thrown open for coolness' sake, and there was an air of lazy massiveness about him

such as you may fancy about Hercules when he resigned athletics for Omphale. A forehead low but broad and squarely modelled, and a nose of unusual dimensions but perfect form, told the same story as his eyes and lips and chin, and the man sat there self-proclaimed—a possible terror to society, but anyhow a living force, an active and strenuous will, a creature absolutely out of the common, and a born commander of men.

These two near neighbours, seated opposite to each other, each ignored the other's presence. Each looked calmly at times at the other's cottage, at the hedge which ran in front of it, at the garden-gate, but never at the only human figure within sight. There was so little ostentation in this calm carelessness of the other's presence, that each man might have been actually invisible to the other without making any observable difference. One was playing a waiting game against the other; and it had been played so long that use had grown to second nature. They sat there until the dusk came slowly down, and never spoke, or even moved except to take their short pipes from their lips, shake out the ashes, and fill and light up anew.

Suddenly the man with the wooden leg arose and stamped across the lane to the opposite garden and addressed his neighbour: 'Joby! Joby Rogers!'

The sandy Hercules gazed calmly through the wooden-legged man's head and smoked as stolidly as though he were an automaton in a desert.

'Look here Joby!' said the wooden-legged man. 'Ain't it time as something was a-being done?'

The man addressed might have been deaf and dumb and blind for any notice that he took.

'We're a-getting middle-aged Joby, both on us. We can't last for ever. I can't say fairer than half; now Joby, can I?'

The other smoked on stonily. The faintest light of amusement dawned in his eyes, and died again; but he gave no other token of having heard or understood. The wooden-legged man lost temper.

'Look here Joby Rogers! I've waited twenty year, an' I'll wait a hundred an' twenty 'ear but what I'll tire you out.'

'You will, will you?' said the other dryly, regarding him with an air of amused interest.

'Yes, I will; and if I have to wait much longer I might do somethin' as both you an' me 'ud be sorry for.'

'Ah!' said the other, knocking his ashes from his pipe. 'What could you prove?'

'Perhaps I can't prove nothing Joby. Anyhow, proving nothing didn't ought to be my game, and won't be if I ain't drove to it. But I wants a share, and a share I'll have; or else, mind you this Joby, you'll never get a penny. I offers fair enough, don't I? Half I asks and half I'll have, or you gets nothing. Five-and-twenty for me, five-and-twenty for you. Fair do's Joby, fair do's my boy.'

'Now you listen to me, Bill Dean,' said the other, rising slowly and confronting the wooden-legged man. 'Mutiny's a thing I don't look over. You tried for the watch once, and you'd try for it again if you thought you'd get any good by it. But you were always a sneaking hound and a coward, and you dare not risk it. And I tell you once more that I'd rather let every piastre rot

there underground and rust to powder than you should even look at it.'

'You're a-cutting off your nose to spite your face Joby,' said the wooden-legged man, 'that's what you're a-doing of. Now, listen to me. You can't last for ever. Five and twenty thousand's about as much as you can get through at your time of life. Why can't you share the fifty with a old chum? Why can't you divide and go fair do's Joby?'

'You're a prime old chum,' the other answered with just a shade of scorn in his deep voice, but smiling placidly the while, as though he were innocently amused at something. 'Who was it who tried to knife me in that Bulgarian khan at Strigili?'

'That was a quarter of a century ago Joby,' said the wooden-legged man. 'Let bygones be bygones.'

'You don't want another mark of mine, do you?' the red-haired Samson asked with bantering good-humour in his face and voice. 'If you don't, you'll get out of my garden and keep clear of me in future, at your peril; for look here, Bill Dean,' he went on, with a look before which the other shrank back, 'if it wasn't for my girl, I'd end you where you stand; and that you know.'

'O yes,' said the other in propitiatory accents; 'I know you're a man of your word Joby. But do listen to reason. Now, lookee here'—

The other seized him by the collar, and took him unresisting through the gate and across the road. There he forced him into his chair, and laying a hand upon each shoulder, stooped down and looked him in the eyes. 'Did you ever know me break my word, Bill Dean?' The question might have been a comic conundrum, the questioner smiled with so much enjoyment of it.

'No Joby; no,' the wooden-legged man answered uneasily with shifty eyes.

'No,' said the other; 'and you never will.'

'No; I daresay not Joby,' said Bill Dean pacificatorily.

'And therefore when I tell you that if you ever speak to me again about that little business we've just been talking about, I'll find a way to quiet you—you understand me and believe me, eh?'

'Why I can't say as I don't Joby,' said Dean, by this time abjectly reduced.

'That's all right then,' said the other with the same cruel calmness and good-humour. 'Don't forget Bill. If you ever speak to me again about that matter, I shall find a way to quiet you, even if that way's for good. You're looking a bit dazed William. But you understand, don't you?' With that he went back to his own seat and struck a lucifer-match on his trousers and lit his pipe. The wooden-legged man looking across the road saw his face with the light upon it, and shivered.

Whilst this scene was enacting, a boy and a girl, presenting as great a contrast to each other as to the pair we leave here for the time, were strolling slowly down the lane towards the two cottages. The girl was rarely beautiful. She was dressed in a pink-spotted white print dress, and wore her white straw-hat set coquettishly on one side, with a dog-rose or two in her hair. That hair was nature's true gold, as different from the lifeless tint

produced by dyes as yellow sunshine is from yellow fog. Her eyes were of almost any colour you chose to fancy between blue and black; and you might see her thoughts floating in them (so candid and open were they) as you see the reflection of clouds and clear sky alternating in still water. Her figure was very graceful; but was more commanding than beautiful, lovely as it was. She was a sort of rustic young Juno; and though she was dressed like a peasant, she looked like a princess. And yet a very sweet and lovable princess in spite of all pride and coquetry. Some little traces of girlish vanity there were about her, and a certain consciousness of beauty; but these were mingled with so sweet and perfect a grace, and were indeed in themselves so slight and pardonable, that you are a sterner judge than I am if you had not forgiven them at once. When beauty is only nineteen and surrounded by lovers, who shall blame it if it rejoice in itself as others rejoice in it?

Her companion was of her own age; but whereas Nature had been bountiful to the girl, she had been but a cruel mother to the lad. He was withered and twisted and dwarfed almost out of all manly seeming. His back bore a hump, his chest projected, and his legs were mere spindles. His face was pallid, and his hands were long and clawlike.

These two were cousins, and had been companions ever since either of them could remember. They were both motherless, and neither had brother or sister. The girl loved the lad with a pitying and sisterly tenderness which displayed itself in every look and movement. The lad loved the girl with a wild and hopeless passion which no look or word betrayed. Playmates in childhood, companions until now, they were here each confessing inwardly that the pain of parting was beginning. To the girl it was a very deep and real pain. To the lad it meant death in life, or seemed to mean that, in those young and ardent days. She put her arm about his neck and bent over him sideways as they walked. They were cousins and companions. To her in her heart they were brother and sister, and these caressing ways were natural to her and a part of her.

'Bob dear,' she said after walking along in silence for a little while, 'did you ever have a secret?'

He looked at her, and saw that she was blushing ever so faintly, and that she had just the slightest light of tender laughter in her eyes whilst her lips were grave. He thought of the one secret which he meant to die with him, and answered: 'No; not from you!'

She looked down at him, whilst the blush and the smile both grew. Then she stood still, and he looked at her calmly, through large brown eyes with bistre lines below them. She said: 'Bob dear, I'm going to be married.'

He nodded gravely in assent, but made no other answer.

'We shall only be in Coventry, Bob. I'm not going far away, and you'll be able to come and see me very often, and make long stays, I hope. Father says that if ever I get married he shall live quite alone. He doesn't know about this yet; and when he does, I think I shall persuade him to change his mind and live with me. Don't you think so Bob?'

He nodded again, and murmured something.

The girl looked at him anxiously. 'Are you in pain?' she asked.

'Yes dear,' he answered hoarsely, and holding both hands out, weakly clutched her arm, as if about to fall. She placed her arm round his waist, and half-kissing him, walked slowly to the cottage where the red-haired Hercules sat smoking.

'Father,' she said, 'poor Bob is very ill tonight.'

'Ah?' he answered, rising and coming swiftly into the road. He bent over the lad's withered and stunted figure, and took him in his arms as if he had been a child, and carried him into the cottage and laid him on a couch. He did all this with surprising tenderness, and having set his slight burden down, he went up-stairs three steps at a time, and came back again gently with a scent-bottle in his hand. He poured a quantity of the scent into his left hand, and turned the moist palm on to the lad's forehead softly, as a mother might have done it.

'Eh, dear me,' he said, looking at the poor little figure and the pale face. 'It's a poor world Bob; isn't it lad? There now. Is that better? That's a brave little chap. Eh? want to go home? Why, so you shall lad, so you shall.—Get me a shawl Sarah. It strikes a little cold at night-time now.—There Bob; now you'll be nice and comfortable.' So saying he took the boy again in his arms with the shawl about him, and bore him from the room. His daughter followed him. 'Ay!' he said, turning round to her as if in answer to a question. 'Look the door and come with me. We can walk back together. It's a lovely night.'

The lad lay still in those enormous arms, and felt himself borne along with a sense of rest which half subdued the mysterious physical pain which racked him. The pain itself had already numbed thought, and now that bodily ease returned, the fatigued nerves of soul and body sought oblivion and found it. Sleep came down upon him, and in a dream he felt himself carried smoothly in the vast arms of some great angel whose face was hidden. Suddenly the face revealed itself with a loud noise and a flash of light. It was the face of no angel, but a demon, and he awoke with a cry.

'No; I didn't hurt you lad?' said his uncle, looking down at him tenderly. 'Here you are at home.'

The hunchback surrendered to his father's care, Job Ryder and his daughter walked home together in affectionate and playful talk. There was a placid softness of demeanour in this resolute giant when he spoke to his daughter or his nephew, which made a singular contrast with his bearing towards all other people. Sarah took his arm and chatted blithely about a score of things, and he answered benignly and with such a smile as no one else could bring to his eyes. It was quite dark by this time, and the girl caught sight of a fiery spark a hundred yards ahead. The fiery spark grew larger, and died out again; then re-appeared, grew suddenly larger, and again died out. Who was likely to be lounging in front of her father's cottage smoking a cigar at that time of night? Who but one? The girl's blithe chatter ceased, and she blushed a little in the darkness.

'Good-evening, Mr Ryder,' said a voice.

'Good-evening to you, whoever you are.'

'It's Mr Glossop, father,' said Sarah.

'Oh, it's Mr Glossop, is it?'

Something in her father's tone hurt the girl, and she drew her hand away from his arm.

'Will you come in?' he asked the new-comer.

'Thank you sir, I will.'

The trio went into the house in the dark. Ryder struck a light and arranged the lamp, and then folding his hands behind him, looked down on Mr Glossop. A young man of rather dandified exterior. Not unhandsome in face nor ungraceful in carriage, but not prepossessing either. A small-souled young man, one would say. A young man one might have no great difficulty in despising if one set his heart that way.

'I have called on purpose to see you, Mr Ryder,' he said with a smile which carried no assurance of its source with it. The smile was purely a contortion of the facial muscles, and had no more to do with the heart than had the polish of his patent leather boots.

'Ay?' said Ryder.—'Good-night Sarah.' He kissed his daughter carelessly and absently, and putting a lighted candle on the table, motioned to her to take it.

'I would rather,' said Mr Glossop, 'that Miss Ryder heard what I have to say.'

'Ay?' said Ryder again. 'But I had rather hear it first.—Good-night, my dear.'

The girl rose, shook hands rather shyly with Mr Glossop, and went out of the room.

Her father turned on the suitor with a business-like abruptness. 'Well?'

Mr Glossop was not a man to be easily disconcerted. He smiled again. 'It would not be an easy thing, Mr Ryder, for anybody to avoid admiring your daughter. I have called here tonight on purpose to say how much I admire her and respect her, and to ask your consent to our union.' Then he smiled again, but anxiously.

'Well?' asked Ryder again.

Mr Glossop stared at him. It was evident that his thoughts were far away, and that he needed no answer. The young man doubted indeed whether he had heard what had been said already, and stood there silent and in some confusion.

Ryder withdrew his eyes from that far-off object on which he had been looking, and regarded Glossop gravely. 'Sit down,' he said gruffly, and himself drew a chair to the table. Leaning his heavy arms upon it, he looked steadfastly at the suitor and spoke with a certain heavy emphasis on certain words. 'Fathers know little about these matters. What I want is for my girl to be happy. The question I have to ask myself is: Are you the man to make her happy? You're not the sort of man who'd content me if I were a woman.' He seemed quite unconscious of any humorous or insulting side to this declaration. 'But I'm not choosing a companion for life, and she is. I shall do all I can to persuade her to a better choice; but if she *will* marry you, she will, and I can't have anything more to say about it.'

I have said that Mr Glossop was not a man to be easily disconcerted. But for a young man not quite armour-plated, this was a sufficiently disconcerting reception. Mr Glossop was an auctioneer in Coventry, an auctioneer and land-agent, and his position was superior to that of Job Ryder, who lived in a cottage so small compared with himself, that it seemed as if he could have taken it on

his shoulders and walked away with it, after the manner of the snail or the wandering showman who travels in the society of Mr Punch. When Ryder had done speaking, he seemed little inclined to begin again, and Glossop sat in considerable agitation of spirit. He was a young man who above all things desired to go through life with *aplomb*. There are many quaint ambitions in this world. To come in at the right minute and go out at the right minute, and thereby to leave on all concerned the highest possible opinion of himself, was his one great desire. But unhappily for Mr Glossop, *aplomb* is an achievement which depends upon the possession of many considerable qualities, which he had not. He would have won Job Ryder's respect, and perhaps his liking, if he had risen then and gone away appropriately, like a man whose business for the moment at least was concluded. But he was so far away from *aplomb*, that he could only stare vacantly at Ryder, and wonder for a moment whether he ought to feel himself insulted. Had Mr Ryder been a wealthy man, it would of course have been impossible that he could have insulted Mr Glossop. But when Mr Glossop had time to reflect that he himself was an auctioneer and a land-agent, and that his proposed father-in-law lived in so small a cottage, he was at once convinced that he had a right to be angry. Job Ryder was not the sort of man to whom an auctioneer and land-agent doing a good business in Coventry had any call to humble himself. Certainly not.

'Mr Ryder,' said Glossop, 'you shew very little consideration for my feelings.'

'What?' said Ryder, as though he were startled at Glossop's presence there.

Mr Glossop repeated his observation a little angrily.

Ryder looked at him for a minute very gravely. Then with his great arms thrown again across the table, he said: 'You talk nonsense sir. In this matter I have no consideration for your feelings. Look you here, Mr Glossop. If a poor ragged blackguard came to your office to-morrow morning and asked the loan of fifty pounds without security, would you consider his feelings, I wonder?'

'Really, Mr Ryder,' said the other, 'I am quite at a loss to'—

'Yes I daresay,' said Ryder, cutting him short in the same heavy voice and with the same strong gravity. 'But look you. You come to me and ask for the loan of my daughter's life, and my immortal soul'—the voice grew fiery with the words—'and expect me to be civil with you, when I've told you already that I can't trust you!' Ryder threw himself back into his arm-chair and resumed his pipe.

The *aplomb* Glossop desired was not to be his that night. He spoke again, nervously intertwining fingers damp with nervous moisture. 'Will you let me know, Mr Ryder, what you propose to do, and what you mean by saying that you can't trust me?'

'My intention is to persuade my girl to have nothing to say to you—if I can. And when I say I can't trust you, I mean that I can't trust you!'

Glossop, at once annoyed and troubled, as I think he had some right to be, still hankered after *aplomb*, and cast about in his mind for a way of dignified departure, finding none.

Ryder relieved him of his trouble. 'Don't mistake me,' he said calmly. 'I don't want to insult you. You come here and ask me for my daughter, and I tell you that you're not at all the sort of man I want to see her married to. That's all. And you must understand this at least, young man. You are not to see her again or write to her or send messages to her or make any advances at all, unless I give you leave. If I find—and I shall look out for it—that you have broken this order of mine, I shall throttle you. Good-night.'

A SCOPE FOR ENTERPRISE.

THERE is a complaint that all the ordinary means of getting on in the world are choked. It may be so, looking only at home affairs. We are about to shew that by turning the eyes a little further afield, the chances of making a fortune, or at least a respectable competency, are not at all hopeless. One of our old and valued friends, who quitted Scotland sixteen years ago with a wife and family, and settled in a good position at Dunedin, in the province of Otago, New Zealand, writes a letter, dated 10th October 1878, from which we propose to make a few instructive extracts, keeping out names that we are not authorised to give. Speaking of land as affording scope for enterprise, he says—

'Mr R—, an intimate acquaintance of mine, is about to take advantage of the demand for land, and to dispose of seven thousand acres of his fine estate in small farms of two hundred to four hundred acres. He will readily get from ten to fifteen pounds an acre. It is choice land, good for wheat-growing, with a fine climate, and a railway to a seaport. He says a man with four hundred acres of this land, with proper management, could have an income of a thousand pounds a year. Mr R— and his wife and two daughters have been staying with us for a week. Fifteen years ago he had not a halfpenny. Now his landed estate alone will be worth two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. If he parts with ten thousand acres, he will still have a beautiful estate of seven thousand acres left. He is making an addition to his house which will cost him two thousand pounds. He spends a great deal on improvements, and has planted trees by the thousand. He and I rode over the country fourteen years since when it was selling at a pound to thirty shillings an acre. Now fifteen pounds per acre is freely given. A settler in that district bought two hundred acres from a neighbour last year at the rate of fifteen pounds an acre. He cleared from his barley-crop this last season the whole price of the freehold. This, however, was an exceptionally lucky hit, and it must be remembered the land was first-class. There are great differences. Some land I would not have as a gift.'

'Mr R— intends selling on long terms to those who desire it, charging interest at eight per cent. Still, by purchasing on those terms considerable capital is required to stock and carry on. With the demand for land, as ruling at present, I expect a number of the large proprietors will be breaking up their estates and realising. Several fine properties are in the market which are thus being dealt with. There is none of the territorial dignity attached to land here as at home; so that if a man sees a good chance, he does not hesitate

to dispose of a part or the whole of his estate. The New Zealand Land Company of Glasgow, I understand, are about to place their estates in the market. They have high ideas of what may be realised; perhaps as much as thirty-five pounds an acre. But the land is said to have cost them ten pounds an acre with improvements, and is in fine condition.

Further on in his letter, the writer proceeds to speak of a matter which requires to be kept in mind. This is the tendency of certain lands to be flooded, by the melting of snow on the mountains. Here is what he says: 'We are having a fine spring, and yet paradoxical as it may appear, the warmth is producing destructive floods in some quarters. Many of our rivers take their rise in the mountainous country where there are glaciers and perpetual snow. This last winter the quantity of snow which fell was quite unprecedented. In consequence of warm rain and the heat of spring, the snow has been melted, and caused heavy floods. One of the lakes that I visited last summer, measuring fifty miles long by one or two in breadth, has risen seven feet. Some houses are inundated. The river Molyneux has been higher than any one has known. The township of Balclutha has been wholly under water, and the inhabitants have been obliged to leave their dwellings. Bridges in several places have been carried away. In Dumedin we have not suffered; but the merchants will suffer by the calamity which has overtaken their customers.'

These notes from our old and trusty friend at Dumedin may possibly be of use to persons who think of emigrating to New Zealand, and there investing money in land. Independently of what is stated, this very thriving colony offers numerous advantages to capitalists with a few thousand pounds who are disposed earnestly to go to work, and by frugality and industry to rise to fortune. Idlers, and the sotchily inclined, had better stay away, for besides speedily sinking to ruin, they are a pest to the community. Our friend, we believe, has been troubled with these torturations, and several of them have had to be shipped back to their relations. The intelligent, courageous, and industrious young capitalist has nothing to fear. So to speak, there is a world waiting for him to come and prosper. It has sometimes occurred to us that New Zealand is at present much in the condition that England was in the early part of the monarchy. The principal difference is that England was colonised by hostile continental invaders, who apportioned lands to themselves by the agency of the sword, and laid the foundation of families that became the great feudatories of the crown. The settlers who buy estates in New Zealand and continue to reside upon them, may be compared to Anglo-Saxon and Norman chiefs whose descendants now constitute no inconsiderable portion of the English peerage. Considerations of this kind might stimulate the bold and the ambitious. Instead of loafing at home, embarrassing relations, or wearing out their lives in some petty official employments, which will leave them as poor at the end as at the beginning, let them carry their brains, their sinews, and their cash to the farther end of the earth—only forty-five days by San Francisco—and there they will find a duplication of Old England, that offers immeasurable scope, not only for present needs,

but for becoming the honoured progenitors of a great nation.

One occasionally hears of younger sons of men of property who disdain trying to gain a livelihood by trade, embarking as sheep-farmers in the Highlands, for which they are able to command sufficient capital. Their enterprise is commendable, and is not without inducements. The profession of a Highland store-farmer can scarcely be called a line of industry. It is the next thing to doing nothing, for hired shepherds do all the work. The farmer, imitative of a Highland chief, amuses himself with shooting and derives a pleasure from rambling about in kilts and tartans with a feather in his bonnet. No doubt there are drawbacks. It is a solitary sort of life, with few acquaintances to speak to. As regards food, it is mutton, mutton all the year round, varied only by potted meats, brought by the *Clansman* from Glasgow, and landed perhaps at a port fifteen miles off. How life would be endurable without the aid of the *Clansman*, or some other of Hutcheson's steam-boats, it would be painful to consider. Assuming that existence is not so objectionable as it might be thought, it is little better than killing time, and of sliding imperceptibly from youth into old age. Does it realise a sufficient family provision? Usually, the annual rent with working expenses eat up everything. Would it not be immensely preferable to try your luck in New Zealand, where for two or three times the amount of yearly rent paid in Ardnamurchan or Glenaladale, it would be possible to obtain the freehold of a fertile and beautiful estate under a climate resembling that of the finer parts of Italy? Besides many advantages, the settler would have the satisfaction of being surrounded by familiar faces, and of possessing the inestimable privilege of still living under the gentle and beneficent sway of our Sovereign Lady the Queen.

W. G.

GOLD-SEEKING IN SCOTLAND.

We are indebted to Mr Cochrane-Patrick, a gentleman of property in Ayrshire and a well-known antiquary, for collecting together, under the title of *Early Records relating to Mining in Scotland* (Edinburgh: Douglas and Foulis), and supplementary to his beautiful work on the *Coins and Coinage of Scotland*, a large number of interesting facts, more particularly as regards the precious metals. Ten years ago, it will be remembered, licenses to work gold were issued by the Duke of Sutherland at Kildonan in the north of Scotland, at which time not less than about six hundred ounces of gold are said to have been obtained; and one of the most lively controversies of the time amongst Scottish geologists was the native or exotic character of a certain mass of gold-bearing quartz found at Wanlockhead. That native gold was formerly found in Scotland, in numerous localities and in considerable quantities, is clearly shown from the information Mr Cochrane-Patrick has brought together. And the same is true of silver. As regards the latter metal, a statement is quoted from Sir Robert Gordon's *History of the Earldom of Suther-*

land, which might have the effect of setting to work some 'prospecting parties' in that region of Scotland.

Gold, it would appear, was wrought in Fife and Fotherif (Forfar?) as early as the twelfth century, for in 1153 David I. granted to the Abbey of Dunfermline, amongst other gifts, a tithe of all the gold that should accrue to the King from those districts. Earlier than this, 'record' does not go; but it is the general opinion of archaeologists that the gold ornaments of prehistoric times were made of native metal. Between the twelfth and the sixteenth centuries there are a number of records to shew that gold was wrought in Scotland to an extent deemed worthy of the attention of the King and the Parliament; but the statistics as regards quantity are of the most meagre kind. The chief seat of the precious metals was undoubtedly the upper district of Lanarkshire, and in the sixteenth century many bargains, grants, and arrangements appear in connection with the work there. The accounts of the Lord Treasurer give some hint as to the productiveness of the mines; and it is interesting to know that between 1538 and 1543, a space of five years, sufficient native gold was obtained to make a crown for the King and Queen, to add to the King's great chain, and provide a belt for the Queen; the total weight of the metal used for these purposes being above one hundred and twelve ounces. This was over and above a large quantity of gold used in coining 'bonnet-pieces,' in providing a gumbstick consisting of a *baireinthe* or boar's tusk set in gold for the Prince, a whistle for the King, a shrine for one of the bones of St. Andrian of May, besides other nick-nacks described in the accounts.

About twenty years later, Cornelius di Vois, a Dutchman, obtained from Regent Murray a license to work gold and silver in any part of Scotland for nineteen years, having as his partners some well-known noblemen and others. It is stated that he employed six-score persons in the summer in searching and washing for the gold, paying them fourpence a day; or a merk to twenty shillings per ounce of gold to those not on daily wages. One of the workmen, John Gibson by name, is mentioned as lucky in finding nuggets of large size, 'some as big as birds' eggs'—a wide margin, it will be admitted; while a Dutchman named Peterson, a partner in the venture, found enough gold to make a basin to hold a gallon of liquor, which was given by the Earl of Morton to the King of France. Mr. Cochrane-Patrick does not add a statement found in other writers, that the basin was filled with gold coins also of native metal. Di Vois is stated to have sent as much as eight pounds-weight of gold to the Mint at Edinburgh in the course of thirty days. This would seem to be the culmination of the art of gold-finding in Scotland, although other licenses and grants are subsequently recorded.

About 1578, Thomas Foulis, an Edinburgh goldsmith, employed Bevis Bulmer—afterwards named as Sir Bevis Bulmer—to work the lead mines in Lanarkshire; and Bulmer got the king's patent to seek gold or silver in any part of Scotland. In Henderland Moor, in the Forest of Ettrick, he obtained gold 'the like of it in no other place in Scotland,' Bulmer, who was the subject of a

Privy-council proclamation in 1604 for his protection in searching for metals, is credited with having presented to Queen Elizabeth a 'porringer' of Scottish gold, with an inscription couched in the terms of conceit prevalent at the period:

I dare not give, nor yet present,
But render part of that's thine own.
My mind and heart shall still invent
To seek out treasures yet unknowne!

Mr. Cochrane-Patrick gives some documents found in the Record Office in London which illustrate the gold-mining operations of this time. Mr. George Bowes, who received a sum of three hundred pounds by Exchequer warrant in 1603 to work minerals in Wanlock Water, writes a series of letters describing minutely his operations; which however, were brought to an end in 1604 in consequence of the opposition he met with. In a letter of 1604, an unknown writer mentions that Bulmer had come out of Scotland, and had brought some 'pure gold, without drosse, unuolten,' which is described as 'sifted out of ye earth in droppes or crummes and little gobbets,' and in such quantity 'as must make ye King a cupp.' Sir Bevis Bulmer got a formal pardon and release for all arrears of rent, &c. in 1608; and in 1616 Stephen Atkinson, well known as the author of a *Discoverie and Historie of the Gold Mines of Scotland*, comes on the scene. An Act of the Privy-council gave him the privilege for life of searching for gold and silver in Crawford Moor, Lanarkshire, a tenth part to belong to the Crown. The privilege was to be forfeited if the work was stopped for six months. It is not stated whether or not it was thus forfeited; but in 1631 another lease of the same district was granted for twenty-one years to a physician named Hendlie. But the records shew no proof whether or not gold was found. In 1633, a medal to commemorate the coronation of Charles I. bears on its edge the statement that it was made out of gold found in Scotland. During Cromwell's time, the Council of State directed a search to be made for gold in Scotland, and the matter was remitted to a Committee. So far as the records shew, this Committee has not yet reported. It only remains to add that within comparatively recent times the precious metal has been sought for and actually found in certain districts in the west and south of Scotland, though not in sufficient quantity to repay expense.

CONY ISLAND.

BENT on a tramp to Cony Island, I turn my back upon Brooklyn, and go swinging round the corner of Prospect Park, passing on the way by two or three crowded horse-cars, whose open sides and rib-like benches make them look like the skeletons of starved omnibuses. Sitting at ease beneath their overshadowing roof, the occupants eye me in passing with the complacent scorn of a man who, looking through the window of his comfortable carriage, sees an acquaintance floundering blindly along through mud and rain without overcoat or umbrella.

At the south-western corner of Long Island, separated from it by a wide belt of swamp and the windings of a narrow inlet, lies a strip of

sandy beach, eight miles in length by somewhat less than one in breadth, popularly known as 'Cony Island,' which is reached from New York by ferry-boat across the East River to Brooklyn, and thence by street-car to the crown of the ridge along which lies Prospect Park. From this point the land trends downward in an unbroken slope of six miles to the Atlantic shore; and the distance may be covered by railway, horse-car, or straight-forward walking, by which, after considerable fatigue, I catch sight of the huge skeleton of the 'centennial tower,' Cony Island's principal 'lion,' standing gauntly out against the sky far away in front; and brightening up like a weary camel at the first glimpse of the distant palm-trees that mark the still unseen well, on I go again. Twenty minutes later, the connecting bridge is crossed, and Vanity Fair lies before me in all its glory. It may perhaps be more fitly compared to Margate than to Brighton, for the vast expanse and stately terraces of the latter are better represented by aristocratic Newport, far away on the shore of Rhode Island; while its less dignified rival offers to the new-comer the startling spectacle of three monster hotels standing about half a mile apart on a perfectly untenanted waste of beach, like remnants of some forgotten civilisation. (The eastern portion is divided into 'Brighton Beach' and 'Manhattan Beach,' each having its own hotel and bathing pavilion.) Untenanted however, it will not be very long; for the swarm of bathing-houses, lager-beer saloons, restaurants, and what not, which are now springing up like mushrooms on every side, fully bear out the old saying that 'the Yankee carries a new town in each pocket.'

Very gay and pretty does the great popular resort look on this bright Saturday afternoon, with its fluttering flags and rolling carriages and painted pavilions, and its smooth shining sea dotted with the bobbing heads of the bathers, and its endless procession of promenaders along the asphalt of the 'Concourse,' or the hard flat sand of the beach. Here arm-in-arm go a brace of jaded heavy-eyed sub-editors, evidently very much in need of the life-giving breeze which they are drinking in so eagerly. Then comes a big pleasant-looking German tradesman, surrounded by a perfect body-guard of flaxen-haired children, who shout and laugh and scamper about, and trench up the sand with their little wooden spades, and run back from the advancing tide with shrieks of mock-terror, enjoying themselves as only children can. Yonder, grouped together on one of the benches in front of the Brighton Hotel, sit three or four young girls who, kept on their feet for eight or ten hours a day in some fashionable Broadway millinery store, are almost too weary to enjoy their holiday when it comes. The pier itself is crowded with merry-makers, who seated around the refreshment tables, are ordering ice-cream, lemonade, fried clams, and what not, as if the purse of Fortunatus were in their pocket. Farther along the shore, an excursion-train has just disgorged its noisy hundreds at the Manhattan Beach Station.

Far out at the end of the pier, away from all

the noise and bustle, sit a couple whose whispered conversation engrosses them as completely as if they were alone together on a desert island. Both are plainly dressed, and bear the stamp of hard and tiring work upon their pale cheeks and drooping eyelids; but for the time being they are so happy in each other's presence as to be utterly oblivious of the weary toil that must recommence with to-morrow's sunrise, and the long years that may have to elapse before it can come to pass. But at this moment the black cloud that has long been gathering unheeded explodes in a torrent of rain; and instantly the beach is covered with fleeing figures, like one of Don's pictures of the Deluge. Here flies an umbrella-less beauty, shuddering as the merciless drops patter on her new dress; there a luckless Paterfamilias, with a child firmly clasping each hand, feels his hat suddenly whirled far away to seaward, while his wife, stumbling into an unexpected pool, shrieks to him for help. And to crown all, the very bathers instinctively join the rush, and burst into the nearest piazza all dripping as they are, like an invading army of memmen.

But all discomforts are forgotten when, half an hour later, I find myself under the hospitable roof of *Thompson's Hotel*, beautifully catered for by my good host and his charming wife, whom no influx of guests can ever find unprepared. Several brother-correspondents are already quartered there, and the evening is ushered in with a jovial symposium.

But the great 'transformation scene' must be waited for till nightfall, when scores upon scores of lamps glitter along the front of every building, and around the flanked space before the piazza of *Cable's* (as the principal hotel is familiarly called), in the centre of which, environed by a quadrangle of commodious seats, row behind row, stands the little Chinese pavilion set apart for the band.

The musicians are hardly settled in their places when every bench is already crowded, and all eyes watch eagerly for the first appearance of 'Arbuckle the great cornet soloist,' who, as countless placards inform all whom it may concern, has been 'engaged for the entire season.' At length the hero steps forward, bowing his acknowledgment of the boisterous applause of his admirers, and proceeds to execute in admirable style a selection of favourite airs. The soft artless melody of *Way down upon the Suwanee River* succeeds the grand Cromwellian march of *Old John Brown*, and is succeeded in turn by the buoyant lilt of *Yankee Doodle*; till at length, amid a deep and reverential silence, he begins *Home, Sweet Home*.

On my right sits a brawny weather-beaten man, whose dark-bearded face has evidently confronted many a peril and many a storm. Hitherto he has remained utterly impassible; but as the first notes of the sweet plaintive music steal upon the air, he gives a sudden start, and bends forward as if anxious not to lose a single note. What thoughts that simple air awakens in his mind—whether of a far-off home in quiet England hastily abandoned in his hot youth, or of a later home laid waste by Death, or of a future home brightened by the love of one chosen inmate—who shall say? When the last note has died away, he sits motionless for an instant like one in a dream, and then, starting as if from some overmastering spell, walks silently away.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, 1879.

WITH 1879, CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL reaches its forty-seventh year. It is within three years of its Jubilee. So tranquilly and successfully does the work continue to go on, that we might be spared saying anything about it. Perhaps, however, on entering on a new year, a word or two is expected. Sometimes we are visited in a complimentary way by ladies, who tell us that when girls, their father read the JOURNAL to them seated round the fire-side with brothers and sisters. The reminiscence seems to be cherished, as carrying them back to old times, ere the family was scattered, or before beloved parents had passed away. One lady lately said to us: 'I remember the first number of the JOURNAL, and I have read every number that has come out. I look for it, and cannot do without it.' There was a compliment! It was worth living for.

It has often been explained that from the very first, the conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL had two distinct objects in view. They wished to do their best to amuse and instruct apart from controversial subjects, and if possible to elevate the aspirations of the young. These aims have been steadily kept in view. Till this hour, the work is conducted on the same principles on which it set out. The needle is not more true to the Pole, than the writer of this has been true to his original profession. Seven-and-forty years is a long time for an individual to keep pulling at the oar, even though breeze and tide have been favourable. The labour, however, has been an unqualified pleasure. Early, it was seen what work was to be done, and no effort has been spared to do it. Looking to the unabated, indeed considerably increasing demand for CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, it is inferred that the reading public approve of the course of policy which has been pursued. One thing may at least be admitted. In being loyal to their own principles, the editors have never undervalued, or interfered with, the views of others. The world, as it has been thought, is wide enough for all. There are now twenty periodicals for one at the time the JOURNAL started. All whose aim is to do good in any particular line have our best wishes for their success.

Although unchanged in character, it would be absurd to aver that CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL is what it was in the decade 1830-40. The advance in the number of the population, the wealth, the intelligence, and literary tastes since the commencement of the Victorian era, is something extraordinary, and has led to considerable changes in the style of writing for periodicals. With novelties of this kind we have endeavoured to keep pace, and will continue to do so. At one time, as we recollect, every tale incorporated in our pages required to be completed in the number in which it appeared. The rage is now all continued fictions from number to number, perhaps over half a year. It is a harmless taste, which we attempt to satisfy by employing competent writers.

In the present number one of these continuous stories begins.

The early popularity of the JOURNAL was undoubtedly in a great measure due to the familiar Essays of the junior editor, Dr Robert Chambers. Since his decease, the general superintendence of the work has devolved on the writer of these lines. How he has acquitted himself is left for others to determine. The essay system being like an exhausted mine which has had its day, an effort of a different kind has latterly been made. It is to construct biographical sketches of remarkable persons and family narratives in the garb of romance, yet true as to facts, and designed to inspire popular interest. Besides this new feature, articles concerning social improvement, and articles likely to promote that kindly regard for animals which by reactive impulse tends to cultivate the higher sentiments, have been introduced at suitable opportunities. It is hoped that by these and such-like means, the readers of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, carried on by the progress of events, will not experience any falling off in the matters offered for their recreation.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL has at no time relied on the display of great names to secure purchasers; it has never pandered to party; nor has it courted notice from contemporaries. No paper of its kind did ever less depend on advertisements for publicity. It has been ever self-reliant. While thus pursuing the tenor of its way, and wishing to live on good terms with all, a strange cause of disturbance has arisen. Rights have been invaded which in decency ought to have been respected. An allusion is here made to a practice among American prints of copying articles from CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL without leave asked, or any acknowledgment of their origin. This petty larceny might in itself be of little consequence. Perhaps one might feel elated with the idea that his writings were copied and recopied into hundreds of papers from New York to the Rocky Mountains. The pinch arises in the fact that American newspapers, with these stolen articles, reach Great Britain. There, the articles are copied, still without acknowledgment, into English and Scotch newspapers, the proprietors of which are under the impression that the material they appropriate is of American authorship. Clearly, by these loose proceedings a great wrong is committed. In common justice, and in the interests of literature, articles copied from our pages and the pages of others *ought to be properly acknowledged*. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that the remonstrance now offered may be of use in stopping practices which furnish an additional plea for the introduction of international copyright.

It remains to be stated that the sub or acting editor of the JOURNAL is Mr R. Chambers.

W. CHAMBERS, LL.D.

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SPEAKING FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

ALTHOUGH England is within twenty-two miles of France, and there is a large daily communication between the two countries, comparatively few English are able to speak French fluently, or even in an imperfect manner; and still fewer French people can speak or understand English. Practically, the intercourse of the two nations is of a very constrained nature. Geographically near each other, they seem to be inexorably kept at a great distance by difference in language. This is the more surprising when we consider that through the Norman invasion, the English tongue received a large infusion of French words. A language, however, is not to be judged altogether by its words, but very much by its grammatical construction. In this point of view, the English and French are wide as the poles asunder. The English verbs have exceedingly few inflections. They are simple in construction, and easily remembered. The French verbs, on the contrary, are inflected, or changed in their terminations, to an extent that to a learner who has not a good memory, appears absolutely bewildering. On this ground alone, the English do not take readily to French; while on the part of the French people, there are equally strong objections to the intricate pronunciation of English, and to the frequency of words with the same spelling having different meanings.

These apparent difficulties on both sides vanish on close mutual intercourse, that is to say, by dint of speaking with a will to understand. It has been remarked as something curious, that while English families travelling in France, are barely able to put a few words of the language together, their domestics who travel along with them very soon learn to speak French. The explanation of the phenomenon is, that these domestics do not trouble themselves with books or correctness of verbiage. They pick up words and modes of expression from the French servants with whom they happen to be associated. Not oppressed with timidity, they dash on through thick and thin irrespective of grammatical rules,

and thus speedily acquire a facility in speaking. In short, they mix with the natives, instead of standing shyly aloof, as the middle and higher classes usually do; and therein in a great degree lies their success.

One thing particularly favours domestic servants, and the working-classes generally, in learning to speak a foreign tongue. They do not use what are called high-flown words, or words that occur in philosophical dissertations. The English language is said to consist of forty thousand words; but a vast number of these are mere refinements in expression founded on classical terms, that have been absorbed from time to time into the language. In point of fact, we are constantly seeing new words starting into existence. Of the forty thousand words found in the Dictionary, it is doubtful if more than five thousand—some think not more than three thousand—are employed by the humbler classes. They rely chiefly on the simpler forms of speech, such as those used in that venerable repository of Anglo-Saxon, the good old version of the Bible, which may be said to represent the language commonly in use two hundred and fifty years ago. As the humbler orders in France in the same manner employ but a limited number of words, the seeming wonder of English servants so speedily picking up French is materially qualified. The truth is, in all civilised countries two varieties of language are spoken—a higher or refined, and a lower or simpler variety. It is the simpler that is easily acquired, and it is that with which children begin speaking. By a knowledge of these facts, it will be readily understood how the attempt to learn a language as presented in literature is invested in difficulty and discouragement. It is not a new remark, that the effort to acquire a modern foreign tongue by commencing with instructions in grammar, is a reversal of the method prescribed by nature, and results in corresponding disappointment. The whole system of teaching French in schools must be viewed as an expensive and imperfect makeshift. Seldom any practical good comes out of it. From any

thing we have seen, not one in fifty who are so taught is able to freely converse in French.

As is well known, children will learn to speak three or four languages as readily as only one. Along with English, they will acquire French, Italian, and German, provided they are brought up in familiar communication with individuals who speak these languages. At first, they will, of course, make a sad jumble, not knowing one tongue from another; but in time they discriminate, and avoid any confusion. This is the true method of learning foreign languages; and the fact is evidenced by the growing practice in England of employing French and German nurses. Members of the Royal family, for instance, speak French and German indifferently with English, because they have been taught by foreign nurses. The Russians are reputed to be the best linguists in Europe. Many of them are proficient in half-a-dozen languages. This is chiefly owing to the practice of importing foreign attendants on their children. Accordingly, a Russian lady or gentleman who does not speak English and French is a rarity. The simplicity with which a young English family may in this manner be instructed in French, or German, according to choice, is striking and satisfactory. What toil and cost are spared in future years! How young people would bless their parents for having been played, as it were, into speaking and reading with correctness one or two languages beside their own, and been thereby saved the torture of laborious and often useless schooling!

The fishermen on the coast of Sussex and the opposite coast of France often have occasion to exchange civilities at sea. But how can they do so, not knowing each other's language? Some years ago, we were told they got over the difficulty without cost or trouble, by an exceedingly simple and satisfactory process. They exchanged children. A Sussex-man took the son of a Frenchman to board for a time in his family, and let the Frenchman have his son in return. In this accommodating way French fisher-boys learned English, and English fisher-boys learned French. It was a beautiful arrangement throughout, for besides any advantage derived from lingual intercommunication, feelings of good-will grew up between the two nations. We hope the practice still continues.

In only very few hotels in England are waiters able to speak French. The English waiter is for the most part an uneducated and unambitious being. What he seems chiefly to care about is to secure a gift of a shilling or two from visitors over and above the charges in the bill. He perhaps began as a boots, and looking at him professionally we should say he has not graduated. He has no Alma Mater. The continental gargon is a very different sort of person. He is duly bred to his business, taking lessons at various high establishments. The best of all gargons are the Germans. To begin with, they

are well educated, which is a great point. In the next place, they nourish aspirations—at least many of them do. Starting from their homes, they travel about to acquire a knowledge of French and English, not with the view of being waiters all their days, but for the purpose of qualifying themselves to be hotel-keepers. In this way, previous to the Franco-German War—we hardly know what it is now—Paris abounded in German gargons. They came to learn their trade and at the same time to learn French, which they did in the course of their service. Next, they came to hotels in London, or Brighton, or Leamington, to pick up English. When this was accomplished, back they went to their own country, prepared to set up a hotel at Coblenz, Wiesbaden, or some other quarter largely frequented by tourists. We happen to have seen a number of these German hotel-keepers and heard the story of their professional wanderings.

On one of the occasions we visited Mentone in the south of France, we dwelt in a hotel, and were attended by François, a smart and obliging young French gargon. He could speak no English, but was exceedingly anxious to learn, for the height of his ambition was to go to Angletorre—the paradise, as he imagined, of waiters. He implored us to address him in English, and tell him the English names of things. He was delighted to be told the meaning of such phrases as, 'shut the door,' 'open the window,' 'bring up the tea.' One day he was heard muttering the words 'shut the door' all the way down-stairs, in order to fix them in his memory. When he heard us conversing with visitors in English, he hung about and listened to catch the sounds and familiarise himself with the intonation. This, we thought, was a fine specimen of a youth who deserved to get on. In reward for his assiduity, we translated all we said to him in French into English. How thankful the poor fellow was for this small condescension! We hope that François has ere this attained the object of his wishes, and is figuring as a waiter in one of the grand hotels in London.

As far as we have seen, Germans and Swiss monopolise the profession of couriers, on account of their wandering habits and aptitude in acquiring languages. To be a courier to English tourists on the continent, a knowledge of several tongues is indispensable. It has been our fortune to know several of these German and Swiss couriers. Their faculty in speaking four or five languages was astonishing. One of them, named Wallenstein, whom we heard of at Bradshaw's in Fleet Street, which may be called the Emporium of couriers, was the best we ever knew. We greatly esteemed him for ability and good conduct. On being questioned, he disclosed his history. He had been left a sum of money by his father, and he resolved to spend it in learning languages to fit him to be a courier. He took service in various places; and mastering one language after another, he confidently offered himself as a courier to a

family on its travels. He spoke German, French, Italian, English, Russian, and was making progress in Spanish. A single visit to the Peninsula would perfect him. His method of learning was to mix with the courtiers and *valets de place* who loiter about hotels in quest of a job or in attendance on tourists. As shewn by his *livret* or book of credentials, he had visited most of the towns and places of fashionable resort in Europe, and had given much satisfaction in his calling. We feel assured that if he has by chance been taken to Athens and Constantinople, he will have added Greek and Turkish to his catalogue of accomplishments. Not many Englishmen in his rank of life, we think, would take the trouble to make themselves proficient in so many languages. The varied openings for industrial pursuits in Great Britain and the colonies, appear to forbid the attempt.

From whatever cause, and taking them all in all, it cannot be said that the English or Scotch are disposed to give themselves much concern about speaking foreign languages. Adopting an imperial policy, every one must succumb to them. Wheresoever they go, the English tongue must be uppermost. All other languages are contemptible. John Bull rules the roast. This is admirably observable in English colonies originally French. Do as they like, these colonies will be Anglicised in language, manners, and political institutions. Lord Dufferin, the late Governor-general of Canada, gracefully modified this peremptory spirit of superiority. He delivered orations to the French-Canadians in their own traditional tongue, which were faultless in elocution, and gained all hearts. But Lord Dufferin is an Irishman, and perhaps that makes a difference. It is interesting to learn that although two centuries have elapsed since the French colonised Canada, and more than a hundred years since the British flag floated predominant at Quebec and Montreal, the descendants of the French settlers still in ordinary speech adhere to their original tongue. Yet, there is something still more surprising. It is that the more educated of the French-Canadians, sinking all feelings of rivalry, acquire and speak English when it is necessary to do so. The two languages come equally easy to them, which for men of French lineage is a great triumph.

A Canadian newspaper, the *Montreal Witness*, lately referred to this remarkable fact, adding, as might be expected, that English-Canadians shew a strange distaste to the French language, and experience great difficulty in mastering it. Every observer must have been struck with the circumstance that in the city of Montreal, where one-half the population is French-Canadian, it is as unusual to find an English-Canadian speaking French as it is to find a French-Canadian who does not speak English. The English papers have more French-Canadian readers than have the French papers. In the City Council nearly one-half the members are French-Canadian, yet they all speak English, more or less, in the transaction of business; while most of the English members cannot speak French at all, and those who can

scarcely ever utter a word in that language. In the Canadian Parliament, containing a little more than one-fourth of French-Canadians, the leading men among them nearly all speak English fluently, and it is the exception for a Quebec member to speak French in that body. Indeed, many French-Canadian Members of Parliament speak English with greater ease than many honourable members with whom that language is the mother-tongue. On the other hand, no instance has occurred in late years, so far as we have heard, of an English member formally addressing the House in French. The Bar of Montreal presents the same singular circumstances. All the leading French lawyers speak English, some in a manner that a few of their English confrères might envy; while but two or three of the English lawyers speak French fairly well. Chief Justice Dorian speaks English with a purity and an elegance even which are not surpassed by any of his English brethren on the Bench. The same curious difference in linguistic talent is observable all over the province. In some of the eastern townships, where the French and English populations are about equally divided, the former will speak English more or less, while the latter are generally unable to speak French. Place at school together half-a-dozen French-Canadian boys knowing nothing of English with half-a-dozen English boys knowing nothing of French, and at the end of a year the English language will be spoken by the whole twelve, to the almost entire exclusion of the French. Now, it is evident that all these singular facts can point to but one result; at least they indicate a tendency in the relative position of the two languages which, in course of time, must issue in the prevalence of the English. It is, indeed, the very talent of French-Canadians for languages which is likely to prove fatal to the perpetuity of their own, while the absorbing power of the English and the guarantee of its perpetuity in presence of the French are to be found in its very inertia. Although such seems to be the ultimate destiny of the French language on this continent, the period of its decadence is still doubtless far in the future. French literature in Canada has probably by no means reached the zenith of its prosperity, and everything presages for it a history which will command the respectful admiration of men of letters everywhere.

The significant fact gathered from these remarks is that the French-Canadian is considerably more pliable and versatile as regards language than his English or Scotch fellow-subject; and what is equally observable, he excels in speaking English, which as a rule is by no means the case with natives of France. We can at anytime say that in all our experience we never heard French gentlemen speak English with the correct pronunciation of a high-bred Englishman—there being usually something which they do not get over, try as they will. We, however, do not doubt that the contrary may be sometimes the case. Lately, the practice has been creeping in of educating young Frenchmen in England, so as to thoroughly familiarise them with our language and institutions. Of this an example is seen in M. Waddington, at present French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who speaks English with a fluency and accent no way different from what is heard in the speech of a well-educated Englishman. One could wish that in the ranks of statesmen, literary men, and

politicians, the ability to speak and write the two languages was more common than it is on both sides of the Channel. The better it would be for all parties.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER II.—ONE LOST.

As the storm burst upon the lake, a car came rattling down the mountain road that wound serpent-wise from the valley to the hill-pass, and thus its occupants were in a manner eye-witnesses of the shipwreck of the pinnacle. Not that they saw the disaster in its completeness. There was, in accordance with the nature of things, not a full view, but a tantalising, almost maddening glimpse from the corners of the winding road, as successive twists brought them down from the steep slopes to the dead level of the lake-side. There was the pretty white-sailed boat battling for life against the squall; there were the curling waves; there the blackness of the sky; there the vivid glare of the lightning.

'For any sake, man, get along! Flog the old screw, can't you?' called out the solitary passenger in tones of unwonted excitement. The Cynrian driver needed no urging to make him ply the whip-thong and jerk the rein. He was standing up as he drove, with dilated eyes and pale face. So was his temporary employer, eager and anxious too, for once; for his quick eye had made out who were those on board the pinnacle.

Then came one of those provoking turns in the road, and when the lake was again visible the pinnacle was gone, and nothing remained but a heap of shattered woodwork, and a sail half sunk, and some human forms dimly desecrated. Another turn, and yet another, and then, amidst blinding flashes and crashing thunder-peals, and a continuous down-pour of such heavy rain as thunder alone and in a mountain district can bring with it, the car reached lake and landing-stage.

'Deed, sir, it is a bad job,' said the driver, as he sprang to earth. 'Ashton's was a clever boat, indeed she was, but she's to pieces now, and nules we can!'

The words were lost in the shriek of the gale and the savage growl of the thunder. Over the very planks of the primitive landing-place the spray broke in showers, and the reef was half hidden by whirling drift and lashing rain. In the midst of the angry water appeared a stalwart figure, that of Hugh the boatman, wading shorewards, and carrying in his arms the almost lifeless form of Maud. The girl's head rested droopingly on his strong shoulder, and her long brown hair streamed loosely as he fought his way to land. Some distance off, and beside the weed-grown mass of the Lion Rock, could be yet distinguished the wreck of the pinnacle; and nearer to the reef could be seen the younger boy clinging to an oar, while a swimmer, readily recognised as the elder of the two Ashtons, was in the act of aiding him to reach a sheltered nook among the storm-beaten stones, whence it was practicable for Willie slowly to scramble, dripping and scared, up the rocky barrier.

Edgar, the bigger and bolder of the two boys, had already gained the beach. Fortune had befriended him; while Maud's rescuer, caught in a current that ran rapidly southwards, keeping

him and her, as such currents will, in the wash of the broken water, had had need of all his strength and skill to enable him thus encumbered to reach the shore.

'Well done, Hugh Ashton, gallantly done!' cried out the driver of the car. 'Sassenach or not, a braver boy never trod our Welsh ground; and that's as true as that my name's Owen Owen.'

His passenger, who had long since alighted, now stepped forward, a smile upon his lips, and said blandly: 'I have to thank you, Mr.—Ashton, I believe, for saving my relation here, Miss Stanhope. You are a brave fellow, and I can assure you, in Lady Larpent's name, that your gallant conduct shall not go unrewarded.'

Something in the tone there was, or it may be in the words, which grated on the boatman's ear. 'I look for no reward, sir,' he said, as he aided in placing Maud, whose consciousness now began to return, among the cushions of the car. And then the eyes of the two young men met. In person, as in station, they offered a marked contrast to one another.

Hugh Ashton, in his rough working clothes, with his flushed fair face, his golden hair, and dauntless blue eyes, was very much taller, handsomer, and of a manlier presence than the undersized gentleman who confronted him. And yet that other, though slightly built and in stature below the middle height, was far from being insignificant in appearance. He was older than Hugh, being, it might be guessed, at least eight or nine, and twenty years of age; and his keen face was quite pale, almost white, and seemed yet more pallid, since his hair was so very dark and his long black eyes so bright. He was well dressed, somewhat too carefully so, perhaps, for a tour in Wales, or for a fishing excursion such as was denoted by the rods, fly-books, and landing-net on the floor of the car; wore glistening rings on his white fingers; and had a subtle atmosphere, as of daintiest essences, always floating vaguely about him. There was a languid elegance in his bearing; though he could be prompt enough and even fierce enough when he chose—which matched well with the indolent drawl of his half-careless voice. These two men, idler and toiler, rich and poor, were certainly very unlike.

The elder boy, Edgar, now came hurrying up. 'It was my fault, every bit of it, Lucius,' he cried out, with all a boy's fervour of self-condemnation; 'and but for these brave fellows—— This, Hugh, is my brother, Sir Lucius Larpent,' he added by way of explanation; 'you haven't seen him before, because he only joined us yesterday at the hotel yonder.—Well, it was all my doing, as I said, since I persuaded Maud to go in the boat, and persuaded Ashton to—— O look, look!' shrieked out the boy suddenly as his eyes lit on the lake, and he clutched Hugh by the arm as he bent over Maud, still helpless. 'Look! Your father!'

And Hugh starting, saw a group of men, one of whom bore a coil of rope, advancing from the village at a run, having been somehow made cognisant—for ill news flies fast—of the accident to the pinnacle; saw, too, young Willie Larpent on the rocky reef, calling aloud and pointing with extended finger to something in the water beneath, and divined rather than learned the worst.

What had happened was briefly this. Little

Willie washed clear away from the broken boat and unable to swim, would have been drowned before rescue could reach him, had he not caught hold of an oar as it drifted past, and so kept afloat until the elder boatman neared him. George Ashton himself swam well, but he was a spare slightly made man, and it was all that he could do to tow young Willie and his oar through the breakers to a place where the child's hand could fasten itself upon a jutting angle of the reef, up which rough and slippery wall he slowly made his way to a place of safety.

To aid his son, still doing manful battle with the lake-waves for Mand's sake and his own, was George Ashton's next impulse, and with this object he struck out afresh; but scarcely had he got beyond the sunken rocks and into the deep water before he felt an icy hand contract upon his throbbing heart, a strange feebleness benumb his stiffening limbs, and with one unheard half-uttered cry for succour, down he went beneath the heaving waters! He rose, and with haggard eyes he gazed around him and tried to call aloud, but failed, and marvelled not at the failure, since he knew that the swimmer's feeblest foe, cramp, the true water-kelpie of many a superstitious legend, had him in its grip, and that, in default of help, death was very near. And that he sank.

Three bounds, and Hugh was at the water's edge, and about to plunge, when a firm though friendly grasp restrained him. 'Not without a rope, no indeed!' said the good-natured fisherman who held him fast. 'Once is quite enough indeed, on such a day, but not twice.—Evans, Jones, Roberts! Give a hand, men!'

Hugh struggled to be free; but his well-wishers prevailed, and when at length they suffered him to breast the waters, it was with a tough rope around his body, by means of which, baffled and breathless, he was presently hauled to shore. Again he tried, and again, spent and weary, he was drawn to land. Of George Ashton there was not a trace. The scattered fragments of the boat had drifted far to leeward. Of the missing man nothing could be seen.

Meanwhile the car-driver, scrambling along the reef, had aided Willie to reach the firm land and flat road; while Miss Stanhope, who had partly recovered from the chill and shock, was able to ask feebly whether 'anything was wrong—any one?' She did not finish the sentence; but Sir Lucius, her cousin, completed it for her.

'Come to grief?' he said in a tone that jarred on Mand's more sensitive ear, but which yet expressed nothing but the sincere indifference of an easy-going man of the world. 'Well, yes; I'm afraid so. It is the owner of the pleasure-boat, who swam!'

'What—that poor Ashton—Hugh's father!' exclaimed Miss Stanhope, raising herself in the car so as to gain a better view, through rain and scurf, of the bumble on the quay.

'Hugh's father, if Hugh, as I conjecture, is the boatman who brought you ashore,' returned Sir Lucius imperturbably. 'I fear the poor man is!'

'Not dead?' interrupted the girl, half incredulously. 'Surely not dead—dead, and in trying to save us!' And then, as the blank ghastly horror of the truth rose up before her, she broke into a passionate fit of weeping.

'Now Mand, don't distress yourself, I beg,' said her kinsman, more affected himself by a young lady's tears than by the event which had caused them. 'You are weak and wet, and very cold, and must get back to the hotel at once, or you will be ill; and my mother will never forgive herself for having!'

'Never mind me!' murmured Mand. 'It seems so selfish to be intent on my own comfort while a man who risked his life for Willie and me is perishing almost before our eyes.'

The baronet had common-sense on his side of the argument, and he urged accordingly that no good, and much harm, could result from Miss Stanhope's remaining, in such weather and in her wet garments, by the lake-side. There were the boys too, drenched and chilled, with chattering teeth and bluish complexions, who would no doubt be the better, as Sir Lucius pointed out, of brandy-and-water, blankets, and dry clothes at the inn. Willie, the youngest, came reluctantly up to the car in obedience to his brother's peremptory summons, his knuckles screwed into his eyes.

'Poor, dear, good old George!' he whimpered. 'He was so gentle and patient, seeing us little ships, and telling us about the sea and abroad and the islands he had sailed to. And then to drown like that!'

Edgar, as he too was recalled from the quay, shook his head. 'They can't find him. And Hugh's half-mad,' he piteously exclaimed.

Sir Lucius Larpen drummed with one white bejewelled finger on the outer rail of the car, somewhat irritably. Sentimental regrets and gushing enthusiasm he identified with cheap newspapers and popular preachers, and each and all of these set his exquisite teeth on edge. But when Mand slowly said: 'It is shocking. I should like to thank young Mr Ashton, and to say—how much I feel—how sorry'—Sir Lucius, after a well-expressed word or two of consolation, went with the best possible grace to the wharf, and soon returned.

'He cannot attend now, Mand,' said the baronet, 'to you or to me. Poor fellow! We must give his sorrow time to calm itself.—Here Owen, catch hold of the reins, my lad,' he added more briskly to the driver following at his heels. 'And you boys, jump in! Lucky that the drive is a short one.' And off rolled the car through rain and mist towards the village.

Maud Stanhope might not impossibly have felt indignant had she been aware that when her urbane cousin assured her of Hugh's inability or unwillingness to speak with her, Sir Lucius was drawing on his imagination for the facts. The baronet had mingled with the groups on the landing-stage—for by this time there was quite a little crowd upon the wharf, and had asked a commonplace question or two—but to Hugh he had addressed never a word.

The younger Ashton was in truth quite unconscious of the disappearance of the family party or of the driving off of the carriage. Stupefied with grief and spent with toil, he lingered at the water's edge, heedless of the rain, heedless too of more than one bruise received among the rocks, or of the cut which some splinter of the pinnace had inflicted on his right wrist, from which a few drops of blood were slowly trickling. Those

around him were not sparing of rough kindness; but their well-meant words of comfort were scarcely heard. Still amidst the heavy rain and the dying sounds of the now receding thunder, Hugh Ashton continued to strain his eyes so as to scan the surface of the lake; and it was with difficulty and after long delay that the friendly Welshmen who surrounded him were able to draw him away from the fatal spot, promising that as soon as the storm should abate and a boat be brought round, a renewed search should be undertaken for the body of George Ashton.

TROPICAL LIFE AND ITS DEVELOPMENTS.

To the popular imagination, the tropics combine all that is lavish in nature—stately forests, gorgeous flowers, brilliantly hued birds, and strange unknown animals of fleet foot and graceful form. In his interesting work entitled *Tropical Nature* (London: Macmillan & Co.), Mr Wallace points out another aspect in which the developments of tropical life are all-important, not so much on account of their strange and varied beauty, as on account of the many types of life which, extinct in the temperate, are now only to be found in the torrid zones.

Favoured by climate, the forest is a prominent feature of the tropics. 'There,' Mr Wallace tells us, 'a weird gloom and a solemn silence prevail, which combine to produce a sense of the vast, the primeval, almost of the infinite. These virgin forests of the equator are a world in which man seems an intruder, and the great mass of vegetation overshadows and almost seems to oppress the earth.' The first general impression of these mighty woods is uniformity; but when you look around more closely, it is the diversity which strikes you, for almost no two trees within your sight are the same. The giants of the forest, such as the mahogany, teak, ebony, sandal, and satin wood trees are straight and stately, springing aloft into mid-air like the columns of a temple; some, as the silk-cotton trees, being girt around with buttresses of slabs, which radiate from the main trunk, and rise to various heights on the tree from six to thirty feet. Under the shade of these arboreal Titans, there rises a second forest of moderate-sized trees; and under these there is often a third undergrowth of palms, tree-ferns, and gigantic herbaceous ferns.

Another feature of the equatorial forests is the variety and profusion of climbing-plants, with tough woody stems, which pass from tree to tree, twisting and twining around their trunks like the rigging of a ship. The flowers of these plants are often very beautiful. In the shade however, they display neither leaf nor blossom, but twist on in huge serpentine coils till they reach the top of some tree, when with air and sunshine they burst at once into bloom and beauty. Palms are another special characteristic of the equatorial forests, and the natives put them to an infinite variety of uses. One of them, the *Arenga saccharifera*, the sugar-palm of the Malays, is so productive of sugar that a Dutch chemist, Mr De Vry, who has studied the subject in Java, thinks it might be cultivated with advantage instead of the sugar-cane.

Among flowering-plants, the ginger-worts and wild bananas are conspicuous from their large size, handsome foliage, and beautiful flowers. The plantain, which is a larger variety of the banana, has been called 'The Glory of the Tropics.' This plant is an annual, and produces an immense bunch of fruit four or five feet long, containing nearly two hundred plantains, and weighing about a hundredweight. The plants grow very close together; and Humboldt considered that an acre planted with them would produce more food than an acre planted with any other kind of crop.

Bamboos, which are a species of gigantic grass, are also typical plants of the tropical zone; and like the palms, their uses are endless. The posts, walls, floors, roofs, and furniture of the houses in Lombok and Maassar are entirely made of them; and a single joint of bamboo makes an excellent pot, in which rice, fish, and vegetables may be boiled to perfection.

Mangroves, which grow between the tide-marks of coasts and estuaries, are also very characteristic of the tropics, as are also sensitive plants, which in some places completely carpet the ground. Flowers, strange to say, are scarce amid these countless leagues of verdure, so scarce that you may travel a hundred miles and see nothing but the dense luxuriant varied greens of the great overshadowing woods, and then you may suddenly light upon some climbing liana which has struggled into air and sunshine, and is one vivid mass of gorgeous colour. As a rule, these forests are oppressively lonely and silent. There is no cheerful song of birds, no pleasant hum of insect life; nothing breaks the silence except the doleful shrieks of the howling-monkey, or the sudden crash of a tree falling to the ground; and yet animal life is very abundant; though the living denizens of the forest are widely scattered, and are very shy of man. Butterflies of great size and of the most gorgeous beauty abound. Mr Wallace says: 'The first sight of the great blue *Morphos* flapping slowly along in the forest-roads near Para—of the large white and black semi-transparent *Ideas* floating airily about in the woods near Malacca, and of the golden-green *Ornithopteras* sailing on bird-like wing over the flowering shrubs which adorn the beach of the Ké and Aru islands, can never be forgotten by any one with a feeling of admiration for the new and beautiful in nature.'

Bees, wasps, and ants are found in great numbers, as also Leaf-insects, which so exactly resemble a leaf, that a stranger when shewn a guava branch covered with them, supposes that he sees a branch actually clothed with green leaves. There are also wingless Stick-insects, which are from eight inches to a foot long, and exactly resemble dead withered twigs.

Of birds, three groups—the parrots, the pigeons, and the picariss (birds of the cuckoo and hornbill type), give a special character to the ornithology of the equator. Lizards are also very abundant, and literally swarm everywhere; and snakes, although not quite so plentiful, are far too often found in the woods for the comfort of a nervous traveller. Green whip-snakes glide through the foliage at your side without disturbing a leaf; and one peculiarly dangerous species, also green, lies motionless coiled up upon the foliage, till in passing through the underwood you find with a start that your face is within a few inches of the

lazy, reptile. Pythons of moderate dimensions are very abundant; while one species, the great water-boc of South America, grows to forty feet long, and is able to seize and devour cattle alive. Frogs and toads abound, some of them of a bright blue colour; while others don a harlequin livery consisting of a red body and blue legs.

Of the mammalia, only one group, the monkeys, make themselves prominent. In the mornings and evenings, the woods resound with the frightful howling of one species, which although a small creature, is able, by means of a large thin bony vessel in the throat, into which air is forced, to make a noise louder than the roaring of a lion! At all times they may be seen swinging by their long arms from the branches, lifting small objects from the ground with their powerful prehensile tails; or bounding from tree to tree at a hundred feet or more above the ground, as fast as a deer can pass below.

Bats are specially and largely developed in the tropical zone, and one group, the vampires, comprises several blood-sucking species. Mr Wallace says: 'I was once bitten by one of these bats on the toe, which was found bleeding in the morning from a small round hole, from which the bleeding was not easily stopped.' On another occasion, when his feet were suddenly covered up, he was bitten on the tip of the nose, only awaking to find his face streaming with blood. The motion of this creature's wings fans the sleeper into a deeper slumber, and then with its tongue, which has horny papillae at the end, it abrades the skin and produces a small round hole.

As an illustration of the luxuriant development of tropical nature, and the changes and varieties consequent upon natural selection, Mr Wallace gives a detailed account of the family of the humming-birds. These beautiful little creatures are found only in America, and are almost exclusively confined to the tropical zone. There are four hundred different species, the largest about the size of a swallow, and the smallest scarcely larger than a humble-bee. They live upon honey, which they extract from flowers, but require also a certain proportion of insect food. In Juan Fernandez, the humming-birds, which belong to a Chilean species, form a very good illustration in the changes through which they have passed, of variation and natural selection, the factors in these changes being abundance of food, and freedom from the competition of any rival species.

The tongue of the humming-bird is tubular and retractile; it is very long, and is capable of being extended far beyond the beak, and rapidly drawn back, so as to suck up honey from the nectaries of flowers and capture small insects. Seen in its familiar haunts poised on rapid wing in the vivid sunlight, the humming-bird gleams like a jewel with the iridescent hues of the amethyst, the ruby, and the sapphire; but like the parrots of its native forests, the basis of its brilliant colouring is green, not a soft silky green, such as adorns the parrot's neck and breast, but a bright dazzling metallic hue, which seems to reflect every varying gleam of the sunshine.

The flight of these little creatures is inconceivably rapid. 'The bird,' Mr Wallace says, 'may be said to live in the air—an element in which it performs every kind of evolution with the greatest ease, frequently rising perpendicularly, flying

backward, pirouetting or dancing off as it were from place to place, or from one part of a tree to another, sometimes descending, at others ascending!'

It was long thought that humming-birds would not live in confinement; and this idea is so far correct, that although easily tamed, they will not live long in captivity if fed only on sirup. If confined to this food they die in a month or two, apparently starved; whereas if kept in a small room the windows of which are covered with fine net, so as to allow insects to enter, they may be preserved for a considerable time in health and beauty. Their nests are very curious; many of them are cup-shaped and very small, sometimes no larger than the half of a walnut-shell; and they are often beautifully decorated on the outside with lichens, so as exactly to resemble the branch, in the fork of which they are placed. They are formed of cottony substances, and are lined inside with fibres as fine and soft as silk. The nests of other species are hammock-shaped, and are suspended to creepers; the Pichincha humming-bird has been known to attach its nest to a straw-rope hanging in a shed; their eggs are white, and they never lay more than one or two. Once, when on the Amazon, Mr Wallace had a nest of young humming-birds brought to him, which he tried to feed on sirup, supposing that they would be fed on honey by their parents. To his surprise however, they not only would not swallow the liquid, but nearly choked themselves in their efforts to eject it. He then caught some very small flies, and dropped one into the wide open mouth of the poor little orphan humming-bird; it closed instantly with a satisfied gulp, and opened again for more. The little creatures he found demanded fifteen or twenty flies each in succession before they were satisfied; and the process of feeding and fly-catching together required so much time that he was reluctantly compelled to abandon them to their fate.

In our cold clime we are not much accustomed to admire beetles, and it is therefore with some surprise that one reads that next to humming-birds they are the most brilliant ornaments of a tropical forest. They swarm on every fallen tree-trunk; they glow on every mass of foliage, shining in the brightest and richest metallic hues, as if myriads of many-coloured gems were glittering in the hot sunshine. 'Green and spotted rose-chafers hum along the ground; golden and green *Buprestidae* fly about in every direction; long-horned *Anthribidae* are disturbed at every step; elegant little *Longicorns* circle about the drying foliage; while larger species fly slowly from branch to branch.'

Spiders, scorpions, and centipedes also abound. Some of the spiders are very large, almost two inches long, and with legs six inches long when expanded. They sometimes kill birds, a fact which was discredited until Mr Bates actually caught one of these predatory creatures in the very act of poisoning upon his victim. The meshes of their large webs are composed of fibres as strong as silk, and as they weave them across the forest-paths, the traveller often finds them closing his way. The scorpions are as huge in their way as the spiders, and a great deal more dangerous. One variety, of a green colour, is from eight to ten inches long; it frequents the forest;

while a smaller species haunts houses and secretes itself under every box and board. The centipedes are also of immense size, and are very venomous. They seem fond of human society; for they not only burrow under the thatch of houses and ensconce themselves in canoes, but take every possible opportunity of crawling into beds and secreting themselves under the pillows, rendering a thorough examination necessary before the weary traveller can retire to rest.

Numerous as these creatures are, a wound from them is very rare; the reverse of the case being the rule with another pest of the tropical forests, the fire-ant. It not unfrequently happens that in forcing his way through the tangled brushwood, the inadvertent traveller strikes his head against some overhanging branch or mass of fern and dislodges a fire-ant, which falls, let us suppose, upon his cheek; and the odds are that the next moment a cry of sudden agony is wrung from him, for he feels as if a red-hot iron were thrust through it. Fortunately, although the bite is terrible, it is not venomous, and the pain soon passes away; unlike the bite of a larger species, the *Ponera clavata*, which causes intense pain and illness. From this it will be seen that these dense and gloomy thickets are not always the haunt of beautiful living things; they are also the chosen home of creatures which are hideous and terrible. Sometimes in the hot dreamy silent noon, when not so much as the rustle of a wing breaks the silence, the wanderer in the jungle comes upon a slimy stagnant pool, with an alligator basking in the steaming water, to all appearance half asleep, but stealing wary glances at him all the time out of its green, half-shut, death-like eyes; or tripping over the coils of an unseen liana, he perhaps crashes headlong upon the astonished back of an equally hideous but harmless lizard which is resting quietly among the foliage. These lizards are of all kinds and sizes and colours. The house lizards are gray or pale ash colour; the lizards that climb on walls and rocks are stone-coloured and nearly black; the forest lizards are mottled with ashy gray, like the lichen-covered bark of a tree; and the large arboreal lizards are of a beautiful green colour. The flesh of one species, which is called the iguana, is in much request among South American gourmands, and is justly considered delicious. The dragons or flying lizards of India and the Malay Islands are considered by Mr Wallace to be the most curious and interesting of living reptiles. They have wing-like membranes stretching along each side of the body, by which they are enabled to pass through the air for a distance of thirty feet at a time. In 'flying' they descend a little at first; but on nearing their destination, rise a little, so as to arrive at their journey's end with head erect. They are very small, rarely more than two or three inches long including the tail; and when their thin membranous wings are fully extended they resemble an insect much more than a reptile.

As day wanes to its close and the shadows of evening begin to purple over the woods, a strange nightly concert of frogs begins; and the most remarkable of the American monkeys, the howler, makes the primeval forests discordant with his hideous din. This monkey, which is by no means large, is, as we have already hinted, enabled to produce a tremendous booming sound, which can

be compared only to the roaring of a lion or the bellowing of a bull. This it continues for some hours; and then having finished its vespers to its own satisfaction, it recommences its orisons when the first streak of dawn begins to gild the varied beauties of the jungle thickets. Then awake the restless lizards, which dart along the branches in gleams of golden light; the grass waves gently in the morning breeze over the gliding track of some early serpent; great flocks of parrots and macaws, intent on breakfast, fly off with harsh cries in the direction of some favourite fruit-trees, and settling down among the boughs, are lost to sight and sound; the sun bursts forth in a gorgeous flood of radiance, which under the great trees is mellowed to a green and tender twilight; and a silence deep as death sinks down on the renewed glories of the tropical forest.

Mr Wallace dwells at some length upon the colours of animals, and the theories of heat and light as producing colour, the colours of plants, and the origin of the colour-sense and its supposed increase within historical periods. He then considers the relation of living things to their surroundings, shewing how locality modifies colour in birds and butterflies, and how insular plants and insects are related to each other. He then touches upon the rise and progress of modern views in relation to the antiquity of man, and finally considers the distribution of animals as indicating geographical changes.

THE SILVER LEVER.

III.—CONTINUED.

WHEN George Glossop found himself in the road he gave way to the impulses of wrath which seized him. It is only fair to admit that he had a right to feel aggrieved. He was not at all in a worldly sense a bad match for the girl. He knew that he was better educated and better bred than nine-tenths of the trades-people of his native town; and he himself was nearly if not quite a professional man. He did not think ill of his own character. Few people set him examples in that direction. Looking over what Ryder had said, it came to this: 'I shall consult my daughter, and shall then answer you. In the meantime you must not see her.' Why could not Ryder have been content to say that? Why need he go out of his way to insult a man who at the very least came to pay the highest compliment in his power? It was wanton. It was shameful. It was abominable. It was unendurable. And then the threat! Why a gentleman—even a Coventry boot-maker—would never have dreamed of using it. 'I shall rely upon your honour, Mr Glossop, not to hold any further communication with my daughter until I have made up my mind upon this question. You shall have my answer in such and such a time.' That was the sort of formula which Glossop would have had employed; and it would have served the purpose amply—in some cases. Not in his, because he had no honour to be relied on. In his reading of George Glossop's character the father was right. It is scarcely necessary to say that his treatment of George Glossop was in

some respects unkind and unwise. The threat which Glossop so resented was really the only thing which would have kept him away, and that Ryder knew perfectly well. Perhaps the fact that it was certain to prove effective had something to do with George Glossop's anger at it. But be that as it may, this one thing is certain, that George Glossop walked home that night the eternal and implacable enemy of his sweetheart's father.

Ryder when he was left alone, stood in his doorway and listened to Glossop's retreating footsteps. Then he turned into the room and locked and bolted the door and called his daughter. She descended with her candle in her hand, and looked anxiously in her father's grave face. He saw that she had made no alteration in her dress, and understood that she had expected this summons.

'Come here, my darling,' he said, and took her on his knee. Then looking into her eyes: 'That young man has just been here to ask me a question. Do you know what it was?'

She smiled a little and blushed a little and dropped her eyes, but made no verbal answer.

'You do?' he said with something like a sigh. 'Well: he wants to marry you.'

There was no misreading the happy bashful light in her eyes as she looked at him. She laid a hand upon his shoulder and rested her cheek upon it, nestling closer to him.

'My dear, you are only a child yet,' he went on, and there was a solemn passion in his tones which awed the girl. 'I love you very dearly. You know that?'

She kissed him and nestled closer still.

'I've led a hard life, and there have been things in it which you don't dream of, thank God! and I love you all the more for them, and I'm the more afraid for them, and all the more careful of your happiness. Now my darling, I want you to be happy, and the only way for a woman to be happy is never to find anything to hate in the man she sets her heart on. Now I want to warn you, and I want to do it gently. I don't like George Glossop. I'm afraid he's not the man to make you happy. I shall never come between you, my pet, never. I shan't put anything in the way of your marrying him. No: not for a minute; because if you thought I treated him unkindly, you'd get all the fonder of him. Now you needn't say a word unless you like. I've told him not to see you again'—there the girl started up and looked at him imploringly—'until I've got your answer.' She smiled and blushed again, and her hand and head went back to her father's shoulder. 'Take time to think. Don't marry a man you can't esteem, my dear. Don't marry him if you can find one grain of distrust in your soul. Do you feel quite sure about him?'

For sole answer she put both arms about his neck and laid her ripe fresh cheek close to his grizzled sunburnt face. He breathed hard and long, stifling a great sigh.

'My darling, you shall give me an answer when you like. You shall come to me and say: "Father, I love George Glossop, and there's no other man in the world can make me happy;" and then I've done.'

She slowly took her arms away, and rose slowly from his knee. He rose slowly too and looked down upon her with serious and pathetic tenderness. She laid her hands upon the enormous shoulders which she could just reach to, and rested her cheek upon his breast. Her bosom heaved high, and her face was flushed and hot as he laid his hand upon it. There was a tear upon the hot face too.

'Father!' she whispered.

'Yes, darling;' and he bent his head to hers.

'I love George Glossop, and there's no other man in the world can make me happy.'

Then she looked at him with a sweet, shy, saucy triumph for one second, and then threw herself upon his great breast and cried there quietly. He put his arms about her gently; but he looked far, far away, over many miles and years, and his lips moved with soundless words.

'A jealous God. Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. Even unto the third and fourth generation.'

By-and-by he kissed her again, and said: 'Good-night, darling, good-night.' She answered his kiss and went away to her prayers; only happy Love can know how happy; for we, whom Love made glad in bygone days, find memory dim.

And the rough sinful Hercules below was on his knees upon the hearth, with his face hidden in his hands. And the agonised cry of his soul seemed to fall back to him unanswered from a pitiless heaven.

IV.

If Nature were always kindly in her moods, she might have found it a question as to whether, having so mis-made Robert Ryder's body, she should leave with him any capacity for a love which should demand another love in turn. Perhaps after all, the holy joys of it balanced the pain. I am sure of this, that if he had had a word in it he would have kept his love, returned or unreturned. Anyhow, it was there now, and had grown up in him so strongly that it was an actual part of him, no more to be rooted up, or overgrown or trampled out of life, than his own immortal soul might be. What blundering libeller of the human heart first set afloat the faith that love cannot live without jealousy? Here at least was one heart in which jealousy had no place, and in which love made her natural home. There was the soul of a saint in this written and misshapen body. We are such fools to the end of our days, that the limpid eyes of faithless Cressid look truer to us even than those orbs wherein the pure and unflinching honour of Desdemona is quenched in tears. And so we love Cressid until we find her out, and we mourn for the Desdemona of our history until life closes. It is the same with women on their side. For men are to women what women are to men—the possible completion of a self-incompleteness. Only since men have been our poets mainly, we find readier examples among the women than on the male side. Here were spiritual Hyperion and Satyr, clothed each by some freak of Nature's in

the wrong flesh garments. A soul like Robert's would have dignified and made beautiful a face like Glossop's; and a soul like the auctioneer's would have sunk the hunchback's face to the degradation that the ugliness of his lines deserved.

It grieved the silent lover to the core to know on what manner of man his cousin's choice had fallen. They had been at school together, and Robert knew Glossop well. Torture was the latter's hobby, his pet diversion. At school, the hunchback had been a general favourite; and the only thrashing he had ever received there came from George Glossop, who found himself one day suddenly and unexpectedly assaulted in the act of drowning a nest full of young birds. The avenger was poor little Bob Ryder, who cast himself upon the torturer with all the puny vigour he was master of, and received a hiding for his pains. George Glossop received a hiding in return from a bigger fellow who beheld the *fracas*, and being already in Coventry in the body, was sent there in spirit by the whole school, who scorned him to a boy. These boyish memories were outlived with most of his old schoolfellows, and had been overgrown by later memories in Robert's case. But the hand of Fate came by and lifted up the newer growth, and brought the old to light once more.

But howsoever much he might regret the marriage, he had no power to prevent it. Time went on, and the wedding-day came and went again, and his love was out of his life. Ah! no. She whom he loved was far away, but his love was always for him, at once a sorrow and a solace, a comfort and a grief. But if George Glossop's wife stood at a greater distance now than she had ever done before, George Glossop came daily more intimately into his life, and grew by-and-by to be a very momentous figure there. It is a maxim in the country, none the less forcible because not enforced by law, that it is nobody's business to have dealings with anybody outside the family, when anybody inside the family can do the business. Thus. If my female second-cousin marry a shoemaker, I am in honour bound to buy such footgear as I stand in need of, of my second-cousin's husband. It was on this principle that George Ryder—Robert's father and Sarah's uncle—acted in placing the whole management of his small property in Glossop's hands. That the step was a wise one, nobody seemed to doubt. Outlay took to representing a return of at least two per cent. more, in this clever manager's fingers, than it had ever represented in the hands of the slow-going but highly respectable old Coventry lawyer who had originally conducted Ryder's affairs. Nobody knew until somewhat later on that George Glossop was living on Ryder's capital, and bringing every quarter-day a cooked balance-sheet for his client's examination.

The slow process by which a wife lets fall thread by thread the golden dream of her love, is a painful thing to watch or to write about. To find her idol made of clay, and clay of the poorest kind, was not an easy thing to Mrs Glossop. Her husband, had he not been both brute and fool, might have kept her worship until this day, and have been the hound he was at bottom all the while. For when a woman does once set her whole heart upon a man, it is as hard to persuade her that he is unworthy, as it is terrible when the persuasion is complete. The woman who loves

lives in a house with tinted windows, and looks on the landscape of her lover's life through stains which make commonplace beautiful. But if he who was the lover shall himself come that way and wilfully break the windows, who shall blame her if she find the landscape very bare and sterile? Ah, what a pitiful world it is! There is no creature on God's earth whose estate is so miserable, whose heart is so empty of joy, so full of sorrow, whose days are passed in so forlorn and lonely a perpetual grief, as hers—the good, tender-hearted woman, whose marriage has been a blunder. In fairy life it is but a pretty parable. When Titania wakes she can laugh at Bottom the weaver, and Oberon's generous arms are open to her. But when the gentle creature finds that asinine head beside her nightly on the pillow, and daily before her at the household board! When there is no Oberon to fly to, and no dream to wake from! Then that tragedy begins which makes up more than half of married life for a large section of human-kind. And if Bottom the weaver prove a combination of ass and wolf! Ah, then let the world turn its Argus eyes aside, and be sorrowful in secret, lest even its tears of sympathy should wound.

Whatever sorrows she had, and they were great and many, Sarah hid them from her father. To him she always shewed a face of tender and affectionate gaiety; and he on his side knew nothing except that his son-in-law seemed to prosper greatly in worldly affairs.

'I am glad,' he said one day, 'that your husband is a careful man. I shall have a little to leave you; and though I shall have to leave it some day whether I will or not, I am glad to know that it won't be squandered.'

He was living all alone in the old cottage now, doing his own cooking and his own cleaning, and making his own bed, and generally keeping himself like a hermit except from his daughter and his nephew. The wooden-legged man whom he called Bill Dean, and who, not being original in *aliases*, had called himself Tom Bowling this past score of years and more, still lived opposite, and still waited for that partnership of interest which Job Ryder had determined never to yield him. You will have observed that Bill Dean addressed Ryder as Rogers, which might have been either a slip of the tongue or the memory of an *alias* worn by Ryder. But since it was Job Ryder who played the chief part in that tragedy of 1830 in the pass north of Tashkesen, it appears not improbable that he, like his opposite neighbour, had worn that thin disguise. Since Job Ryder had returned to England in the year 1831, he had lived in the same cottage, and had never left it for a day. He had been driven into wild ways by an unprosperous love affair, and wild ways with Job Ryder meant ways that were wild indeed. After three years' absence, he had returned, and found her who had jilted him repentant. He married on the little portion his father had left him; and three years after marriage was a lonely man again, with a two-year-old girl upon his hands. That tiny creature he idolised, and it is not too much to say that she made up in her own small person nineteen-twentieths of the world to him. He lived alone with her, and lived for her alone. Sometimes he had great matrimonial dreams on her account as she grew towards

womanhood; but we have seen already what they came to. The foundation they were built upon you may have guessed by this time. Job Ryder was not a man to find either remorse or repentance easy to him; but it may be that he shrank from weighing his child with a treasure so ill-gotten as that we saw long since buried in the silence of the snow-dad Turkish hills. He had so far repented that he had determined that no penny of that blood-bought treasure should ever be spent by him. Any determination of his was likely to be held fast, and he had kept this resolve so far through more troubles than you can divine, and more temptations.

It came to pass one day—for I cannot bring myself to say that it chanced—that he sat alone smoking, and fell into such a reverie that his pipe dropped from his lips and broke. Waking at the sound, he went to a cupboard to look for a new pipe, and reaching down a cigar-box in which he commonly kept a number of short clays, noticed a book below it. It was a little book in a brown cover, less old-fashioned than now, but old-fashioned even then. A volume of the plays of William Shakespeare, opening naturally, as well-known books will do, at the title-page of the play of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. Job Ryder had not so much as thought of *Hamlet* for many a year now; but he lit his new pipe and sat down to read in the summer afternoon. He was a man of strong though untrained intellect, and the masterpiece of God's masterpiece in the way of poetical humanity took hold upon him. Did any man ever read Shakespeare thoughtfully without finding something in his pages which reflected some new light upon his own life, either of thought or action? If so, I am not that man, nor was Job Ryder. He read on until he came to that scene wherein the guilty king communes with himself, and sets before his own soul that terrible riddle which has confronted all successful villains sooner or later since the world began: 'Can one be pardoned and retain the offence?' Job Ryder dropped the book upon his knees. What are years and miles to Fancy? He was back over all the years; one mental footstep consumed every foot of the way, and he lay *perdu* with four others in a fissure in those hoary Balkan rocks with the intense silence of the frozen night singing in his ears like a sea. He heard the far-off song again, and heard it come nearer, and saw the slow procession pace the winding pass towards the cruel death that waited in his hand. In his hand. For whatsoever share the others had in it, it was he who devised and led and ordered. At a word from him the procession would have passed unharmed. He called to mind now how for a second he had thought to let it go, telling his comrades that this was not the band he waited for, and then declaring afterwards that he had changed his purpose. He remembered how transitory that touch of mercy was. Memory's hand traced the whole deadly scene again for him. The slaughter—the flight across the hill—the horses crashing unburdened along the valley—the labour by the sullen pool in the snow-lit night. Memory carried him to many a scene beyond that, and he reviewed his life as though it had been another's.

What softening influence was on him now? What doubts perplexed his mind? There was no

fear for himself among all those doubts, for he had long since made up a most terrible mind with regard to his own fate. This man was another Prometheus, though an unholy one, and had no dread of Jove. The casuist's question which had hit him so hard, never occurred to him in relation to himself. It was his child of whom he thought. He knew that the unused gold had been a ban to him, and the stern old text was in his mind again: 'Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation.' Would the ban descend to her with the gold? There was no one left now to whom to make restitution, and the gold itself was stolen before it fell into his hands. He had only spoiled the spoiler.

It was inevitable that when the only tender influence about him departed from his life, he should grow sterner than he had been in its constant presence. But now the gentle feelings his daughter had inspired within him came back upon him in full force, and his inwards yearned after the child, and he glowed and melted at the thought of her, and he rose to his feet resolved against earth and heaven. Whatever he could give her to make life smooth, she should have. Fate lay beyond control, but money was after all a power, and was at least one of the many ways to happiness. And it would do good in her hands, for she was as charitable as the sun.

'And as I live!' he exclaimed, bringing one heavy hand down upon the other, 'she shall have it every penny, and spend and spare with the best of them.'

One second later, whilst he still towered there, with his eyes glowing and his heart aflame, a rap came at the door, and before he could move to open it, George Glossop entered.

Since Glossop's marriage with his daughter, Ryder, having surrendered opposition, had extended to him, for his wife's sake, such rough courtesies as were in him to offer to any creature for whom he had not a cordial liking. Except for his daughter and her hunchbacked cousin, there had been no man or woman in the world for years who possessed the power to stir him to any semblance of friendship. No such power lay in George Glossop; but the father would not be on evil terms with his daughter's husband; and so, though Glossop slipped into the room just then no more cheerfully than snow falling on June roses, he welcomed him, and bade him be seated. The day was warm, but Glossop was pale and cold, so cold that Ryder dropped his hand in surprise, and so pale that he concluded at once on some misfortune.

'What's the matter?' he asked, his thoughts flying to his daughter.

'Nothing,' answered Glossop with his well-practised smile. 'Why?'

'Look at yourself in the glass, man,' said Ryder, 'and don't wonder at my asking why.'

Glossop looked at himself in the glass, and smiled again, and arranged his neck-tie, and ran his fingers through his hair. 'Well,' he said, turning round, 'I do look rather so-so, I must admit. Something the matter with the heart, I think; and besides that, I've overwalked myself. Will you give me a cup of tea, Mr Ryder?'

In answer, Ryder set a kettle upon the hearth, which was never fireless, winter or summer, after

the generous midland fashion, and spread the table-cloth, and set forth bread and butter and cold meat, with cutlery and crockery-ware for two. 'How's Sarah?' he asked, whilst he moved about.

'Remarkably well,' said Glossop; 'and growing lovelier every day, I do believe.'

'I don't,' said Ryder, with some return of his common gruffness.

Glossop made no answer, but took up the little volume of Shakspeare and turned its leaves over. Ryder sat down and poured out the tea, and they made the meal together in almost unbroken silence.

A more observant man than Job Ryder could not have failed to notice that there was something on his son-in-law's mind, which, whatsoever it might be, was grievous to be borne. It would have been obvious to anybody who had watched him, that he was keeping very strict and strenuous watch over himself, and that he suffered from some profound agitation. This agitation positively shook him at times, and once communicated such a tremor to the table that Ryder looked up and exclaimed: 'Why, good heavens, man! you're sickening for a fever. Here; let me look at your tongue. Your wrist. Tongue's all right; but the pulse is wretched. Take a glass of brandy, and when you get home, see a doctor at once.'

His anxiety for his daughter made him anxious even for George Glossop. If he had known how low George Glossop had fallen in his daughter's knowledge and esteem, he would have thrashed George there and then within an inch of his life, and have gone to Coventry straightway and brought Mrs Glossop back with him. But knowing his child's faithful and affectionate heart, and believing that nothing material had occurred to disillusionise her, he was solicitous of his son-in-law's well-being. He set the brandy bottle upon the table together with two glasses and a little jug of cold water, and with the simple observation, 'I take mine hot,' walked out into the back-garden towards the well to replenish the kettle which he carried in his hand. Glossop looked around and rose. His white face grew whiter as he seized the bottle, and with an unsteady hand uncorked it and poured out nearly a tumblerful of the spirit. Then he whipped a phial from his pocket, and with shaking fingers drew the stopper and poured the phial's contents into the bottle. He returned the phial to his pocket and shook the bottle, so that the two liquids within it mixed thoroughly. Then he took a gulp at the neat spirit in the tumbler, and wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead. All this time he heard the leisurely creaking of the windlass of the well. He could hear now the splash of the water as Ryder caught the bucket and filled the kettle. And now he could hear the heavy step returning. He looked at himself in the mirror, and by a severe effort wrenched his troubled features smooth. Then he sat down with the little volume of Shakspeare in his hands, pressing its back against the table, so that Ryder might not see how his hands shook.

'You've helped yourself,' said Ryder, as he re-entered. 'That's right. And,' he added with a rough chuckle, regarding the bottle, 'you've dipped your beak in pretty freely, I can see.'

'My hand shook,' answered Glossop, in a shaky voice. 'I poured out more than I meant to take.'

'Odd I didn't notice that last night now,' said Ryder carelessly, as he took up the brandy and held it to the light. 'They've sent me brown brandy this time instead of pale. No. Yours is pale enough.'

'I've watered it,' said Glossop in so natural and calm a voice that it surprised himself.

'Ah, of course,' returned Ryder, and set the kettle on the fire.

They sat in silence for a time, Glossop's heart beating like a sledge-hammer all the time, until he feared that the sound must positively be audible. He took another gulp at the brandy and steadied himself. 'I came down here, Mr Ryder, to say that I think of making something of a change in my position.'

'Ah?' Ryder answered with his eyes upon the kettle, and questioning with evidently languid interest.

'A gentleman in London, a Mr Watson, wishes to enter into partnership. You won't mind my asking you to stay at my place for a week with Sarah while I am gone to town to arrange matters. It will be very advantageous to me to have a man with money like Watson at my back. I can extend operations considerably then. He proposes to put no less a sum than two thousand pounds into the business. I bid for a high sum, a higher sum than that; but I wouldn't take less.'

'I'm very glad to hear it, George,' said Ryder. 'You're a very good man of business, and if you're careful, you'll get on.'

'Oh, I shall get on, I have no doubt,' said Glossop. 'But about Sarah?'

'She shall come and stay with me,' said Ryder, with a pleasant smile; and he thought within himself that it would be a revival of old times.

Then they talked about the new business arrangement; and by-and-by the kettle gave tokens of boiling, and Ryder, grown quite genial at the prospect of a week's visit from his daughter, brewed his punch, smiling; and then sat with his hand round the tumbler, and one huge leg thrown comfortably over the other, and looked at the hissing kettle and the glowing little fire with a sense of home upon him to which he had long been a stranger.

'Well, George,' he said, 'here's luck to the new partnership,' as he took a draught from his tumbler. 'Queer taste,' he said, moving his lips doubtfully. 'Kettle's getting rusty, I'm afraid. I must set up a new one.' Then he filled and lit his pipe, and sat looking at the fire with smiling eyes.

George Glossop's heart still beat tumultuously; but there was a sense of triumph in its throbbing now. Ryder drowsed for a minute or two, then woke up again.

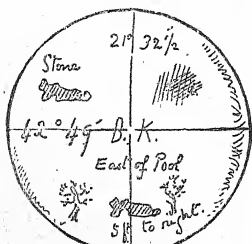
'No more hot water out of you, old kettle,' he said; and poured out more brandy and drank it neat. His lips moved doubtfully again. 'Isn't there something odd about this liquor, George?'

'No,' said Glossop, tasting the contents of his own glass. 'Nothing.'

Ryder looked back at the fire. That wild and stubborn soul of his was calmer, and in softer mood than it had ever been since the first lines of care and sin had marked his forehead. He half-

dreamed. He was back beyond sin and sorrow, and his grey-haired mother laid a hand upon his head. Then he came a little forward into time, and rambled with his sweetheart in the lanes about Shottery before she jilted him. The dream deepened, and his dead wife and living child were together with him, both in the spring-tide of their beauty, as never child and mother were outside the land of dreams. Then the dream slipped and faded into the great hollow of unconscious sleep; and he sat with his chin upon his breast and his arms hanging lax by his side.

George Glossop rose, stealthily and silently, and regarded him, pausing awhile in thought. Suddenly he took the tray which lay upon the table and dropped it on the floor, with a loud crash like the sound of a gong. The sleeper gave no sign. Glossop drew nearer and laid his hand upon the sleeping man's watch-chain—a slender silver chain, nearly worn through with long use; and drew the watch from the pocket in which it lay. He touched the spring and the body of the watch flew open, and there George Glossop saw this—inscribed within the case:



He pushed the tea-table so near to the sleeping figure that he could rest the watch upon it without detaching it from the chain, and drawing forth a note-book, essayed to copy the inscription. His haste was so nervous that his copy was illegible. He saw this, and tried again; but his hand shook as if with a palsy, and he groaned aloud. A step sounded in the still evening air upon the road, and Glossop seized the watch, and with one vigorous twist, broke it from the slender chain that bound it. The sleeping man made no motion, and the step in the lane went by.

'I might have saved myself the trouble of cranning him with that story about the partnership,' said Glossop to himself an hour after, as he strode through the twilight road towards Warwick. 'He'll miss the watch now when he wakes.'

Arrived at Warwick, he posted a letter, and then took train for London, where he betook himself to a small hotel. In the grey light of morning, he was at the docks, and went aboard a steamer bound for Alexandria, but chartered to call first at Amsterdam and Ostend, and Marseilles and Malta, and altogether to make a twelvemonth's voyage of the whole journey with loadings and unloadings at each port. Once in his cabin, he spread upon his bed the largest map of Turkey to be had at that time for money, and with Job

Ryder's silver lever-watch in one hand, began a search. The door of his cabin opened; a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice said: 'You are my prisoner.'

FIRE-DAMP.

WITHIN a short time of each other, two lamentable colliery disasters occurred in different parts of Great Britain, differing only in the extent of the destruction of human life and property involved, and to a very slight degree in the actual and immediate cause of the catastrophe. Both at the King's Pit near Wigan, and at the Blantyre Colliery, Lanarkshire, a violent explosion of fire-damp occurred; caused in the first case, it is believed, by the firing of the gas by a shot; and in the second instance by the ignition of the gas by the no less dangerous 'naked light.' Both collieries were known to be 'fiery,' and both seem to have been worked on an approved system of precaution against disaster; yet each was visited by a fearful calamity, the total results of which put in the shade all previous occurrences of the kind.

Without attempting to apportion any blame to anybody connected with the pits in question, we propose to consider, as carefully as the present state of our knowledge on the subject permits, how far a repetition of such disasters may be guarded against in the future, by a closer attention to natural circumstances, which have hitherto been neglected in the framing of even the most stringent colliery regulations. We refer to the condition of the atmosphere, and its effect on the gas-producing powers of coal.

The existence of gas in certain kinds of coal cannot be prevented; and the emission of this gas in regular and stated quantities is a well-known fact. Whether we take the case of the Wigan or the Blantyre explosion, we shall find in both instances that the working of the colliery had gone on in safety for months or years, exactly as it was proceeding when the outbreak took place. Occasionally, if not regularly, the firing of shots or the use of naked lights had been practised without any danger, till suddenly, such a combination of circumstances arises that a store of gas is fired by a chance shot or a particular light.

The obvious answer is, that the rule which prohibits naked lights from being used or shots fired while the men are in the mine, shall under no circumstances be broken. Experience too sadly shews that strictness prevails for a time, but laxity gradually follows immunity from accident; and unless the men can be made to believe that there is some more than ordinary chance of danger, they are with difficulty prevented from running the risks which the firing of a shot or the temporary opening of a lamp entails.

We are led to these reflections by the fact that both the explosions were accompanied by the same atmospheric conditions. On the day of the Blantyre explosion the barometer stood at 29 inches in the south-west of Scotland, and it had suddenly fallen to that point from 30.2 inches, at which it stood on the previous Friday morning. On Friday evening, little more than forty-eight hours before the explosion, the barometer marked an inch higher than it did at the time of the catastrophe. This record shewed an enormous

diminution in the pressure of the atmosphere, and it is probable that the sudden removal of the pressure which had previously existed, and which had been abnormally high, favoured the escape of gas, which, passing off in more than usually large volumes, was ignited by a chance light. If the light had not been there, no such explosion could have occurred. But on the other hand, if the gas had not been there, there would have been no danger from the presence of the light.

Very similar meteorological conditions attended the Wigan catastrophe. On the morning of the explosion, the barometer stood as low as 29.4, or over an inch lower than it had marked three days previously.

The effect of a relief of pressure in the atmosphere may be observed in the case of street drains, which invariably emit their noisome odours when the air is in that state which is indicated by a low barometer. This fact is popularly regarded as a symptom of approaching rain, and it is a natural result of the same cause which allows the column of mercury to fall in the tube of the barometer. The question to be considered is, whether the same effects may not follow in the case of the gas generated in seams of coal: whether the diminished pressure is not favourable to the escape of this gas, and even probably to its production?

The question is an important one. As we have seen, the circumstances of the weather in the period immediately preceding each explosion point to a connection between the state of the air and the condition of gas in coal-mines; and if this connection can really be established, we shall have advanced further towards the attainment of that great object, safety to our colliers, than by the framing of the most stringent regulations, the infringement of which by a single foolhardy or ignorant lad may bring hundreds of his fellow-creatures to death, or to injury and fearful suffering and sorrow.

The issue of a warning notice to every collier as he descends into the pit that there is special danger in the mine to-day, as ascertained by the state of the barometer, might entirely prevent the chance of an explosion, which the issue of general instructions to avoid that danger (a past experience and immunity from accidents have shewn him to be only problematical) has hitherto failed to do.

The theory which we have thus set forth is supported by the fact, that coal-gas will not explode, nor even ignite, unless mixed with a certain proportion of atmospheric air. While pent up in the seams of coal, the gas is harmless. It is only when liberated and mixed with the air that it is a source of danger; and it is the extreme diminution of the atmospheric pressure which, by liberating the gas in excessive quantities, enables this admixture to take place on a large scale. The colliers in 'fiery' mines are accustomed to partial explosions of gas: one of the witnesses who gave an account of the Blantyre disaster stated that he heard the noise of the explosion, but did not think anything of it, believing it was one of the ordinary results of a 'shot.'

Colonel J. D. Shakespear, R.A., an authority on such matters, in a letter to the *Times* gives the following details of the nature of 'fire-damp' as produced by coal, and when diluted with various proportions of air. At least three-fourths of the composition of this gas, called by the miners

'fire-damp,' is, he says, 'carburetted hydrogen, which accounts for its lightness in comparison with air and its accumulation upwards; the remaining one-fourth is composed of other gases in varied proportions. It is therefore an uncertain compound.' When unmixed with air, or mixed in such proportions as, say, three of gas to one of air, it will not explode, but produces drowsiness or suffocation, and puts out the flame of a lamp for want of oxygen. When fire-damp is diluted with from fifteen to thirty times its volume of air, it causes the flame of a lamp to enlarge, and to appear as surrounded by a blue envelope. In this state it flickers or burns rather than explodes. When, however, the atmosphere in a mine becomes in the proportion of about *eight of air to one of fire-damp*, then the danger is extreme, for the mixture is then explosive in the highest degree. From the foregoing, it will be seen that it is not fire-damp alone which produces such dire calamities, but rather fire-damp rendered dangerously explosive on becoming mixed with air in certain proportions. Perfect immunity, then, from accidents requires that the explosive mixture shall never be made.

That the 'dangerous' point in the proportion of gas to air is the more readily reached when the atmospheric pressure is slight than when it is great, is from the above figures shewn to be very probable; and it must be remembered that the deeper down into the earth we descend, the more intense is the normal pressure of the air. In a mine like the King's Pit at Pemberton, which is about two thousand feet deep, the increase of pressure would be such that when the barometer stood at thirty inches at the surface, it would mark about thirty-two at the bottom of the pit. A sudden decrease in this pressure is therefore very probably followed by more extensive liberation of fire-damp than if the mean pressure and the consequent normal repressive power were more.

It is therefore impossible to take precautions by which 'the explosive mixture shall never be made;' and there are other ways than by the miner's light that the explosive compound may be fired. Many mines, for instance, are ventilated by means of large furnaces placed at the bottom of the up-cast shaft, the current caused by the air necessary to feed them being used to ventilate the mine; these very furnaces, the object of which is to create a means of carrying off the foul air and gases, may themselves set fire to the explosive compound and become the cause of widespread disaster. Towards the adoption of means for attempting to overcome the difficulty of preventing such catastrophes, we offer two suggestions. First, that the question of the connection which *primæ facie* exists between the state of the atmosphere and the emission of fire-damp should be fully investigated by competent scientific authorities. Second, that an attempt should be made to carry off the fire-damp by means of special ventilators. One or more special ventilating tubes or bores should be worked down directly into the centre of the seam—after the manner of the anti-spontaneous-combustion tubes used for hayricks—at a distance from the point where the seam is being worked. These bores should be quite distinct from the working and ventilating shafts of the pit. Up these tubes, which need be only of small dimensions, the gas

might possibly be pumped by a special apparatus, or it would probably ascend naturally, instead of being allowed to find its way at will into the main workings of the pit.

So long as miners continue to use lucifer matches and naked lights, they will carry danger with them wherever they go underground; and as long as shots require to be fired there will be danger to a greater or less degree. The unlocking of a Davy-lamp may spread disaster around. It is therefore to be hoped that the lights question may be sooner or later decided by the introduction of the electric light, which being independent of oxygen, may be burned in a vacuum; or might be introduced into the Davy-lamp itself. We commend the idea to mining-engineers and others who are directly interested in underground labour.

RHYMES FROM THE PRISON CELL.

Among prisoners condemned to confinement there prevails an extraordinary rage for scribbling on the door or walls of their cell; the practice apparently being a relief to the feelings. A scrap of pencil which is somehow secreted, a strong pin, or the point of a tool allowed in the cell for work, is employed for the purpose. What is remarkable in these scrawls is the attempt at versification and rhyme. Circumstances enable us to give a few examples, beginning with the following:

Cheer up, boys,
Down with sorrow
Beef to day and
Soope to morrow

Keep up your heart
And do not fret nor
Don't give in to sorrow
For to day I will work
With all my might
And then go home to morrow

Cheer up Barber me lad
Let Time not give you pain
We shall walk down Charles St again
In spite of Buffles and all his men.

On 25 of December, O Christmas
On that day I will bee
loose

for to have my
Bunloaf, rum and goose

The writer of the last was evidently at a loss where to place the rhyming word. But the next example shows greater difficulty still, for the poor fellow, though having rhyme in his head, had no idea of verse:

There is 3 things that grove my mind,
Is leaving the wife, the kid, and old people Behind,
With the help of God we will never be in it again.

The above examples are specimens of the way in which prisoners of the rudest type endeavour to unburden themselves in song; but even occasionally among this class one is found who aims at something higher. A stray piece of paper, or more commonly the slate left in the cell for teaching purposes, is used for these more ambitious attempts. The two following examples are the productions of a young man whose life and experience have been of the lowest kind. Sprung from Irish peasantry, his boyhood was spent in the slums of Glasgow, where his natural sharpness

was trained for tricks of dishonesty, and his strength and pluck for the prize-fighting ring. As champion of the 'light-weights,' Pat K—'s name was famous in such sporting circles, and he was not less known under other names amongst low betting-men and thieves. Instruction in the three Rs had scarcely ever fallen to his lot; but thanks to a long sentence for felony, he was enabled to profit from the teaching which prison-life offers, and his fine-looking head being evidently stocked with abundance of brains, his educational progress was rapid and most satisfactory. All his attempts at composition were in verse, and out of his numerous flights the following are selections. The first was evidently prompted by the birds that frequented the window-sills of the prison for the crumbe which prisoners placed there for that purpose, and as this particular jail is situated in the country, the feathered visitors are varied and numerous.

Hark pretty warbler on my window sill
The soft summer breezes with sweet music thou fill,
How mellow thy voice, how enchanting thy tune,
Art thou bidding adieu to lovely Jane.
Thine eyes are brightly shining with modest bliss
Hast thou come to cheer my loneliness,
Since nature hath spread her soft mantle of green
Thou would'st have me to join in the golden dream
If this be thy message dear warbler fly
To the greenwood and mimic thy lady love's cry
Leave me in oblivion to wander alone
The greenwood's thy palace, then away to thy home,

Yet beware little friend and ne'er be too fast
There are snares in the greenwood for thee ever
cast,
And like me if thou trifle with what instinct hath taught

Then pretty warbler thou too may be caught
And locked in a prison and left there to sigh
For the days of thy freedom for ever gone by,
Then away pretty bird, Oh would I were thee
Or at least that my heart from all guile was as free,
Away to the mountains where wild flowers bloom
Away little warbler and drink their perfumes.
It is there where the golden streams gently glide
In dazzling beauty down the purple hill-side
Like emblem chains they ripple and flow
Birdie! dear birdie I pray thee to go
Thy pleasures sweet warbler I would I could share
But alas master Robin behold what's out there
Strong iron bars and walls dark and high
The thought brings the tear gushing into my eye,
And look at these bolts on this strong iron door
Away little warbler in liberty soar
From this picture of darkness at once take thy wing

For I master Robin must sorrow within.

The above is copied just as it was written. The reader will see that there is scarcely any attempt at punctuation, and only one or two mistakes in grammar—the spelling excellent. Here is a second flight—

Oh Death! Oh Death when shalt thou cease
To feed the hungry grave?
When Time, when Time comes to an end
I'll stop my rolling wave,
But until then,—nor young, nor old,
King, beggar, slave, nor free
Without a moment's warning
All must come unto me,
The mother weeps in sorrow,
Imploring me to spare

Her darling boy, her only child.
 I cannot interfere.
 I am a faithful messenger,
 So with my mighty rod
 I strike my victim. "Spirit!
 Appear before thy God!"

An Irishman of a different stamp to the writer of the above, but of drunken habits, scribbled the following on some scraps of paper. His nature seemed soured by domestic troubles; yet his querulous disposition betrayed marks of tender feeling, and a better home-life appears to have lingered in his memory. Thus he thinks of his wife, who left him in consequence of his vicious habits:

Since she first gave her love to me,
 My wishes was her law;
 In the many changes of this life
 She shared both great and small.
 Though changes often came to me,
 Sent by a hand divine,
 She bore them nobly for my sake,
 Did this Irish girl of mine.

The following doggerel of the same writer betrays bitter class-feeling, which one may venture to hope is not very common:

I hate the artificiality
 Of what you call good society—
 Its polished Hypocrisies,
 Its gilded Meanness,
 Its unmeasurable Falshood,
 Its smiling Hate.—Give me
 An honest, hard, working man
 Who speaks his mind truthfully,
 Without caring whether he
 Please you or not. His
 Friendship above all you that
 Is rich and deceitful.

As a rule, prisoners are very hopeful. Gloomy and depressing as prison-life is, yet the conversation and writing of the unfortunate inmates are coloured with expressions of hope. Out of the many written pieces, the following is the only one that suggests a feeling of hopelessness:

Alas, what am I, in what state?
 A lonely corpse bereft of all heart—
 An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate.
 To die is now my only part.
 Foes to my welfare, let your envy rest;
 For no wish for grandeur in me now you'll find.
 The horrors of this silent place and inward pains
 oppress;
 Your wishes and desires will soon be crowned.
 And you, my friend, who still hold me dear,
 Bethink you when all good fortune and character
 is gone,
 It is as well to end my sorrows here.

The two following pieces suggest the general spirit of hopefulness. They are the composition of young men whose antecedents were very different from those already referred to. They were clerks of fair education, whom fast-life and betting especially, caused to fall. The writer of the first piece having been intrusted with the care of some of the prison books, ingeniously contrived a Calendar for his own use in the cell, and evidently intended to illustrate it with compositions of his own; but it seems that in this matter he did not get beyond 'Monday.' Under that day we have the following:

When blessed with Freedom, we are wont to say:
 'How very quick the time does pass away!'
 But here, alas! within these four bare walls,
 The weary time upon one's patience palls.
 Each minute seems an hour, each hour a day,
 Each month a year, ere it has passed away.
 As day by day goes by, I never cease
 To watch the age of Father Time increase;
 In case his age should anyhow evade me,
 I went to work—this Calendar I made me,
 So that I could, as time went slowly by,
 See each month born, and likewise see it die.

I hope that my successor, unlike me,
 Will, ere two years have passed, be once more
 Free!!

The next occupant of the cell and position followed up the above by writing under the head of 'Tuesday' as follows:

My predecessor here, on Monday morn
 In flowing verse bewails his fate forlorn;
 Shows how he welcomes each new day, and sighs
 To think of weary hours before it dies.
 Thus Nature prompts—as each recurring thought
 With scenes of home, and loving friends is fraught;
 And Prisoners here from social joys debarred,
 Not thus to feel, will each one find it hard.
 Still let us strive the present to subdue,
 And look far forwards to an ampler view,
 When to the world we shall with joy return,
 Finding our hearts, long solitary, burn
 With fire more bright, and with a purer flame
 To light us to a new and honest fame.

And now let my successor in the cell,
 Ponder my words, and on my precept dwell,
 Take down the Calendar, and select the day
 Whereon to pen to new El's* his lay.

The Calendar however, has never been completed in the way suggested.—The next one to occupy the cell was a man of a very practical turn of mind, who thought it useless to woo the Muses; but he added to the Calendar texts of Scripture for every day in the year. The selection was appropriate to the times and seasons, and bore ample testimony of good judgment and sound common-sense.

It is interesting perhaps to know that the majority of the writers are of Irish race. Few Englishmen indulge in this pastime, and when they make any literary attempt, they generally produce something in prose. The selections given to the reader witness to the fact that there is much misused talent to be found in jails. The general idea of the respectable public is that prison inmates are all more or less of the Fagin type, or the ruffian so often pictured in our comic periodicals. Nothing is further from the truth. A jail is a little world in itself. It is true there are many ruffians there, and so there are in every rank of life; but there are also many there with good education and mental endowments, and not a few also who are gifted with some talent, but ignorant and neglected, and who, under happier circumstances, might have been not only respectable members of society but also benefactors of their kind. The touching regrets contained in Gray's well-known *Elegy* are peculiarly appropriate to many an occupant of a felon's cell.

* The distinguishing name and number of the cell.

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AN EMIGRANT IN CALIFORNIA.

A GENTLEMAN who has passed many years in the United States, sends us the following cautionary words to those who contemplate emigrating to the Far West.

"I purpose in this brief paper to give the result of an experience of more than a quarter of a century in the Far West of America, and to explain to what classes and under what circumstances the seeking of a new home there, may be advantageous or the contrary, and show the misapprehension that exists as to California being adapted to all and every class of emigrants. In the first place, to the well-educated and well-bred young man with high aspirations, it is peculiarly unsuited, unless he goes there under an engagement to some good house of business. For such to go *in search* of employment the venture is risky in the extreme. Clerkships with anything like a decent salary it is almost impossible to obtain; and those of a lower grade, which are sometimes obtainable in the country, are nothing more or less than shopmen's places, poorly remunerated, and with more working hours than those of mechanics or labourers.

"If such a man as I have mentioned is possessed of capital, and is shrewd and cautious enough not to invest in anything before he has had thorough experience in business matters there, he may, by the purchase of lots and other *bona fide* investments, in course of time realise a good fortune; but for the impetuous man there is nothing between him and want but hard and often menial labour. Many cases of such the writer could enumerate, and the history of one is the history of very many of the young men who have arrived in San Francisco with high hopes, little or no money, and with possibly a few introductions; which as a rule are of no value. Indeed if not backed with capital, strong commercial, political, or family interest, they generally result in disappointment. The fact is the Americans have no patience with those who wait for something to "turn up." Their idea is: if you cannot get

a clerk's position, take a porter's; if you cannot get that, take to wood-chopping, coal-shovelling, or anything, till a better chance offers, and which, to an intelligent steady man, is pretty sure to come sooner or later. But a very few weeks of inaction—of waiting for something to "turn up," conveys the idea that the man is a loafer.

"The immigrant of the class named, whether he has introductions or not, is pretty sure to have made acquaintances among his fellow-passengers, some of whom may have friends in San Francisco. Soon after landing, he meets with one or the other at the bars or saloons, which are alike frequented by governors, judges, lawyers, merchants, storekeepers, and clerks. This or that saloon becomes his frequent resort. He has failed to find work for which from his education and training he is suited. Time passes, till he gets to his "bottom dollar." In some cases he may receive remittances from home, but these are merely temporary helps, and soon cease. With empty purse he now hangs about the saloons or bars, to be treated by a chance acquaintance, from whom occasionally he borrows a trifle, or rather accepts under the name of a loan what he will never probably repay; for soon all energy is gone and all sense of shame lost. Long before this, he has been called (behind his back) a *loafer*; now still lower in the social scale, he is termed (and often to his face) a *bummer*. The former means merely a man of leisure, or a lazy fellow, but not necessarily without money. The latter means literally one who without work lives on what he can pick up from the easy good-nature of others; it would be profanation to call it charity.

"I was one night at the *Occidental Hotel* introduced to an English gentleman of between sixty and seventy years of age, who had just arrived by the Panama steamer. A stroll down the two principal streets was suggested. At the corner of Commercial and Montgomery Streets, a man came out of a saloon and followed us, and as soon as we were a few doors farther on, touched me on the shoulder, and asked for the "loan" of half a dollar. "You can come to-morrow at

nine o'clock and do some copying for me, and I will deduct this half-dollar," was the reply he got.

"Retracing our steps shortly afterwards, the same man came out of the same saloon again, this time followed by a gentleman well known to the friend with whom we were walking. "I'm sick of the sight of that confirmed bumner Charley —, who seems to be always waiting to be treated by some one, and mostly half-corned," said he.

"The old gentleman sprang after the bumner. "Charley, Charley!" he cried; "have I found you, and have you come to this!"

"Charley caught him in his arms as he fell in a dead-faint. It was his father, whose sole object in coming to California was to find this son, who for two years had never written from very shame, but who had too much false pride to seek humble occupation, till his character was so lost that from only a stranger could he hope for even menial work. A father's love saved him; and he is now doing well in another land; but had it not been for that, he would have shared the fate of many another.

"Some there are, on the other hand, of such strong will and high principle that they will meet with no difficulty they may not honourably overcome. The eldest son of a peer, led, in the early days of California, to extend his tour in the States across the plains to the extreme West, found himself in San Francisco with very little cash on hand, his expenses having outrun his calculations. He went to the only banker there then (1850) to draw a bill. He was a stranger to the resident partner, who was also new to the business, and required the consul's guarantee. To the consul he was also a stranger; and too proud to humble himself to ask a favour, he gave the banker a draft to collect in England, and went to work on the wharf, shovelling coals for several hours a day; and thus defrayed his expenses until advices of the payment of his draft were received, when he bade adieu to his fellow-labourers and went his way.

"A distressing case was that of a former Captain in one of the crack dragoon regiments. He sold out and repaired to the land of gold, where he bought land and cultivated it. He did well while high prices ruled; but when potatoes came down from twenty and thirty cents a pound to one or two cents or less, and the prices of other products fell in a similar manner, he fell too; debts accumulated; all was sold. Health and spirit sank; and the last I saw of him he was a waiter at the dinner-table of a river steamer; too weakly now for hard physical work; too proud to beg or borrow, but not too proud to do even menial work to be independent of others. And here it is well to remark that of five British ex-army officers, two captains and three lieutenants that the writer has been acquainted with, not one has done the least good, but they have been and are yet, or were some three years ago, in the humblest circumstances, literally from hand to mouth.

"It is of course true that immense fortunes have

been made in California; and one Scotch gentleman by birth, education, and position, has to my knowledge acquired great wealth. "A few others are respectably well off; but nearly all the wealthy magnates from Great Britain are men who have risen from the very humblest walks of life by shrewdness, industry, and steadiness. Three of the Bonanza proprietors are Irish. Another Scotchman, worth at least two million dollars, made his first money, it is said, by planting a field of onions, which netted him forty thousand dollars. All he has made since has been from land, which he purchased when low, and sold at high prices, or still holds and lets. He resolutely declines any stock speculations, but lends his money on good security. Two others whom I could name are engineers by trade, and formerly worked for days' wages in California. Another example is that of an Irishman who was long engaged as a shopman in London, and who emigrated with just enough to pay his passage. He is now a millionaire. All of these men began with hard hand-labour, except Flood and O'Brien, who kept a saloon, where picking up information from stockbroking and mining customers, they made shrewd purchases of stocks, and have been (as has been already noted in this *Journal*) successful beyond any earthly precedent. D— P— was first a drayman in San Francisco, then a porter in a wholesale house, in which latter he remained till he owned it entirely; and his income is now something immense.

"The educated American, unless he unfortunately be the son of some very rich man who has allowed him to grow up in idleness, is not ashamed of hard field or forest work for wages, when necessity compels, as are also many of the English and Scotch young men of genteel antecedents who have tried their fortune in California. One case is worth relating. A book-keeper in one of the first houses in New York, with a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars a year, threw up his situation to come to the land of gold. He had generally lived up to his income, and had but little money left on his arrival. He had the highest introductions and recommendations, with personal acquaintances in excellent positions desirous of forwarding his views. For nearly two months he was seen nearly daily, then he disappeared; after a few weeks he reappeared for two days, and then was again missing. After another two or three months the writer found him the assistant-manager of one of the largest businesses in the city, with a salary of four thousand dollars a year or more. When his money ran short, he had bought a working-suit and gone to wood-chopping for wages in the Redwoods; came to town for a day or two occasionally only, and then went back to work, until a vacancy occurred for which he was eligible; and now he is in a still higher position, with proportionately larger salary.

"It is a singular fact that of the four Anglo-American banks—the Anglo-California Bank, London and San Francisco Bank, Bank of British Columbia, and Bank of British North America—in San Francisco, the first three are managed by Americans, and only the last-named by an Englishman, although almost all the capital invested in them is British. Several English and Scotch clerks hold subordinate positions, but with little

hope of ever realising a competency. Certainly if they do, it must be by some outside operations.

The immigrants who are pretty sure to do well are: First, men with capital the interest of which suffices to keep them comfortably till by experience they acquire a knowledge of how to invest their money safely and profitably; and this requires time and judgment. Second, first-class mechanics. A second-rate workman has but a slim chance of success in his trade. A first-rate man may be months before he gets a job, and should have means to keep him; for there seems a singular objection to new faces, which is only overcome by the great demand for labour which sometimes occurs in the spring of the year. When such a workman shews what he is made of, he will never be out of a job. But the second-rate workman will have to turn to something else, if he has the adaptability, and resolves to do any good for himself.

"A jeweller from Birmingham, one of the "Cariboo victims," as they were called, walked the streets of San Francisco in search of work for six weary months. At last one day he looked in at the principal manufacturer's, who having seen him so often call, said: "Well, we are pretty busy; I'll give you a week's work at two and a half a day (ten shillings). Come Monday morning." The following Saturday, on going up to be paid, he asked: "Will you be able to give me work on Monday, sir?" "O yes; come to your bench," said the principal as he put thirty dollars down before him. The man looked surprised. "I can't in fairness pay you less than the best men in the shop get," rejoined the master, who had just given him double what he had engaged him for. When this man, some months afterwards, wanted to leave on a visit to England, his employer raised his wages, first to six and then to seven dollars a day as an inducement to him to stay. In a word, an American will pay a man what he is really worth rather than lose him; and an extra clever workman if steady, is certain of eventual success. Farmers with capital enough to stand the loss of a crop when a drought comes, which is every few years, are pretty sure of success. The next year's grain-crop will recoup him his loss; but woe betide the unlucky man without means to weather the bad year, who gets behindhand and has to borrow money at exorbitant interest! English or Scotch female servants if properly qualified are in great demand, and can save from three to four pounds a month if careful; but it must be remembered that though wages are higher than elsewhere in the world, the work is heavy. The majority of employers keep only one servant. Two or three female servants at most are found in houses in which in England it would be thought necessary to employ five or six. Kitchen-maids, under-house-maids, and parlour-maids are to be found, but in very few residences. This arises from the fact that, as a rule, Americans do not require half the attendance the English do; but nevertheless there is enough house-cleaning and washing to give plenty of occupation and but little time for rest from sunrise till bedtime.

"Farm-labourers, we are told by emigration agents, are in great demand; but since the surface mines have become scarcer and scarcer, there are so many men seeking work that it is often hard

to find employment except in harvesting-time, when if a man shews himself able and smart, he stands a good chance of getting a permanent job; and after a time may, if steady, become a farmer himself, and do well."

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER III.—IN THE "ROYAL CAMBRIAN."

WALES, like Switzerland and most other picturesque regions easy of access, can boast of good hotels, and of these the *Royal Cambrian*, built by a speculative company of confiding shareholders and adventurous directors, was undoubtedly one of the biggest. The stately structure, overbuilt if undermanned, may or may not have returned a satisfactory dividend for the capital sunk in its construction. But at anyrate it contained handsome suites of rooms at the disposal of guests with long purses, and of these one of the handsomest was that occupied by, according to the hotel books, 'The Hon. (Dowager) Lady Larpent and party.' The family group consists of the Dowager herself, of Sir Lucius her son, of the younger brethren Edgar and Willie, and of her niece Mand Stanhope. A grand comeliness, or a comely grandeur, yet belongs, despite the touch of Time, to the majestic Lady Larpent. A fine woman she had been pronounced when fresh from boarding-school; and such, in the autumn of her days, she still is, large, well-dressed, and with an expression of imperious good-nature. An English crowd, waiting in eager-eyed expectancy for the first glimpses of a coming Empress or Archduchess, would have been certain to raise the cry of 'Here she is!' on catching sight of Lady Larpent, so exactly did her mien and bearing chime in with the popular idea of an exalted personage. And yet Sophia Larpent—she had had a Royal Highness, but of a sadly distant date, as sponsor at her splendid christening—could not claim to have been born in the purple, unless it were the purple of newly made riches. Her father had come to London with the legendary three-halpence jingling in a pocket of his threadbare coat, and had spent out the traditional shoy, and had died a wealthy a man as an East India director of the good old time, when fortunes were yet to be made out of John Company's tawny subjects, had a right to be. He had married late in life, and his only child had reaped the full benefit of his hoards. Her name, with sundry stars after it, figured among those of the holders of India stock. She had consols too, and scrip and mines and lands, and London houses and church tithes—all judicious investments of her papa's choosing.

Though prosperous, Joseph Larpent had scarcely been happy; a yellow-visaged, grizzled old Nabob, with a gnawing Nemesis of a liver to remind him of his gainful years at Chowringhee. But he was proud too in his way, and humble as his birth had been, cherished that ancestor-worship which is sometimes strongest in self-made men. There had really been a Cromwellian Joseph Larpent, Major in Harrison's Red Regiment, and maltster and brewer when Charles II. sent back the veteran Commonwealth officers to civil life, and his descendant had no notion of permitting

his hard-won cash to regild another patronymic. 'Sophia,' he had been wont to say, in moments of rare confidence over the mahogany, 'shall marry a sprig of nobility; and, moreover, he shall take her name, and arms too, or my Christian name isn't Joseph. The Larpents are as good a stock as any of your highflyers, and I'll not have them burked, I can tell you that, Brown!'

'No, no. Of course not. Yours is an old family,' discreet Mr Brown would reply, as he revelled in the velvet smoothness of the costly claret; and no compliment could have gone more direct to the Nabob's heart. He was a man of his word; for when his daughter married the brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Penrith, he insisted that the bridegroom should assume the bride's name. Royal letters-patent, duly advertised in the *London Gazette*, empowered the Honourable Wilfred Ponsonby Beville to become a Larpent. The Honourable Wilfred had learned by sharp experience the worth of money, and for the sake of a safe income, was willing to barter his three silver scallops of crusading memory for the heraldic red lion rampant gules, and ale-cask proper, on a bend azure, and field or, which the Earl Marshal's learned college had assigned to the house of Larpent.

Wilfred Larpent *nē* Beville was but a feeble and vacuous spendthrift, through whose tremulous fingers money leaked like water through a sieve. He had spent his modest fortune—three times over, so ill-natured clubmen averred—had worn out the patience not merely of the Baron his brother, but of the much enduring Jews, and would have been in jail had he not been M.P. for Bullbury, the family seat in parliament. A limper aristocratic mollusc did not haunt the Pall-Mall pavement than this same Wilfred; but there was the sparkle of a probable coronet encircling his bankrupt brows.

'I'll take him up and make a man of him!' boastful Joseph Larpent had declared. And Joseph was as usual as good as his word. The Honourable Wilfred was 'taken up,' lifted, that is, on the soaring wings of wealth above the sordid sphere of dependence on coarse money-lenders and reliance on the mercy of wrathful tailors. He had pocket-money. Sovereigns still dribbled through his be-ringed fingers. His wife's large means were of course as strictly tied up as ever was horse in a stable. There was a Cornish estate, small, but small only when compared to the much larger property of Lord Penrith. This had been Joseph's purchase, and Joseph's present to his daughter on the wedding-day. And there was a great sum in government securities, rigidly settled too. Very shrewd solicitors and the soundest of conveyancers had drawn those settlements. The result was a success; and Sophia Larpent was practically the mistress of goods, gear, and husband.

On the strength of this marriage, of his M.P.-ship, and of his brotherhood-expectant to a peer of England, the government of the day made Wilfred Larpent a baronet. He did not covet such distinction as a Bloody Hand in his new escutcheon could impart. Those who are chronicled in the Peerage proper seldom care much for that odd order of hereditary knighthood the first promotions to which King James sold for a thousand pounds apiece.

But the East India Director did care very much

indeed about a baronetcy for his son-in-law. He had asked for it, dunned for it, bargained for it, selling two votes—for he too was in parliament, M.P. for Bribechester—to the Patronage Secretary for the 'Sir' to be prefixed to Wilfred's name. He ordered his daughter's husband to accept it. Did it not make that daughter 'My Lady' at once, without waiting for the demise of Lord Penrith, though he was full twenty years older than his brother; and was not the sound, to the Nabob's ears, a dulcet one? So Sir Wilfred lived and died, leaving three sons and a rich widow; but Joseph Larpent's eyes closed grudgingly on the pomps of this world without having seen his Sophia a peeress. She never could be a peeress now; but it was quite on the cards, as the saying is, and more than on the cards, that Sir Lucius her eldest son should become Lord Penrith.

Sir Lucius was one of those gentlemen unattached who cannot accurately be called bachelors, and yet who fail to carry out the popular conception of a widower. Yet was he a widower. He had been married. There had been a young Lady Larpent, but the poor thing's tenure of wedded life and of her titular rank had been very brief indeed. She had been a young lady from Staleybridge, an heiress, it is true, to a large prospective fortune acquired by means of cotton twist, but with no actual money, no constitution worth speaking of, and the minimum of health and good looks. The poor little frightened thing had died in less than a year after her wedding-day, and there was Sir Lucius, free again, but not a whit the wealthier for his mercenary marriage.

'It was a madcap business, and has had a sad finish to it,' said the Dowager, referring, as was natural, to the tiny shipwreck that had so lately occurred.

'Boys will be boys, you know, mother,' said Sir Lucius, shrugging up his shoulders. 'It was awfully rash and that. But of course the boat-man was mostly to blame.'

'What a shame, Lucius! He saved my life, poor old chap!' blurted out impulsive Willie, 'and lost his own in doing it.'

'And as for his good-nature in letting us have the boat?'—Edgar began; but his brother cut short his remonstrance by saying languidly: 'There's a sort of good-nature that does mischief, and this is a specimen of it. It was clearly the man's duty to prevent your going out alone on such a day; and it is lucky that the freak did not cost you much more dearly than it has done. I should say a ten-pound note'—

'Cousin Lucius!' said Miss Stanhope with a flush of indignant crimson, 'you really seem to rate Willie's life and mine and the life that was lost at a very low value; to say nothing of the pinnace, perhaps those brave men's only property. I am sure that my uncle'—

'Never mind him just now, Maud,' said the Dowager in her decided way. 'I can pay my debts, and do what is right without troubling my lord to loosen his purse-strings. And if I find this young—what do you call him—Hugh something?'

'Ashton, Hugh Ashton!' answered both the boys together.

'If I find Hugh Ashton,' pursued Lady Larpent, 'only half the phoenix that you young people

make him out to be, I'll not be satisfied with giving him money—on a rather more liberal scale, I hope, than Lucius has recommended—but see if I cannot help him to a better livelihood than he can make by hiring out pleasure-boats. It is a treat now and then, in this brazen pushing age, to chance upon modest merit.

Sir Lucius raised his shoulders a very little with a deprecatory air. 'This young Ashton's merit,' he said sneeringly, 'is not likely long to retain the charm of modesty, if you all combine to turn his head by making him out a hero. Pluck, and the readiness to risk a wet jacket, are not, I hope, so very rare among Englishmen, that what this fresh-water sailor did yesterday should be magnified into another wonder of the world.'

'You are a cynic, Lucius, and seldom run the risk of spelling any one with praise,' rejoined Lady Larpent, rising as she spoke. 'Do you mean to stay and enjoy your cigar in the tin garden; or will you give your escort to Maud and myself as far as the boatman's cottage? It is quite fine again, and we can walk.'

'I am quite at your disposal, mother,' replied the baronet smoothly, as he caressed his moustache. 'I did not come down to Wales of course to cultivate my own society; and I shall be delighted to be allowed to accompany you and my cousin anywhere you please; unless indeed you are for climbing one of those big purple mountains with the unpronounceable names, in which case I should plead for mercy.'

The Dowager looked pleased, first, and then a shadow as if distrust crossed her comely countenance. Perhaps the baronet had not been so dutiful or affectionate a son that his filial attentions should be received with entire confidence by his observant parent.

'He wants money from me,' so thought Lady Larpent, 'or he would not have come down here to join us. And he fancied that he had vexed me just now, or he would have preferred tobacco and his own thoughts to a stroll in my, or even in Maud's company. I wish—'

But she checked the train of thought, no pleasant one, as it seemed; and Sir Lucius, on his best behaviour, as his mother inwardly remarked, made one of the party that presently set off for Hugh the boatman's cottage.

CHAPTER IV.—HUGH'S VISITORS.

There are households and households; families in which the old-fashioned rule of loyal reverence for father and mother yet prevails; and others of the modern American type, where the son is Sir Oracle and the daughter Tarquinia, and the old folks sadly overcrowded and sorely chickpecked, yield precedence to the young. Sophia, Lady Larpent, was adapted both by nature and circumstances to have her own way in the world. She had herself been what was pronounced a pattern daughter. But then her latent will had never come into collision with the more self-assertive volition of the wealthy father to whom she owed everything. Her husband had been mild and manageable. But her son Lucius had given her some trouble.

Sir Lucius, well-looking in his effeminate style, and with an easy lounging grace in all his actions, gave himself the trouble, as he walked beside

his mother and cousin, to be conversationally pleasing, but with less of success than usually attended his efforts. Women seldom like a cynic; and the baronet's recent remarks and tone of callous frivolity had jarred with whatever was best and brightest in Maud's girl-nature. He was her cousin, and she was disposed to like him as a cousin; but somehow she always thought more kindly of him when far away than when he was present. What was there in common between her fresh young mind and the careless philosophy of this prematurely jaded worldling, whose theory of life seemed to exclude all but the basest or the dullest interpretations of human motives and conduct?

The Dowager had reasons of her own for criticising her son's bearing and behaviour. It has been mentioned that Sir Lucius had been to her a source of trouble. When at Eton, he had contrived to get deeper into debt—so his experienced tutor averred—than any of the gilded youth of Britain concerning whose schoolliabilities the Rev. Henry Holyshade knew anything. So at Oxford. So in London, until his resolute mother put a stop to the broadcast sowing of wild oats on the metropolitan pavement. Tradesmen had been paid, money-lenders compounded with, and young Sir Lucius sent abroad on a grand tour that lasted three years. He had come back improved in a certain degree, and when he married the little Shalbridge heiress, high hopes were entertained of his future. Her early death was perhaps a greater blow to the Dowager than to her son. The Dowager did not quite fathom her son's character, and there were times when she hoped that she might never gain a thorough insight into its arcana. That a young man should be extravagant was deplorable of course, but not unexampled. Sir Wilfred, the father, had been extravagant; but then all his faults had been those of weakness, and his redeeming impulses floodily good. The faults of Sir Lucius the son were those of strength. He got his penny-worth for his penny, a barter not so common as it sounds; and if he had any redeeming impulses, they were unknown to his nearest kindred. Something, though perhaps not much, might be urged on behalf of Sir Lucius. His was a puzzling position. He was a baronet—which I take to be the diminutive of a baron—without the smallest scrap of a barony wherewith to maintain the honours of the visored helmet, the collar of SS, the hereditary Sirship, and the Red Hand of Ulster. He would most likely be a peer of the realm, but not certainly so. And he had no claim in any case, save to the bare coronet and the sterile robes of the hereditary legislator. Old Lord Penrith could do what he liked with the Neville property. Very few lords can do as much. He however, had the power of willing away every acre of the estates; and nobody doubted that he would leave all within his gift to Maud Stanhope, the only child of his only sister. Sir Lucius that was, Viscount Penrith that might be, was absolutely dependent at nine-and-twenty for the bread he ate, for the loose silver in his pocket, for the means of paying his valet or his washerwoman, on his mother. And his mother was a benevolent despot, fonder of Edgar, fonder by far of Willie than she was of the first-born, and a little too apt to make the baronet remember

that the ample fortune at her command was hers, not his.

In one respect, and perhaps one only, the views of mother and son did thoroughly coincide. Both thought it most expedient that Sir Lucius should re-marry, and that the wife of his choice should be Maud Stanhope. That the baronet himself should turn his attention to his beautiful cousin, universally regarded as a great heiress in prospective, was natural enough. But it was odder that the Dowager, who liked Maud and almost loved her, and who prized and esteemed her, should have mentally published the ban of marriage in such a case. Lady Larpent was not blinded by parental partiality. She knew her son to be sly, selfish, pitiless, and profligate. Ladies often look with indulgence on those reformed rakes who are assumed to make the best of husbands. But a rake unreformed, and perhaps irreclaimable, such as Lady Larpent suspected the future Viscount to be, was scarcely a fit mate for Maud. But for all that, it was Lady Larpent's sincerest wish that Maud should wed Sir Lucius; that the Penrith property and title should be kept together; and that the scheme of her own father, Joseph Larpent, for the aggrandisement of his race, should be brought to a triumphant conclusion.

Maud, as she walked on towards the boatman's cottage, thought no more of marrying Sir Lucius Larpent than she thought of being changed, after the old Grecian mythic fashion, into a tree or a floweret. And she paid very little heed to the baronet's conversation. To Maud's mind, this was not the season for small-talk, however good-humoured such small-talk might be. To her fancy, what had happened seemed to mark a turning-point in her young life—her life that had been all but lost, and the peril of which, narrowly escaped, had brought home to her the unaccustomed thought of death and all that death implies. She had been preserved, but another had been garnered in by the grim mower. The brave man who had saved her boy-cousin had paid dearly for his good deed. Word had been brought to the hotel that George Ashton's body had been found. An inquest of course must be held; but in the meantime the poor fellow's remains were allowed to rest peaceably beneath his own roof.

At the cottage-door stood Hugh Ashton, mending a net. The young boatman wore his Sunday suit of black, and his face was pale and sad. A slight tinge of colour rose to his sunburnt cheek as he saw the party from the hotel approach him. He lifted his hat and stood, with one muscular hand grasping a festoon of the tattered net that hung from nail and peg above the low-browed porch of painted wood. The boys went eagerly up to him; but the Dowager was the first to speak.

'I am very much grieved and concerned,' she said, kindly but patronisingly, 'for your grief, Mr Ashton, for the melancholy cause of it. I am sorry too to see you at work again and so soon. I hope there is no immediate necessity for—' And her plump, gloved fingers dived for her purse, the golden contents of which she had through life found to be a marvellous salve for hurts and injuries of all sorts.

But Hugh took no notice of the Dowager's significant fumbling. 'The poor, Madam, must work, even when sorrow is in the house,' he said gravely; 'and they have the less time for that reason to

feel the sharpness of the sorrow. I am glad to-day that I cannot afford to be idle. Yes; I have the old net to be busy with. It will be wanted more than ever, and so will the skiff, now the pinnace is gone.'

'I will take care that you are not a loser—so far as money goes—by the wreck of the pinnace,' said Lady Larpent hastily. 'That, Mr Ashton, would be but common justice.'

'It is more than common justice, I am afraid,' returned Hugh sadly. 'I cannot put in a claim, in conscience, for the breaking up of the large boat, nor consent to take your Ladyship's bounty under the name of compensation. It was no fault of the young gentlemen here that the pinnace struck the rock.'

The Dowager looked perplexed. Sir Lucius, in the background, silently arched his eyebrows and compressed his lips, as who should say: 'An old trick this, and a stale one—the disinterested dodge—to get higher terms.'

'Our fault it was though, or my fault, being so much the older,' burst out Edgar bravely and boyishly. 'And why you should be too proud, Hugh, to take a new boat for the one we knocked against the Lion Rock, I can't so much as guess. It's fair play; that is just as if, you know, I had sprung another fellow's cricket-bat, or broken a gun he had lent me. Don't you see?'

A pleasant smile brightened Hugh Ashton's handsome face. 'I see, Mr Edgar, that you mean very kindly by me,' he replied; 'and I thank you. But the pinnace never should have been loosed from her moorings, with a storm brewing and none but yourselves aboard; and that being so, we'—his voice faltered and his lip trembled a little here—'must bear the loss.'

Sir Lucius, with an air of ineffable boredom, turned languidly towards the panorama of lake and mountain. The Dowager knit her brows and looked embarrassed. This young boatman, with his strange fearless manner and his stranger scruples, seemed inconsistent with her comfortable theory of life, an article of which was, that the Have-nots eagerly accept such good things as the more fortunate Haves deign to toss to them.

'I have not yet paid my debt, my very great debt of thanks for a life saved, Mr Ashton, by your bravery,' said Maud in her sweet low voice; 'nor have I yet said how sorry I am—how sorry we all are—that our rashness and the sad accident should have made you fatherless. Perhaps we did wrong to come here so soon—perhaps we may appear to intrude upon your grief, Mr Ashton—but indeed I am so sorry for you.' She was weeping now, this high-born beauty, and the very ring of her voice carried with it the conviction that this was no conventional phrase of condolence.

Hugh's bronzed face crimsoned, and then grew paler than before. 'Thank you, young lady, thank you,' he replied with a sob that shook his strong frame. 'He was a kind father to me, and a good man—he whom I have lost—and I shall be very lonely here.'

'Then why stay here?' said the Dowager, all the best part of her nature coming to the front, and with real womanly sympathy in her softened voice. 'There are many careers surely open to a young man of sense and spirit. My boys tell me you have travelled and seen the world at sea and in the colonies. Something might be found—I

know all kinds of people who manage Companies and own ships, and that sort of thing. You must allow me to be your friend, Mr Hugh, you must indeed. And now,' added her Ladyship more briskly, 'you shall let us in, if you please, for I really think it is going to rain again.'

Hugh reddened afresh. 'I ask your pardon, ladies,' he said not ungracefully, but with an Englishman's painful self-reproach; and as he spoke he pushed wide the half-shut door of the cottage, and busied himself in setting chairs for his guests. Scrupulously neat and trim was the interior of this poor dwelling, in an inner room of which lay the dead. There were sketches on the whitewashed walls, rudely framed but well executed, of strange scenes far away. Here hung the model of a ship, there a case of stuffed birds, a spear barbed with fish-teeth, a great shell, or a barbaric necklace of coral and stained ivory.

'You must be an excellent draughtsman, Mr Ashton, if these are your own,' observed the Dowager, glancing at the sketches.

'My father did them, Lady Larpent,' said the young man, almost curtly; and then added in a gentle tone: 'My fingers, I am afraid, are more at home in handling the tiller than in managing a pencil or a paint-brush; but he tried to teach me that with other things.'

'Foreign languages, I suppose, among them?' said Lady Larpent, taking note of the well-thumbed volumes that filled the tiny bookshelf near her seat. 'A good education, Mr Hugh, will help you faster up the ladder of life than I can do, with the best will in the world.'

Now in this the Dowager was not quite truthful; for she was privately, like most very rich persons whose wealth came to them without trouble, of opinion that learning is a capital substitute for land and money, but only when the one is sold and the other spent.

Yes; Hugh admitted that he could read German and speak French, and Spanish better than French, and had a smattering of knowledge picked up in the course of a wandering life.

'A little farming, as people farm in a hotter climate and a rougher country than this, and a little seamanship and navigation, are about the best of it, my Lady,' said the young boatman modestly. 'I will not deny however, that I should be glad to leave this place. It has grown to be hateful to me since—and here his eyes wandered to the closed door of the room where his father's body lay, and there was a choking sob in his throat as he resumed—'since yesterday; and I shall be thankful to accept any new opening in life which your kindness may offer to me.'

Very well. Lady Larpent's departure with her family from the Welsh lake-side village was fixed for the morrow. She was going home—home to Monfordshire, whence she pledged herself to communicate by letter with Hugh Ashton so soon as she should hear of some vacancy, the reversion of which her influence might be strong enough to obtain for him. In the meantime she drew out her purse. 'Would Mr Ashton let her leave ten pounds in his hands—well then, five—he must have many expenses?'

Never had the Dowager felt so awkward before, when proffering a portion of her abundance to a worldly inferior. But Hugh gently and steadily declined. He had a little money, he said; enough

at any rate for present needs and for the cost of the funeral. He was grateful for her Ladyship's thoughtfulness; but he was evidently unwilling to accept the cash which she vainly pressed upon him.

Then the short-lived shower being over, the party from the *Royal Cambrian* walked back to their hotel, first taking a friendly leave of Hugh, while Maud renewed her thanks and Lady Larpent her promises of service.

'I have seldom,' said the Dowager on their homeward way, 'been more pleased with any one than with this gallant young fellow.'

'Isn't he? just that!' exclaimed enthusiastic Edgar; and Maud smiled a silent approval.

The words of the smile nettled the irritable temper of Sir Lucius. 'The fellow has pluck enough,' he said peevishly; 'and seems to be exactly one of those smart, half-educated youngsters who in the army rise rapidly to sergeant-major, are too clever by half, and come to grief and a court-martial through muddling the regimental accounts. I'd draw him a cheque if I were you, mother; but certainly not make myself responsible for introductions; 'pon my word, I wouldn't!'

'I differ from you Lucius, on that as on other points,' returned the Dowager, knitting her resolute brows. 'In my opinion, Hugh Ashton is worthy of your good word as well as of my good offices. And these latter shall not be lacking.'

And then the subject dropped.

GOVERNMENT SCIENCE SCHOOLS.

On all sides are seen appeals to workmen in various departments of art urging them to improve themselves professionally by studying those branches of science which practically concern their respective trades. One reason for these appeals is the prodigious artistic advance lately made in continental countries in various branches of manufacture—an advance which, in the race of competition, threatens to leave us considerably behind. As long as we can remember, there have been appeals and remonstrances of this kind with little marked effect. The inertia of going on in the old way has generally prevailed. 'Mechanics' Institutions, which were devised for purposes of instruction, have, as is well known, been for the most part given up. The School of Arts at Edinburgh, the first originated of its kind, still exists; but there are complaints that it is not properly supported. We happen to know of a country town to which a gentleman, about thirty years ago, made a gift of a gallery of art, with the finest classic models for the teaching of drawing; and it has never proved of the slightest use. None of the natives for whose benefit it was intended seems to care anything at all about it.

Undaunted by this species of indifference, government some years ago, at a large cost, set on foot schools of science. These schools are under the charge of the Science and Art Department. The express object in view was to supply scientific training to artisans and mechanics, so as to enable them to compete with the technically educated workmen of France and Germany. The support takes the form of money-grants to the teacher according to the number of students whom he succeeds in getting through the government examination; some teachers realising a handsome

yearly income. More than fifty thousand pounds is thus distributed amongst the teachers in payment of their work; and this of course does not include the fees and salary which they may receive from the local committee. In order to encourage the students, valuable prizes are presented to those who obtain first-class certificates at the examinations; and it may be noted here that these examinations are not competitive, that is to say if every student succeeds in obtaining the requisite percentage of marks, all obtain what are termed Queen's Prizes. If the class be one in which scientific apparatus is required, the government pay half the cost of such apparatus, which becomes the absolute property of the school after it has been in use for five years. Considering past disappointments, it is interesting to note the progress that has been made in this great public experiment.

Already, it has been stated that above fifty thousand young men attain a respectable proficiency in one or more branches of practical science every year; and that thousands more might become familiar with the principles which underlie and govern our ever-increasing industries, were the facilities—both for acquiring and communicating instruction—offered by the Department of Science and Art more widely diffused and better understood than they seem to be at present.

Perhaps a few passages from the annals of one of these science schools may induce communities who have not yet started classes to do so at an early date. In the town in which the science school is situated, a few spirited young men determined to have a class during the winter session. Their scheme at first met with certain opposition, but the young men were bent on extending to their town the advantages which the government of the country hold forth to the industrial classes to educate themselves; and ere the first days of winter had gone, the class became an accomplished fact. The difficulty experienced in obtaining the requisite instruments for the class was got over partly by means of the aid from government, and partly by the ingenuity of the young men themselves, who constructed several of the more expensive pieces of apparatus. A great deal can be done in this way. At the very lowest computation, one half of the apparatus might be extemporised by the teacher, and if (as was done in the town under consideration) the construction of every article were carefully explained to the students, it would give them a grasp and familiarity with the subject which they could not otherwise obtain. The subject being entirely new to every one of the students, their attention was kept up, and their interest in the work never allowed to flag by an unsparring use of the apparatus in performing as many experiments as possible. It turned out however, that those students who were likely to fail at the government examination would do so not because their information was defective, but because of their inability to put their thoughts into writing. From want of practice they experience so much difficulty in arranging their facts in intelligible sentences, that one half of their available time has passed before they have completed the answer to the first question on the examination paper. This difficulty was got over by giving the students questions to work at home,

and having a written examination every month during the course of the session. The result proved the efficacy of this arrangement. Nearly sixty students have been examined in the first stage of the subject, and there has not been a single failure.

Should any of our readers feel inclined to start classes under government control, their first step should be to write to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, London, for the Science and Art *Directory*, inclosing one shilling in postage stamps. In this *Directory*, full and detailed information is given how the science classes should be started; and after they are started, under what regulations they are to be carried on. It may be well to state perhaps, that a local committee—some of the members of which ought to be persons in recognised positions of public responsibility in the district—must be formed in order to carry out the instructions of the Science and Art Department. Probably a difficulty may be experienced in some districts in obtaining the services of a properly certificated science teacher; but this difficulty may be overcome by starting a class in mathematics, of which subject the government recognises teachers who are certificated by the Education Department. As nearly all the masters in the public schools hold certificates from the Education Department, there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining a teacher for this most important branch of education.

If there be a desire to have classes in other subjects, there is a choice of twenty-four. One or more of the young men who are interested in the classes should set to work and qualify themselves for science teachers by passing the requisite examination. This was done in the town whose science schools suggested this notice, where two of the young men who were students in the class became teachers, and have taught successfully. It may also be mentioned with reference to this subject, that every year a number of teachers are invited to attend a course of lectures in London under the various professors at the science schools, South Kensington. The courses generally extend over a month each, and those attending them receive second-class railway fare to and from London, and a liberal maintenance allowance while resident there. In addition to attending the lectures, the teachers have practical work to do in the way of constructing scientific instruments, the materials for which are provided free, the instruments becoming the private property of the teachers at the end of the course. By this means a knowledge of the latest discoveries and inventions in the sciences is obtained by the students attending the classes of those teachers who have the advantage of a month's instruction under the government professors.

Any one holding a first or second class certificate in the advanced stage of any subject towards which the Department gives a grant in money, &c., is qualified to teach and receive a grant for teaching that subject. In addition also to the prizes which the students receive, certificates, indicating their degree of success, are given to the students after the adjudication has taken place; and these certificates are not only valuable in that they record successes achieved, but also from the fact that they are readily received by employers and others as equivalent to certificates of ability. This

is no small matter, as every young man who has been out of employment knows from bitter experience. Apart then from the opportunities of intellectual improvement offered by the establishment of science schools and classes, the study of science has an immediate as well as a future value. Neither should it be forgot that to science we owe much of our present greatness. Science forms the groundwork of every art, every industry of our country; and they who speak irreverently of its achievements are incapable of sympathy with the most elevated aspirations of the human mind. Let us hope that through the agency of these Science Schools much of the old indifference to instruction has been overcome. We see at least the dawn of a brighter intelligence.

THE SILVER LEVER.

V.

Mrs Glossop sat and waited for her husband in her sitting-room. It was not one of his habits to be late abroad, and she was somewhat afraid for him, for it was now nearly midnight. Midnight is really midnight in Coventry even now; and in those patriarchal days of twenty years ago, even young people regarded eleven o'clock as a most dissipated hour. Mrs Glossop trimmed the lamp and replenished the fire and sat down again, listening to the dreary ticking of the clock. The one servant of the household had long since gone to bed; and Mrs Glossop was growing really anxious, when she heard a knock at the door. Supposing her husband had returned—for nobody used latch-keys in Coventry—she answered the summons with reviving cheerfulness. She threw the door open, and stood by for George to enter. To her surprise a gruff voice asked for her husband.

'Who is it?' she asked, peering into the darkness.

'Never mind the name ma'am, the gruff voice answered. 'I had a bit o' business along o' your master to-night, an' he didn't turn up, an' I thought I'd look him up, as a man might say.' The gruff voice had somehow a threat in it.

'My husband has not yet come home,' said Mrs Glossop. 'Will you call in the morning?'

'My business is paterler. I'll call again in half a hour.' With that the owner of the gruff voice moved away, and Mrs Glossop noted that he was a wooden-legged man, whom she recognised to be her father's neighbour.

'Is it Mr Bowling?' she asked.

'Yes ma'am, Mr Bowling it is. I'll call again.'

He stamped away down the street. She closed the door and went back to the fireside, and listened again to the dreary ticking of the clock. To an anxious woman who sits alone waiting, a half-hour can grow to a whole unfathomable gulf of time. It seemed so to her now, and every minute which succeeded it crawled at the lamest of paces. A knock came to the door again, and this time, since long waiting had made her nervous, she secured the door with the chain before she opened it. The wooden-legged man was there once more.

'Ain't he come yet?' he inquired.

'Do you know where he is, Mr Bowling?'

'I wish I did,' responded Mr Bowling; and again the gruff voice seemed to her ears to have a threat in it. 'Do you mean to tell me as he ain't come home at this time o' night?'

'He has not come home yet, and I am growing anxious about him.'

'So am I,' the wooden-legged man muttered audibly. 'Good-night ma'am.'

'Good-night.'

She went back to her dreary watching. It lasted the night through. When the servant came down in the morning, she found her mistress up before her. 'For morn, you up a'ready?'

Mrs Glossop nodded and hurried from the room. She did not care to gossip with the servant about her husband's absence. She retired to her own chamber, and there sat down to think and wait again. A double knock sounded at the door, and the girl came awkwardly up-stairs with a letter. Mrs Glossop knew her husband's handwriting, and opened the missive with nervous fingers. The note bore no date.

'England,' she read, 'has grown too hot to hold me. You are welcome to all you can get out of what the creditors will leave you. It will be precious little. G. G.'

She read this through, and did not cry or swoon, but sat stonily regarding it. She had dreamed out her dream of love long since. She could only sit and think how cruel and base and cowardly it all was; not angrily, but as though it were a story of little interest, and telling of sordid and vulgar crime. 'I will go home,' she said at last. Home to the wounded heart meant more than the place she had been used to live in, and more than even a renewal of the long-tried affections which had grown familiar there. It meant a renewal of happy girlhood—a blotting out of the past. It meant, in short, the heart's longing; and in that sense no suffering creature ever went home yet. But she felt as though every pulse within her cried passionately for home; and so with that outward quiet which is the true growth of intense feeling, she folded up the note and put it back into its envelope, and then dressed and went down-stairs. Ready money had always been plentiful since her marriage, and she had more than enough to pay the girl the wages then due to her, and a quarter's wage in advance. This done, she left the house, and walked towards her father's cottage. When she reached it, she found the door open, and heard a voice within. This voice was strange to her; and since she did not care just then to face a stranger, she passed through the garden and entered the cottage at the back, and sat down in the kitchen. There she heard another voice which she knew for her cousin Robert's. Even before him she did not wish yet to display her grief and her loneliness.

'But is there nothing to be tried?' Robert's voice asked in a tone of anguish.

'Nothing,' the strange voice answered. 'He has been dead for hours.'

With a dread of some near terror which she could not understand, she rose and moved into the front room. There sat the King of Terrors. And though she had never before beheld him, she knew him—Death.

'O why!' cried Robert, 'why are you here to-day?'

Quite calm and cold, she took her husband's brutal letter from the pocket of her dress and handed it to him without a word. He read it at a glance, and lifted up his hands and eyes, as if in protestation against Heaven and Fate. He took her hand and led her to a seat, and tears coursed down his face like rain. She smiled upon him faintly. He knelt beside her, still holding her hand, and hid his face upon it, whilst the tears ran fast, and she laying a gentle hand upon his shoulder, suddenly drooped her lovely head and broke into passionate weeping. He rose and sat beside her, and put his arm about her in the old childlike way, and comforted her with vague and foolish words of love and pity, which yet had help in them, since they had so much of heart.

The village doctor went his way, and returned half an hour later with the village policeman, who took possession of the brandy and the glasses, whilst the doctor sealed all the cupboards.

Robert took Sarah to his father's house, and told the dreadful story there. His father, profoundly shocked at his only brother's sudden death, had yet command enough of his senses left to see that Glossop's sudden flight boded ill for his own property. He walked into Coventry and set inquiries on foot, with such result that he came home knowing himself a bankrupt and that home his own no longer.

It was a heavy-hearted trio that sat silent at the Pear-tree Farm that night.

The formalities of law were gone through, and a verdict of 'murder' against 'some person or persons unknown' was returned by a Coventry jury. Suspicion fell upon the wooden-legged man, who had been seen or heard of by nobody since he had called at Glossop's house after midnight. He never came near the place again. In Job Ryder's house some fifty or sixty pounds in gold was discovered, but no bank-book or sign of the possession of other property. It came to be believed in consequence that Job Ryder had outlived his means, and had thereupon committed suicide. Few people knew him; fewer still had any liking for him; and this dark belief outlived the jury's verdict in the local mind.

There were three sales by auction in one week. Job Ryder's goods were disposed of by his brother's advice, and Sarah retained nothing but one chest of books and papers. George Ryder's goods and chattels were put under the hammer by his creditors, who though they pitied him, were quite content to pay themselves. George Glossop's goods and chattels were put under the hammer by his creditors, who had pity for neither his estate nor his wife, and exacted their uttermost farthing.

Then father, son, and niece went sadly up to London, there to hide themselves from prying eyes. George Ryder's possessions brought him in some sixty pounds a year now; and Robert's proposal was that they should all three keep house together, and devote the lump sum, which amounted to about eighteen hundred pounds, to the purchase of some business or other which might maintain them all comfortably. This they did; but the arrangement lasted for but a little while. George Ryder took to drinking, as many a better man and many a worse had done before him under similar pressure of trouble. None of the three had any business training. Robert and

Sarah did what little they could to keep the business going; but it crumbled, crumbled, crumbled in their hands, and they were left at last on the verge of bankruptcy. Then Sarah spoke.

'It isn't because I want to leave a sinking ship Bob, dear. You know that. But I must go away and earn my own living somewhere. The business won't keep us any longer. You will do well to sell the goods and pay the creditors, and go on with your wax-flowers. We're all bound to be poor all our lives through now, I suppose; but there are worse things than poverty; and we shan't be able to be honest long, Bob, if we try to keep the business going.'

Robert knew she was right, and abode by her advice. This miserable business was eating up everything and producing nothing. With a little money to begin with, he might contrive to make a living by his hands. His father was breaking fast—everything about them took some tragic form. So these two bade each other a mournful farewell, and Sarah went out to service as house-keeper in a large house in the country. The business was sold, and realised but little. Father and son went into a small house in the northern districts; and finding that too much for their slender finances, took one step lower, and went into lodgings. In two or three years, George Ryder was gathered to his fathers, and was buried in that old Coventry churchyard which held his fathers' bones. Robert and Sarah met at the funeral, and parted sadly again, and went their separate ways.

Sarah neither knew of her husband's crime of forgery nor heard of his arrest. She had never belonged to a newspaper-reading circle; and the neighbours had held aloof from her and her trouble; and Robert and his father had held their peace purposely. But whilst she was learning patience and coming towards resignation in her troubles, and whilst in the performance of her new duties peace was settling slowly down upon her, George Glossop was expiating his crime by a long term of penal servitude. This was mercifully hidden from her; and she only knew that the man she had loved had proved a villain, and had gone away out of her life suddenly, leaving no trace of himself, and leaving her without a wish to trace him.

The hunchback dragged along with a private income of twelve shillings a week, and perhaps an equal sum earned by the making of wax-flowers. There was no motive in labour, or he might perhaps have made more by his work. But

Work without heart. There was not life in it
Whereby the man might live.

His sole business patron lived in Long Lane, off Aldersgate Street, and he himself had lodgings in a tumble-down house by the river-side, not far from St Paul's Stairs. Thither it came to pass that one day a new lodger came with a great sea-chest, the portage whereof shook the house as two men carried it up-stairs and set it heavily on the floor above Robert's head. The new lodger was a big man, looking considerably past middle age, bald, unshaven for a week or two, and of sinister aspect. A man of enormous width and weight, but carrying no more fat than a greyhound; sunburnt, and scarred across the face by a stroke which must have gone near to finishing

his story. They had been a week together in the houses without seeing each other, when Robert met him one day point-blank on the stairs. The man was coming up and Robert was going down, so that when they looked at each other their heads were almost on a level. They stared at each other in amazement. But in the hunchback's face the amazement was half-drowned by a look of mingled rage and dread, whilst joy and triumph stared out broadly in the other's eyes.

'Master Bob Ryder, as I'm a livin' man!' the new lodger said in an amazed, triumphant whisper.

'You villain!' said Robert, laying his thin hands upon the other's collar; 'you murderer! Come with me.'

Bill Dean's face changed ludicrously, and for a minute surprise reigned there pure and simple.

'Wot are you a-callin' me?' he asked.

The hunchback twined his hands closer in Dean's collar. 'Who murdered my uncle Job, you villain?'

Bill Dean glared in wild amazement. 'Who murdered your uncle Job, governor?' he said at last. 'Why, who but his son-in-law? George Glossop, to be sure.'

Robert's hands dropped by his side, and he looked at Dean stricken through with surprise. It never entered his mind that the man was acting. The surprise and sincerity were too evidently real.

'This ain't the place,' said Dean, 'to be a-talkin' of who murdered Uncle Jobs an' sich-like. Come up into my room, an' I'll tell you somethink as'll make you jump. Come along.'

He laid his hand on Robert's arm and hurried him breathless up the stairs. Arrived at his own room, he motioned to Robert to seat himself upon the bed, and then sat down opposite to him on a heavy-looking chest. 'Well,' he said, regarding Robert from head to foot as though he were some *rara avis* whom it was a rich fortune to have caught. 'This is a stroke o' fortune. Who *would* ha' thought o' meetin' you? An' you don't know, he went on after a pause, 'as George Glossop killed your uncle, nor what he done it for?'

'Why did he do it?'

'Do you remember any missin' article?' the man queried, bending his head forward in triumph and looking close into Robert's face.

'No. Yes. My uncle's watch.'

'Yes; your uncle's watch,' said Bill Dean, slapping both legs with his hands and leaning back again. 'Your uncle's watch. An' that's what he done it for.'

'Why should George Glossop kill my uncle in order to steal his watch?' asked Robert.

'It was a watch with a key to it! A key as was a key an' no mistake. Lookee here.' The man rose from his chest and threw it open, and took therefrom a battered Bible; he pressed this into Robert's hands, and sat down again. 'Now afore I say another word, you kiss that book, an' say after me: "I hereby swear that I'll do fair do's along of William Dean, otherwise Thomas Bowling."'

Robert in much wonderment went through this formula.

'Now you've sworn, mind,' said Dean, putting the book back in the chest again.

Robert nodded.

'Well, then, lookee here. Me an' Uncle Job

was pals, we was, in the year '30. Theer was six on us altogether going pardners, like, as a man might say. We come by money out in the Bawlkan Hills. Never you mind how. We come by that theer money honest an' fair, an' square an' right. Well, a lot o' murderin' thieves, as they calls zaptiehs, hears of our good fortune, an' follers of us for to steal the coin. D'y'e see? We has to fight for it. Now I was right down at the fur end of a gorge, like, three mile off, when the other five was forced for to bury the money for to hide it from these here murderin' thieves. I was a-keeping guard, don't you see, an' was to tell 'em when the zaptiehs was a-comin'. The fight was agoin' on when I got back, an' I hid myself, as a man might say, an' watched. They'd gone round another way, these murderin' thieves had, an' come on my pardners sudden about two hours after the money was safe buried. Well now, the only man as got clear out o' that fight on our side was your uncle Job. I meets him at a little place there as they calls Strigill, where we'd appinted to meet after the money was safe buried; an' theer we had a row, me an' your uncle Job. He goes an' claims five-sixths of the money, an' wants me to put up along of a sixth part. So we has a row, an' he gives me this here across the face. D'y'e see it? Well. He'd got the bearin's marked down on his watch-case wheer he'd buried the money, an' he shewed me that, an' it was along of my wantin' to snatch that as we had the row. Well. We parted, don't you see; an' I never set eyes on him after that till one night a few years later I walks into Coventry on the tramp, a-doing of the wooden-lagged-sailor on dodge to Liverpool, wheer I expected to get a fresh berth. Not as I hadn't got a tidy bit of money o' my own, you see; but in order for to be saving. Well, I spots him, an' I follers him, an' I finds out wheer he lives; an' I waits about for a day or two, an' I finds him settled down an' married. But I notices, look you, as he's a-livin' poor an' lowly like; an' I thinks: "Hillo," I thinks, "you ain't got that 'ere money yet, Joby Rogers. All right," says I to myself; "you'll want it some day, an' you'll be a-goin' out for it; an' then perhaps Bill Dean may come in for a share on it."

'Why didn't you go back yourself to get it?'

Robert asked incredulously.

'Why didn't I go back an' get it myself?' returned Bill Dean scornfully. 'Ah! why didn't I? Why, because I didn't know to two mile wheer it was; that's why. I should ha' looked well I should, a-goin' about the Bawlkan Mountains with a pick an' a shuffie a-diggin' of 'em up, an' a-turbin' of the hills over as if they was so many salary-beds. That's a likely tale, that is.'

'He never went away?' Robert asked.

'Not him,' returned the other. 'For nigh on twenty 'ear I went on a-watchin' of him. Once in a while or so I'd cross over an' speak to him about it, an' he'd say to me: "Bill Dean," he'd say, "I'd sooner see every piastre rot theer under ground an' rust to powder, than you should touch a penny of it."

'How did George Glossop know of this buried treasure?'

'How do you know?' Bill Dean queried in return. 'He knowed cos I told him.' There the man's face grew black. 'An' he sneaks off, instead

of doin' the fair thing by me; an' in place o' priggin' the watch for a minute an' makin' of a copy of the lines inside, he goes an' pisons poor Joby Rogers, steals the watch, an' hooks it. Not as I believe he meant to p'ison him. He overdid the dose.'

'Who has the watch now?' asked Robert.

'Why, it 'ud go back into the family of course. It was property as was stole, an' it 'ud go back to the family.'

'It never came back into the family,' said Robert; 'no one knew of its value; and when George Glossop was arrested, we were all glad enough to forget him. He ruined us all, and not one of us ever saw him again.'

'Then the police has got it. They'll keep it till he comes out, an' then he'll get it again. No; he won't. Or if he does, he won't find it no good to him.—I'll do it, as I'm a livin' man—I'll do it! I'll hunt that watch up if it's on the face of earth. Will you go in? Will you help? Fair do's now. I'll go fair and stick by you. They knows me at the Yard, and I knows them a sight better than go near 'em. But will you go? Go an' make inquiries, an' get a look at the watch.'

'What was the amount of the money?' Robert asked.

'Ekal to fifty thousand pound,' Bill Dean answered.

'Fifty thousand pounds?' Robert repeated.

'Ay,' said Bill Dean, 'Fifty thousand pound. It's worth tryin' for, ain't it?' He laid a hand on Robert, and repeated: 'Fifty thousand pound. That's five-an'-twenty thousand for you, and five-an'-twenty thousand for me.'

'How was all that money come by?'

'Don't you look a gift-horse in the mouth,' said Bill Dean. 'The money was come by right an' fair an' proper, that's how the money was come by; an' if you won't go to the Yard an' make inquiries about that 'ere old lever watch, why I desay I can find a pal as will.'

'I will go,' said Robert, rising from the bedside as he spoke.

'Fair do's, you know,' said the man warningly. 'You deal fair along o' me, an' I'll deal fair along o' you.'

'I will deal fairly with you,' Robert answered.

He had been paid for work taken home a day or two before, and had perhaps a pound's worth of silver in his pocket. Once started on this enterprise, he found himself so eager in pursuit of it that he could not bear to crawl along the streets at his own slow pace. He called a cab, and was driven to Scotland Yard. There the officer to whom he was referred asked him where Glossop was arrested, and being answered, advised him to go to a police station near St Katherine's Docks, whither Glossop was first conveyed.

'If the watch belonging to your uncle, and supposed to have been stolen by Glossop, isn't there,' said the official, 'you can apply to the county authorities in Warwick, if that's where he was tried.'

Robert drove to the river-side police station and renewed his inquiries there. A stout man, sitting behind a desk with a number of papers before him, looked up with his pen in his mouth.

'Bates!' this man called out when Robert had made his statement.

A lean policeman with sandy whiskers appeared in the doorway.

'Of all the queer things I ever heard, this is the queerest,' said the man behind the desk. 'This party's come after that man Glossop; Coventry man: forgery, you know.'

'I know,' said the lean policeman, nodding. 'Cove as tried to hang hisself in No. 5.'

'Same party,' said the other. 'Do you remember anything as he went mad about in particular?'

'Should think I did and all,' returned the lean policeman. 'It'll be a long time afore I forget him a-marchin' up an' down in No. 5 yellin' out for his watch. I never see a cove go off hisself so over a watch in all my life afore.'

'Well, this party's here now asking after that very watch.'

'Ay, ay,' said the lean policeman, and looked at Robert, and scratched one sandy whisker thoughtfully.

Robert's heart beat high. 'Can you tell me anything about the watch? I would give half-a-crown to see it if it is here.'

'Oh,' said the policeman, 'it ain't here. And what's more, I don't know where it is.'

'Tell him what you do know,' said the man behind the desk.

'Well, I shouldn't have no call to remember Glossop out of a million more if it worn't for the watch,' the policeman said, addressing Robert. 'I seen it once in his hand. You see I had information as he was off by the *Orinoco* steam-ship from Katherine Docks at seven that morning. He'd been watched for a week because the people at the bank was doubtful. He forged a bill, don't you see? And the party as he'd forged his name, he went abroad to France or somewheres, and they only suspected it was a forgery, and had him watched. Well, we gets word here as he'd took a passage aboard the *Orinoco*, and I got orders to go there and take him. When I gets aboard, I sees my gentleman in his berth with a map spread out afore him, and a watch in one hand.'

'Was the map a map of Turkey?'

'Why, yes; it was,' said the policeman, 'now I come to think of it. Yes. A map of Turkey. And when I tapped him on the shoulder, he crumpled the map up-like and stuffed the watch away somewheres. I don't know where he put it; but when we come to search him here, we didn't find it. He kicked up such a hullabaloo about it, as it passed into a kind o' joke with us here; and when a party goes wild-like, we asks him if he ain't lost a old silver watch.'

'May I ask,' said the man behind the desk with an air which meant that he intended to ask with or without permission—'may I ask what makes that watch so particularly valuable to you?'

Robert could answer honestly without revealing anything.

It contained the only memorandum of a large deposit of money which the owner of the watch was known to have possessed.'

'Ah!' said the superintendent; 'now I see. And you're your uncle's heir, I suppose? Well sir, I'm sorry we can't do anything for you. You see, it's five years ago now; and we shouldn't have been able to tell you anything if this watch hadn't passed into a sort of joke amongst our men here.'

With the news of this decisive failure Robert went back to his lodgings. He discharged his cab at the police station and walked home slowly. He had had sweet dreams of raising Sarah to a high place, and surrounding her with comforts and making life smooth to her, and had seen himself in fancy living near her, and rejoicing in her prosperity and her friendship. All dreams of returned love he had resigned long since, if ever he had even dared to dream. Yet none the less he loved, and he would have died at any minute for her peace. Nay, that is saying little, for death seemed to him an easy thing to face. He would have lived, for her, as he was living then, a life without savour of hope or gladness, and have borne that lot for ever unrepining so she might have been happy.

When Dean heard the news which Robert took home with him, that scarred and grizzled mariner imprecated such fearful anathemas on Glossop's head, that the gentle-hearted hunchback fled him in pitting loathing.

The days rolled on, and Dean, his money being expended, went to sea again, and took his chest away with him. The years rolled on, and Bill Dean came back again at irregular intervals, and found Robert still living in the tumble-down house by the river-side. He used to chum with Robert whilst he lived, and would often build up wild castles of fancy grandeur whilst he speculated on what might have been done with that money if ever they could have found the watch. And the years rolled on until Bill Dean came back no more, and the last of that gang of bandits who made one successful and useless venture in the Balkans slept his final sleep in the arms of the Great Pacific.

And still Time held his course until, on the night of the 20th October 1875, the long-forgotten search renewed itself, and Robert Ryder looked in at the pawnbroker's shop-window in Fleet Street, and saw there his uncle's silver lever marked: *'A great Bargain. Second-hand. Only 12s. 6d.'*

A PRIVATE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

I AM not about to reveal the 'secrets of the prison-house' or the private arrangements of Scotland Yard. The higher positions held by detectives have always been beyond my reach, and I have not therefore been in communication with the legal advisers of the Treasury, my occupation being only subordinate to a private detective. In the few years however, that I was thus employed I was engaged in matters which it may be interesting to record, whilst the publicity cannot be injurious either to individuals or public security.

I will now proceed to give one or two examples of the kind of business we detectives have to negotiate, in the hope that my narrative may prove interesting at least to those whom it may specially concern.

It matters not what my former occupation was; like many others, after dissipating fortune, I found myself alone in the world and without money. For the small amount of twenty-eight shillings a week I became subordinate to a private detec-

tive. My primary value consisted in a perfect knowledge of some of the 'gambling halls' in the west of London. For days I was cloistered with my superior, giving him information concerning the frequenters of these places, the amounts won and lost in an evening, the hours of attendance, and the doings of the 'bankers.' After describing this gentleman or the other, my superior would say: 'Ah! we know him; cautious card.' 'He's a right to gamble; got plenty of money.' 'That fellow wins his money on the race-course, and always loses it on the green cloth.' 'It's the young swells I want to know about, those that the spiders are getting into their nets; there's something to be made out of them.'

At last I described a young gentleman who was evidently new to the game of hazard; he came night after night, I said, and generally left minus a hundred or two, ready cash, but never gave cheques or IOUs, so that his name was unknown to the majority, though he went by the cognomen of 'the Duke.'

'That'll do,' said my superior; 'we must look after that gent.'

'Then,' said I, 'there is another young gentleman who comes only once a month; he's always supplied at that time with clean Bank of England notes from one hundred to ten, and generally loses something like a thousand in the one night. But once I saw him positively break the bank and carry off nearly seven thousand pounds. He came next day, contrary to his usual custom; and he played on that and the two succeeding days, and before he left on the last night had to borrow a sovereign to take him home. After that however, he paid his periodical visits, and does so up to the present time.'

'Well,' said my superior, 'he must be looked after. But first you must plant yourself opposite this place where they meet, and follow the young gentleman No. 1, find out where he lives, his occupation, &c. There now; that's employment for you the next two days; report to me on the third morning. I leave the matter entirely in your own hands, and this will be a test of your usefulness to me.'

'You are not going to make a raid on the place?' said I.

'O no!' he returned; 'that don't suit my purpose. I don't want to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs; let me have my bit out of it, and then perhaps the Scotland Yard folks will spot the den.'

That same night I paced during the weary hours of night up and down the street where the gamblers' house was situated. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, one after another the habitués of the place turned out, and at last the young gentleman I wanted. There was little difficulty in finding out where he lived, for he gave directions to the cabman in very audible tones. But my next great object was to find out if he had any place of business; and after taking a few hours' rest I was in sight of his residence by nine o'clock in the morning. A little before ten the gentleman made his appearance, and walking some distance, took a seat inside an omnibus. I

got outside, and discovered, after a few inquiries judiciously made, that he was cashier in the establishment where I had traced him, and the nephew of the principal of the firm. My work being completed, I went home and reported to my superior next morning; who was quite satisfied with my first commission.

The following day 'a gentleman' (for private detectives can dress like noblemen when it suits them) called at Messrs —, Leadenhall Street. They were foreign merchants. He wished to see the head of the firm. 'Your business sir?' was the question. The answer was: 'Tell him I must see him; I come on important business.' And he did see him, and communicated to him his belief that something must be wrong, as his nephew the cashier was spending a lot of money in gambling. Accounts were examined; and the cashier was seen no more in Leadenhall Street or at the hell. The private detective was satisfied; and so the matter ended.

Now we had to look to gentleman No. 2; and having watched for two days without finding his whereabouts, my superior went with me, and at a comparatively early hour on the night of his usual periodical visit he appeared in the street, and I pointed him out to my superior, who, as the public-houses were not closed, dodged him about until he entered a tavern, where we followed. Then there was a quiet and confidential conversation between my employer and the gentleman. The latter at first indignantly denounced the assumption of any one daring to catechise him, but upon being told that he was addressing a detective, he quietly pulled out a card, stating: 'That's my address; if you have any charge against me, you can make it.' My employer dexterously turned the matter to his own account by asserting that his only wish was to put the gentleman on his guard, as the gambling establishment was being watched, and there would be a raid upon it in a day or two. Upon this the gentleman was profuse in thanks, and passed over something to my employer, which so satisfied him, that he voluntarily offered me a sovereign, which I was nothing loath to accept, for the part I had taken in the matter.

My conduct is approved, and I am sworn in a special constable. I have little matters to do which it is not interesting to relate, because they apply to 'poor people,' who are never worth consideration, and convictions are easily gained against them. But one evening I am walking with my employer down Oxford Street; it is late at night, and when near the Oxford Music Hall, we notice a young gentleman pulling out his gold at the bar of a tavern and treating liberally those around him. The youth has evidently not been used to the company with whom he is now associated: he blushes at remarks, is dull at comprehending low jokes, yet tries to appear at ease, is profusely liberal, and dashes his money down as if he were a millionaire.

'Hulloa!' whispered my employer, whose experienced eye marks a victim; 'there's something wrong here;' and he tries to engage in conversation with the young man, who only responds with: 'What will you have sir?'

You'd think a detective would refuse to take anything at a suspected person's expense. Not he; that's his opportunity. 'Well, thank you, my

employer replied. 'There's me and my friend here; suppose we have two drops of brandy, eh? Three penn'orths.'

'Better say sixpenny-worth,' answered the youth. 'Here Miss; two sixpenn'orths of brandy.' It is drawn. We drink and talk. Drawing information out of the silly youth as easily as one draws beer from a tap, my employer presently says: 'Let's see, what time was it when you left the office this afternoon?'

'I haven't been there since eleven o'clock in the morning; not at Bishopsgate Street at least.'

Here was something important got out of the youth; and the detective following up the idea and taking a bold shot, says: 'But you were expected at the other place?'

'Well, yes.'

'Let's see, where is your other place?'

'Oh! in Wallbrook.'

'You ought to have been there, you know.'

Upon this the youth turned pale, but did not answer.

'What's the number of your place in Bishopsgate?'

The youth gave it.

Then came the more pertinent questions: 'How much money have you got about you? Where did you get it from?' &c.

The boy gave such fencing answers, that at length my employer took him quietly outside, saying: 'You must know I am a detective officer, and I am not going to part with you till I have communicated with your employer and your friends.'

Then came the last stroke of conviction: 'Oh, it will all be put right; my father will satisfy Mr —.'

We took that poor young man under our charge (he was only seventeen); he was placed in a room in my employer's house under my care; and having found who were his parents as well as his employers, the detective officer first went to the parents. Never shall I forget the deep affliction of the mother, who, in the absence of his father abroad, came down immediately on receipt of the news.

'O my boy,' she cried, 'what have you done? Tell me all. O dear, O dear! And your father away, and your sister ill! What is it? What is it?'

'O mother, mother!' replied the youth, weeping, 'I never did such a thing before. But the governor sent me to pay nine pounds all in sovereigns, and I lost one, and then I was afraid to go back.'

'And so you got into bad company, and spent the rest. O you naughty wicked boy!'

'I don't know what to do. By good rights,' said the detective, 'I should take him off to the police station, instead of keeping him here; but I must see what Mr — says.'

'Yea. Oh, let me go with you to Bishopsgate Street sir; and I am sure Mr — will not be hard upon the boy,' replied the mother.

To this my employer assented; and in the end the youth was allowed to return home; and the detective was rewarded for saving the youth.

One morning we received a telegram to watch a certain train arriving at Euston Square from Birmingham. A lady described, had left that town by train for the purpose it was said, of

eloping with a man who was to meet her at the London terminus; and the disconsolate husband, too late to stop her, wanted her actions watched by the detectives. I was sent. I saw the lady and gentleman meet; she threw herself into his arms and sobbed. I heard him say: 'It will be all right Millie.' A cab was called. I heard the address they were to be driven to, and followed the vehicle, to assure myself this was their destination. I watched until midnight, and they never left the house; and then I knocked up my employer and told him the address.

'Leave the rest to me,' he said. And the next morning he discovered the lady and gentleman were there under different names, and had separate rooms. 'This won't do,' he said. 'We must wait for further evidence before we can make a case.' But he telegraphed to the husband that the address was known. My duty was to watch the fugitives; and I found they went to a lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and remained there two hours, and then returned, and so passed the first day; but I had to watch all night. The second day the irate husband came to town and went to the house where his truant wife was domiciled, in company with the detective, thinking he could find out more than had been recorded to him. They were met by an indignant gentleman, who, in reply to the question, 'Where is my wife?' said: 'She is with me, under my protection, until she gets rid of a horrible and brutal husband.'

'And what right have you sir, to give protection to another man's wife?'

'The right of a brother and guardian! She had written to me previously of your brutal conduct, and then telegraphed that she could bear it no longer.—The telegram is here sir.—"O Sam, what am I to do? My life is in jeopardy. I dare not wait my husband's return." I had only returned from India a few days, and on receipt of that I telegraphed.—"Come by ten o'clock train; I will meet you at Euston Square.—SAM." This telegram I presume you saw, for it was left behind, I am informed; and you thought there was an elopement.'

I never knew all the ins and outs of this affair, which I verily believe was a sell, at least it never came before the court, to my knowledge. My employer I presume got well paid for it, for he never grumbled about its being time lost. I got a paltry five shillings for night-watching, over and above my wages.

As to watching houses and persons, I have had to take a house and record faithfully every person who went in and out of it during the day for three weeks and a month at a stretch, not knowing why or wherefore. Very monotonous work this has been; nothing to come of it but poor wages, an uncomfortable, unprofitable sort of existence. I have had to follow a person from one end of London to the other, and make a record of every call that he made, and have never been used as witness to prove anything. I began to think that my superiors had all the loaves and fishes, and I only got the crumbs that fell from their table. If there was anything to be done which would bring in something handsome, why, my chief did it himself. A banker's son making too free with his father's name is to be taken into custody by the detective, to be well frightened,

and relieved of his ill-gotten spoil; and then returned to his parents without the world knowing of his crime. Yes, sometimes the family plate has been carried off by some hopeless son, and the detective's aid is called in to recover it, but to hide the crime. And indeed if truth were told, nearly one-half the cases of robbery of late years have been more or less under the cognisance at least of those closely associated with the family circle.

I once thought that I might make a name for myself as an honest detective. I began to see that there was scarcely a tradesman in London, scarcely a merchant that was not robbed by his underlings, if not by those of a higher grade. I watched carefully, and confided my secret information to employers. In some instances the persons were dismissed; that was all. 'We don't care to prosecute,' the principals would say, 'for trivial matters; it is too much trouble and expense. We would rather submit to small losses than be forced to attend the criminal courts.' I happened to mention to the manager of a large publishing firm not a hundred miles from Paternoster Row, that I knew his employers were robbed and systematically robbed every week. He did not believe me. I then challenged him to give me the name of any book he had in the establishment, and I would get it in three days without its passing through the counting-house in the ordinary way. He gave me the name of a work of which there were only three in stock, and the selling price was two guineas. I had only to go to a certain rendezvous, talk slang, and say what I required and the price I was prepared to give, and I knew I should get the book. And to the astonishment of the manager I presented it to him on the third day with his trade-mark still upon it. 'Well,' he said, 'this must be put a stop to. I must see the principals; and you must call to-morrow and give us full information.' I called as requested, and gave the principals the names of three who shared in the plunder.

'Ay,' they said; 'as to the first, that's the porter; we'll prosecute him. The second is the son of a person who has considerable interest in the business; they are a most respectable family; we cannot prosecute him. The third is a confidential messenger; and he is so exceedingly useful to us, that we don't well see how we could do without him. No; we must not prosecute him. But the porter, we will give him into custody if you like.'

I replied that I could not take one without the others; that it was a great pity, after all my time and trouble expended in sifting the matter, they would not make an example of the lot. No; they would not do it; but gave me a five-pound note, and asked me to say no more about it!

I suppose I expressed annoyance at this, although I received a larger gratuity than I had hitherto done; and I am afraid that I made no secret of my annoyance, for I wanted this to be my stepping-stone to advancement; but it was not to be. Neither was my conduct admired by my superiors, who told me that I should keep a still tongue, and further, that I had no right to take action in any matter on my own responsibility. And as there was no hope of advancement, I retired from the service to enter upon more profitable employment.

COOKERY INSTRUCTION FOR THE RURAL
LABOURING POPULATION.

We learn from a contemporary that the operations of the Edinburgh School of Cookery are being very widely extended, and gratifying evidence of the practical usefulness of the instructions which can be imparted by the teachers it has trained has lately been supplied from a district so distant as Devonshire. Sir T. Acland, M.P., who is well known for the time and labour he has expended in efforts to improve the domestic conditions of the agricultural poor, was anxious that instruction in cookery should be given to the cottagers on his estates, which are situated in the vicinity of Exeter and Taunton. Not being satisfied that the course of instruction given at the National School of Cookery in London was the best qualified to fit a teacher for the business of shewing the wives and daughters of agricultural labourers how to make the best of the culinary resources within their reach, he put himself into communication with the Edinburgh School of Cookery, and a teacher from that school, Miss Barnett, has been employed for some time in giving practical instruction, with 'demonstration lessons,' to the cottagers on his estates. Sir Thomas made great personal exertions, and was so satisfied with the results, that he has made public a statement of the benefits which might be expected to follow if means were taken to cause such instruction as cookery to be given among the agricultural population generally. In this document, Sir Thomas observes with regard to the Edinburgh School of Cookery: 'In that school I find that two points are clearly understood: first, that a teacher ought to be a really well-educated lady, by which I mean that she must have had a good liberal and general education, and have been trained in certain branches of physical science; secondly, that it is quite necessary to study the habits, difficulties, and limited means of the labouring classes before we can help them in the management of their food.' He bears testimony to the excellent work done by the Edinburgh teacher, though she 'has been strictly limited to the appliances in actual use, with the addition of a very small contribution in the way of meat, garden-stuff, and groceries. The teacher has come in contact with the wood-fire of the cottage hearth, with the crock instead of the saucepan, with the contracted cottage stove, and with other conditions which must be taken into account in cottage cookery.' It is to be hoped that Sir Thomas Acland's example will be largely followed. It is worthy of mention that teachers from the Edinburgh school have been lately teaching in Harrow, Guernsey, and Cornwall, as well as in places nearer home.

OIL AT SEA.

A correspondent, who takes much interest in the subject of oil, as a medium for calming turbulent waters (as recently noticed in these pages), has favoured us with a few hints, which we gladly place before our readers. He writes as follows:

'I may mention a few of the numerous objects that oil might be beneficially applied to: To facilitate the launching and landing of life-boats;

to facilitate the removing of a crew from a wreck either on the coast or in the open sea; to facilitate the entrance of fishing-boats into the harbour; to enable them to ride more safely at their lines or nets, and thereby save the serious loss they often sustain by having to abandon their fishing-gear. It might even be found beneficial in facilitating the entrance of vessels into harbours such as Aberdeen or the Tyne during storms. It might tend to save many vessels from becoming *total wrecks* if the waves could be mollified until the gale abated; or at least might enable them to hold together for a longer time, thus affording greater opportunity for saving the crews. It might even be a matter of economy for many harbour authorities to have it ready for instant application, if means could be devised for applying the oil to the broken water outside, and keeping up the supply until the gale passes over. Now what is wanted is a cheap, simple, but ready and efficient means of applying the oil in every conceivable necessity; and if a very small percentage of the ingenuity at present applied to devising the best means of destroying our fellow-men was brought to bear on this object, I have no doubt it would soon be accomplished. I should think it would not be difficult to construct a shell to be filled with oil in such a way that it would either burst or be made to open when it fell into the water so as to allow the oil to escape, which would then speedily come to the surface. Such shells might be fired from the mortar-guns which are kept at so many stations round our coast, where rockets and life-boats are so often required; and at sea-coast harbours a gun could easily be placed in a proper position and kept in constant readiness. Then as to life-boats, every one of them should have an *oil-tank equipment*. And every fishing-boat should carry a small tank constantly full on all occasions and at all seasons.

'Experience I have no doubt would very soon devise suitable ways and means if once we had the matter fairly started under suitable auspices.'

A L O N E.

Alone by the ocean at even to wander,

When soft o'er the waters the moonbeams are cast;
To hear some sweet voice in the billows' deep thunder,
And dream of the fast-fading scenes of the past.

To live o'er again through the days that are numbered,
With all the bright visions too quickly dispelled;
To call back sweet dreams from the grave where they've
slumbered,

And fancy the pleasures that Fate has withheld.

Man thus is not lonely—for time cannot sever

The charm that unites us in Memory's chain;
Though Death the sweet voice may have silenced for
ever,

Remembrance can waken its accents again.

The friends and the loves that by distance are hidden,

The days that were lit with the fullness of bliss,
Will return, by the fond voice of Memory bidden,
And cheer the sad soul in a moment like this.

Then marvel not ye who in crowds find your pleasure,
That Solitude's silence for pain can atone,

For Life's brightest gems are in Memory's treasure,
And Heaven seems nearest when man is alone!

GEORGE BARNETT.

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SCAMPING.

SOME years ago we were in want of a house, and purchased one that was just newly built, and seemingly in excellent condition, besides being commodious as a dwelling according to modern notions. The price was two thousand four hundred pounds, which was thought to be cheap for such a mansion. Like some other houses in the row, it had been erected on speculation by a builder. He was a decent, meek-looking man of advanced age, with a good reputation, and no one could have supposed him to be guilty of cheating. Whatever he was, it is proper to put people on their guard, by relating what was the upshot of the purchase we had made.

This house of ours, which with painting and one thing and another, did not cost less than three thousand pounds, turned out to be a sham. Everything to the eye looked well enough. The apartments were elegant, the lobbies and staircase spacious, the sunk floor for the domestics all that could be desired. We are settled down, and things go on very well for a time. At length suspicions begin to be entertained that all is not right. There is a screw loose somewhere, or rather a great many screws. The first indication of this unpleasant state of matters was a smell where no smell ought to be. Then, several more smells were discovered, all of them too significant of the fact that there was something seriously wrong. A search for the source and cause of the smells was made by an expert in the profession of house-building, who was said to be clever at hunting out and curing bad smells. Well, the investigation takes place.

It was interesting to observe the way in which the expert made his diagnosis of the ailment under which the house seemingly laboured. Like a hound trying to get on the scent of game, he sniffed about in all directions, and applied his nose along the walls and skirting-boards, until he fixed on the spots whence issued the malarious odours. These spots were opened up, skirting-boards were removed, and floors lifted. What hideous circumstances were revealed! The princ-

pal soil-pipes running underneath a passage were broken, from having been laid on soft earth, that had sunk; with the result that the sewage, instead of getting away, had poured into the foundations of the house, causing a filthy quagmire. A metal soil-pipe coming down an interior wall was cracked, in consequence of a bend having been roughly made, fumes from the crack escaping into a bedroom. As if to aggravate these horrors, a gas-pipe beneath the dining-room floor had been so imperfectly jointed that the gas found its way upwards behind the lath-and-plaster partitions. To make a long story short, the whole pipe-system of the establishment was wrong. Pipes were placed where no pipes should have been, and all were imperfectly executed. It appeared as if cheapness had been alone consulted, and that the builder—honest man—wished only to get the house off his hands, no matter what might be the consequence. Besides the imperfect pipe-system, the floors were made of unseasoned wood, causing a shrinkage all over, with gaps between the deals. As a remedy, several floors had to be lifted, and relaid with some additional new portions. A general idea of the manner in which things had been scamped, may be gathered from the fact, that the expense to which we were put first and last by employing masons, joiners, and plumbers, to rectify bad work, amounted to upwards of three hundred pounds.

We have ventured on telling these experiences as a sample of what hundreds of individuals could say regarding houses put upon the market in a scandalously defective condition, but of which condition purchasers are wholly unaware. The introduction of pipes to supply fresh-water and gas, and to carry off sewage, has vastly altered the character of dwellings. A house no longer consists of only four walls and a roof, of which every one may judge. It comprehends a highly ingenious system of metal and stone-ware tubes, concealed for the most part beneath floors and behind partitions, and almost as complicated as the machinery of a watch. A fine opportunity accordingly occurs for palming off houses with a scamped organisa-

tion of pipes, not only to the inconvenience, but the extreme danger of families inhabiting them. We would by no means aver that all builders are disposed to act the part of cheats. Amongst them there are honourable men who would disdain to overreach employers or purchasers; but beyond question, as is seen by daily experience, there are many who from ignorance, indifference, or motives of avarice, offer houses for sale which in a sanitary point of view are uninhabitable.

To put the public on their guard concerning the fatal effects of improper house construction, a medical man acquainted with domestic sanitary defects has issued a work for popular instruction on the subject, 'Dangers to Health, by T. P. Teale, M.A.' (Churchill, London, 1878). Mr Teale, we understand, is surgeon to the General Infirmary at Leeds. His book is unique of its kind. It is not a dissertation, but a practical guide for the use of house-builders and householders. By means of coloured pictorial illustrations, imperfections in piping are readily shewn. The following are the more obvious errors pointed out. The water-closet is in the centre of the house instead of near an outside wall. The drain is under the floor of a room or beneath a passage. The soil-pipes emit gases which contaminate the water-cisterns, so that the water for drinking and washing is polluted to the danger of health. The vitiated air from badly jointed soil-pipes is seen flying in streams across the rooms, to escape by the fire-places, and poisoning people who are lying in their beds. More than a dozen plates illustrate the various mischiefs which are produced by neglecting to trap the soil-pipes. A trap consists of a double bend in a pipe to hold a certain quantity of water, through which the malignant gases cannot penetrate. Without a proper trap, these gases soar upwards through the whole house, as is at once signified by close and offensive smells. But traps are not enough. The principal soil-pipe should be ventilated by a separate pipe issuing into the open air at the top of the house. We need also to look to the jointing of soil-pipes. Will it be credited? In numerous instances, the different lengths of pipes are not jointed at all. The end of one length is simply, for the sake of cheapness, stuck into the adjoining length. Sometimes, to save appearances, the pipes are jointed with putty, whereas they should be securely soldered. It frequently happens that by these and other imperfections no mischief is apprehended until some one in the house is laid down by a smart attack of typhoid fever or diphtheria. The old saying used to be, 'Death in the pot.' It is now, 'Death in the pipe.' The paramount advice to every one is now, 'Look to your pipes.'

Nothing seems to be so susceptible of contamination as fresh milk. If there be any foul air in the house, the milk is sure to suffer. The stories told of diseases arising from the use of vitiated milk are endless. Usually, the vitiation is ascribed to adulteration with foul water, or to foul water having been drunk by the cows. Such doubtless has been the case sometimes; but it is now ascertained that the purest milk and cream are liable to be rendered unwholesome by the insidious attack of sewer-gases. When an untrapped soil-pipe or sewer has communication with a dairy containing open pans of milk, dreadful

havoc ensues. In 1875, an outbreak of fever at Croydon, long unaccountable, was traced to this cause. We quote the account of the affair from the *Times*. 'The Board of Health it is said has power under existing acts of parliament to inspect cow-sheds, but not dairies. Dr A. Carpenter stated to the Croydon Board of Health that he has known of a case in which fever of the typhoid kind was distributed in consequence of the dairy in which the milk was kept being in communication with the sewers of the district, and it unfortunately happened that the communication was not trapped. The milk was kept in the dairy and in the basement; and the trap being opened and certain arrangements carried on with carbolic acid, many of the customers of that milkman returned the milk because it smelt of tar. That told him at once the communication between the sewer and the dairy was open, and that the foul air was finding its way into the dairy and becoming absorbed by the milk, than which nothing in nature is so capable of absorbing sewer-gases. That dairy was the means of distributing typhoid germs, and yet the dairyman was innocent of mixing foul water with his milk.'

A common form of scamping occurs in the laying of pavements in the lower floors. Pavements ought in every instance to be laid on a thick bed of dry broken stones, bricks, or ashes, and to be jointed with strong cement. As the bringing of dry rubbish for this purpose would cause some expense, scamping is resorted to. The slabs of pavement are laid on the cold or it may be damp earth. The result is that in certain states of the atmosphere, the moisture condenses on the surface of the cold pavement, which assumes the appearance of being covered with water. In time, by constant wetting, the stone disintegrates, and requires to be renewed. We strongly counsel purchasers of houses to make sure that the pavements have been properly laid. Neglecting this, they may reckon on having a damp house. The same precaution should be used in laying passages with Portland cement. Unless the cement rests on a thick dry basis, it will disintegrate, and have an unsightly damp aspect.

In most instances in which an outbreak of diphtheria or typhoid takes place in a neighbourhood, blame is thrown upon architects for sanctioning the defective drainage of houses. Vast numbers of houses, however, are built and inhabited without consulting with architects, who have their own difficulties to contend with. In cases where they are employed, they wage a continual and provoking war with contractors in different departments of work. They give express injunctions for the execution of every detail, and frequently, if at all possible, such obligations are shirked. The foundations of the house are defective, the mortar for building is surcharged with street-scrapings, the timbers fall short of the requisite strength, the nails employed are of an inferior quality, the lead is not of the weight bargained for, the slates are not first-rate, the plastering of the rooms is so bad that if punctured by a nail, sand pours out in a stream, the floors are laid with unseasoned timber, and the oil-paint on the doors and window-sashes is composed of whiting, or some other cheap substitute for white-lead. There is scamping throughout. It is a common practice

to buy defective drain-tubes, which are sold at a cheap rate. These defective tubes, known as 'seconds,' are partly broken or cracked; sometimes they are misshapen, oval instead of round, or perhaps twisted. Anyway, they produce leakage with its attendant dangers to health.

Speculative builders in necessities circumstances are known to resort to tricks beyond the use of scamped pipes. We have heard of an instance in which the gutters for rain-water on the top of a house were composed of nothing more than pitched brown paper instead of lead. The rascal who was guilty of this piece of scamping wanted to borrow money on the property. Worse than this has been reported to us. A person in the neighbourhood of London who was in the habit of building houses and of effecting mortgages on them as soon as erected, was on one occasion so hard run for money, that in order to finish a lot of houses and get them occupied, he took away the locks, grates, and chimney-pieces of the houses already mortgaged. This was of course nothing but theft; but the mortgagees of the houses that were plundered would not incur the trouble and expense of prosecuting the depredator. Many such stories could be related.

Looked at comprehensively, scamping appropriately ranks with the adulteration of food, and those villainous financial frauds that are the disgrace of our times. In almost every branch of manufacture, scamping is developed without shame, and likely enough without remorse. Houses are scamped, ships are scamped, even some of the works in railway construction are scamped. People wear scamped clothing, eat scamped food, drink water that is polluted by scamped work. Cheated on all hands from the cradle to the grave; the cheating very frequently being committed by men who aspire to keep a fair face to the world, and to signalise themselves by a parade of religious profession! Besides the downright dishonesty with which we are so apt to be assailed, one needs to be constantly on his guard against a spirit of trifling and indifference. Jobs of all sorts are performed in a style of easy carelessness. Earnestness in professional pursuits is rather looked down upon than otherwise. Under the auspices of inconsiderate philanthropists, the idling of time is exalted to a kind of virtue, as if the greatness of England depended on every man and woman doing as little serious work as they possibly could. The want of earnest care to do a thing well, would occasionally be amusing if it were not dangerous. A smell of gas in a room is sometimes traced to the fact of a nail having been driven into a gas-pipe. A house goes on fire in consequence of a beam of wood being projected into a fire. Other instances of carelessness will occur to recollection.

Numerous and exceedingly commendable are now the efforts made to diffuse technical knowledge in the useful arts. Large sums are expended by government for the purpose. There are popular lectures without end on the subject. Apparently it is all up-hill work. In our opinion, unskillfulness is less to be complained of than the want of honesty. If any good is to be done, there must be a more prevalent conscientiousness—a little more sense of honour and moral obligation, and, shall we add, a stronger determination to work than to spend time in listless and positively

mischievous 'recreation.' Let scamping in every branch of workmanship receive not only public reprobation, but the punishment justly due—as the fashionable phrase goes—to 'falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition.'

The scamping of house-construction, of which we have presented some illustrations, will need some special check. Existing arrangements are in a great measure illusory. As is well known, there are local sanitary authorities, whose duty it is to inspect and certify dwellings previous to their occupation; but from whatever cause, the duties of these dignitaries are not performed with the searching rigour which public safety calls for. In this respect, therefore, we would have the law amended, by introducing the action of a central authority, without whose licence no plans should be sanctioned, or dwellings occupied. At the same time, let it be explicitly understood that no legislation however stern can exempt people from looking after their own affairs. It is incumbent on every householder to make himself acquainted with the varieties of imperfection to which the mechanical appliances of his dwellings are liable; and if he does not, he knows where at least a share of the blame should rest. W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER V.—AT LLOSTHUEL COURT.

THOSE crags of granite, reddish here, bluish there in the shade, but which the sun's first gleam turns to glowing crimson and sparkling azure, have a character of their own, and can belong to one portion only, and that the wildest, of the coasts of storm-lashed Britain. The barren heath above, brown and purple, and gorgeous with yellow broom and golden gorse, with stones protruding from its dusky surface like the bones of a buried giant, has its character too. How grandly the rocks stand forward to bear and beat back the rush of the mighty tide-waves—billows such as only surge in from the vast Atlantic, to break upon the Cornish cliffs, all scarred and splintered by their fury. Cornwall it is that, in its weird beauty of hovering mist and rich colour, lies before us; and that crescent-shaped town in the bay, half-watering place half-fishing village, is Treport. There is a Treport in France, own cousin to this one; but the Treport of our story faces less south than west, towards the measureless waters, over the shimmering surface of which many a Cornish mariner must have gazed with untaught inquisitiveness, long before a Genoese pilot, called Christopher Colon or Columbus, shewed the way to the immense Americas that lay beyond.

That mansion nestling high up among masses of old trees, oaks and elms, that in Kent or Berkshire would be classed as of common stature, but which are Anaks of the forest here, in this region of sweeping gales and salt-sea air, is Llosthuel Court, chronicled in local guide-books. Debreitt and Dod and Murray, great authorities all, agree with the local guide-books in declaring it to be the seat of the Honourable the Dowager Lady Larpent. Llosthuel Court had been one of old Joseph Larpent's judicious investments. In England, as in France, to buy up land in small plots and parcels, by retail as it were, notoriously needs a long purse and a lavish hand. But a shrewd

purchaser who can afford to offer a large lump sum for land by wholesale, gets a respectable return for his money, coupled with that prestige which nothing but 'the dirty acres' can confer. These particular acres had been bought cheaply enough from a beggared spendthrift, who lacked but cash and credit to emulate the extravagance of his ancestors. Over Llosthnel Court and its wide domains Lady Larpent now reigned supreme. To say that the Dowager, as uncontrolled mistress of this large property, with all its claims manorial and riparian, its royalty of mines and minerals, its rights of fishery and turbary, of pasturage and pannage, was universally popular, would be to say too much. Few very prosperous persons can expect to be viewed, while living, through that flattering halo which invests the dead. Some grumbling attended Lady Larpent's high-handed efforts even to do good. People are not to be hustled out of the familiar grooves, even though the grooves be those of squalor and barbarism, without indulging in the British solace of a growl. And so there were those who felt, and those who feigned to feel, a sentimental regret for the 'old Squires,' as they called the dispossessed Penhells of Llosthnel—King Logs at their best—and who spoke of the Dowager behind her back by the nicknames of My Lady Absolute and Madam Moneybags.

It was a mellow day, tenderly bright, as becomes the Far West, and the peacocks on the stone terrace sunned their sweeping trains and sheeny necks until every jewelled iris of their resplendent feathers sparkled in the welcome rays. In the blue drawing-room—there was a white as well as a yellow and a blue drawing-room at Llosthnel Court—was Maud Stanhope, alone beside an open window that commanded a pleasant prospect, rose-garden and terrace and shrubbery, green meadow, and savage moor, and the many-hued flashing sea, all blended in one bird's-eye view. She had a book in her hand; but she was not reading, neither did she heed those plumed magnificos the peacocks, that, as they slowly strutted past, would intermit their stately march to stretch forth their serpentine necks and lift their tufted heads in mercenary hopes of biscuit. Her eyes—beautiful brown eyes were Maud's—passed inattentive over the glowing colour of the clumps of scarlet geranium, over the velvet greensward, over the softer green of the ferns, and seemed to gaze dreamily at the far-off range of the Welsh hills, dim and blue against the sky-line. It was evident that the girl's thoughts were far away from Llosthnel Court and all that belonged to it.

A rustle of silk, a firm weighty tread on the soft Tourney carpet, and Maud becomes conscious that her hostess is in the room. She turns, smiling. 'I have left you for a long time, my dear,' said the Dowager, with old-fashioned cordiality; 'but I am a woman of business, as I often tell you, and I have had to answer half-a-dozen letters since the post-bag came in, and to set aside as many more of them endorsed, in red ink, "No." "Ask for particulars." "Refer to London solicitors." "Will consider it;" and "Politely, No." for the guidance of my right-hand man—I don't quite like styling him a secretary, and he would prefer not being called a clerk—Mr Morris. By-the-bye, Morris brings me word that old Captain Cleat, of the steamer *Western Maid*,

is dead at last. Poor old Cleat! he had been crippled with the rheumatism, and fitter for the fireside than the deck, these eighteen months—and since Christmas a bed-ridden invalid—but we didn't like to appoint a successor while he lived. Now I have in my own mind fixed on a new commander for the *Western Maid*. Can you guess Maud, love, who it is?'

Maud tried to look and even to feel a becoming interest. 'Whoever is to have the post, Aunt Larpent,' she said, 'will have a very pretty vessel to command. The *Western Maid*, as she lies in harbour yonder, looks as trim as a yacht.'

'Trim enough she is,' answered the Dowager in her imperious way; 'but that's because I hate to see anything, aloft or ashore, go to ruin out of candle-end economy. The other shareholders, but for me, would have grudged every coat of fresh paint and inch of new sailcloth; but as it is, the steamer is spruce enough. I would bet any amount of kid gloves Maud, my dear, that you cannot guess the name of her new captain! Well then, I have written to offer the appointment to the hero of your last month's boating adventure at Gwen Naut—that young Ashton—Hugh Ashton. I suspect you have forgotten his name already. At your age,' complacently continued Lady Larpent, 'it is almost as easy to forget as to learn; but at my time of life it is different.'

Maud was inwardly thankful that the Dowager's self-satisfaction rendered her so conveniently blind to the fact that her niece's face had suddenly flushed to a burning crimson, and almost as soon grown pale at the mention of Hugh Ashton's name. Miss Stanhope was angry with herself because the thing was so, because her aunt's words seemed to be in such unexpected coincidence with her own thoughts, just as a random shot may fire a magazine of gunpowder. Had she passed through the novitiate of a London season—which I take to be for girls what the hardening ordeal is for a Red Indian warrior—and was she to blush thus absurdly at the mere mention of a young man who had certainly rendered her a great service, but who was as far remote from her own sphere in life as though they had been inhabitants of different planets? Why, the ninth daughter of a country clergyman could not have shewn less of high-bred indifference than she, Maud Stanhope, had done. Luckily the Dowager, sharp-sighted enough on ordinary occasions, saw nothing of Maud's tell-tale change of colour.

'Yes; the *Western Maid* it seems to me will be the very thing for young Ashton. He does not know the coast, and perhaps not much of steamers; but Long Michael, as they call him, is a good mate, and will help him out of a scrape until he sees his way. I daresay the other shareholders will grumble in their sleeves. Each of them would like a kinsman, and in any case a Cornishman, some Pol, Tre, or Pen, to get the appointment,' said the lady of Llosthnel, with that air of confident reliance on her own judgment which was familiar to all who knew her; 'but I am the Company. At all events, I have written to this young fellow Hugh, to make him the offer.'

'You have written, aunt?' rejoined Maud, feeling it incumbent on her to say something, and speaking as unconcernedly as she could.

'Yes. I have no doubt of his acceptance, and as little that the Board will confirm my nomination,' replied Lady Larpent. 'Have you seen Lucius to-day?' she asked; and as she put the question, her observant eyes sought Maud's face. But this time there was not the faintest indication of a blush. No; Maud had not seen Sir Lucius, her cousin. The baronet was a late riser, and carried his London hours with him into the country. At breakfast he was never visible, declaring, as he did, that a slice of toast and a cup of chocolate supplied his simple needs; but that no motive less cogent than a meet of the foxhounds could persuade him to curtail his slumbers to the extent necessary to enable him to put in an appearance at the morning meal.

Time, in Sir Lucius's opinion, passed but very feebly at Llosthel Court; and he had even come to feel something like a personal enmity towards the turret clock, which struck the hours of the day with such pedantic slowness. He chafed, as chained-up dogs are prone to chafe, against the quasi-bondage to which he had to submit. Why was he at Llosthel, why condemned to inhabit a dwelling beneath the roof of which he must be on his best behaviour, and to saunter away his days beside the sea? Sir Lucius did not care a straw for the sea. At Cowes it was all very well, since the yachts and the Club and the matches could not very well exist without salt-water; but the Atlantic was to our dandy baronet as dreary as Sahara. His mother's grand mansion in his eyes was as dismal as a prison and as grim as a boarding-school. He would sooner have been elsewhere—almost anywhere, even in London, at that time of year fashionably impossible, had it not been for his debts. And the worst of it was that his debts were ubiquitous, meddling with and influencing every action and detail of his life. He had paid what he could not help paying to the more importunate and energetic among his tradesmen, and the sacrifice had left him almost penniless.

Sir Lucius had invitations by the dozen, and might have spent his week, his three days, or his fortnight at halls, castles, and abbeys, the owners whereof, noble, gentle, or plutocratic, would have feasted and fêted him splendidly enough, given him the run of their partridge preserves and pheasant covers and grouse moors and private theatricalls; or mounted him, when the hunting season should set in, on the pick of the stable; and in fact done all that hospitality suggested, except the supplying him with ready-money. There was the rub. Without ready-money, as he acknowledged with a sigh, English country-visiting is for a sporting bachelor, especially when that bachelor has a handle to his name, impossible. There are fast country-houses where gambling in some shape, even though it take the form of guinea-pool or of unlimited loo in the small-hours, is always going on. There are slow country-houses where gruff grooms of the stables and gracious grooms of the chambers, martinet head-keepers, and Behemoths of butlers, levy cruel toll upon the purses of their master's guests. There are half a score of cases constantly turning up in which he whom Dives delights to honour must put his hand in his pocket; and were to his social good character if that pocket be empty!

Those of Sir Lucius were as bare as the pockets of a man of his station well could be, and all his

diplomacy had hitherto failed in producing the desired effect of inducing his mother to replenish them.

'It is a pity that Lucius should be so idle,' said the Dowager, with a slight contraction of her resolute brows.

'It is a pity, I am sure, that he should have nothing to interest him,' returned Maud.

'What are you two about—singing my praises, I hope, for I certainly caught the sound of my own name?' imperturbably inquired Sir Lucius, as he strolled into the room. 'How do you do, mother?—Good-morning, Maud! It is morning still, you know, socially and conventionally, though the shadow of the sun-dial points the wrong way, and the natives have trudged from work to what they call their dinner, and trudged back again, already. I should like excessively to be a plough-boy, and earn my eighteen-pence a day, and have a healthy appetite for beans and bacon! As it is, I feel myself an awful drone, mother, in this agricultural hive of yours, and scarcely like to venture out into the model farm, for fear the working bees should set upon me and sting me to death, as not worth my keep, I assure you.'

CHAPTER VI.—SIR LUCIUS AT HOME.

There are Happy Families elsewhere than behind the wings of a travelling showman's cage, and in the very best society we may often find the keen raven and the plump guinea-pig, the pert magpie, the pink-eyed rabbit, the meek white mouse, and the blinking owl, in pacific contiguity. The cuckoo differs less from the hedge-sparrow than do some brothers and sisters, some parents and children, from their nearest and dearest. Can flashing Miss Falcon really be the daughter of mild Mrs Dove? Is yonder bold-faced boy, who seems ready, like a young buccaner, to take the world by storm, actually of the same brood as gentle James the budding curate, or that incipient City man, careful little Bertie? Nothing but the viewless chain of habit could link together natures so various and so antagonistic.

Sir Lucius Larpent, in the family to which he belonged, bore some resemblance to a hawk in a poultry-yard; and just as a hawk whose clipped wing-feathers disable him from flight, learns to consort peaceably with the very hens over whose half-fledged chickens he was wont to hover ominous, so did the baronet try to appear in as favourable a light as possible before the other inmates of Llosthel Court. His temper was bad; but he kept it, like a runaway horse, well in hand. His selfishness was too patent to be concealed; but he was clever enough to gloss it over with a certain half-humorous varnish that was not wholly unattractive—at least to women, who rather like a young man to possess, as the phrase is, a will of his own, and who do not object to his having personal tastes and habits of a decided sort. But Lady Larpent had her doubts. Her other offspring had characters that she could appreciate. Edgar promised to turn out a generous manly young fellow. Willie was a bright lovable boy. The Dowager sighed now and then as the suspicion forced itself upon her that her eldest son differed from his brethren as a vulture differs from a pigeon.

But Sir Lucius, good, bad, or indifferent as the

case might be, was still the head of the family, a baronet in fact, and in all probability the future Lord Penrith. As such it was much to be desired that he should become the husband of Maud Stanhope. Such was Lady Larpent's pet project; and it cost her many an anxious moment and many a sleepless hour that so little progress should be made towards bringing the young people together. It had been a part of the Dowager's simple social belief that a young man and a young woman brought into each other's society in a rather dull country-house, must of necessity fall in love. To this end she had insisted that Maud should prolong her visit, and that Sir Lucius should continue to be a resident beneath her roof. To this end she tightened her purse-strings; and was deaf to her son's frequent hints that a supply of cash just then would be peculiarly acceptable.

Alas! in matters matrimonial, as in other affairs, there is often a justification for the homely proverb which tells us that although you may bring 'a horse to the water, you cannot make him drink. It is of no use to bring two young people together, if of such bringing nothing comes. And so it was in this instance. All Lady Larpent's pains and forethought were apparently wasted. She did indeed see, or thought that she saw, some slight indications on Sir Lucius's part of a preference for Maud's society; but if real, the sentiment was too feeble to ruffle the languid equanimity of the baronet's habitual demeanour. And Miss Stanhope did not at any time appear to have her titled cousin uppermost in her thoughts.

'I have got, or am going to have, a new captain for the *Western Maid*, Lucius,' said the Dowager, recurring to the previous topic, since a subject of discourse in the quietude of country life will, like leaf-gold, bear a good deal of hammering. 'Old Captain Cleat, who commanded the steamer, is dead. And I can do as I like now.'

'*Western Maid*? Ah yes! that's the prettiest bit of a boat in harbour at Treport there, and that belongs to the Royal Cornish Tug and Salvage Company, which I take to be a fine and round-about way, mother, of describing yourself. It was my grandfather Joseph that founded the Company, wasn't it? and left you about nine hundred of the thousand shares which compose it; so that you can give your orders to Company, I fancy, just as you can to any other understrappers in these parts. Well, who is to have the command of this trim little coasting-steamer of your Ladyship's? Some old Triton, I suppose, who has a red face and a hoarse voice, due to the combined effects of rum and bad weather, and who might be twin-brother to Cleat departed.'

Lady Larpent was often amused at her son's sallies. She had her doubts however, as to how far this one might be good-naturedly meant, so she knit her weighty brows as she said: 'The future captain of the *Western Maid*, Lucius, is a person very unlike your ideal portrait, being as he is, no other than the brave young fellow who saved Maud's life at Bala yonder—Hugh Ashton by name.'

'What! the boatman—the fresh-water sailor?' exclaimed Sir Lucius with a sneer, that for the moment disfigured his handsome mouth. 'What, in the name of all that's astonishing, mother, can have put it into your head to give the command of a smart vessel to such a fellow as that?'

It is singular how varied a meaning may be attached to the word 'fellow,' according to the intonation of the speaker. It can imply an affectionate familiarity, a sort of verbal caress, or a simple and impartial description; or again, a contemptuous gibe. Sir Lucius had imparted to its harmless two syllables as bitter a seasoning of scorn as human lips could well express.

'He saved my life—he risked his own in doing so,' said Maud Stanhope indignantly. 'I am sorry, cousin, that the service should count for so little in your eyes.'

'And I am sorry, Lucius,' said the Dowager gravely and with displeasure in her voice, 'that you permit yourself to speak thus disparagingly regarding one of whom you know, as I am well assured, nothing but good, and whom I am myself inclined to think rather more highly of than you do. I feel that a deep debt of gratitude is owing on the part of the family to this Hugh Ashton—none the less so because his father perished in the act of helping my dear Willie to reach the shore—and I, at all events, have an old-fashioned habit of not neglecting what I consider as a duty. Alas! after all, is mine—my own' (perhaps these last words were rather too emphatically spoken), 'and so is the rest of my property, including my interest in that Coasting Company concerning which you have chosen to be so witty, Lucius.'

Sir Lucius winced and bit his lip sharply—it was a trick of his from boyhood, when thwarted—and then the scowl that had gathered about his darkling brows passed away, and it was with a bright smile and a light laugh that he made answer: 'You are right, mother, and I was wrong. I spoke hastily, as I suppose, and I am afraid not quite fairly, of this nautical paladin of yours in the blue Jersey and straw-hat. He has lots of pluck, anyhow, and swims like an otter; and we ought all of us to be much obliged to him, I am sure, for his spirited behaviour at Gwen Nant,' continued the baronet in a tone that he tried to prevent from being grudging and sarcastic. 'But there did seem to be something comical at first sight in the idea of transplanting him from fresh to salt water. Who was Dibdin's rustic hero, that

Left his poor plough to go ploughing the deep?

This is a change of the same sort, but perhaps less striking. At anyrate I wish Mr Hugh Ashton good luck—full nets at the pilchard-fishing, and later on, plenty of wrecks—if it isn't wrong to say so—as captain of the *Western Maid*.'

Lady Larpent was mollified, but not quite content. She had observed more than once that any positive assertion of her own rights and powers as regarded the management of the property was certain to have a sobering influence over the skittish temper of her son. And it is not the noblest nature upon which a veiled threat produces more effect than argument or entreaty could do. Also her shrewd ear was prompt to detect something discordant, like a false note in music, in the baronet's recent speech. But Maud, whom experience had not as yet gifted with the skill to know the ring of base metal when she heard it, softened towards her kinsman.

'That is kind—that is generous of you, Lucius,' said the girl, sidling towards her cousin as she

spoke, and smiling upon him. A glorious smile it was, that rare one of Maud's; and Lady Larpent, as she noted it, began to hope that her own match-making day-dream might at length come true. Then came in Willie and Edgar, making tumultuous entry, as boys always do, and full, as boys always are, of news and rumours in which marriage and giving in marriage find no place. There was a stir among the miners. Pulwheedle and Tredyvilum mines had suddenly been closed, and three parishes were idle and breadless.

'Not a hundred ounces a week all this year, they say, to send to Lostwithiel smelting-works, from both the pits together,' said Edgar, with a boy's solemn affectation of superior knowledge; 'so I suppose the London Company won't find money any longer for expenses, though the poor women, with their shawls over their heads, are crooning and crying about the main adit like mad. — Isn't it a shame, mother?'

'Then there's a Portuguese brig with a cargo of wine, and abandoned by her crew, washing, washing to and fro with every tide, and last sighted off the Eddystone.' It was Willie who narrated this, which he had lately heard from fishers on the beach; and at the hearing of it Sir Lucius smiled.

'A chance for your protégé, mother,' he said lightly. 'A derelict wine-ship in the Channel, I take it, is the nearest approach to a captured Spanish galleon that our prosaic laws allow in these degenerate days, and I believe you let your hounds have a share of the quarry they run down.'

'Our rules,' said Lady Larpent, somewhat stiffly, 'certainly do allow the commander of a steamer some part of the salvage earned by the Company in such a case. But come, Lucius; we had better let the subject drop, if you please. British seamen, so far as my experience goes, always think of saving life first, and their claims on the Admiralty Court afterwards; and Hugh Ashton I am sure will be no exception to the rule, when he comes among us here.'

The boys opened their eyes. But when they heard that their humble acquaintance of Gwen Naut was to be the new captain of the *Western Maid*, their delight was hearty and honest.

'Dear old Hugh!' exclaimed both in a breath. 'I don't know a better fellow, or a braver; and it will be as good as a play to have him so near us as Treport here.'

PLOUGH-MONDAY.

STRAY NOTES ON AN OLD CUSTOM.

ALL over England in years gone by, the time-honoured festival of Plough-Monday was joyously observed by the peasantry. On this day, which is always the first Monday after Twelfth-day, agricultural labourers and husbandmen were accustomed to draw about a plough and solicit money, with mummeries and dancing, preparatory to the recommencement of their tasks after the Christmas holidays. In a few places they still draw the plough, but the sport is mostly now confined to mumming and alms-gathering. Formerly, the 'fool-plough,' as it was called, was absolutely essential to the exhibition, and was dragged in procession to the doors of towns-folk and villagers.

Long ropes were attached to it; and from thirty to forty stalwart young fellows, in clean white shirts or smocks, but protected from the weather by warm waistcoats underneath, drew it along. Their smocks were gaily decorated all over with bright-coloured ribbons, tied in knots and bows, and their hats were adorned in the same way. The pageant usually included an old woman, or a boy dressed up to represent one, who was gaily bedizened and called 'Bessy.' There was also a country bumpkin dressed up to play the 'fool.' He was covered with ribbons and clad in skins, with a depending tail, and carried a small box or can, which he rattled about among the spectators to collect donations in. These masqueraders were attended by music and morris-dancers. And there was always a frolicsome romp by a few girls in gaudy finery. The money collected was afterwards spent in feasting and conviviality.

In olden times very little work was ever done during the twelve days devoted to Christmas, and farmers were then wont to feast and reward their husbandmen for past industry. Plough-Monday served to remind them of their business; and on the morning of that day both men and maidens strove who could show their readiness to commence the labours of the newly awakened year by rising the earliest.

The origin of this ancient festival has been attributed to the fact that in the olden times a light called the 'Plough-light' was maintained by the peasantry in many of the churches, to obtain a blessing on their work, and that on Plough-Monday they held a feast, and went about with a plough and dancers to beg money for the support of the light. The Reformation put a stop to these lights; but the festival to which they gave rise remained, and the practice of going about with the plough begging for money, continued; the 'money for light' serving to fill the coffers of the village alehouse. In the North Riding of Yorkshire, a custom was kept up even so late as the present century, closely analogous to the ancient rites of Plough-Monday. Another old custom in the same part of England was when a new tenant entered upon a farm, for the neighbours to give him what was called a 'plough-day.' This meant that they would let him have the use of all their ploughs and the labour of all their ploughmen and plough-horses on a fixed day to prepare his ground for the seed. This custom is still prevalent in many parts of Great Britain—a piece of friendly courtesy shewn to the new tenant by the neighbouring farmers.

Rude and rough though some of these old customs were, the homely pageant and rustic revelries which always marked Plough-Monday as a notable day in the calendar of the peasantry, threw a life into the dreary scenes of winter, and made bright for a time many a desolate village and secluded hamlet. The procession would start upon its way from village to village in the early gray of the morning, and before noon it would become considerably augmented; for the ploughmen from every surrounding farm and homestead would take a part in the rustic saturnalia of the day. And the women-folk too would have a share in the proceedings; for theirs was the task of bedizening their brothers and sweethearts with flaming ribbons and rosettes, which they stuck promiscuously about their snow-white smocks. Sometimes

the procession would be joined in by thrashers carrying their flails, reapers bearing their sickles, and carters with their long whips, which they cracked continuously in order to add to the general tumult. But the life of the party was invariably 'Bessy,' who would rattle his box and dance so high that he shewed his thick knitted stockings and corduroy breeches; and very often, if there was a thaw, would tuck up his gown-skirts under his waistcoat, and shake the bonnet off his head, and disarrange the long ringlets which ought to have concealed his whiskers.

At the largest farmhouse of the district the nummers were generally treated to cakes and ale as well as to money. But if by any chance the owner happened to behave niggardly, or shut his door in their faces, 'Bessy' would rattle the box, the men would dance and blow their horns, or else shout with all their might; and if there was still no sign, no coming forth of either bread-and-cheese or ale, then the word was given, the ploughshare driven into the soil in front of the house, the whole body of men yoked, pulling like one, and in a minute or two the trim parterre would become as brown and rutted as a newly ploughed field. But this was not often done; for everybody would wish 'God-speed the plough,' and contribute something; and were it but little, the men did not murmur, although they might afterwards discuss the stinginess of the giver among themselves, particularly if he happened to be what they called 'well off in the world.'

But the real Pough-day festivities, such as our rude forefathers delighted to indulge in, are now no longer kept up; and it is not without some shadow of regret that we can look back upon them, and feel that they no more exist, except in the imaginations of those who still have some lingering reverence for the things of the past and for the quaint manners and customs of bygone days. The world seems to be growing more and more artificial with each succeeding generation. The love of such primitive pursuits as those we have been describing has as it were died out in the land. The country has learned to mock the fashions and amusements of the town; the taste of the people has become too worldly for purely natural enjoyment. No doubt modern civilisation has done much in providing for us great and incalculable advantages which our ancestors did not possess; but they, in their turn, probably derived more real gratification from their simple pleasures than we are able to draw from all the alluring pastimes and fashionable frivolities of our advanced state of society.

In those older times the people were more susceptible to pleasurable impressions from external objects; freer to contemplate and admire all that was beautiful in mere outward nature. Now, in our own time, modern resources provide us with newer modes of recreation—more in accordance perhaps with the artificial lives led by the mankind of to-day, but very far removed from those ancient standards of primitive simplicity adopted and followed by our forefathers. And among other changes which time has wrought in our manners and ways of living, the decadence of many of these homely customs holds a prominent place. The festive doings and merry antics which served to make bright the lives of the peasantry on the few holidays they were

allowed to indulge in during the year, seem to be as much buried in the oblivion of the past as the names of the rustic swains who enacted the chief parts in each rural dance and simple pageant. Such wholesome outdoor amusements are not to the taste of the country lads and lassies of the present epoch, who are above amusing themselves with mere puerile pleasures. Indeed—to quote the words of an old poet who lived some two or three centuries ago, and who even in his day had begun to note the gradual decline of our ancient sports and pastimes—it may now truly be said that

The pipe and pot are made the only prize
Which all our spritful youth do exercise.

THE SILVER LEVER.

VI.

THERE was no mistaking it. Many a time when he was a lad his uncle had held it ticking at his ear, and he knew every line in the cracked enamel of its face. He could trace there the squinting countenance which the cracked lines had formed for fancy when he was a boy. He knew every flower painted between the fat Roman figures. But all these aids to memory were unconscious, and he did not think of examining them, any more than you would look for the wart on your friend's nose before you shook hands, or make sure of the colour of your divinity's eyes before kissing her. They were points he could have sworn by, but he never thought of them at the moment. He knew the watch, as he would have known the face of an old friend.

I have feebly indicated the enormous revulsion of his soul at that moment. No man can paint a hurricane, and a storm is but a poor symbol of tumult in the soul. For a minute, great throes of joy shook his heart, and then came calm and the quiet of a settled purpose. There were memories with him then which he would have bartered for no present joys possible to him. And there was no thought or shadow of a thought of any benefit to himself to arouse from this astounding accident. The memory of his cousin filled his heart. He saw her ways made smooth, and beheld her like the sun making life bright for the poor; cheering cold hearts, and gladdening her own.

It was not unnatural perhaps, since he was absolutely certain that any millionaire in the city would have given twenty thousand pounds to have that battered lever and to know its secret, that a sudden fear should fall upon him that some man should rush in and secure it, and snatch the treasure from his fingers. He counted his small store of money over with trembling hands. He had but eleven shillings.

He was waiting for the clock to strike. On the 20th day of April and the 20th day of October in each year he drew the income which resulted from the miserable remnant of his father's fortune. The half-yearly sum amounted to fifteen pounds twelve shillings; and he was now waiting for the hour at which he should call upon the man of business who managed this final fragment of his property. And though he knew there could be few things less likely in the world than that during his absence any stranger should buy the watch and take it away with him, yet he dreaded

it so much that he dared not trust the chance. He walked into the pawnbroker's shop and asked to see the watch. The assistant handed it to him. He pressed the spring, and the back fell open limply, and there, sure enough, were latitudinal and longitudinal lines, and other indications of the whereabouts of the buried treasure. He closed the case again and asked the assistant how long the shop remained open.

'Close in ten minutes,' said the assistant, rubbing his cold nose with the edge of a blotting-pad.

'I will buy the watch,' said Robert, speaking quite calmly, 'but I have not quite enough money with me. I will leave this eleven shillings as a deposit. In twenty minutes I will be at the public-house opposite with the rest of the money. Will you meet me there?'

'Couldn't do it,' said the assistant.

'Take nine shillings then, as a deposit,' said Robert quietly; 'and keep the other two for yourself.'

'All right,' said the assistant, nodding cheerfully, and pocketing the two shillings. He was a young man of no imagination, and the reflection that 'this was a rum start' quite satisfied him.

Robert hurried to his man of business, whose office was in Shoe Lane.

'Now Ryder,' said the man of business, 'you're here before your time, you know.'

'I shall not trouble you again,' said Robert. 'Let me have my money at once, if you please, and be good enough to wait for me for half an hour. I have an important business proposal to make to you.'

'My good fellow,' said the man of business, 'I can't wait half an hour for you.'

'You don't make fifty pounds every half-hour of your life,' said Robert. 'You may make it within the next thirty minutes if you choose. But let me have my money now, if you please.'

Was this the starven and subsinive hunchback whom he had annubed so persistently and successfully this last dozen years. The man of business was amazed. He took refuge in banter.

'Are you trained millionaire all of a sudden, Ryder?'

'No,' said the hunchback.

'You've come in for a fortune anyhow?'

'I have,' said Robert; and the countenance of that man of business underwent a change. 'Kindly give me my money now, and wait here for half an hour.'

The receipt ready drawn up and stamped was handed over and signed. Three five-pound notes, a half-sovereign, a shilling, and elevenpence in bronze, lay on the table. The man of business had paid himself for the stamp. Robert took up the money, and went his way eagerly. Five minutes later, and the watch was his and in his own possession; and he was back in Shoe Lane at the business man's door before half the specified time had expired. Robert's last remnant of fortune was a remarkably successful mortgage. It paid ten per cent. per annum. The security had always been considered shaky until the beginning of that year, when the property had fallen into the hands of trustees, who had already written about paying off the mortgage. Ten per cent. was a ridiculous interest to pay on a safe property, and the trustees were business men.

'The amount of this mortgage,' said Robert to

the man of business, 'is three hundred and fifty pounds. Draw up a deed to-night transferring it from me to yourself, and you shall have it for three hundred pounds.'

The man of business made some demur, and raised some question of delay and inquiry. Robert rose to go, and wore an air so resolute that the man of business relented, and undertook to have the deed ready for signature at ten o'clock on the morrow. It was a very good stroke of business for him, and he knew it. On Robert's side it was the first business-like thing he ever did in his life, and I suppose that business men will laugh at it.

He walked about London in the dismal rain, with the yellow gas-lights blearing at him like drunkards' eyes; and the crowd hustled him about the slippery pavement. But there were warmth and sunlight within him, and wide-spread peace; and holy Hope was there with music in the murmur of her wings. Sweet, generous, tender heart! On thee and such as thee, Fate's vulture preys too often, yet howsoever beak and talon tear the chords, they cannot kill the music.

There were rumours of terror abroad about those Turkish hills; but they had no weight against his single-hearted purpose. He was but a poor creature, and had no courage for himself, nor resolve, nor perseverance. But in *her* cause there was nothing that he would not dare, and little that he did not feel able to accomplish. He did not reason. If he had, he would never have attempted such an enterprise as that on which he was now bound. Yet he adopted some precautions, and did not act at complete haphazard. French and Italian were already in some broken sort familiar to him. He had a native turn for language, and such acquaintances as he had made in London were for the most part foreign refugees as poor and as sad as himself. He knew from general reading that these languages would be of service to him, and since the advent of Bill Dean, he had felt himself so drawn to the country in which the hidden treasure lay, that he had eagerly read all he could find concerning it. Theoretically he knew as much about the country as any stranger to it could well know, and he and Dean had settled on the map between them something like the whereabouts of the buried money. He knew how far up country the railway ran, and on what roads carriages could travel, and at what season the hills were supposed to become inaccessible to traffic. He bought a pocket compass, a revolver, a Turkish vocabulary, and the best map he could procure of the Balkan Hills.

With some sparse provision in the way of winter clothing, he started. He had never before been out of England, and when he found himself in Calais with some hours upon his hands, he strayed about with a dazed sense upon him that this first of foreign towns was less strange than it should be. The quaint thin chimneys sang to him of the treasure, and the tumbling waves of the Channel had a like burden. The buried gold in those far hills was the only real thing in the world to him. Köln was a shadow, and Frankfurt a shadow, and Vienna was a dream-city and no more. The Rhine, which had been one of his dreams, was still a dream, whilst the railway carriage bore him by its side with that perpetual

clank and roar which called continually: 'Gold is buried. In the mountains. Hurry forward. Hurry forward. Gold is buried in the mountains.' Why should not others hear that exigent monotone as well as he? It sounded plainly in his heart and ears, sleeping or waking, as the time sped on. The roar of traffic in the streets of that dream Vienna took up the burden. The last steamer of the year that bore him down the Danube to Nicopolis, puffed and groaned to the same urgent chorus: 'Gold is buried. In the mountains. Hurry forward. You will find it. You will find it. You will find it.' So sang every measured refrain of sea and town and rail and river. The jolting wheels of the rough and springless araba which bore him down to Plevna sang the song in every jolt and shriek. His horse's lonely footfall as he rode southwards chanted that maddening hurrying refrain.

He found everywhere a rough but generous hospitality, and the parting salutation, 'Be with God,' was always gentle, if not always gently breathed. It was the rainy season then, and the roads along the plain were lines of bog running through a quagmire. He had bought a sheepskin coat and cap to protect him from the wretched weather, and so, until his speech bewrayed him, he passed unnoticed. His broken Turkish served his purpose well, for it saved him from many necessities of speech which would have endangered his secret otherwise. Warnings of the dangers which lay northward poured in upon him more and more thickly every day. The land was smouldering with the fire of insurrection, and every here and there was breaking into flame. And the government was heaping fire on flame, and now and then experimenting on the possibilities of putting out a burning town by throwing gunpowder into the midst of it. Yet this weak and timorous hunchback, by nature and training a coward, held his way, and would not be turned aside by one hair's-breadth from his purpose. For the power of love was on him, and it was no mere treasure of buried gold which lay before him waiting for its resurrection at his hand. It was her soul, whom his soul loved. The gold was hers, and her heart should be glad of it. It should bring her a new birth and a new being. All she had loved and longed for in her girlhood, art, music, books, freehanded charity, the very light and fire of life to her, waited for her at his coming. It was the thought of her which made his miserable weakness strong, and the hand of love which drew that cowardly heart from his breast and set the spirit of a hero there.

On he rode day by day, southward, until the rain ceased, and the clear skies shone out again, precursors of the ice and snow. Scarce conscious of the change, he rode on day by day until at last he stood unknowing upon the very spot of earth on which the first man had fallen in that midnight encounter more than five-and-forty years before. The winding road, ever rising higher before him, swerved broadly westward here, and he knew that he had reached the spot at which he must quit the highway and betake him to the hills. To the left, winding along the face of the hill, ran a bridle-path. He dismounted, and led his horse up this narrow and difficult way. He had provided himself with a rough pick and spade in Orkhanie, and he bore these strapped to his shoulder. Often,

in spite of all the eager hurry which filled his heart and set his veins on fire, he had to pause for breath; but at length, after nearly an hour's climbing, he reached the summit of the mountain, and there for a minute looked about him on a scene of such sublimity as is scarcely to be found elsewhere in Europe. In spite of the intenseness of his purpose, the majestics of Nature gave him pause; for a while he drew freer breath, and felt alone with God and with the wondrous world His hands had made. But even here he saw with love's eyes, and felt by the heart of love and not his own. In some day not far distant, these scenes should be open to her, and in them her soul, hitherto imprisoned, should find free space to seek what joy she would.

Far down below him in the valley gleamed a sulky pool. No other water lay in sight, though he could survey the scene for miles. '*East of the pool*'—so read the inscription on the watch-case. Already he saw the Mecca of his pilgrimage.

He reached the spot, travelling—not knowing it—by the way those murderous feet had taken years ago. Between two great trees on the eastern side of the pool lay an immense moss-grown fragment of rock, in which he found clearly outlined the form of the stone scratched upon the watch-case. There was little verdure and no underwood about the stone. He tethered his horse to the nearer tree, and marked out with the pick a trench the whole length of the thickness of the stone, five feet from its end. Then he began to dig. His weak strokes made but slow impression on the soil, but he laboured as men work when only labour stands between life and death. Suddenly the point of the pick caught something and dragged him forward into the hole. He scrambled to his feet and found that the pick's point was imbedded in a flat piece of leather. Seizing the spade, he cleared the earth away from this right and left, until it revealed itself as a broad strap connecting two leathern cases. He worked now like a madman, though the force of his strokes grew fainter every moment. One of the cases at last was cleared, and seizing the strap, he dragged it up from the place in which it had rested for so many years. When his weak hold relaxed, it toppled and fell open. Within it he could see nothing but mould. He fell upon his knees and explored it with his hands. Earth, and nothing but earth. With failing limbs and failing heart he laboured to release the second case. The same failure greeted him. In dragging out the second case he had laid bare another leathern band, and his hopes revived, and lent him new strength. The second band was connected in like manner with the first with two cases of thick leather, and these, like the others, were empty of all but mould. No! What was this? A single Turkish lira glimmered golden on the soil. The hunchback sat upon the edge of this grave of his hopes, and his heart died within him. His face drooped down and his hands covered it. The soft white snow-flakes fell upon his bowed and wearied figure. The horse broke from the tether, and wandered down the valley, cropping here and there. He did not know it, and would not have heeded had he known. And the snow and the night fell together as he sat there beside the grave, which held no treasure save that of his own soul despoiled and broken.

L'ENVOI.

Life's troubles had been heavy on Sarah Glossop at one time; but in the sleepy cathedral city in which her new lot was cast, the time went smoothly. She lived with a benevolent elderly rather stupid old Dean and his elderly benevolent and keen-eyed wife. The old couple had young children when Sarah Glossop first entered their service, and these children grew up into men and women under her care, and there was much love between them. Love makes life's burdens light, and this broken heart lived and grew again in the midst of quiet home influences. The household knew her story and respected her griefs. The very servant wenches knew that this calm and beautiful creature, who looked more like a queen than a housekeeper, had 'seen trouble,' and were tenderer with her on that account. The years went on as they have a habit of doing, and brought tranquillity. Take courage, you who suffer. Even you to whom sorrow is no casual mistress, but a wife, will find her face some day grown lovely, and in her gentleness and charity and tender hope you will take comfort.

For her hapless cousin, Sarah felt a very sincere and strong affection, and for the griefs which had fallen upon him through her husband's misdeeds a sympathy which was half self-accusation. They corresponded together, and he had always led her to believe that in worldly matters he was passably prosperous. She had written to him twice, and had received no answer, and was growing anxious about him, when the hand of Fortune touched her again upon the shoulder, and the sphere of her life was changed.

The dull old Dean and the keen old lady never quarrelled in all their benevolent lives either with each other or with the dwellers in the tents of the stranger. But for once they spoke sharply to each other across the breakfast-table.

'I tell you, my dear,' said the Dean, for he knew how to be obstinate at times, 'that it is quite impossible and romantic and absurd.'

'And I tell you, my dear,' said his lady, 'that I'm certain that it's true for all that; and we'll have Glossop up and see about it.'

At that the keen old lady rang the bell and demanded Mrs Glossop. Mrs Glossop came up stairs and confronted the old lady. The Dean took a tremulous stand upon the hearth-rug.

'Sit down Glossop,' said the old lady; and the housekeeper, in much surprise at this command, sat down.

'What was your father's Christian name, Glossop?'

'My father's name was Job Ryder,' the housekeeper answered.

'And where,' asked the keen old lady, with triumph in her face and voice, 'did your father live?'

'At Coventry.'

'Yes,' said the old lady, with the triumph growing in her eyes. 'And what did he call the cottage he lived in?'

'He called it Konak Cottage,' said the housekeeper. 'It was a foreign name, but he had been a good deal abroad in his younger days.'

'Now don't disturb yourself Glossop,' said the Dean's keen old lady; 'but read that.'

She set a copy of the *Times* before the house-

keeper and laid a finger on an advertisement. This advertisement bore heading:

'BANK OF ENGLAND—Unclaimed Stock.'

And it set forth the fact, that whereas since the year 1859 stock to the amount of one hundred thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds had lain unclaimed in the name of Job Ryder of Konak Cottage, Coventry, Gentleman; notice was thereby given that unless within three months, claim should be made, the said stock would be transferred to the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt.

'Glossop,' said the keen old lady, as the housekeeper looked up with an expression of bewilderment, 'you're a great heiress.'

And thus, after all, Job Ryder had carried that blood-bought treasure home with him; thus had it accumulated at interest; and in this wise its presence was revealed. His daughter's claim was without difficulty established, and allowed; and she went out into London to set to work whatever appliances money could put in action for the discovery of her cousin.

He and she met no more on earth; for even at the hour at which the first drop of that shower of charity which made the poor of the old cathedral city happy, fell upon them, the hunchback sat upon the edge of the grave his hands had made. The great flakes fell thicker and thicker together. The bleak wind pushed them by, and they fled from its rude touch, and whirled helplessly in fantastic circles. But they closed again in a phalanx dense though frail, and fell upon the drooping figure gently, as though they fain would build a cairn to mark the spot where so much tenderness and valour lay. The hands of the storm modelled that cold and unending monument, and built it to completeness, as under its pure shadow his pure soul fell to sleep.

And those fair spirits, the murmurs of whose wings make tender music for the pure in heart, abode with him, and he with them. And for him there shall be no more tears nor any sorrow.

POST-OFFICE CURIOSITIES.

As a rule, we eschew Blue-books; but there is one official annual—the Postmaster-general's Report—in which we always look for a little amusing reading, and are rarely disappointed. Last year's issue is exceptionally entertaining. There is the usual array of statistics, through which we do not purpose wading; merely noting that despite the bad times, the Post-office cannot complain of slackness of business, since there has been an increase of more than four per cent. in the number of letters, post-cards, newspapers, book-packets, &c. passing through the post in the space of twelve months; the total for 1877 standing at 1,477,828,200; of which 1,057,732,200 were letters proper, 102,237,300 post-cards, and 126,588,000 newspapers.

The portion of the Report in which we are most interested is that devoted to Correspondents, whose extraordinary applications are published by the Postmaster-general just to shew what very vague ideas some people entertain regarding the scope of postal operations and the duties of postal officials. A dweller in Kansas writes:—HONORABLE SIR—My Grandfather Mr John — made a will on or about 22 Oct. 18—dated at — leaving to his son, my Father, 1000*l*, the interest to be paid to him

half yearly, the principle to be divided among his children at his death. My father died on the — last leaving myself and one brother who wishes to look up collect the money for us. Why this gentleman took the trouble to let Lord John Manners know so much of the family affairs, is not very clear. A countryman of his is more explicit, as he is more exacting. He says: 'As I have no correspondent in London at present I adopt this plan of procuring one that I can transact business through. The matter I wish to call your attention to is this. To the estate of — and the — heirs. The papers were sent here once but have been lost. — died in London about forty-five years ago, and left a large estate of which my client's interest would be about seventy-five thousand dollars at the time of his death. Will you please inform me what it is necessary for us to do in the matter in full.'

The legacy-hunter is not alone in desiring to obtain legal advice gratis; a poor man with a grievance indites the following somewhat incoherent epistle: 'MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN—I humbly beg your consideration if there is no law to stop persons from calling all manner of bad names day after day as it is annoying me very much in my calling as a Gardener & Seedsman; as I have applied to the office at — for a summons for a little protection and they tell me not, so I think it rather too hard for me as I have done all the good I have had the means to do with the Hospitals and Institutions and all charityable purposes both in — and elsewhere if needed, but I suffer from lameness with a ulcerated leg not being able for laborious hard work although I wish to do as I would be done by. Please to answer this at your leisure.'

Not a few honest folks are possessed with the notion that the Post-office is as much concerned with missing people as missing letters. One poor woman, addressing herself 'To Controul of the Dead Office, Newcastle,' says: 'I rite a Line two see if you hard Enny thing of my husband—that was left at — ill. please will you rite back by return of post as we are in great trouble.' She evidently feared her husband was dead, and supposed in that case the 'Dead Office' would know it. An Irishwoman, quite a stranger in London, only two months out of Ireland, entreats the Postmaster-general to help her to find her husband, being incapable of undertaking the search herself, because she would be sure to go astray, and besides has no money. 'I want to find out my mother and sisters who are in Melbourne in Australia I believe,' writes a distressed damsel, 'if you would find them out for me let me know by return of post, and also your charge at the lowest.' But of all the feminine applications for information, the funniest is certainly this: 'Will you, if you please, let me know if there is such a gentelman as Mr — in —, I believe he is a Church Clurdsman. There is a young man in — who has been engaged to my sister and he says Mrs — at — is his sister. I should very much like to know, if you will oblige me by sending, I thought if Mrs — was his sister I would rite and ask for his charctar because he is a stranger to us all.'

'Wanted a lady to correspond with a gentleman for mutual improvement,' is a form of advertisement constantly appearing in American news-

papers; and there are in the States such things as Corresponding Bureaus, where 'young people of both sexes can be supplied with high-toned and intelligent correspondents.' For reasons best known to himself, a gentleman hailing from Indiana, aged eighteen, who has travelled all over the United States and Canada, instead of seeking a correspondent in his own land, sends Lord John a letter, which he begs him to give to some young lady or gent—lady preferred, who would like to correspond with him on topics of general interest.

Another American, this time a Tennessean, has a yet more extraordinary commission for the Postmaster-general. He writes: 'DEAR SIR—I want you to do me a kine to hand this to some good watchmaker and tell him to see if I can by a instrument to tell where gold or silver is in the ground or if there is an instrument maid to find mettel—gold or silver—that are in the ground. If it will attract it—A instrument for that perpos—I understand there are sutch a thing maid. If so, be pleas tell me where I can by one and what it will cost me. It can be sent to Now York to — where I can get it. I want to get an instrument to hunt gold and silver. You will pleas write to me as I think if there are sutch a thing maid I could get one in your country. I send you a stamp.' All faith in the divining-rod is not yet lost, and there is virtue yet in Mithridate mustard—whatever that may be—or somebody would not offer to send our Postmaster-general some partridges if he would get any herbalist or greengrocer to send him a parcel of Mithridate mustard, which 'grows at Hatfield by the river-side and in the street of Peckham on the Surrey side. It don't grow in any part of —shire that I am aware of. We have the common hedge-mustard growing here; but that won't do what the gentleman wants it for.'

A young Welshman being given to understand 'that you do want men in New South Wales,' says he should be very thankful for all particulars by return. Two coloured young men of Springfield, Illinois, anxious to come to England and get work as coachmen or *rueo-horse trainers*, desired 'Mr Postmaster' to seek work for them, and 'advertise it in the papers.' A Switzer wants the Postmaster-general to obtain him a situation in the English colonies or plantations as teacher in an institution or tutor in a good family. He can speak French, German, and a little English, and says: 'I am old of twenty-two years. I should wish to be defrayed of the charges of the lodging, nourishment, &c., to have a good salary and the voyage paid. These are my conditions; perhaps you will found something for satisfy them. I will give you a commission proportionably to the importance of the place.'

Our foreign friend concludes somewhat peremptorily, but we may be sure the fault was not an intentional one; which is more than can be said in the case of the English school-boy who gave one of the Post-office officials a bit of his mind in this very bumptious fashion: 'SIR—Not having received the live bullfinch mentioned by you as having arrived at the Returned Letter Office two days ago, having been posted as a letter contrary to the regulations of the postal system, I now write to ask you to have the bird fed and forwarded at once to —, and apply for all fines and expenses to —. If this is not done, and

I do not receive the bird before the end of the week, I shall write to the Postmaster-general, who is a very intimate friend of my father's, and ask him to see that measures are taken against you for neglect. This is not an idle threat, so you will oblige me by following the above instructions.'

TWICE BURIED.

WHAT I am about to relate, incredible as it may seem, is perfectly true, and occurred some years ago on board a ship in which I was then serving my time. We were thirty-five or forty days from home, had crossed the line, and were getting the first of the south-east trades, when our second-mate began to break down. He had joined the vessel in bad health, but seemed to get better in the tropics; and now again he felt himself gradually sinking. There was no doctor on board, our ship not carrying passengers that voyage; but it was easy to see he was in a rapid decline. How sorry we all were! Everybody liked him—a kind considerate officer; a cool skillful seaman, somewhat reserved perhaps, but not cold; never asking any one to perform a disagreeable or dangerous duty without lending a hand himself. And there he lay dying—so young, handsome, strong. Oh, it seemed very hard! The song and laugh were hushed around the decks, our steps fell light as we passed over his head, and often through the watches one of us youngsters would look in to see if Mr Länden wanted anything, sometimes coming out pale and scared; he looked so white and still, we knew not was it sleep or death.

We had passed the Cape of Storms, and were now far down in the region of mists and snow, where the vast ice-lands wander in lonely awful grandeur, and fierce westerly gales howled after us as we flew on our eastern course to Australia. One night, wild and dark, with every appearance of a heavy storm at hand, I was passing the second-mate's berth when I heard his voice feebly calling after me. He was sitting up in his bunk hardly able to speak, his lips dry and burning. I ran off to fetch him a drink. Alas! there was nothing to be got but water, thick and reddish, from the ship's iron tanks. Bad as it was, he drank it eagerly, and becoming more composed, lay down, still keeping hold of my hand. Then his mind seemed to wander back to the days of his childhood, back to happier times, when with the girl he loved, he strayed through sweet country lanes, and all was peace and rest. While in dreary contrast, the rising wind moaned and sobbed through our rigging like some living thing in pain, and men's steps were hurrying along the decks preparing for the battle that must soon be fought. At last the cloud passed from his mind, and he turned to me, grasping my hand tightly, and spoke of his mother and sister and that other loved one whom he would never see again. Without him they would be alone in the world. Lovingly, lingeringly, he dwelt on them till he made me cry like a child. Then he lay back with his head on my arm, and gradually passed away to the better land.

We could not bury him that night. It was a fierce struggle all the time to shorten sail; for nearly five hours we were all on the foreyard, trying to furl the foresail, which was blown to pieces in the end. At last, morning broke on the

mad raging sea. The sailmaker sewed a bag of canvas round the corpse; we placed two ten-pound shot at his feet; the seas were breaking too heavily on the main-deck, so we carried him tenderly up on the poop. Never shall I forget that burial scene. The black lowering sky, the ship under close-reefed topsails flying for her life from the pursuing snowy crested billows. Near her stern all hands were grouped, the wind blowing the old captain's gray hair wildly about, the rain and hail beating on our bare heads, and pattering on the deck like a thousand feet; the solemn faces stern and sad; and on the wheel-grating lay all that was left of the man we loved. The captain read a few words till something seemed to choke him; he pointed over the stern, and turned away. A dull splash was heard. Like men in a dream we gazed at the spot as a sea broke over it. I fancied I still saw it gyrating a little, then slowly descending, and first, through the quiet depths; and in imagination I could behold strange unknown monsters sweeping towards it, regarding it with their dull eyes as something yet more strange than themselves, still going down, past the regions of ocean-life, slower and slower, till at last, balanced by the pressure of waters, it ceases to descend, standing in the soundless moveless depth like Mohammed's coffin, floating between surface and bottom.

On flew the vessel, till many a mile lay between us and that sad spot on the lonely deep. But a change was coming round by the southward; the wind hauled to the eastward, and before dark we were hove to, the wind blowing from the eastward and northward a perfect hurricane. At about two bells (one o'clock) in the middle watch, King (my messmate) and myself were standing on the poop, in the lee of the mizen-mast, watching the seas as they broke on the main-deck, trying to distinguish objects by the garish light of the white foam. Occasionally a pale lightning flash showed the wild waters around us, the labouring ship seeming to sweep the inky sky with her mast-heads; a scene to us youngsters indescribably terrible. The third-mate was on watch; he was standing over to windward, stern and silent. The dead man and he had been close friends. They had wandered over the world together for years, and he seemed to feel his loss deeply. Suddenly we heard his voice: 'Go forward, one of you, and see if the look-out is all right.' Rather a disagreeable duty; for though the rain and spray had wet us through already, yet the water in our clothes was warm by this time; and going along that main-deck exposed us to the probability of a fresh supply of a colder temperature. 'Let us both go,' said King. We stood on the poop-ladder watching our chance, and the moment the vessel seemed steady, made a rush for the file rail round the mainmast—a sort of half-way house. I reached it in safety; but poor King's foot slipped on the slimy deck, and the same instant a huge sea leaped on board at the weather main-rigging. I climbed up the foretopgallant braces clear of it with a laugh at King's expense; but it died on my lips as a cry came borne to my ears—the cry of some one in deadly terror. I slid swiftly down the braces to the deck. The same moment a flash of lightning showed me King still on board, clinging to the lee main-rigging, his face white and distorted with some awful fear.

'Come out of that, George,' I implored. His

position was one of great danger; but he did not stir or answer. As the vessel rolled, I was dashed against him. I clung round him to the rigging, holding on till the water had in some degree subsided through the ports and scuppers. 'What is the matter, old fellow?' I asked. 'Are you hurt?'

With his lips at my ear, he answered hoarsely: 'He's on board again, Jack!'

'He! Who?' I cried wildly.

He did not answer, but pointed to the deck. There was about a foot-depth of water on it. As the ship rolled to leeward, I saw, by the now incessant lightning, something washing to and fro in the water, with loosely tossing limbs. The ship rolled to windward—it washed away. Again the ship rolled to leeward—it washed to our feet. Tangled in the ropes, it stayed there. The lightning gleamed full on the upturned face. It was the second-mate!

Never will the horror of that moment pass from my memory. What brought the dead back again? Was the shadow of death never to leave us? A horrible faintness seemed creeping over me. I could not move. Suddenly the third-mate's voice rang out sharp and anxious: 'Where are you, youngsters?' and broke the spell. Welcome indeed was that voice to our ears; it seemed to bring us back to the world of life again. We hurried aft, and rather incoherently, I think, told him what we had seen.

'Nonsense!' he said angrily. 'Did you never see a death on board a ship before, that this has made such an impression on you?—You the watch there—to the men—get hold of whatever that is knocking about the decks, and secure it. Get the deck-light, one of you.'

The men went down on the main-deck, by no means cheerfully though. They soon came up again carrying something. 'It's a corpse sir,' they said in answer to the officer's inquiry. Snatching the light, he directed it on the dead man's face. All cried together: 'The second-mate!' Ay, there was the man we had buried the morning of the day before in a strong sailcloth bag, with twenty pounds-weight at his feet, on board again—our own eyes saw him. Naked and bruised he lay before us, with the dank sea-slime clinging to his swollen limbs, but nothing to account for the absence of shroud and shot. We buried him again next morning in silence and haste; and setting what sail we dared to the now favouring gale, fled away from the scene of that terrible mystery.

[We are assured by the writer of this extraordinary tale that he was himself an eye-witness, and that the details are all strictly true. He surmises that the shot and the canvas-shroud may have been imperfectly fixed, and so become disengaged from the body, which, carried along by some ocean current, was at length tossed on board by the waves.—Ed.]

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

In our last *Month* the suggestion was quoted that the probable future of the soda-trade would be near the salt-brines. Since then a deputation from Cheshire has directed the attention of the Local government Board to the fact that the pumping-out of the enormous quantities of brine

required for the million and a half tons of salt manufactured yearly in Cheshire occasions a serious destruction of land and property. Roads, railways, canals, buildings of all kinds, pipes and drains, suffer from the sinking of the ground under which the great brine-springs lie; and if the pumping-out is to be increased, the risk of further damage will be increased in proportion. The question thereby raised is important; and it remains to be seen whether a civil engineer can be found able to keep the surface from sinking while the underlying supports are pumped away.

Another deputation has represented to the Home Secretary that something should be done by legislation or otherwise to protect certain parts of the kingdom from the disastrous effects of floods. From Somersetshire to Yorkshire, and from Essex to Lincolnshire, the counties were represented, and made out so clear a case as to lead to a belief that parliament will be called on in the coming session to sanction measures for the prevention of floods. The subject has been often mentioned in these columns; and many of our readers are aware that in consequence of improved drainage all over the country, floods are much more sudden and destructive than formerly, and that in some river-valleys, continued neglect of prevention would be ruinous.

The Honourable Ralph Abercromby in discussing the application of what is known to mathematicians as 'harmonic analysis' to the reduction of meteorological observations, points out that the taking of averages in order to deduce results from series of observations is likely to mislead.

On the other hand, meteorology would not have been what it is had the process of averaging not been brought into use; it enables us to institute comparisons and to enlarge our experience. For example, 'the mean temperatures of the year or month, though giving a very small idea of the real climate, have been grouped to form isothermal maps, which have been of considerable value to meteorology. Again, by taking the mean direction of the wind at different parts of the earth, sailing-routes have been greatly improved; while by collecting rainfall statistics, much useful information has been derived, both as to the distribution of rain and the capabilities of local water-supply.'

Sir Ralph describes *weather* as 'the product of the passage of cyclones or anti-cyclones over any place. In temperate regions, the circulation of the atmosphere, the general scheme of which is at present entirely unknown, always takes broadly the form of cyclones or anti-cyclones, whose position and shape are in a state of perpetual change; subject to numerous local, diurnal, seasonal, and other variations, the weather at any part of either always possesses the same character; so that the weather over any area, at any instant, is the result of their position; and the sequence of weather, over any spot, is the result of their motion.'

Professed and amateur meteorologists will perhaps take note of these propositions; and if they will remember that 'deductions from averages give the facts only, and not the causes of any

periodic phenomena; they may do much towards imparting a scientific character to meteorology.

Eleven European countries, and India, Mauritius, and the United States, now co-operate in the important work of Maritime Meteorology. In a contribution to his Report, the Hydrographer of the Admiralty says that at the present time 'there is scarcely a part of the globe visited by seamen unknown as to its prevalent seasons, winds, ranges of temperature, action of the barometer, and direction and velocity of the tides or currents.' But much more must be done before we know enough, or as much as will enable the mariner 'to know when to find a fair wind, and where to fall in with a favourable current.' How much more may be judged of from the fact that there are on the shelves at the Admiralty an accumulation 'of thousands on thousands of observations in most of the branches of ocean meteorology, and extending over the whole navigable surface of the globe, awaiting some organised system of reduction,' such as would satisfy the present requirements of science.

It is satisfactory to learn from the anniversary address of Mr Ellery, President of the Royal Society of Victoria, Australia, that legislative measures have been taken to check the 'reckless destruction' of timber in the forests of that colony, where rival owners of saw-mills have chopped down trees out of spite, and then left them to rot. The Department of Agriculture, supported by the new laws, has begun to reforest the stripped mountain-sides with exotic as well as indigenous trees, whereby the state nurseries at Mount Macedon are making 'wonderful progress,' and a valuable growth now covers a large part of the summit. From these nurseries thousands of plants are distributed to other parts of the colony; and it is remarkable that many of the European and American timber trees thrive better than the native, and grow more rapidly than in their original habitat. 'It is intended also,' says Mr Ellery, 'to sow many of our wrecked forest areas broadcast with the seeds of indigenous trees, notably the ironbark, and the same process will be tried on some of the treeless plains to the north.' With a view to proper protection of the young plantations, a beginning has been made in the establishment of a college where young men will be trained in woodcraft and forestry and in agricultural chemistry. By these praiseworthy means it is hoped that the climate of the colony will be ameliorated, and the ever-increasing tendency towards drought—which is the invariable accompaniment of a treeless district—arrested. We trust that the example thus set will be followed in other parts of the world where timber is regarded only as material for money-making. The young state of Nebraska (U.S.) is planting trees by thousands; and we hear that among projected ameliorations in Cyprus, planting holds a prominent place.

In a communication to the Linnean Society, Mr J. C. Hawshaw describes the grazing habits of the common limpet, as seen on that coating of delicate sea-weed which abounds on the chalky coast of Kent. In eating the weed, the limpets remove also a thin layer of chalk; and the white patches which they leave show that a single limpet will clear more than an inch square in area in a single tide. First a small groove is made in the chalk,

and by repetition of the process, is gradually widened; and if the limpet should be excursive, becomes a zigzag more than a foot in length. From observation, Mr Hawshaw calculates that ten limpets would keep clear a square (superficial) foot of chalk; and he remarks that 'in any case they do more to destroy the rock-surface than the sea ordinarily does.' The eastern beach at Dover is a favourable locality for observing that limpets not only graze, but that in some instances they dig pits. Beyond the Atlantic there are, as is said, limpets a foot in diameter. 'If,' remarks Mr Hawshaw, 'the proceedings of these South American giants are at all the same as those of the limpets of our own shores, and are in proportion to their size, they must materially aid in the encroachment of the sea on the land when the rock happens to be soft.'

Another communication made to the same Society ought not to be passed without notice, for it is one in which human-kind, to say nothing of certain quadrupeds, are interested: it is 'On the Development of *Filaria sanguinis hominis*, and on the Mosquito considered as a Nurse.' Microscopists have discovered in human blood and in the blood of dogs, swarms of small thread-like worms—these are the *Filaria*. If they could grow and breed in the body in which they first appear, that body would soon die. 'If, for example, the brood of embryo *Filaria* at any one time free in the blood of a dog moderately well charged with them, were to begin growing before they had each attained a hundredth part of the size of the mature *Filaria*, their aggregate volume would occupy a bulk many times greater than the dog itself. I have calculated,' says Mr Manson, author of the paper in question, 'that in the blood of certain dogs and men there exist at any given moment more than two millions of embryos.' Obviously this minute creature is a very formidable parasite. Were it not that large numbers disintegrate and perish, or are voided with the secretions, having even been found in the tears, the natural function of the blood would be impossible.

Nature requires that for further development the *Filaria* as well as other parasites should enter some other body. Knowing that mosquitoes suck human blood, Mr Manson made arrangements by which he captured a number of the insects which had gorged themselves on the blood of a filarious Chinaman who had been 'persuaded' to sleep in a mosquito chamber. On examining the insects by aid of the microscope, the subsequent development of the *Filaria* could be well made out: it passes through three stages, in the last of which 'it becomes endowed with marvellous power and activity. It rushes about the field (of the microscope), forcing obstacles aside, moving indifferently at either end, and appears quite at home.' Referring to the papillæ which, appearing at one extremity of the creature, are supposed to be the boring apparatus, Mr Manson says: 'This formidable-looking animal is undoubtedly the *Filaria sanguinis hominis* equipped for independent life, and ready to quit its nurse the mosquito.' And concerning the subsequent history of the creature he remarks, that the *Filaria* 'escaping into the water in which the mosquito died is, through the medium of this fluid, brought into contact with the tissues of man, and that, either piercing the

integuments or what is more probable, being swallowed, it works its way through the alimentary canal to its final resting-place. Arrived there, its development is perfected, fecundation is effected, and finally the embryo *Filaria* we meet with in the blood are discharged in successive swarms and in countless numbers. In this way the genetic cycle is completed.

It is in warm climates that the presence of these microscopic worms is most to be feared. In Brazil, Demerara, India, China, and other tropical countries the existence of the *Filaria* has been but too clearly made out, and that its presence is associated with painful and disgusting diseases, and 'not improbably with leprosy itself.' It is found too in Natal in company with a noxious parasite of another kind. If, as is thought, there is some relation between the infested blood and certain epidemics, the question is one well deserving of careful study.

Inventions for use in war and destruction of life have been numerous of late years. Commander Gilmore, R.N., has thought it right to advocate the other side of the question in a paper read at the United Service Institution on 'The best Method of carrying Life-saving Apparatus on Board our Men-of-war,' in which he shewed that with iron ships, rams, new explosives, and torpedoes, the naval battles of the future will be more destructive than those of the past. When a wooden ship sank, many floating fragments remained to which men could cling until picked up by boats; but the wounded iron ship goes swift to the bottom with all hands. Against such terrible loss there is, as Commander Gilmore contends, no resource so readily available and trustworthy as a raft. After examination, he finds that ships could carry rafts without materially interfering with their efficiency, and proposes 'that vessels possessing poops and forecables should have rafts on the top of them, constructed of air-tight cells or of cork compartments, forming flying poops and forecables.' In many cases the captain's bridge might be constructed as a raft ready to be launched at any moment.

In the discussion on this paper it was shewn that cork mattresses and waterproof hammocks afford a ready means of saving life in cases of emergency; and that small boats and floats to fold up might be made of strips of pine. By the insertion of tubes in, or attaching them to the strips, their buoyancy would be largely increased; and if all the wooden movables on board ship were bored and stuffed, so to speak, with tubes, the chance for crew and passengers to keep themselves afloat would not be so narrow as it now is. The Society of Arts will perhaps have something to say on this subject, for in the spring of last year they offered their gold medal for 'the best means of saving life at sea, when a vessel has to be abandoned suddenly, say with five minutes' warning only.'

The experiments with the electric light continue: on the Thames Embankment, the Holborn Viaduct, and in other places, and are generally successful; but some time must elapse before complete economy of power on one hand and perfection of light on the other are arrived at. Amongst the best, one has been shewn at the north end of the Quadrant in Regent Street, where the prevailing dimness has been transformed into what

may be described as brilliant moonlight, under which it was not more difficult to cross amid the throng of vehicles than by daylight. On all sides there are indications that the experiments will not be given up: Mr Siemens is pursuing his investigations; Dr Tyndall has given a lecture on the subject at the Royal Institution; and Mr Wilde of Manchester, who exhibited a remarkably powerful dynamo-electric machine at a gathering of the Royal Society twelve years ago, and made experiments which were described in their *Proceedings*, has now brought out an electric lamp which has claims to notice. The source of the light is an electro-magnetic induction machine, driven by a steam-engine; and the light itself is produced by a pair of carbon-rods about seven inches in length, one of which, by an ingenious self-acting contrivance, is made to touch the other at its upper end, or to revert to its original perpendicular as required. During the contact, no current passes; but on separation, the current is produced and the light appears. A number of pairs of carbons may be lighted at once; and it is an advantage that they do not all cease to burn should anything go wrong with one of the number.

Mr Wilde will persevere with his investigations. In the experiments above referred to, he established the fact, that a large amount of magnetism can be developed in an electro-magnet by means of a permanent magnet of much smaller power; and then exciting a large electro-magnet by means of a small magneto-electric machine, he succeeded in evolving a proportionately large amount of dynamic electricity. Driven by a steam-engine, the movable parts made fifteen hundred revolutions per minute; and the current produced was so exceedingly powerful that iron rods fifteen inches long and a quarter of an inch thick, and seven-foot lengths of No. 16 iron wire, were at once melted. The illuminating power of the electricity thus developed was, according to the description, of the most splendid kind. 'When an electric lamp, furnished with rods of gas-carbon half an inch square, was placed at the top of a lofty building, the light evolved was sufficient to cast shadows from the flames of the street lamps a quarter of a mile distant.' And a piece of ordinary sensitised paper such as is used by photographers, when exposed to the action of the light for twenty seconds, at two feet from the reflector, was darkened to the same degree as was a piece of the same paper exposed for one minute to the direct rays of the sun at noon on a bright day in March.

Of potentiality of electric light there is evidently no lack. The question now is to apply it simply and efficiently. Considering that many inventors in different parts of the world are doing their best to solve it, we may believe that the days of electric lighting are not very far off. We may again ere long refer to this subject.

In last Month it is stated that of the 114 millions of tons of coal, estimated to be annually consumed in Great Britain, more than a third escapes into the air in the shape of oil of vitriol. This is a mistake: the estimated amount of oil of vitriol liberated, being 1 per cent., or about 3,500,000 tons.

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CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the present article we propose to tell the story of the Walpoles, of whom some as amusing particulars can be given as of any family of distinction we are acquainted with. The descent of the Walpoles is traced to an old family possessing estates in the county of Norfolk. As the Walpoles of Houghton, they are heard of in the reign of Edward I., and for several centuries afterwards. Honoured as country gentlemen of a genial character, they did not come prominently to the front until the reign of William and Mary, when Robert Walpole of Houghton, a resolute adherent of the Whig policy, became member of parliament for Castle-Rising in Norfolk.

Though proprietors of Houghton and other lands, the Walpole family were not rich. The rent-roll of the property did not exceed two thousand pounds a year, which, although things were cheap in those days, did not leave Mr Walpole much to spare, after maintaining the dignity of his position and supplying the wants of nineteen children. It was a large family; but at that period, so great was the mortality from small-pox, that unless a man began with a numerous family, the probability was that he would be left with no children at all. As it happened, thirteen of Mr Walpole's children were cut off in youth, leaving him six as the surviving number.

In the original number of Mr Walpole's sons, Robert, born in 1676, was the third. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he was led to understand that as a younger son he would require to depend on himself. He accordingly exerted himself manfully so as to be ready for anything that might cast up. He became a good classical scholar, a circumstance which afterwards proved of the greatest advantage in the career that fell to his lot. Before his education was finished, his two elder brothers died, whereupon, being now heir to the property, he was brought home to be

qualified as a Norfolk squire. In July 1700, he was married to Catherine, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook, in Kent. In November following, his father died, and he entered into possession of Houghton. Fortunately, by means of his wife's dowry, he was able to pay his mother's jointure and the provision for the younger children, so that he had the property unencumbered.

Young Walpole did not feel inclined to spend his life as a squire. With the education he had received, and a certain gift of oratory, he would go into parliament, and work his way forward. About this there was no difficulty, as the family had several boroughs at disposal. In 1702, he was elected member of parliament, and won the esteem of the Whig leaders. He had the honour of helping to pass the Act of Settlement, by which, on the death of Queen Anne, the Stuarts were excluded from the throne, and the Protestant succession secured. On the accession of George I., he was made a privy-councillor, had various other high offices conferred on him, and was installed a Knight of the Garter. Overcoming his political opponents by indomitable energy, and employing his vast abilities, he became prime-minister to George I. in 1721. It was a somewhat difficult task, for the king could speak little or no English, and the chief communication that could be carried on between him and his minister was in Latin. At the death of George I., he continued to act as prime-minister to George II., who having learned to speak in broken English, the intercourse with royalty was less restrained. Sir Robert remained as prime-minister until 1742, when by the exigencies of party, he was forced to resign, greatly against the will of the king, whose government he had carried through many trying difficulties. For his eminent services, he was raised to the peerage as Baron of Houghton, Viscount Walpole, and Earl of Orford, and provided with a pension of four thousand pounds a year. Going to take leave of George II., he was received with a sensibility at variance with the usual character of that monarch. The king fell

upon his neck, and bursting into tears, embraced him in a passion of sorrow and affection, and earnestly desired to see him frequently at court.

As preparatory to his retirement from public life, Lord Orford had rebuilt Houghton Hall in a style of great splendour. He adorned its walls with a collection of the finest pictures, and laid out the grounds in the best taste; he settled down here, drawing his friends about him, and entertaining them with a degree of princely hospitality.

He enjoyed this agreeable retirement from office only three years. He died in 1745, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His character, according to political bias, has been variously estimated. Love of power appears to have been his ruling motive of action. In private life he was amiable and good-tempered. He had strong common-sense, with clearness of political vision, and next to his own interest he had at heart the interest of the country. He is alleged to have sarcastically said, 'that every man has his price;' but if he bribed by money, or by giving places and titles, to secure adherents, it was what every minister did in the generally corrupt period in which he lived. He at least did not retire from office with inordinate wealth. By the costly rebuilding of Houghton Hall, and his expenditure on a lavish hospitality in his three years of retirement, he died in debt. At his decease he left three sons, Robert, Edward, Horace, and two daughters, Katherine and Mary. Robert, the eldest son of Lord Orford, succeeded as second Earl. In 1723, he had been created Baron Walpole of Walpole, county of Norfolk, with remainder, in default of the issue male of himself and his father, to the male descendants of his grandfather. Dying in 1751, he was succeeded by his only son, George, as third Earl, to whom we shall afterwards refer.

Of Edward, the second son of the first Earl of Orford, some interesting notices are presented in the 'Letters of Horace Walpole,' and in the 'Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries,' by Eliot Warburton—two works abounding in so many amusing particulars concerning celebrities in the eighteenth century as to deserve a place in every public library.

With a good figure and agreeable manners, the Hon. Edward Walpole, when travelling in Italy, became known among ladies as 'the handsome Englishman.' As a younger son, with little beyond his wits to depend on, he looked out for a seat in parliament, and employment in some public office. Considering he was a son of Sir Robert Walpole, there was little doubt of his success. While meditating on his prospects, he took a lodging in a house in Pall-Mall, in the ground-floor of which was carried on the business of a tailor named Rennie, famed for making boys' dresses. To reach the higher floors, it was necessary to pass through the tailor's shop, where sat Mary Clement, a female apprentice, remarkable for her assiduity and good looks. Mary attracted the attention of Edward Walpole, and without any

evil intent, he occasionally spoke to her and gave her small presents. These small attentions from a man of such handsome appearance and rank, exerted an immense influence over the girl, and she could think of nobody else. Her parents as well as her mistress remonstrated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, but in vain. She was in a state of infatuation, as if the 'glamour' of ancient superstition had been thrown over her. One day, on being lectured on the subject, she rushed to the apartments of 'the handsome Englishman,' and telling her tale, declared she would never leave him. Mr Walpole, with his superior intelligence, cannot be justified. He should either have dismissed Mary Clement or married her. He did neither. The two took up house together—perhaps under an irregular engagement of mutual adherence, but without the sanction of legalised wedlock. The idea is that Mr Walpole only waited for his father's death to effect a proper marriage with this young and attached being. Excuses of this kind, however, are valueless. He committed the egregious wrong of inflicting a stigma on the reputation of Mary Clement and her offspring.

The pair had four children, three girls and a boy, and shortly after the birth of the last-mentioned, the kind-hearted and faithful Mary died. Edward Walpole was inconsolable. His tardy justice, now unavailing, as in all such cases, was punished with life-long regret. To redeem his error as far as possible, he brought up the children with the greatest care, and gave them an education to fit them for the best society.

It was some consolation to Sir Edward Walpole—who procured lucrative appointments under the crown, and was installed a Knight of the Bath in 1753—that his three daughters, Laura, Maria, and Charlotte, possessed an extraordinary degree of beauty, besides having the advantage of a superior education and much natural intelligence. Under the auspices of their uncle, the Hon. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, whom we shall by-and-by come to, these lovely young creatures were introduced to a brilliant society; their appearance everywhere causing no little sensation among members of aristocratic families in the metropolis. At first, looking to who was their mother, there was a little shyness in making their acquaintance, but this feeling soon gave way under profound sentiments of admiration. It was a tribute not only to beauty but to goodness.

After some hesitation, and only with a fear that some younger man might carry off the prize, the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, asked Laura, the eldest of the beauties, in marriage; and the father having no objections, he was accepted. Horace Walpole says in one of his letters: 'I have forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of

Windsor. We are very happy with the match. The bride is very agreeable, sensible, and good; not so handsome as her sister. . . It is the second, Maria, who is beauty itself. Her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person are perfect. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty. Laura received no title by her marriage; but she had the satisfaction of seeing her husband promoted to be Bishop of Exeter, and as his wife there was no obstacle to her being presented at court—an honour still denied to her two sisters.

The marriage of Laura was a good beginning. She was kindly received by the sisters of the Earl of Albemarle, and the alliance materially helped the prospect of an advantageous marriage for Maria and Charlotte. The lovely Maria Walpole was not long in receiving an offer not to be refused. She was sought by James, second Earl of Waldegrave, a member of the privy-council, and Knight of the Garter. The Earl was forty-four years of age, which was a trifle too old; but as he was estimable in character and manners, and as Earls are not to be had every day, Maria accepted the offer, and in 1759 she became Countess of Waldegrave. It is pleasing to know that Maria made an excellent wife. She had three daughters. Sad to say, her husband the Earl was smitten by small-pox. During his illness, and when dreadfully disfigured, the Countess, from a high sense of duty, and careless of her own life, attended him with the most affectionate solicitude. Neither her attentions nor the best medical skill could save him. Lord Waldegrave died in April 1763.

A few days after the Earl's decease, Horace Walpole visited his bereaved niece, and he thus writes regarding her: 'I found Lady Waldegrave at my brother's; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one! To divert her thoughts, Horace brought his niece to Strawberry Hill. Here she was cheered up a little; and in dutifully attending to her three daughters, one of them an infant, her spirits gradually recovered.'

More than a year elapsed before the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave ventured into society, and only then because society was anxious to have her. On reappearing, she was thought to be more beautiful than ever. The highest in the land were desirous to seek her as a wife. Among the train of her rejected suitors was the Duke of Portland. In about three years from entering on her widowhood, she relented in her obstinacy. She accepted the offer of His Royal Highness William-Henry, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, brother of George III.; and by this second alliance, in 1766, she was at once incorporated with the royal family—a very strange turn in the wheel of fortune for the daughter of the tailor's apprentice, Mary Clement; but quite deserved as regards character and conduct. By this second marriage, the Duchess had a son and daughter. The son, William-Frederick, became second Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, was a field-marshal in the army, and died without issue in 1834. The daughter, Sophia-Matilda, was appointed ranger of Greenwich Park, and died as lately as 1844. The three daughters of the Duchess by her first husband had all a brilliant career. Elizabeth-Laura, the eldest, was married to her cousin, George,

fourth Earl of Waldegrave; the second, Charlotte-Maria, was married to George, Duke of Grafton; and the third, Anna-Maria, was married to Lord Hugh Seymour.

Charlotte, the youngest of Sir Edward Walpole's daughters, had also her share of good fortune. She was married to Lionel, Lord Huntingtower, eldest son of the third Earl of Dysart. As the Earl happened to be an odd and somewhat miserly person, there were certain drawbacks to the alliance. Charlotte very sensibly made the best of things, put up with the old man's humours; and at his death, she became Countess of Dysart, in which position she lived happily for a number of years, and died without issue in 1788.

There is one of Sir Edward Walpole's children still to be accounted for. This was his son Edward, who entered the army, and greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry as an officer on foreign service. He attained the rank of Colonel. Horace Walpole gives an anecdote of his acuteness. When in command of a small party in the expedition to the siege of St Maloes, they overtook an old man, to whom they offered quarter, bidding him lay down his arms. He replied, they were English—the enemies of his king and country; that he hated them, and would rather be killed. Walpole hesitated a moment, and then said: 'I see you are a brave fellow, and don't fear death; but very likely you fear a beating—if you don't lay down your arms this instant, my men shall drub you as long as they can stand over you.' The fellow directly threw down his arms in a passion. The Duke of Marlborough spoke of this as the only clever action in their whole exploit.

Sir Edward Walpole, the father of these children, never married. Till the last he consecrated himself to the memory of the ill-fated Mary Clement, who from her affection had sacrificed everything for him. From an anecdote that has been recorded of Sir Edward, he appears to have been a man of generous impulses. When Roubiliac, the eminent French sculptor, settled in London about 1743, he had few friends to encourage him, and sometimes he almost despaired of success. One evening, on walking out to take the air, he accidentally found a pocket-book containing a considerable number of bank-notes, and some papers apparently of consequence to the unknown owner. Immediately he advertised what he had found and gave his address. The owner of the pocket-book proved to be Sir Edward Walpole, who had lost it in returning from Vauxhall Gardens. On calling to reclaim his property, he was so much pleased with Roubiliac's honesty, his gentlemanly manners, and his skill as an artist, that he forthwith exerted himself to make the sculptor known. He introduced him to persons of influence; and from that time Roubiliac's fortune was made. He was employed to execute the monuments of John, second Duke of Argyll, and of Handel, in Westminster Abbey; the statue of Shakespeare in the British Museum; and what we esteem to have been his greatest work of art—we might almost say the finest thing of the kind in Great Britain—the sitting figure in marble of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, President of the Court of Session, in the Parliament House, Edinburgh. On looking at that marvellous figure, so true to nature, yet so tasteful, and significant of the highest order of genius, let the spectator think

how Roubiliac arose to fame by accidentally finding the pocket-book of Sir Edward Walpole.

As has been stated, Robert, Lord Walpole, succeeded as second Earl of Orford, and at his death left an only son, George, who became third Earl. George was unfortunate in finding that his estate was overwhelmed with the mortgages and other obligations of his father and grandfather. Instead of endeavouring to economise and pay off debts, he added to his difficulties by patronising the turf, and making the most ridiculous bets. In 1756, Horace Walpole writes of this hopeful nephew: 'My Lord Rockingham and my nephew, Lord Orford, have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese to run from Norwich to London.' These costly freaks, and the embarrassments into which he sunk, caused much distress in the family. The beautifully laid-out grounds at Houghton became a scene of neglect and desolation; the mansion was in a state of decay, and thousands of pounds would have been required to put it in order. The only articles in good preservation were the pictures. To avert the impending ruin of the possessor, these were sold to the Empress of Russia for forty thousand pounds. We may safely aver that had the collection been offered for sale in the present day it would have brought six times the amount.

In the midst of distractions chiefly incurred by his own folly, Earl George died in 1791, unmarried. His title and estates would naturally have devolved on his uncle, Sir Edward, whose beautiful daughters we have been speaking of; but Sir Edward was no more, and the honours and property of the family fell to the lot of the third son of the first Earl of Orford, namely, the Hon. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, the wit, the antiquary, the man of letters, who had kept fashionable society in a state of pleasurable excitement for more than half a century. He was now fourth Earl of Orford. The unexpected honours came rather late in the day. Horace was born in 1717, and now in 1791, he was an old bachelor, in the seventy-fifth year of his age—still facetious and able to pop about, but with the spring of life gone.

Like his father, the great prime-minister, Horace was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and to judge from his writings, he was a ready, if not an accomplished classical scholar. After finishing his education, he travelled abroad for some years, principally in Italy, where he revelled in museums, churches, picture-galleries, and ruins, and acquired those tastes for which he afterwards became well known. He returned to England in 1741, and had a seat in parliament; but he had no taste for politics, and never took any part in public life. His father procured for him the places of usher of the receipt of the Exchequer, Comptroller of the Great Roll, and Keeper of the foreign receipts. These places were a kind of sinecures, and besides affording means, left time for learned and artistic leisure. Comparatively at his ease, Horace thought only of spending existence agreeably. Looking about for a spot on which he could settle down and carry out his fancies, he selected a patch of ground near Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, and therefore within an easy distance of the metropolis. On the ground, which he purchased in 1747, there stood a plain cottage. This he pulled down, and built his famous Gothic villa,

styled by him Strawberry Hill. Its erection and decoration may almost be said to have formed the principal occupation of his long life.

Besides cramming his mansion with pictures, statues, and antique curiosities, he added to it a small private printing establishment, in which, with hired assistance, he printed, partly for private distribution, his literary works large and small, from a casual *jeu d'esprit* to a volume. Books executed at the Strawberry Hill press were eagerly sought after, and now are highly prized when they happen to appear at public sales. In 1758 he published his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.' This was followed by his popular romance 'The Castle of Otranto,' 'The Mysterious Mother,' 'Anecdotes of Painting,' and the 'Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.,' a work more paradoxical than of any historical value.

The permanent fame of Horace Walpole rests on his Letters, which were collected and published after his decease. Often frivolous, unduly sarcastic, and gossiping, they are deeply interesting, from the light thrown on the manners and public characters at the middle and in the second half of the eighteenth century. The toil in writing those letters must have been immense, and was attended with no other gratification than that of communicating news and humorous remarks to acquaintances. Such letters could not have been produced but for the writer's extensive acquaintanceship in fashionable circles. Members of the royal family, dukes, earls, and ladies of every degree in the peerage, came to visit him and see his wonderful villa. Some spent a whole day with him, others only a few hours. The flow of pleasantries was continuous. In June 1759, he writes: 'Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos; it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady Ailesbury, dined there. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell.' The shell was a rustic bower, in the form of a concave bivalve, prettily fitted up with seats to command the admiration of the beauties who honoured it with their graceful figures. On the occasion of such visits, Horace had an opportunity of exhibiting the refined gallantry of which he was a proficient.

For many of his anecdotes he was not a little indebted to ladies of somewhat advanced years, who in their more youthful days had flourished at court in the reigns of George I. and George II., and who were acceptable visitors at Strawberry Hill. The most notable of these female acquaintances appears to have been Lady Suffolk, a great sufferer from gout, but notwithstanding her infirmities, she was lively and communicative. She possessed amusing reminiscences of Queen Anne, and of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who fully expected to be Queen of England, and would have been so had she lived three months longer, her much-coveted inheritance passing at her decease to her son George. At the death of Lady Suffolk in 1767, Horace Walpole was deprived of a most agreeable friend, who had made many hours pass cheerfully.

One of his amusements consisted in shewing his printing-office to those who had never seen any typographic establishment. When he expected female visitors of this kind, he was ready to

astonish them by printing a few lines eulogising their wit and beauty. In one of his letters he says: 'Tother day my Lady Rochfort, Lady Townshend, Miss Bland, and the Knight of the Garter, dined here, and were carried into the printing-office to see the man print. There were some lines read in place, which he took off. I gave them to Lady Townshend; here they are—

THE PRESS SPEAKS.

From me wits and poets their glory obtain;
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.
Stop, Townshend, and let me but print what you say.

You the fame I on others bestow, will repay.'

One of Horace's correspondents was Sir Horace Mann, English minister at Florence, to whom many of his letters are addressed. A more special friend was George Augustus Selwyn, a man of good family, and a sparkling wit about town. Selwyn had some curious and antagonistic idiosyncrasies. He was passionately fond of children, and as passionately fond of witnessing executions. His mind, we are told, was sometimes so absorbed by the ceremonies of capital punishment, that on going to a dentist he chose to give the signal for pulling out the tooth by dropping his handkerchief. When Damiani was condemned to be tortured and broken on the wheel at Paris for attempting to stab Louis XV., 1757, Selwyn went off to France to enjoy the spectacle. According to the anecdote, in attempting to get too near the scaffold, Selwyn was at first repulsed by one of the executioners; but having informed the person that he had made the journey from London solely with a view to be present at the punishment and death of Damiani, the man immediately caused the people to make way, exclaiming at the same time to give place to Monsieur, who was an amateur from England. Worn out with gout and dropsy, Selwyn died in 1791, and is lamented by Walpole as his oldest acquaintance.

On several occasions, Horace Walpole visited Paris, and became acquainted with members of its brilliant society, as well as English residents; among these was David Hume, with whom he afterwards kept up a correspondence. The utterly depraved condition of French society did not escape Walpole's shrewd observation, and thirty years before the event, he perceived the brewing of a storm that would overwhelm society. In his old days, when confined by gout and other ailments to Strawberry Hill, he experienced the usual feelings of men who outlive their early friends. His home, too, was rendered uncomfortable by the shams of people who latterly came to see it. To modify the annoyance, he issued tickets of admission; still, with this and other devices, he felt that the vast trouble he had taken to render his house a treasure of art, had brought on himself the character of a showman, when he was least able to receive his guests with urbanity.

The death of his nephew, George, which made him Earl of Orford, was a fresh torture, for there were endless business letters to be read and written, statements of leases and mortgages to be considered, for all which the new dignity was no compensation. He became a mortal invalid, and removing to London, he died on the 2d March 1797. The fate of his dearly cherished Strawberry Hill was very sorrowful. All its treasures of art

were disposed of by auction, the sale lasting more than three weeks.

By the decease of Horace, fourth Earl of Orford, the earldom, according to the limitation, was extinct. Still there were honours in the family. Horatio, brother of Sir Robert Walpole, a diplomatist of the first class, had in 1756 been created Baron Walpole of Wolterton, which dignity was inherited by his son, Horatio, as second Baron. This Horatio was alive when his first-cousin, Horace, died in 1797; and to him passed the Barony of Walpole of Walpole, that had been granted to Robert, second Earl of Orford. In his favour, the earldom was revived by a new patent in 1806, when he was created Earl of Orford; and his accumulated honours are now enjoyed by his descendant. In the male line, there is no one to claim descent from the great Sir Robert Walpole. It is otherwise in the female branch. From one of his daughters, his direct descendant is the present Marquis of Cholmondeley, who may therefore claim to be the lineal representative of the great Prime-Minister.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER VII.—HUGH ASHTON'S NEW ABODE.

'THERE'S a conveyance—of a sort, waiting for you, I reckon—that's to say if your name's Ashton,' said the porter at the railway station of Penenth, the nearest halting-place upon the iron road for visitors to Treport. Very few passengers had alighted at Penenth during the brief stoppage of the train: merely some three or four mining folks, pale-faced and gaunt; a preacher in rusty black, and carrying his own luggage in the shape of an emaciated valise; and two farmers' wives returning from the weekly sale of their butter and eggs at some market-town. Only these and Hugh Ashton.

'Here be your passenger, 'Nezer!' called out the porter, when Hugh had assented to his ownership of the name. 'Look sharp, my lad; 'cause I've got to get them empty wagons into a siding afore the Kittlebury express comes by. Quick's the word.'

The person addressed by this singular appellation, and who had been standing, with averted face, beside a nondescript vehicle, something between cart and gig, drawn by a rough pony, now came shambling forward, and gave a hasty twist to the battered tarpaulin hat which he wore slouched down over his shaggy brows. He was of dwarfish stature, broad but misshapen; and his clumsy body was surmounted by a huge head, crowned by a fell of red hair, coarse enough and long enough for the mane of a horse. Close behind this unprepossessing personage came a fine dog of the Newfoundland breed, handsome, vigorous, and well cared for.

'You're Master Ashton? I'm Cap'en Trawl's serving-lad, sent with the Cap'en's compliments, to drive the gig that's to fetch ye down to Treport. The box be yours, I guess, and the bag—nothing more? All right then,' added the dwarf, as after lifting Hugh's luggage into the nondescript vehicle, he scrambled to his perch, and clutched the reins in his lony hand, signing at the same time to the young man to seat himself

beside him. There was no need to use the whip. A shrill chirrup like the call of a bird sufficed to start the rough pony at a fast trot; and off rattled the equipage along one of the smooth Cornish roads that intersect the rugged Cornish country.

Hugh looked about him to right and left; at the rolling moorland stretching far away, and variegated here and there by croft and pasture; at the bleak hillside, strewn with stones and honeycombed with holes, each one the adit of an abandoned mine; at the green glens, where tinkling streams ran down past mill and orchard; and at the wattle barns and white farmhouses that nestled in nooks sheltered from the sweeping seawind. All the landscape was new to him. He was going to Treport, in compliance with Lady Larpent's offer of the command of a coasting steamer. The Dowager, imperatively kind as usual, had written to inform Hugh Ashton that she had made arrangements for his being received as a lodger beneath the roof of a certain superannuated merchant captain, Trawl by name, who inhabited a pretty little house in the outskirts of the tiny town. Captain Trawl's gig it was, with Captain Trawl's pony in the shafts, in which Hugh was now being whisked seawards from the railway station.

The talkative driver seemed ready to afford any amount of information as to the spot whither Hugh was bound. 'A tidy place Treport; a tidyish place that is; for it's nothing to compare to Pentangle Churchtown, where I was born, sixteen miles away, round the Head.—Yes; they call me 'Nezer. Hard, I say, to be shortened o' the best half of my name I was christened by; but I suppose folks thought Ebenezer too long a word to be tacked to such a chap as me,' added the dwarf, resentfully. 'I'm a beachman, master.'

'A beachman, eh?' returned Hugh, looking in some perplexity at the queer figure beside him, arrayed in semi-rustic, semi-nautical style, an old monkey-jacket, with its horn buttons, contrasting with agricultural-looking gaiters and nailed boots.

'Yes; by birth, that is,' explained the dwarf. 'Regular beachman. Not a chap on Pentangle pier-head has had more of his family lost at sea than myself,' he continued consequentially; 'only,' with a glance at his uneven shoulders, 'not bein' fit to go aloft myself, I was obliged to come down in the world, and go to farm-service inland, just to eam my bread, master.'

'You didn't like that so well, bred among sailors as you had been, I suppose?' said Hugh Ashton with a good-natured patience, that was not lost upon the dwarf, for 'Nezer's tone became gentler as he replied; 'No; I didn't, master. Farmers mostly be a mean lot, and close-fisted to boot—not like us free fishers. And I was main glad when I was took on to serve old Cap'n Trawl, that lives so close to the sea you can smell the blue water, and make myself useful sorter-ways. This be gig to-day; he added with a grin; 'but it'll be cart again come Friday, when I has to take the pigs over to Lannetter Market. We just changes the seats,' he explained proudly, as he pointed out to his passenger the ingenious construction of the serviceable vehicle of which he was Jehu; 'and there you are.'

'And that is Captain Trawl's dog, I suppose?—and a fine dog too,' remarked Hugh, as he

watched the great Newfoundland bounding along the strip of smooth turf that lined the road.

'Wrong you are, master,' chuckled the dwarf. 'Neptune be my dog; and I'd not part with him to anybody, unless indeed Miss Rose asked me to give him to her. But money wouldn't buy him. Five golden sovereigns, and five to the back of that, a tourist gentleman offered me this summertide for Nep; and when he found I wouldn't sell the dog, he got angry, and called I a fool for my pains. But I knowed better. Where'd you find a friend as true as Nep? Expect you can swim, master?'

'Yes; I can swim,' answered Hugh with rather a sad smile.

'You look like it,' said 'Nezer, with a half-envious, half-admiring glance at the stalwart form of his companion. 'I can't; and when I missed my footing and fell into ten foot of water in quay-pool there, I'd never have got out alive but for Nep. I begged him from Lord Bodmin's gamekeeper, when he war a pup; and they war goin' to drown him, to save trouble, my lord bein' away, and no demand for that kind o' dog in those parts; and I suppose Neptune thought one good turn deserved another. I left inland because farmer wouldn't let me keep Nep. "I can't have no more dogs about the place," says he; "so either he hangs, or you tumble out, my lad." Tumble out I did, and footed it to Treport; and Cap'n Trawl he be the best of men, and he took me on, and never grugged Nep his meat.—There be the sea!' he exclaimed as, suddenly between two hills, the silvery stretch of illimitable ocean came in view; 'and yon's Treport; and Cap'n Trawl lives down thers to the left, among the trees that hide the house, this side they do.'

'And what's that big house—some gentleman's place, of course—high up on the cliff?' asked Hugh, his heart throbbing capriciously as he propounded this very natural question.

'That be Llosthuel—the Court—my Lady Larpent's,' answered 'Nezer, jerking the rein; and Hugh, as he knew that he was looking on the distant walls of the mansion beneath the roof of which dwelt the beautiful young lady whom it had been his privilege so lately to rescue from death, felt his cheeks burn, he knew not why, as the colour mounted unbidden to his face. Then a twist in the road shut out Llosthuel from his sight; and the gig was soon jolting over the uneven pavement and through the narrow streets of primitive Treport.

Captain Trawl's place of residence, when reached, by its appearance more than justified the wisdom of the Dowager's choice. It was a pretty white-walled cottage, overgrown with blossomed creepers, and standing in a garden, where the myrtle, the fuchsia, and the geranium grew with a luxuriance which finds no parallel within the limits of the four seas, save in that warm wet climate of South Cornwall. Behind it were an orchard and a meadow and a miniature farm-yard; and altogether it was evident that the lines of this veteran of the deep, in the evening of his life, had fallen in pleasant places. The drowsy hum of bees and the soft cooing of pigeons reached Hugh's ear as he alighted, oddly mingling with the wash of the waves and the rattle of the pebbles on the beach, but some score or two of yards away. Captain Trawl himself, a brass-bound telescope tucked

under his left arm, and a glazed hat crowning his thin gray hairs, came frankly forward to the garden-gate to greet his guest.

'You're welcome, Mr Ashton, for my Lady Larpent's sake,' he said, holding out his big brown hand, the back of which was decorated with an ineffaceable purple scar, extending from the thumb to the fourth finger. 'Or Captain Ashton, rather I should say, since the Board has confirmed you as skipper of the *Western Maid*, and a decent craft she is, for one of your new-engled tea-kettle steamers. You'll find your room ready, and supper too presently.'

Hugh returned the friendly grasp of the old man's hand, acknowledging to himself that he was fortunate, to all appearance, both in his landlord and the place of his abode. Captain Trawl's former calling would have been guessed by the most unperceptive of observers, in any Northamptonshire town or Leicestershire village, where a sailor was as much out of place as a Bedouin Arab would have been. He was a rough but kindly old fellow, with the voice and somewhat of the gait of an amiable bear; and his reception of the new-comer left little to be desired.

'A glass of ale or cider, or a nip of rum, before supper?' he asked.—'Well, well; perhaps you're right. Another hand-shake, though, will do no harm, since, Captain Ashton, I begin to like you for your own sake. I don't, as a general habit, take in lodgers here, but I couldn't refuse my lady up at the Court. But for her, I'd not have kept this snug roof over my head and Rose's head, in my old days. I was among a precious set of London land-sharks, who had pouched my hard savings I was fool enough to invest in one of their grand schemes; and it would have gone hard with old Job Trawl but for my lady and my lady's lawyers. They brought those smooth-spoken cormorants to reason, they did. And if a dog came to my door in Lady Larpent's name; added the old seaman naively, 'he'd be welcome to the best I've got.'

Hugh's room turned out to be one of those quaint enjoyable rooms, low-ceiled, lavender-scented, with the whitest of walls, and the most diamond-paned of windows, exquisitely clean, and luxuriously homely, such as we look upon as essentially English, but which are growing scarce even in rural England now. The scent of the myrtles and old-world roses came floating in at the open window, and the linen was white and fair as though it had been woven and bleached by fairies in the moon-kissed dew. So was Rose Trawl, the old Captain's grand-daughter, white and fair; quite a lady to look upon, Hugh thought, as she came forward to give her hand to the stranger guest, a little timidly. Some of Nezar's garrulity had related to Rose, and Hugh was prepared to expect a pretty girl but a vulgar beauty, like a cabbage-rose metamorphosed into the shape of a young woman. What he saw was a fair slender maiden with wistful large eyes and superb hair like a golden coil about her head.

'My only boy,' said the old captain gruffly over his pipe, when supper was over, and the great lamp lit, and the two men were left alone together, 'got lost, Cape-Horn-way. Carried stunsails, I expect, trusting to the beauty of the day—just as if the beauty of the day didn't always spoil down there! 'Twasn't Will's fault. He was first-officer,

not captain. And I mind the captain well—a brisk seaman, but too much given to trust in luck. Anyhow, he left me this baby-girl to look after and to do my best for. His young wife, poor thing, just took on and dwined away.'

Any reader who has had experience of that kind of man can picture what Captain Trawl's parlour, wondrous similar to the cabin of a ship, looked like—the queer contrivances, the snugness, the cleanliness, the lockers let into the wall, the brass-bilted cutlasses crossed over the chimney-piece, heavy with South Sea shells and brain-like masses of white coral from the Pacific—the spears, the shields, the axes, the odd-looking stuffed fish and feathers and gourds hanging by nails from the wall. All was neat, bright, and shining from the kettle on the hob to the glossy coat of the cat that purred contentedly before the 'spark of fire' which the Captain's rheumatics rendered necessary after sundown.

A sturdier, an honest, or a meeker man than Captain Job Trawl, who had been round and round the world, and who had shimmered in the sun or shivered in the cold of nearly every part of our globe's surface, it would be hard to find. A merchant sailor always, first apprentice, next before the mast, presently mate, and then captain, he had sailed, and he had fought—as the Malay pirate's sword-cut across his hand testified—but he had kept the same simplicity of heart, child-like faith, and manly shrewdness, from first to last. He was to be seen every Sunday in the scantily attended parish church—scantily attended because the steaming chapels were thronged—just as he had been when a chubby boy, before he went to sea. He farmed a bit, and lived partly on his hard-won savings or the interest of them, and was in a quiet way a personage at Trespott.

'I like ye, lad,' he said once or twice, frankly enough, to Hugh during their talk. 'I began to fear, to tell you the truth, more than once that my lady yonder had made a mistake about the *Western Maid*. But you are a seaman!'

'Of a sort, I am,' answered Hugh modestly. 'Not to compare with your experience, though, Captain Trawl.'

'But the queerest thing of it seems to me, as I look at you,' said the superannuated skipper, 'that you look a gentleman too.'

'That can hardly be!' answered Hugh Ashton with a laugh.

'Well, it may be that my old eyes are getting dim,' rejoined the elder mariner; 'but anyhow you seem a fine young fellow, Captain Ashton; and I wish you luck of your early promotion and your fair start in life. My lady's good-will is worth having. And you'll not have long to wait before you get aloft as commander of the *Western Maid*. The watchers have been out these four days on every height from Start to Deadman's.'

'The watchers?' inquired Hugh.

'For the pichard-fishery,' explained Captain Trawl. 'You're a stranger here; but most likely you have heard that this is our chief harvest, here along the Cornish coast, the catching of the fish that are to go, in keg and frikin and hoghead, out to Spain and Portugal and Italy, and wherever them good Catholics tell their beads. I've seen our Cornish pichards out Buenos-Ayres-way and at Rio. We don't sell 'em, except foreign. And the *Western Maid* will be wanted to help in shooting

nets and hauling seines home, when the shoals come in. Depend upon it, she's lying with fires banked, and a spring on her cable, ready for the signal, and Long Michael the mate in a worry. And here—as a heavy step came up the garden-walk—'here is Long Michael!'

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The law-stationers lent their men to the government at the commencement of this system for eighteenpence per hour, of which the clerks themselves were paid one shilling; but by degrees the amount dwindled down to the latter sum, out of which the law-stationer could only give his men ninepence per hour. This state of things of course led to great discontent, and the government of the day, to cut the matter short, decided upon letting the departments employ their own writers on certain recognised conditions.

A system was accordingly introduced into the Admiralty by Mr Childers in the year 1866, by which a class of writers was appointed under regulations which provided a salary of six shillings and sixpence per diem, increasing yearly by the sum of sixpence per day until a maximum of nine shillings and sixpence was attained. In addition to this they were granted certain privileges in the way of holidays and sick-leave; and were on retirement to receive compensation in lieu of pension, at the rate of a month's pay for every year's service, not exceeding twelve months' pay on the whole.

The writers were engaged ostensibly to do the routine, or what it is the fashion to term the 'mere mechanical' work of the department; but from the moment of their entering upon their duties it was found impossible to draw a line between the different kinds of work, and the consequence was that they were employed upon the ordinary work of the various offices, side by side with men who were receiving salaries varying from two hundred to six hundred

pounds a year for doing the same work as themselves. The writers could scarcely be blamed for looking upon this as a hardship, and the more so, as in many cases the clerks who were receiving these high salaries for doing the same work as themselves had never passed a Civil Service examination, whereas the new class had been obliged to do so.

The new system however, worked pretty smoothly in the Admiralty for some time, until the Commissioners of Customs, seeing how well and economically it acted, also applied to the Treasury for permission to employ its own writers, and received the requisite authority. The Customs has always been conducted on a cheaper scale than the Admiralty; and it was found, on the Regulations for the Appointment of Writers to the Customs being issued, that the minimum and maximum salary or wages was to be a shilling per day less than the Admiralty scale, and the increment threepence per day per annum instead of sixpence. Beside this, there was absolutely nothing in the way of sick-leave or holidays, though the compensation on retirement was retained.

In spite of these defects however, in the Customs Regulations, the department soon obtained a respectable set of men; indeed as a matter of fact, we believe there are certain persons in the world who would be happy to serve the State for nothing, for the honour of belonging to the government service! Be that as it may, the authorities were not long in seeing that it was possible to work the public departments in a much cheaper manner than had hitherto been the case, and measures were accordingly taken for effecting this change in the administration of the Civil Service. This was accomplished by an Order in Council signed by the Queen at Balmoral on the 4th June 1870.

With a stroke of the pen the government authorities took away from the writers everything which had been accorded them in the Regulations already mentioned, and placed them in the same category with a new class of writers which the same stroke of the pen had created, and who were to serve the state in any department on a dead-level pittance of tenpence per hour, with no increase, no holidays, no sick-pay, no pension or compensation on discharge, no claim to the establishment, and in fact, no tenure of office whatever. The result of this measure was the immediate commencement of an agitation which perhaps has had no parallel in our times. The writers were at first astounded when they found their meagre pay so suddenly reduced, and all their advantages taken from them; but their astonishment rapidly gave way to indignation, and they at once banded themselves into an association for the purpose of using all legal means to obtain a restitution of their rights, and the improvement of the whole system under which all writers were appointed.

This was without doubt one of the most remarkable agitations ever conducted, for not only was it carried on for several years in a moderate manner and with an absence of that rancour which is generally inseparable from political movements, but it won from all parties in the House of Commons a considerable measure of support. The writers were fortunate enough to secure the sympathy and services of Mr Otway in their cause,

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'What can we do, Arnadine? That's the ques-

tion. You could teach. But I hate children; ugh!

'I have brains,' I said; 'but an inveterate dislike to teaching imps too.'

'Awful idea!'

'I had rather break stones.'

'How funny! That is just what Basil says he is going to do when papa talks to him,' remarked Clarice, my youngest sister.

Bessie laughed heartily. 'It is a most hackneyed expression certainly, and as such passes for nothing; people always wind up with saying that.'

'I am not going to wind up, I can assure you,' I returned indignantly.

'No, no, Arnadine; you are the eldest, and must lead the way. Go on. Tell us what your plans are.'

I paused for a moment, to give due effect to my words, and then proclaimed with an air of the greatest pride: 'I am going to be a Lady Help.'

'What a splendid idea!' 'What a pity you did not think of it before,' said my two sisters in a breath.

'I saw an advertisement for a Lady Help in the *Standard* to-day; that is what made me think of it,' I continued. 'I have applied for it, and shall get an answer the day after to-morrow.'

'Have you said anything about it to mother or father?' asked Bessie.

'Not yet.'

'I expect you will have hard work to carry your point; they may think it *infra dig*.'

'Never mind; beggars cannot be choosers,' I replied sententially.

'I think I shall wait and see how you like it, and then follow; for it would not do for us all to go off at once,' said Bessie.

'No; of course not; besides, it is different with me. First, I am of age. Secondly, I have that five pounds which Aunt Sarah gave me two years ago, which I have been keeping in the hopes of paying a visit to London some day. Thirdly, I have the knack of turning my hand to anything.'

'How funny it will be,' said Clarice: 'what will they call you, I wonder? Miss Danvers or Arnadine, or perhaps Danvers. I should not like that.'

'Of course not,' I replied shortly. 'But we will not think of disagreeable things, Clarice. Run for the paper, and I will read you the advertisement.'

Clarice ran off willingly, and returned in a few minutes with the *Standard*, from the columns of which I read aloud as follows: "'Wanted by a Lady and her three Daughters, a Lady Help. Liberal Salary. Nothing menial required. Apply to —.'" Could anything be better?'

'Certainly not,' Bessie answered with an enthusiasm in which my spirit rejoiced.

'I shall want you to lend me a few of your things, to set me going. Of course I can send you some money for them when I get my pay.'

Your wages,' suggested Clarice.

'You may call it what you like,' I replied.

'Shall you not be just a little sorry when the day comes?' asked Bessie.

'Yes; I shall not like leaving you all. But there will be my holidays of course.'

'And if you do not like it, you can come back.'

'No; I shall not do that; it would be far too ignominious. Besides, it is bad enough for my father to have Basil back from Australia, and Henry waiting for something to turn up, and the three younger boys at school. No! I will not turn back when once I have started.'

The following morning my boasted courage sank below zero when I remained in the breakfast-room after the others had left, to tell my parents of my resolve. They opposed my plan strongly, said I should disgrace the family, and that I ought to be content at home. I told them it was impossible; the monotony of my life was too trying; besides, I wished to be independent, and have money of my own. They saw that I was obstinate; and in the end I extorted a most unwilling consent.

The next morning the expected letter arrived. It ran as follows:

OXYGEN HOUSE,
EARLS COURT ROAD,
KENSINGTON.

Mrs Porter presents her compliments to Miss Danvers, and will be very pleased to engage her services as Lady Help from the nineteenth of this month. In reply to Miss Danvers' inquiries as to duties, Mrs Porter thinks it will be better to leave such trifling details till they meet. Miss Danvers' chief occupation will be assisting the Misses Porter in their toilets, as they go out into society a good deal.'

I must confess that my ardour was just a little damped by this letter; there was an undertone of plebeianism about it which I could not banish from my mind, and the mental pictures it invoked of the Porter family were not prepossessing.

When I shewed the letter to my father, he said: 'It is just what I should have expected from people who adopt the use of anything so non-descript as a Lady Help; but I suppose you must go and see for yourself. You will be Arnadine Danvers and a lady wherever you go, and that is all you have to boast of.'

I changed my five-pound note and made a few additions to my wardrobe, leaving myself about three pounds for the journey and for pocket-money. As the day of my departure drew near, I could not wholly repress a feeling of sadness which crept over me at times, particularly towards evening; for with all its discomforts, petty vexations, and daily trials, home was home, and I had not lived my twenty-one years without realising this. Even when, on rare occasions, I had been away on visits to relatives, I had always experienced an inexplicable feeling of rest and satisfaction on finding myself once more beside the snug schoolroom fire in Amblecombe Manor. On the last evening, Bessie asked: 'Do you think you will go to see Miss Stonaway when you are in London, Arnie?'

Miss Stonaway had been our governess for ten years; we were all very fond of her; and to her we owed the sound education we happily possessed.

'I do not think I shall go to see her at first,' I answered. 'I have an idea that she will not approve of the step I am taking. I will wait and see how I get on. People often approve of an

undertaking when it turns out to be successful, although they set their faces against it at first.'

'You are becoming quite wise, Arnie. I should never have thought of that,' Clarice remarked, opening her big brown eyes and looking at me with admiration.

I may here remark that we three sisters were very much alike in appearance—tall and slight, with clear pale complexions, good features, light-brown hair, and large brown eyes. We did not think much about our looks, there was so little reason we should do so.

It was arranged that I should walk to the station on the morning of my departure. A donkey-cart was hired from the village to take my luggage; the two girls and Basil were to see me off. I was very glad when the good-byes at home were over. My mother cried, and so did I, when it came to the last kiss. Henry, who was too lazy to come to the station, called out: 'Good-bye, Arnadine. I hope to be off myself soon; but I suppose you will not come back to see the last of me, when once you have tasted the delights of London.'

My father took a cheery tone, and said: 'Promise me one thing, Arnadine—that you will not engage yourself to marry any man until I have seen him.'

This promise I made willingly.

When we reached the station, it was decided that as I was not a servant, I must travel first-class. Bessie thought it rather a bad beginning, but Basil would not hear of anything else. This extravagance left me with only a few shillings in my purse.

My sisters kissed me again and again. I cried a little more, and then was puffed out of their sight with some hours' journey before me. I amused myself at first with watching what went on at the different stations we arrived at. There was always something interesting to see. I had the carriage to myself till about noon; at that time two passengers entered my compartment, and I have reason to remember them very vividly. The first was a man who looked about thirty; his face was quiet, grave, and very thoughtful; he sat down in the corner of the carriage farthest from me. I looked out of the window again, still employing myself with watching the variety of travellers pacing up and down the busy platform. I made up stories in my head for all of them, and imagined that some of the ladies were Lady Helps—my thoughts running very much in that groove.

Presently I saw an old lady making her way towards my carriage, followed by an attentive guard.

'Only a young lady here mum,' said he, opening the door suddenly.

The ancient dame took him at his word and climbed up. I smiled when I saw her face of horror as she turned round and found that I was not her only fellow-traveller.

'Guard, guard! how dare you? You told me there was only a young lady here,' she cried in loud indignation.

'Really mum, I was mistaken,' the man replied, looking surprised but most amused.

'Pray, do not get out again,' said the gentleman in the corner, when he found that he was the cause of this perturbation. 'I have no objection to moving into the next carriage.'

The old lady stared at him ferociously as he took up his rug to go; then laid her hand on his arm, and said peremptorily: 'Stay where you are! I do not mind you, now that I have seen you, and you offer to go.'

He hesitated a moment, then sat down directly opposite me. Our eyes met; we were both smiling. Then I looked out of the window again, and he resumed his book.

'Hot water!' screamed the old lady.

'Coming mum,' cried a porter. The door was swung open and the tin dashed in regardless of my feet, upon which it alighted with merciless violence.

I made an exclamation of pain; the colour rushed to my cheeks, the tears to my eyes. The train moved off; and the old lady busied herself with wraps and packages not noticing my discomfort. The pain upset me a good deal, perhaps from my feeling excited and weak, and I knew for the first time what it was to want sympathy. In spite of my strong efforts to attain self-control, the tears would roll down my cheeks, and I once more resorted to my old plan of looking out of the window. I dared not look round, I felt so ashamed of myself; I did not wish my opposite neighbour to see that I was crying. Presently I heard him close his book, and he seemed to be looking for something; then he addressed me, saying: 'You must drink this wine; it will do you good. I think you were hurt a good deal.'

'I had rather not, thank you,' I said, barely looking round.

'I knew you would say that,' he answered. 'But if you had people with you whom you knew, they would make you take it. You must try and forget that I am a stranger for the time! There was something authoritative as well as persuasive in his voice.'

I looked round. His face was as composed as if he were still reading; he seemed not to be looking at me, though he still held out the tiny glass.

'Will you?' he asked once more, looking straight into my eyes this time.

Then almost involuntarily I said 'Yes,' and did as he wished.

'You had better put your feet upon my hat-box, and I will lend you this rug. Now you will feel more comfortable. I am afraid you have travelled some distance; you look tired.'

'I am not tired, thank you,' I said with a sort of gasp, hoping he would not see the patch in my left shoe as he settled my temporary footstool.

He took up his book again; and I brought out mine for the first time. It was a novel, *Austin Elliott*. The political part of it sent me to sleep, and proved the fallacy of my last statement. It was half-past four when I awoke, and both my companions looked as if they had not stirred since I went to sleep. We soon came to a large station. Here the old lady roused up, collected her belongings, and informed us she should get out at the next. When she left us, my companion remained silent for half an hour; and I looked at the end of my book to see if Austin and Eleanor married, then I closed it with a sigh of relief.

'You were tired,' my new friend remarked.

'I suppose I was,' I answered, feeling very shy, sitting up straight and looking as if I too meant to get out at the next station. 'Are we near London yet?' I asked.

'We shall be there in about half an hour's time.'

'There are always plenty of cabs to be had, I suppose?' I remarked with assumed carelessness.

'Yes; but there is sometimes a difficulty in securing one. But you have friends who will meet you, probably?'

'I do not know. Yes, I do. No; no one will meet me.'

'Then you will allow me to look after you, I hope; I will do so willingly.'

I hesitated a moment, then said: 'I think it will be better not, thank you; the sooner I learn to help myself the better.'

'Why? Every lady, and indeed every human being has a right to receive help when they need it,' he said, looking at me searchingly.

I blushed crimson. 'But I ought to do everything for myself, because—because—because I am going to be a Lady Help.'

I shall never forget the expression of his face when I had said this. It was not disappointment, scorn, nor amusement that I saw depicted upon it; it was sorrow. He did not speak for a moment; when he did, his voice sounded more kindly than ever.

'You are very young; it is a pity you should be obliged to do that sort of thing. I fear you may find it very hard and disagreeable; but I suppose you are obliged to try it.'

'Not exactly,' I answered with a frankness for which I hated myself afterwards. 'My parents do not like it. But we are poor, yes, really very poor; and I thought it would be nice to be independent and have money of my own.'

I fancied that the sorrowful look on his face changed to one of disapproval as I said this; but he did not speak. The train had begun to slacken speed, and we were already gliding over the tops of London houses. He jumped up and began collecting my few things and fastening his rugs. When we slid into the platform he got out at once. A porter rushed up to attend to us.

'Do not mind me,' he said. 'Attend to this young lady, and see her safely into a cab.'

He must have paid the man well, for I received every attention. And he, my fellow-traveller, raised his hat, looked once more straight into my eyes, and said 'Good-bye.'

FLAT-FISHES.

WHATEVER opinions may be expressed regarding the application or correctness of many popular names of animals, a glance at the wares exposed for sale in a fishmonger's window would appear to shew that the name 'flat-fishes' at least has not been misapplied. By this term we mean to indicate such fishes as the soles, flounders, plaice, brill, turbot, and holibut. No more graceful creatures, as far as their manner of swimming is concerned, can well be imagined than the flat-fishes. The body is thrown into the most graceful curves, and the fish appears to move through the water with the least possible exertion by the gentle undulations of its lithe thin body. The white colour of the under surface in the flat-fishes would appear to be chiefly due to the absence of light; and as we shall afterwards try to shew, the

difference between the colour of the two surfaces of these fishes is probably an acquired condition, and one which has been induced and perfected in conformity with the habits of the animals.

Returning however, to the consideration of the term 'flat-fish,' the naturalist may shew reason for asking us to reconsider our application of that term, by a reference to the structure of these fishes. That they are truly 'flat' cannot for a moment be denied, but it remains to be shewn in what sense the term 'flat' is to be applied and understood. Looking at any of these fishes, as they lie on the fishmonger's slab, most persons without any hesitation would say that the dark surface was the back, and the light-coloured surface the belly of the fish. To see a flat-fish swim with the dark surface uppermost, would appear to afford additional confirmation of this view. Nor would the opinions just mentioned appear to lose weight, if the fish were more carefully examined. On the so-called back of the animal both eyes are to be seen, and it is certainly the most natural of suppositions that the fish should possess its organs of vision on the surface which is uppermost, and which we might therefore name the back.

A little further consideration however, will shew that the popular ideas of the flat-fishes' conformation are of decidedly erroneous kind. Suppose we look at the fish again, and compare it with any common fish, regarding the relative position of whose surfaces no doubt can exist. In a herring or salmon, for example, we see that the fins are disposed in two sets. One set includes those fins which exist in the middle line of the fish, and which are therefore single or unpaired. Such are the back-fins, the tail-fin, and the anal fin or that on the lower surface or lower margin of the body. Then there are those fins which always exist in pairs—one fin on each side—and which in reality represent the paired limbs of higher animals. These paired fins never exceed two pairs in number—for no back-boned or vertebrate animal from the fish up to man, has more than four limbs. In the fish we call the two fins at the breast, the pectoral or breast fins; those representing the fore-legs of the fish. The other and remaining pair named ventral fins, which correspond to the hind-limbs, are placed far back in the salmon and herring, where hind-limbs should be in fact. But in other fishes such as the cod, perch, &c., the ventral fins are situated on the throat, and are placed beneath the breast-fins. We thus see that in fishes the fins exist either in the middle line of the body, or on the sides, and this observation will be found of some service to us when we return to consider the case of the flat-fishes.

But the mere form or shape of our ordinary fishes may also be remarked in passing. Almost all fishes are compressed from side to side; that is to say, the sides form the most prominent surfaces in a fish. The back and belly of an ordinary fish are mere lines as it were, and correspond somewhat to the mathematical definition of a line, in that they represent length without breadth.

The only groups of fishes which seem to present us with exceptions to this rule of flattening of the sides, are the skates and rays. The latter fishes possess, it is true, very flat bodies; but as may readily be demonstrated, the flat back of a skate is in reality produced by the great size of the breast-fins, which are not only very large and broad, but are so united to the body as to give an apparent breadth to the fish which in reality it does not possess. It is thus perfectly true that skates or rays have very broad backs, and may therefore be truly called flat-fishes, since they present differences in this respect from the majority, their neighbours. On the broad under surface of the skates and rays may be seen the mouth, nostrils, and breathing-apertures or gill-slits, whilst the eyes are placed on the back. Are the soles, flounders, plaice, and their neighbours to be legitimately and truly compared in respect of their form and shape to the skates? Such is the question before us, and to its reply we may now briefly direct attention.

The soles, flounders, and their allies, as every one knows, possess bodies which are liberally fringed by long fins of varying breadth. Furthermore on either broad surface of the fish, we see a single and prominent fin, and also two fins below; one existing on each side of the fish. With what fins in ordinary fishes do the fins of the flat-fishes correspond? The question is readily answered by a reference to what we have ascertained regarding the belongings of our common fishes. The long fin which fringes what we may call the upper edge of the body in the flat-fish, and which thus exists in the middle line of the body, must be the back-fin. Similarly the fin which borders the lower edge of the body must represent a very long anal fin; this fin being very short as a rule in other fishes. The single fin on each broad surface of the flat-fish must be a breast-fin, and the two fins below are the ventral fins. Hence it is clear that as the breast-fins invariably exist on the sides of fishes, the flat surfaces of the flat-fishes must be their sides, and not as is commonly supposed, their back and belly. And as the tail-fin in fishes is set vertically, or straight up-and-down, we may discover that a sole or flounder differs from its commoner neighbours chiefly in that its body is much more compressed from side to side. That this conclusion is correct may also be proved by noting the fact that the gill-slits, which in all fishes are placed on the sides, and never on the back and belly, are placed one on each broad surface in the flat-fishes. Thus it forms not the least curious feature in the history of the flat-fishes, that they live sideways as it were, and swim on one side like overbalanced creatures, instead of maintaining the erect position characteristic of fish-life at large.

The anatomical investigation of a flat-fish, pursued either in the study or at table—for not a little science may be learned by the acute observation of even our daily food—shows us that its body consists in reality of little else than an enormous tail-piece. A very small space indeed is reserved for the internal organs of the fish; all the rest being bone and muscle. And hence the value of these fishes as food-fishes is in no small degree dependent on the fact, that they present the largest possible amount of eatable material along with the minimum quantity of useless matter.

We now proceed to the consideration of what may justly be regarded as the most singular feature in the organisation of the flat-fishes, and one which has formed a text for no little discussion in natural history. The fact that the eyes of the flat-fishes exist on the dark-coloured surface has already been remarked. This observation would of itself disclose no unusual feature, provided the dark surface had been shewn to be, as in the skates and rays, the back. But as we have noted, the dark or upper surface in the flat-fishes is simply one of the sides of the animal; and we are thus presented with the singular and anomalous aspect of a fish which possesses both eyes on one side of its body. The brief investigation of this feature in flat-fish history teems with interest by no means confined to the fishes themselves, but, as is usual in scientific study, will be found to open avenues of thought which lead to subjects connected even with the history and origin of man himself.

If we observe the development of a flat-fish, we shall find that as it comes from the egg the eyes are normally disposed, one on each side of the head. The body is in every respect symmetrical in early life, and even in respect of its colour no difference can be perceived between the two sides. Any one unacquainted with the alterations in structure and life which the young fish will exhibit would naturally assume that it would swim like other fishes, back upmost. But sooner or later changes of important nature take place in the organisation of the young flat-fish. The habit of lying or resting on one side is acquired as a part of the natural inheritance of the flat-fish; and the eye which at first existed on the lower side of the animal begins slowly to travel round to what will in future be the upper side of the fish. The bones of the skull, soft and flexible at this stage, become curiously contorted and twisted in the course of this alteration, and in due time both eyes thus come to be situated on the upper side, which also develops a darker colour than the opposite side, probably, as already remarked, through its exposure to the light.

The case of the flat-fishes, and the curious adaptation of the eyes to their peculiar habit of resting and swimming on one side, as well as the acquirement of this habit itself, present us with certain features which appear to be readily enough explained by the careful consideration of the whole circumstances of their life. There can, in this case, be no dismissal of the subject with the oft-repeated formula that the fishes were created with these abnormal or unusual features; for the young fish issues from the egg in a perfectly normal form, and afterwards acquires its peculiarities. We are in fact taught by the case of the flat-fishes a valuable lesson regarding the influence of an animal's environments or surroundings on its mode of life and frame. The observation of a young flat-fish demonstrates to us that the animal does not possess the power of retaining the upright or vertical position in the water, but exhibits a tendency to overbalance itself, through the extreme depth of its body. This tendency is increased no doubt by the want of an air-bladder or swimming-bladder—used in fishes to alter their specific gravity, and to thus enable them to rise or sink in the water—whilst the paired fins in the flat-

fishes are of too small a size to count for much as balancing-organs. There thus exists a tendency to fall on one side, and whilst in this awkward position, the young flat-fish may be seen to twist or jerk the lower eye or that next the ground, as if in the endeavour to see round the head. Considerable efforts appear to be made by young flat-fishes in this manner, and as time passes, the distorted appearance which is at first temporarily produced by the young fish, becomes converted, no doubt through inheritance, into a fixed and permanent condition; the lower eye ultimately becoming turned to the upper side. Thus the overbalancing of the young flat-fish, and its attempts to see with the lower eye, may be credited with being the apparent causes of the ultimate modification of its organs of sight. It is also worthy of note that the jawbones and teeth of the flat-fishes are best developed on the side of the body which rests on the ground. The effects of the use and disuse of parts may be said to be plainly illustrated by this latter fact. As the fish rests on the ground the lower side of the jaw will be most frequently brought into use in feeding, and hence on the principle that constant use implies, as is well known, increased growth, the jaw becomes best developed on the eyesless side of these fishes.

The views just detailed regarding the causes of the modification in the flat-fishes receive support from the consideration of some allied cases of alteration in other animals. It is remarkable that in the flat-fishes themselves every stage of this modification may be noted, shewing the acquirement of these peculiarities by some forms in a higher and more typical degree than by others. Thus one flat-fish belonging to the holi-but-kind is known which leaves the egg, as do other species, in a normal condition, and which does not alter in any way, but preserves its normal condition, and swims erect throughout life. At the opposite extreme may be placed the soles, which are amongst the most completely one-sided of these fishes. Then instances of the effect of a one-sided life on the young of other fishes, seem to support the ideas already given regarding the modification of the eyes in the flat-fishes. Young salmon and perches have occasionally been noted to rest on one side, and to strain the lower eye in the endeavour to see, with the result of causing a one-sided development of their skulls. Another species of fish (*Trachypterus*) not related to the flat-fishes in any way, is known to rest on its left side; the result of this habit being to produce distortion of the skull and to cause the fish to swim half sideways in the water. One authority indeed tells us that even when in the egg, the young of the flat-fishes are not quite symmetrical, and on this view we can understand why the young fish should exhibit a tendency to topple over; whilst the law of inheritance would seem to suggest that the resemblance to the parental condition should naturally begin to be manifested before the young are hatched. Even in higher animals, the influence of unwonted conditions in inducing distortion is readily exemplified. In lop-eared rabbits, as Mr Darwin has shewn, the skull may become one-sided through one ear drooping forwards and downwards. The skull in early life being soft and flexible, yields readily in such a case to the strain

produced by the muscles and weight of the ear.

The great law that a condition which is advantageous to the life of an animal will be maintained and perpetuated, appears to explain why the race of flat-fishes has steadily kept up its numbers and species. These fishes are adapted in the most admirable manner for their existence as bottom-feeders. They rest on the ground in safety, protected by the resemblance which exists between their coloration and that of the sand, amidst which they obtain their food. And thus, through perhaps an illimitable period, these interesting fishes favoured by nature, may be destined to hold their own in the struggle for existence, from a participation in which man himself is by no means excluded.

YORKSHIRE ODDITIES.

JOHN WROE, who in early life had been an adherent of Joanna Southcott, was a noted Yorkshire oddity. He was a strange combination of folly, religious fanaticism, and knavery. Ordinarily known as the Yorkshire prophet, he played a great many pranks. John was always ready to turn every little incident to his own advantage; and being plausible to an unusual extent, acquired great influence over the ignorant minds with which he came in contact. About the age of thirty he had an epileptic fit; and this was the beginning of his seeing visions. He then had frequent trances, in which he remained sometimes as long as thirty-six hours. On one occasion, on coming out of a trance, his tongue being still paralysed, he wrote down the fiftieth chapter of Jeremiah. As he solemnly declared he had never even read the chapter, his fame spread, and many believed he was supernaturally possessed.

After that he began to preach, and gave out that he had a mission to the Jews. The accidental fulfilment of some of Wroe's dubiously worded predictions much increased his fame, and impressed the ignorant with the belief in his divine mission. He foretold the speedy death of his wife's brother, and sent her to tell him he would shortly die. The man was ill in bed at the time, and there is little doubt the shock killed him. Wroe was dismissed by his master from his employment of wool-combing. On receiving his discharge he fell back in a fit, and on regaining his senses, pointed to his employer's son, and said he should never again pay wages. The boy was taken ill, and soon died. He had certainly been frightened to death by his belief in Wroe's supernatural powers.

The prophet, as he was now generally called, travelled about for many years; and such was his plausibility and power of dissimulation, that he obtained crowds of fervent believers. He was publicly baptised in the river Aire, near Apperly Bridge, in the presence of thousands of spectators. In 1854, John Wroe said he had command from the Lord to build a house. The society of believers met, and it was agreed they should have what was known as 'the Flying Pill

Money.' This was a fund established by Joanna Southcott for preaching the outpouring of the Spirit for forty years after her death. It amounted to over two thousand pounds. The land was bought near Wakefield; no architect was to be employed; it was to be built as the Lord directed. The house was to belong to the society, for the 'House of Israel.' Appeals were made; subscriptions poured in, and an immense sum of money was raised. However, Wroe managed that the house and farm of one hundred acres should be settled on himself. He made a public will, leaving all his property to the society; and a few weeks after a private one, devising all to his family. He visited and preached in Australia several times, and at last died there. His Australian converts declared he had not kept faith with them, as he had promised he would never die!

A much more agreeable and lovable character was Miss Margaret Wharton, a lady of good family and large fortune. She was one of the Whartons of Skelton Castle, Cleveland, and possessed two hundred thousand pounds, half of which she gave to a nephew. She was well known in Scarborough, where she used to send out for 'a pennyworth of cream' and 'a pennyworth of strawberries,' always paying her penny down. From this little peculiarity she became known as Peg Pennyworth. On one occasion while in Scarborough, she had a meat-pie made; it was very large, as it was for herself, some visitors, and the servants. She ordered her footman to take it to the bakehouse. He refused, saying it was not consistent with his dignity to be seen dressed in plush and tays, carrying a meat-pie. Mistress Peg then desired the coachman to take it; but he also declined. 'Bring out the carriage,' was then the command. The carriage was harnessed, the coachman donned his powdered wig, and mounted the box; the footman ascended behind, and Mistress Margaret Wharton sitting in state in the carriage, bore the meat-pie on her lap. 'Drive to the bakehouse,' was her command. In an hour or two, the same state being observed, the pie was brought back. 'Now,' she said to the coachman, 'you have kept your place, which is to drive; and you'—turning to the footman—'have kept yours, which is to wait; and now we will all have some of the pie.'

The passion of love often reacts strangely on undisciplined minds, and frequently produces on them most unlooked-for results. At Keithley, at the beginning of the present century, lived a young man named William Sharp. He fell desperately in love with a girl, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Everything went smoothly till the wedding morning, when the fathers could not agree how much to give the young couple to start them in life; and literally at the last moment in church the match was broken off. This was too much for the weak mind of William Sharp; he went home, went to his bed, and never rose from it again. He was just thirty when he thus isolated himself from active life; and he died in his bed at the age of seventy-five. His room was about nine feet square. The floor was stone, and generally damp. The window was permanently fastened; some of the panes were filled in with wood; and at the time of his death it had not been opened for thirty-eight years.

In this dreary cell did this strange being immerse himself. He obstinately refused to speak, and gradually every trace of intelligence faded away. His father left an ample provision for his eccentric son, and he was well looked after. He ate as much as an ordinary day labourer, and at his death weighed above sixteen stone. In Harrogate, several years ago, lived a woman who for the same cause behaved in exactly the same manner. Her parents having prevented her marriage with a worthless character, she took to her bed, and had kept it for fifteen years; and if not dead, is probably keeping it still.

The living of Leaseholme in the North Riding, was held by three successive generations of a family named Wikes. They were all men of great learning, popular preachers, and of eccentric dispositions. The first of the family who held it was an old soldier of Charles I. On the Restoration, he hung up his sword, and the living of Leaseholme being vacant, applied for it. Charles II. thinking it an easy way of paying off his debts, gave it him very readily. One year when the 30th of January fell on a Sunday, Mr Wikes went to the church at the usual time. On arriving there, he found both clerk and sexton in the churchyard watching with great interest a domestic quarrel that was going on across the brook that ran down the middle of the village. Mr Wikes at once plunged over the brook, and tore the pair asunder, shouting: 'Be quiet, you rascal!' to the husband; and, 'Hold your tongue, you rixen!' to the wife. Of course both fell upon him, and he had hard work to defend himself from the irate pair. In the fray, his yells of 'Peace, you monster!' 'Have done, mermagant!' and 'Hands off, coward!' were mingled with the abuse and blows of the disputants, till the absurdity of the scene struck the by-standers, and priest and people burst into a roar of laughter. But matters could not end here. According to local custom, when husband and wife quarrel, and a third person interferes, all three are doomed to 'ride the stang.' The parishioners insisted on this custom being observed, and the whole village prepared to join in the procession. But though the parson sat complacently on his pole, the original combatants refused, and arming with poker and pitchfork, defended themselves against the attacks of the villagers. In the confusion, the clergyman was upset into the brook, where he vigorously withstood all attacks by the aid of his pole, till seizing a favourable moment, he made his escape to the church, and placed the sanctity of the place and his official dress between himself and his opponents. The people poured into the church, and the service proceeded, the clergyman making trails of wet on the floor as he walked from desk to chancel, and from chancel to pulpit. He preached a pathetic sermon on the martyrdom of his royal master, and then hurried home, to counteract the effects of his wetting.

One of the inhabitants of a village near Thirsk went by the name of 'Old John Meal-y-face.' He was very miserly in his habits, and didn't allow his wife enough to eat. To stay her hunger, she would often—when her husband was out of the way—bake a loaf for herself. Old John found this out, and to prevent it, adopted a singular plan. Before going to market he would press his face in the flour in the bin. When he came back, he put

his face again in the impression, to see if it had been disturbed!

In the time of our grandfathers, the Dean of Ripon was a Dr Waddelove, a gentleman more fond of his bottle than his parochial duties. Near the railway station is a very old tiny chapel dedicated to St Mary Magdalen. By ancient endowment, there ought to have been daily service in the chapel for the benefit of the inmates of the almshouses close by. But the stipend went into the pocket of the Dean, and the duties were neglected. Now, both the Dean's wine-cellar and his credit were at a low ebb. How was money to be raised? A bright idea struck him. He had the ancient bell removed from the gable where it had hung silent for so many years. The bell went to the foundry; the money went into the pockets of the wine-merchants, and the Dean's cellar was replenished. But though long-suffering, the good people of Ripon could not stand this. The Dean was remonstrated with; and the effect was, the bell again adorned the gable of St Mary Magdalen. The next spring, the swallows built as usual among the eaves, and when the nesting-time came, the boys climbed about the gable in search of eggs. One of them, seeing the bell-rope dangling, began to pull. No sound replied. Much amazed, the urchin climbed nearer. There was no clapper! In fact the bell was made of wood, painted to represent bell-metal. The story rung farther than the old bell had ever done, till, for very shame, the Dean was obliged to take it down, and it was placed in an old oak chest in the little chapel, where it remains to the present day, a monument of misdirected ingenuity.

A FAR-TRAVELLED POST-CARD.

On the 24th of May 1878, a gentleman in Chemnitz, Saxony, made a bet that a post-card which he intended to despatch the same evening would travel round the world in one hundred and twenty days. The card was first addressed to the Messrs H. Gerbel & Co. in Alexandria, Egypt, where it arrived on the 4th day of June. From here it was immediately mailed to the German Imperial Consulate in Singapore, and reached there on the 29th June. The same day it was despatched to Yokohama, and was delivered there on the 14th July. Here, however, it was detained until the 31st July. It reached San Francisco on the 24th August, and New York on the 2d September. At one o'clock on the 18th of September the card was delivered to Mr Ludwig Ploss, the gentleman who had despatched it, in Chemnitz, and he had the pleasure of winning his wager. Before posting his card, Mr Ploss wrote on the back a polite request, in English, that each person receiving it would immediately remit it, cancelling the old address and filling in the next one. The different addresses were then given as follows: From the Messrs H. Gerbel & Co., Alexandria—1st, To Imperial German Consulate, Singapore; 2d, Imperial German Consulate, Yokohama; 3d, Messrs Murphy, Grant & Co., San Francisco; 4th, Franz Hahmann, P. O. Box 1126, New York; 5th, Ludwig Ploss, Chemnitz, Saxony. This post-card has been photographed, and bears the embossed German stamp, a Japanese and two United States adhesives, and thirteen different post-marks. It is also in perfect preservation.

THE RUINED HAMLET.

SUFFER now reigns where once was heard
The varied sounds of human life;
The feelings and the thoughts that stirred
Each heart amid its cares and strife,
All that could move, or sad or gay,
Have, like a vision, passed away.

The crumbling walls, whose roofs of thatch
Time's ruthless hand hath tumbled down,
Are gray with mould and lichen patch—
For Nature ever loves to crown
Decay with life—and round them all
The clustering weeds grow rank and tall.

The stone seat by each cottage door,
Where gossip whiled the time away;
The oak, beneath whose branches hoar
Rose children's merry shouts at play,
Time's touch hath spared; but now the hum
Of those glad sounds will never come.

Each little plot of garden ground
Neglected lies, nor more are seen
Well-cultured plants and flowers abound,
With trimly tended walks between;
The hedgerow round the garden space
Nettles and tall weeds interlace.

Yet here is felt the solemn truth—
Though men and all their works may fade,
Nature, fresh in immortal youth,
Smiles at the ruin Time hath made;
And round me now her aspects shew
Fair as in ages long ago.

The birds sing in the forest glade;
And still within each leafy nook,
Where happy childhood careless played,
The wild-flowers blossom; and the brook
Its pebbled bed still murmurs o'er,
Just as it did in days of yore.

The magpie on the topmost bough
Of the tall fir-tree builds its nest;
And on the distant mountain's brow
Sunshine and gloom alternate rest;
The uplands and the verdant plains
Smile still as fair when Summer reigns.

But where are they whose humble lot
Was narrowed to this quiet scene,
Whose very names are now forgot,
Their only record—'They have been';
Who toiled contented, laughed and wept,
Lived peaceful lives, and soundly slept?

Came adverse times, and, forced to roam,
When striving hard to live was vain,
Some in the city found a home,
And some in lands beyond the main;
But, just a stone-cast from their door,
Within the churchyard many more.

Ah! mournful change, ah! vain regrets,
Memorials sad of vanished years!
Here, as the sun in glory sets,
My eyes are blind with burning tears,
To think thus all life's joys must wane,
Depart, and never come again!

Geo. Donald.

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SEEMING ODDITIES IN NATURE.

THE marvellous profusion and varieties of animal life give naturalists considerable trouble in the way of rigorous classification. Setting out on the principle that each living thing must belong to one or other of the divisions which have been arbitrarily formed, the result is far from satisfactory. Nature refuses to be bound by strict rules to suit any classification however learned and specious. The distinction laid down, for example, between beasts and birds, is in some cases very illusory. Nature beneficently introduces creatures on the scene which can be called neither beasts nor birds, but form a kind of combination of both. Some would describe this as an eccentricity, and that the animals so created rank as natural wonders. They are doubtless in a sense wonders; but all animated nature is wonderful, and we are not entitled to say that any living creature is an oddity, or something off at a side. We are to understand that nothing has been made in vain, or in a spirit of frolicsome-ness. Each animal, small or large, from the crawling mite to the elephant, has its assigned use, and is provided with a form and faculties precisely adapted to its state of existence. When we seriously think about it, the subject is tremendous, overpowering. We are lost in awe of the Infinite Wisdom manifested in Creation.

These observations are not made as preliminary to a dissertation on natural history, but to point out an instance of a tribe of animals possessing that combined or half-and-half character which perplexes men of the Cuvier stamp in their striving to classify everything according to some conventional standard. In any such combination there is, obviously no mixture or monstrosity. The simpler plan has consisted in piecing on, as it were, some of the attributes of a bird to the general structure of a quadruped. This is conspicuous in the different species of bats, or *chiroptera* as they are scientifically called, from two Greek words signifying a hand and a wing. The designation does not by any means express the

true character of these very remarkable animals. They might more correctly be described as flying quadrupeds; some would say flying mice; for to such they have a considerable resemblance. Odd-looking as bats appear, they are a combination of beast and bird, so ingenious, so expressly calculated to perform their principally required function of clearing the air of night-flying insects, that nothing better could be conceived for the purpose. Let us present a few particulars concerning these curious creatures.

There are perhaps a dozen species of bats respectively designed to act their part in different parts of the world, but they are all winged quadrupeds, various in size, corresponding to the duties they have to perform, and to the climates in which they are located. The bat common in Great Britain is small in size, and known only as a harmless and peculiar autumn-evening flutterer in villages and barn-yards where its prey is likely to abound. In some of the English counties it is known as the Flittermouse, while in Scotland it is poetically celebrated as the Bankie-bird. Thus Burns refers to it in the opening lines of 'The Jolly Beggars'—

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or wavering like the bankie-bird,
Bedim could Boreas' blast.

Of whatever species, the bat is mammiferous. It suckles its young, of which it has one or two at a birth, and its mouth is provided with teeth. It has four legs, but two of them resemble arms, and it has a tail extended from the vertebra. Each arm consists of two long bones with an elbow-joint. At the outer extremity of the arm, as with a human hand, there are four fingers and a thumb. The fingers are long thin bones attached lengthwise to the membranous wing, which they expand like the slender whalebones of an umbrella—a most beautiful and effective arrangement. The thumb projects, and is an interesting member. It resembles a claw or hook. By means of its two hooked thumbs, the creature can suspend itself from branches of trees or other projections, and is enabled to draw itself forward on the

ground. The legs are short, with knee-joints, and the claws of the toes help the thumbs in the matter of suspension. Arms, legs, and tail are all united with the membrane of the wings, and materially aid in propulsion through the air. Everything in the general structure of the animal is subsidiary to the function of flying. The wings, however, are inferior to the wings of birds, such as those of the swallow. But they perfectly fulfil their purpose. Consisting of a membrane which wraps the body like a cloak, these bat-wings are powerful in darting swiftly in a series of jerks and zigzags in pursuit of moths and other insects. Besides relying on its eyesight, the bat possesses the advantage of an extremely delicate susceptibility in its thin membranous wings which reveals the presence of any insect it happens to touch in its flight. Had the wings been of feathers like those of birds, this important quality of detecting insects by the slightest touch would have been lost.

Numerous fanciful notions are entertained regarding bats. They are said to be able to see in the dark, and that they are bloody and vengeful in their nature. As concerns seeing in the dark, that is quite erroneous. Their power of avoiding obstacles when flying in darkened places, is not due to their eyes, but to that keen sensibility in their wings that has been just alluded to. The thin leathery wings of bats are their antennæ or feelers. Darting about in all directions in utter darkness, they are never by any chance impeded or injured by obstacles that happen to be in their way. Experiments have been made, by stretching strings across darkened places in which a number of them are confined, and no string is ever disturbed in their flight. The exquisitely radiated system of nerves in a bat's wing offers one of the finest studies in animal physiology, or we might say in natural theology. Shall a creature so ingeniously formed be spoken of with sentiments of hostility or derision? On the contrary, it should excite our warmest admiration. Artists from time immemorial have been in the habit of depicting malevolent demons with wings on the pattern of those of the bat—a piece of conventionality wholly at variance with what is learned from a contemplation of the actual facts in nature. The bat is no more fiendish than the swallow, or any other bird which has been appointed to rid the atmosphere of superfluous and destructive insects.

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in them here and there, large enough for a bat to fly through. He had previously prepared some for this experiment by depriving them of their sight, and as much as possible of their hearing. On being turned loose, he found that they flew without the least difficulty through the holes in the cloths. It is inferred, that as they did not anywhere touch the cloth, they must have been warned of their approach to it by feeling the repulse of the air set in motion by their wings, and have distinguished the hole by no such reaction taking place.' We are by no means satisfied that this is the right explanation; for in avoiding strings stretched across a darkened room, bats must be guided by something else than the repulsion of the atmosphere. Be this as it may, the putting out of the eyes, and destroying the hearing of several bats, for an experiment of no practical value, was an act simply infamous. In the name of humanity, we must hold Spalanzani, however great a naturalist he was, to have been guilty of a base and reproachful action. In the present day, he would have exposed himself to a just prosecution for cruelty to animals. The time has come when under no pretension of serving the interests of science will the mutilation or other acts of cruelty on creatures claiming our sympathy and protection be tolerated.

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W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

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Miss Rose, I'm sure!'—sipped the steaming compound with modest enjoyment of its fragrance. Meanwhile old Captain Trawl related how, so anxious had been the vigilance of the fishermen that day, that the very bingles of the coaches on the roads skirting the sea had been silenced; and that there had been an order given to postpone the firing of 'shots' in certain quarries that stood but a little above high-water mark, lest the precious visitants should be scared away.

'There be they that say,' observed the old seaman dogmatically, 'fish have no ears. Anyhow, a drum, or a gun, or so much as the squeak of a fiddle in a ship's foc'sle, is enough to head back the whole drove on 'em. And if pilchards fail, there'll be cold hearth-stones and children crying for hunger, in many a village from St Mary's to the Seal Rocks. They're a bit latish this year.'

Presently the mate said good-night, and departed, not, as he explained, to 'turn in regular,' but to lie down, waiting for the summons to action. He recommended his new commander to do the same. 'One of the lads 'll run, once the cry's given, Cap,' he said; 'and 'twill be as well for the men's tempers—asking your pardon for the freedom—not to keep them waiting over-long.'

Hugh followed his lieutenant's well-meant advice, and lying down full-dressed on the spotless little bed with its snow-white curtains, slept as he had slept on many a night when the warcy of the savage or the howl of storm-wind through the rigging was likely to awaken him, ready to spring up at the first call. But the pilchards were capricious, and Hugh's slumbers were undisturbed. Even at dawn, no cry burst forth from jutting crag or hill-top. The morning passed quietly away, and Hugh began to fret at the delay which doomed him to inaction. His own desire had been, as was natural, to go up to the Court at as early an hour as the habits of gentlefolks permitted, and to pay his thanks to his benefactress in person for the great kindness she had rendered him. But old Captain Trawl was strongly against his going up to Llosthuel. 'Suppose you be absent there, my bo', he said, 'and the cry to sound, and the *Western Maid* to be waiting for her skipper, and perhaps a thousand barrels lost through that. Even my Lady wouldn't like it.'

But at last, as the dreamy golden morning went on, Hugh could no longer endure the suspense; and he was in the act of sallying forth from the garden-gate, when a breathless lad in red shirt and Flushing serge ran hurrying up.

'Cap'n Ashton! They want you, sir. Long Michael the mate bid me say they've signalled.'

Clear and distinct to Hugh's ear came through the distance the far-off cry from cliff and crag: 'Fish, ho!' 'I'll not keep them waiting for me,' answered Hugh. A boy can run better than a man; but it was all that the young apprentice could do to keep abreast of his young commander as they traversed the cobble-stoned streets and emerged upon the quay.

'Yon's *Western Maid*!' cried the boy. There were vessels in plenty in Treport harbour, or in local parlance quay-pool, on that day, over and above the *Western Maid*. No steam-ships it is true, but a pack of fishing-craft, with red sails, brown sails, white sails, hastily getting ready for

sea, and being hauled and towed out of harbour, bronzed, black-bearded giants springing on board, women, striplings, and children buckling to the tow-rope. The *Western Maid* had steam up by this, and lay alongside the harbour snorting like some angry crocodile in the Egyptian mud. Her crew were bustling like alarmed wasps, to and fro. There was no landing-stage ready, no gangway manned, none of the preparation which we see in passenger steamers. Hugh caught hold of a rope and swung himself on board, dropping from the quay to the deck more deftly than did the ship's boy who followed him.

'That's something like! Cap. be a sailor, I see that,' muttered several who saw the act, men and women alike; for women along that storm-beaten western coast are smart critics and severe judges of what a man who grapples with the all-devouring sea should be to make him worthy of such a foe. There was nothing, so far as the natives of Treport could observe, to object to in Hugh Ashton. A stranger he was, a 'foreigner in local speech; no Cornishman, not of the 'one and all,' of the famous mining, fishing, wrestling county that was once a kingdom.

But that was the head and front of his offending; and once paroled on that score, he promised to make friends rapidly on the strength of his own merits. That he was a gallant young man was clear—lithe, active, taller than any of his crew save Long Michael and one son of Auk, who however, was from Beer, of smuggling fame, in the bordering shire of Devon. 'Bustle about, lads! Clear away there! Take the helm, my man, will you! And you, boy, run below and tell the engineer to be ready to put her at quarter-speed till we're out of port!' ordered Hugh; and Long Michael, whose generous soul was aglow with pleasure at finding his young superior equal to the situation, seconded these orders with all the zeal he could muster.

'Wish ye luck, Captain!'—'Good-luck, skipper!' said twenty rough, and as many shrill voices from the pier, as the steamer glided out. Hugh waved his cap in reply. The sunbeams glinted on the young man's dark hair and proud handsome head, as he stood, gracefully and quite at home, on his deck.

'Looks as if he'd been born a skipper,' was the word in many a humble home that day when Hugh was mentioned. The *Western Maid* slid softly out to sea, the helmsman's main difficulty being to avoid fouling any of the red-sailed smacks that were creeping out of Treport, or making their slow way, like so many wet-winged moths, across the heaving sea, under the pressure of the tantalising breeze, that was not steady for ten minutes at a time.

'Cap.,' said Long Michael, sidling up to Hugh, 'we're safe out o' harbour, and that's thanks to you. Let me tell 'ee between ourselves, that if you'd rubbed a penn'orth of paint, or so much as rattled a block, off one o' them smacks, they'd have grumbled—men are that unreasonable. And if I'd stood by you, sir, and helped, they'd ha' grumbled then, and said: "Old Michael be a dry-nursing him to know the sea." That ain't true, Cap., for you've been long-voyage; hevn't ye?'

'Long enough! Four months, once, whaling and sealing in the Antarctic Sea,' answered Hugh with a smile.

'But,' said Michael argumentatively, 'you can't know the Channel, and specially our pilcharding, without bein' taught, no more than I knows Commodore Johnson's Greek Dictionary, or whatever it is, by the right name of it. Now here we are sick out, ready to help; but we musn't go too fast.'

'Why too fast?' asked Hugh, surveying the sea.

'Because,' the mate made answer, 'we're no more good by ourselves than a mill is, bless ye, when there be no grist to grind. We'm got no nets to shoot. All we can do, I reckon, is to help them that has. There's two ways we can do that. Take the boats in tow—that's one; but they're all loath to pay for that so long as there's a breath to fill the sails; and I can't blame them. T'other way is surest. We can tow nets inshore to beach, and get the pilchards landed, when, but for us, tons-weight of the shiny things would break away and get lost. But there's them as be mortal jealous of our steamers. Some of the free fishers be. Enterprisers be more so.'

In answer to Hugh's inquiries, Long Michael at once informed him of the existence of certain irregular associations on the Cornish coast called Enterprisers, the members of which were fishermen who fished in unison.

'Twasn't bad at the beginning,' explained the mate. 'The idea war not a bad one. The men ye see, Cap, had been ground down by the Jowlders, and they was sore against them.—You don't know, sir, what a Jowlder is. Well, I'm sorry to say he's a precious old rascal, that buys fish, and buys it on his own terms, having money in hand, and fishers none, and Jowlders hanging together to keep down prices. So it was natural the owners of boats should wish to help one another and be free of the Jowlders, and sell all at one rate, and get a smack out of bay in case of need, and be like brothers. But the Jowlders—cunning old sea-dogs!—they bided their time, they did; and through having one man under their thumb, and lending to another, and what not, Enterprisers are obliged to bid them fair, they be.'

Long Michael went on to say that Jowlders and Enterprisers were combined in a strong dislike to the steam-vessels of the Western Tug and Salvage Company; the former because their co-operation at critical moments tended to cheapen the price of fish; and the latter on account of that unreasonable jealousy which uneducated Labour has at all times exhibited towards Science backed by capital.

'There have been riots north-west way agin the use of steam,' Long Michael said; 'and though there's been none o' that among our chaps, it's best not to thwart their prejudices. If the shoals war to turn tail, and we be near, they'd lay all the weight of it on the *Western Mail*. So we'm better keep a good oiling, Cap, until the pilchard drove be well inshore and every seine crackin' with the netted fish; and then they'll be glad to call us to their help, and won't grudge the ray neither.—Yon's the lighthouse; and there, beyond the Point, that's St Mary's Bay. Once the shoal gets well in, their own pressure will keep them moving; and sometimes girls and boys from the beach can wade into the shallows, and get them in creels and caps and anything, they're that

thick.—Keep her away, Peter Mawgan, d'ye hear!—And I think the engines had better stop altogether; not the steam-head, though. We'll wait speed when the hurry comes.'

SKETCHES IN THE HIMALAYA.

It is commonly understood that there is a considerable mortality among the children of the white population of India; but of late years this evil has been greatly reduced by the establishment of Sanatoria and 'Children's Homes' in the Himalaya Mountains. To the former regularly resort, at the commencement of the hot season when the plains are no longer enjoyable, those who can command the means of a residence in that vast mountain-chain familiarly called 'the Hills,' where civil and military stations are now numerous, and life is spent in a temporary round of amusements, unknown to the people of England.

Access to these sublime and beautiful regions is easy; and between the mountain-tops and the picturesque valleys, perpetual summer may be found. These mountain-homes of our countrymen are not only thoroughly enjoyable to the lovers of Nature's beauties, but they also enable them to reproduce the domestic life of the mother-country with all its homely joys; and in so genial a climate, a sound mind in a healthy body finds abundant opportunities of following the pursuits of science and of literature, in comparatively fresh fields.

Leaving Umballa early one morning at the commencement of the hot season, we rode across country to Lahroo, a small village, where we changed horses. Thence we cantered nine miles through a rich country, diversified by many pleasing bits of scenery, to the *dab* or staging bungalow of Bussi, where we again mounted fresh horses, and galloped forward to the village of Munumajra, at the entrance to the pass of the Sewalik or outer Himalayan range, which towards its eastern extremity presents a sharply serrated outline, with an average height of about thirteen hundred feet.

Next morning we passed through this range—a distance of several miles—by tortuous water-courses and fragmentary roads, and entered the Valley of Pinjore, near the village of which are the splendid terraced gardens of the Maharajah of Puteala, a chieftain of the Cis-Battlej States, whose unwavering fidelity to the British government during our wars with his countrymen the Sikhs, has been rewarded with extensive additions to his territorial possessions.

Here are innumerable fountains and artificial cascades, sparkling with the pure waters of the mountain-streams which feed them; *fete-d'eau* shoot aloft and adown the marble canals; whilst elegant pavilions of the same material afford the most charming retreats, where lulled by the murmurs around, in an atmosphere filled with the perfume of the rose, jasmine, oleander, and orange, the oriental sybarite, with his hookah and pomegranate sherbet, may conjure up waking dreams such as may have inspired the *Arabian Nights*. Now confronting the traveller, rise the bold bluffs of the outer range of the Himalaya proper, to an

elevation of about seven thousand feet; and putting spurs to our horses, a five-mile ride along an excellent road brought us to the small village and English hotel of Kalka, at the base of the mountain on which stands the military station of Kussowlie. The ascent is by a steep and tortuous road about eight miles long.

As we continue to ascend, the Sewalie range no longer obstructs the view of the plains beyond; and in the far distance may be seen the winding Sutlej, pursuing its way like a silvery python along the boundary of the Punjab. A sudden turn of the road carries us to the northern side of the mountain, and the station of Kussowlie breaks at once on the view; first the parade-ground, about an acre in extent, around which are the low flat-roofed barracks; and gradually the various bungalows of the residents, perched here and there upon every available scarp or ledge of rock, and surrounded by dark fir-trees (*Pinus longifolia*) and various shrubs, of which more presently. A stranger arriving during the dry season would not be aware of the splendid panorama, which a dusky haze obscures; but after a day's rain the magnificent scene is revealed in all its wondrous features. This station, one of the earlier established sanatoria, is named after the small hamlet of Kussowlie, which is situated in a valley below. From the roads which wind along the spurs of the mountain, the view looking north embraces seven distinct ranges, including the sublime Snowy Range, whose sharply serrated peaks rise to an altitude nearly twice that of Mont Blanc. In the middle distance lie the military stations of Subathoo, Dugshai and the Lawrence Asylum; while farther off may be distinctly seen the *deodar* (Himalayan cedar, often a hundred feet high) crowned heights of Simla.

From about the 1st of May until the rains commence on the 15th or 16th of June, the aspect of these mountains is barren and parched, reminding one of sheets of crumpled brown paper; the foliage of the fir-trees is reduced to scanty brown tufts; the incessant hum of insect-life becomes tiresome; while occasionally the sun breaks forth with great fervour through the reddish haze. At night, thousands of fire-flies cover the stations as it were with glittering sparks, and not unfrequently one may hear the distant rumbling of thunder. But in the valleys the aspect of Nature, even at this season, is very different. Here, instead of fir-trees and the wild pear, we find magnificent walnut and apricot trees; and wherever a spring of water gushes from the cleft rock, one is generally sure to find the delicate Himalayan primrose, the dark-scented and pale violet, strawberries, and at certain periods of the year, yellow and white jessamine, St John's wort, wild-roses, azure rocket, flowering ferns, thickets of the crimson rhododendron, and gnarled oaks; besides a great variety of other flowering shrubs and plants.

One of these romantic little streams at Kussowlie has its source in a ferny cleft, shaded by willow and walnut boughs; while along its course the narcissus and iris, marvel of Peru, blue pimpernel, aglantine and musk-roses, grow in abundance; but although the spot seems to be in a state of nature, it may be questionable whether some of the plants just mentioned are really indigenous. The curious 'leaf-insect,' as well as the 'walking-stick' or

twig-insect, may be seen at Kussowlie, but more rarely than at the stations of Mussoorie and Landour, at certain times of the year. There is also a singular tree-beetle, which attacking a crooked instrument with which Nature has provided it to any twig which it wishes to cut off from the tree, spins its body round on this curious axis, until after a loud buzzing sound it falls, with the twig which it has sawn off, to the ground. These beetles at certain seasons are so numerous and active as to become a positive nuisance.

The north-eastern extremity of Kussowlie is bounded by a finely stratified peak, which rises sharply at the farthest turn of the road, and is understood to be the highest point of this ridge. It is called by the Puharries or hill-men, Kama Deva or the Mountain of the Hindu god of Love, Kama; but by the English residents, 'Tapp's Nose.' On the summit is a rude shrine of unhewn stones about two and a half feet high; and on the horizontal stone over the aperture there is a rude representation in relief of the god Rudra. (This deity or idol is sufficiently rare to be worthy of special remark.) Being interested by the discovery of a comparatively rare image, we made some slight excavations, and were able to trace the foundation of a more extensive building, and also the remains of a well; but in such a situation, for what purpose it was used, except as a tank, it would be difficult to say. This fine rock commands a magnificent view of the plains on the one hand, and of the inner Himalaya on the other. It is sometimes also called Monkey Hill, from the vast numbers of small brown monkeys that frequently resort to it; although it does not bear any herbage whatever but grass, and does not present any special attractions to the lower animals, unless we assume that monkeys are capable of appreciating the picturesque.

Europeans after but a short residence in the Himalaya, acquire a facility in even cantering down roads on their sure-footed mules and ponies which at first might have appeared only suited to the careful pedestrian. The widest of the roads connecting the stations are seldom more than about six feet broad, with rocks on the one hand, and a precipitous descent on the other. In some places however, the roads are so steep that precautions are necessary, at the slowest pace, to prevent the saddle slipping over the pony's neck. Occasionally, and especially after heavy rain, accidents occur to those who try 'short-cuts' by the *py-dundis* or narrow footpaths used by the natives. How the celebrated Mohammedan invader of yore, after the sack of Delhi, managed with his wild hordes, laden with plunder, safely and rapidly to penetrate these mountains, and to leave no trace behind, in the short space of time which history records, is still a problem. They came and went like a flight of locusts; and the difficulty of their retreat can only be realised by one who has actually travelled in the few and tortuous passes of the tremendous barrier interposed between India and Central Asia.

Leaving Kussowlie at five o'clock, we used to consider it a fair average ride to reach Subathoo by seven, although the actual distance cannot be more than nine miles. Two-thirds of the way are occupied in the descent of the Kussowlie range, at the base of which a stream must be

crossed; and after that there is a gradual ascent to Subathoo, which lies about three thousand feet lower than the other station. The station of Subathoo is, for a hill-station, comparatively flat; yet it has been found necessary to build many of the houses on the lofty eminences surrounding it; while a square native fort, flanked at the angles by round towers, has a picturesque aspect beside the low flat-roofed barracks. Beyond Subathoo, the road again descends. The bare rocks on which only enubriaceous plants seem to grow, present a forbidding appearance, which is increased by the grotesque forms of this genus of plants. At the bottom of the next valley, about five miles on the road to Simla, there is a beautiful and rapid river, which is spanned by an iron suspension bridge. Imposing rocks rise on each side of the stream, along the face of which, by blasting, a road has been made. About a quarter of a mile beyond this river is the uninteresting ddk bungalow of Humsyrene; and beyond it the road is tiresome and monotonous.

On one occasion, although during the dry season, we were overtaken by a storm, at about four o'clock in the afternoon. We had observed heavy clouds gathering in the north-west, accompanied by the distant muttering of thunder. The darkness rapidly increased, and in half an hour more the storm burst overhead with astounding fury. Peal upon peal of thunder reverberated from rock to rock, and from mountain-top to valley, in rapid succession, accompanied by incessant flashes of lightning and wild squalls of sleet. Uprising on our pony to its utmost speed, we soon reached the next staging bungalow at Syntie thoroughly drenched; and glad of a refreshment of milk and excellent wild raspberries. The storm had now died away. It was about six o'clock when the setting sun burst forth from a canopy of golden clouds with a startling effulgence. There was something solemn in the sudden and profound repose of Nature; and the grandeur of this effect was much heightened by a magnificent and perfect rainbow completely spanning the valley before us, and dyeing the rocks at each extremity with its iridescent hues.

Leaving Syntie at dusk on government mules, after a most fatiguing ride we arrived at Simla about ten o'clock, and proceeded at once to the *Pavilion Hotel*, when having had supper, conducted by a guide, we soon found the bungalow which we had rented for the season. On awaking next morning we were charmed with the situation of our new residence, which was perched on the top of a spur of the mountain, and commanded a fine view. The garden in front of the veranda was not more than twelve feet from the brink—not indeed of a precipice, but of a steep descent, the angle of which was so sharp, that any one falling over must have rolled down at least a thousand feet. In this small garden-plot there was a profusion of the loveliest pink cabbage-roses in full bloom. Over the amphitheatre of mountains directly in front one might see, through a gap, Subathoo and Kussowlie; and in the extreme distance, the carpet-like plains stretching far beyond Umballa to the horizon's verge. Our bungalow was shut in at the sides by gigantic pines and deodars. Beyond these to the eastward, at a higher elevation, might be seen the bazaar; and still farther off, the picturesque Jocko, dotted

over with Swiss cottages and bungalows. The station of Simla rose at the back of our house, and occupied the remainder of the scene.

The grandest feature in the scenery is of course the majestic Snowy Range, which rises from the valleys and lower ranges to the north of Simla in a stupendous mass, that at the first view is almost overpowering in its effect on the mind, even of those who have travelled in the Alps. It is with difficulty that the mind realises such vast altitudes. Far above the region of animal life, these stainless peaks rise into the blue empyrean, so little of the earth earthy, that in the early morning, when first struck by the beams of the rising sun, before the latter have illumined their bases, which are lost in the gray blue of distance, they seem, cut off by the limit of perpetual snow, like a magic canopy, midway between heaven and earth. Sometimes at sunset, for a few minutes the Snowy Range assumes a roseate hue, which suddenly vanishes, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, and presents them in a silvery gray aspect—distinct but distant; clear, yet oh, how cold! But it is in the moonlight that these awful solitudes seem most ghost-like, for at such an elevation there are no clouds; and when the lower atmosphere is also clear, the effect is in the highest degree sublime.

But from the stations to the eastward, such as Mussoorie and Landour, the Snowy Range appears even grander than from Kussowlie and Simla, for from the former, the peaks above the sources of the Ganges and Jumna, beautiful in form, are conspicuous; while farther to the east may be perceived, overtopping the range, the extreme point of Kanchinchna, one of the highest elevations on the face of the globe.

The aspect of these *hill* stations, as they are called, varies considerably. Thus while the noble cedars and pines of Simla and its sisters give a cold character to the scenery, the noble oaks of Mussoorie and Landour, garnished with beautiful ferns and epiphydrons on their mossy trunks and branches, clothe the mountain-sides with the beauty of almost tropical vegetation. During the rainy season the atmospheric effects are quite magical. Thus when one is enveloped in rolling clouds which shut out the sunshine, a sudden break in the former will disclose some sunny spot, bright and green like a landscape painted in enamel, on some loftier mountain, near enough to be quite distinct.

One of the earliest harbingers of the rainy season is the gigantic adjacent bird; and about the beginning of June these solitary storks may be observed standing like sentinels on projections of rocks facing the plains, at an elevation of between six and seven thousand feet. At this season the sudden changes from light to darkness and from darkness to light, the roar of waterfalls leaping a thousand feet and more in some places into the ravines below, and the beauty of the floral world, present combinations on so grand a scale that it would be impossible for the best of artists to give even the faintest idea of the whole. These effects in spring are even more remarkable, when amid the lingering snows, the crimson rhododendron rises like a pyre of flame, to the height of thirty feet and over; while the wild-vines and the white wild-roses on withe-like stems, entirely envelop the largest

pear-trees with a profusion of blossoms. But it is in winter that these mountains are grandest, for it is then—in January—that the most terrific thunder-storms prevail, and the lightning illuminates the pathless snows away in the far distance. In the inky blackness of night, from Laidour for instance, the whole of the sister-station of Mussoorie will suddenly be revealed by one brilliant flash; and the next moment, darkness the most profound shuts out even the nearest objects a few paces off, while the thunder rolls not only above and around but below. In winter however, there are generally but few Europeans resident in these mountains; for those who are not required to return to the plains, seek summer again in the enchanting Valley of Dehra Dhoon, which may be reached in an hour and a half; and whence, amid flowers and sunny gardens, there is a pleasure, with the aid of an opera-glass, in surveying one's late home buried in snow, and exposed to the fury of the elements, while we are enjoying the temperature of Italy, in the late spring; and picnics and sporting excursions in the neighbourhood with their endless round of amusement.

During 'the season' in the Himalaya, the gaieties are incessant, and the entertainments given by the wealthier visitors are generally on a princely scale. Balls, parties, picnics, shooting-matches, archery, and other games, rapidly succeed each other, and at these gatherings many marriages are annually 'arranged.' But although one might suppose that the English in these charming summer retreats were the most frivolous people on the face of the earth, there are always a few who 'love not man the less, but Nature more,' and who profit by the opportunities afforded, of making many valuable additions to our store of knowledge. Indeed amongst the officers of the Indian army are many excellent naturalists, unknown to fame, and also others whose scientific acquirements generally have not always been sufficiently brought to public notice.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY HELP.

CHAPTER II.

A LONG drive, as it seemed to me, from Paddington to South Kensington. My eyes grew tired of watching the shops; but whether I would or not, their glare attracted me, and I had to look at them while my thoughts were straying—Where? To those whom I had left at home, to their probable remembrance of me, now that I was reaching the end of my journey? Not so. I was thinking of my fellow-traveller, the one who had just wished me good-bye; and I felt considerably depressed as I recalled his look of disapproval when he heard my reasons for becoming a Lady Help.

I was at last approaching my self-chosen destination; and we drew up at a high, narrow, new-looking house not far from Earl's Court Station. The man opened the door, and I stepped out. My heart was aching and beating with a painful quickness. Where was my resolution and spirit? My depression increased on being informed that the fare was five shillings. I paid it without

demur, and the cabby received it with a grin of satisfaction which he could not conceal. As I walked up the steps of Oxygen House I began to experience the wide difference there was between home without a farthing in my pocket, and London among strangers, with a half-crown and a florin in my possession. The cabman, pleased with his own good fortune, and perhaps touched by my youth and imbecility, said in a kindly tone: 'I'll see to your boxes, miss.'

'Thank you,' I replied absently; whereupon he grinned again in a pitying way, which was not reassuring, and proceeded to batter the door with the knocker, while I rang nervously, weakly. I heard some one run up-stairs; the door was flung open, and I was confronted by a grumpy and pert-looking servant-girl, who evidently feeling puzzled how to address me, said 'Oh!' Then after a good stare: 'Step in, please.'

I did as she told me, and the cabman followed me with the luggage, which he deposited in the hall, and then departed with a bang of the door which made the whole house shake.

'You'll step down this way,' continued the girl. 'Missis is very sorry; but she and the young ladies was given tickets to the theatre to-night, so they was obliged to go of course.'

'Thank you; it does not matter,' I responded, wondering when we should reach the bottom of the stairs. At last I was ushered into a small stuffy room on the ground-floor, with unwashed tea-things lying on the table, dirty boots strewn about the room as if waiting to be cleaned, whilst a tallow-candle stuck into a bottle displayed these novelties to my wondering eyes.

'We'll take your boxes up-stairs after a bit. I've scarce looked at you yet. Sit down; I daresay you're tired,' said my new acquaintance, whose name she informed me was Jane.

I took the only available chair in the room, while she planted herself opposite to me with her arms akimbo and had a hearty stare at me, then spoke, saying: 'Now I'll just tell you all about it; there's nothing like putting new hands up to things at once.'

I felt inclined to remonstrate, and plead that Jane was not the person to tell me my duties; but she was of a wilful disposition, and checked any attempt at speech on my part.

'You see,' she went on, 'I'm the General. Some calls it maid-of-all-work; but I prefer being the General. It means the same, but sounds better, you know. And you—you're the Lady 'elp.'

'Yes,' I faltered, with a groan and a smile.

'Well,' pursued the General, 'all the work in this house has to be performed by us two, that's clear; and between you and me there's enough of it. I was General in a boys' school afore I came here, and you mayn't credit me, but 'twas nothing to the work after these three young ladies. They're always a-partying and a-going out. It's a real wonder to me they're not worn out afore now; but then they eat well, and there's nothing like that

to keep you up. Now I shouldn't venture for to say so to them; but you are much more the lady, the real thing, to look at than them, with all their sirdicity and going out. Now, you are gentle.'

'I'm very tired,' I said, feeling rather disgusted.

'Never mind; you'll be better after a cup of tea. I kept the pot warm for ye. Ye see they think of nothing but what's the Fashion here, and that's just the reason they've got you. It was done all in a sudden. Miss Adelaide came home one evening and told her Ma that Mrs Smith-Jackson had a friend who knew Lord and Lady Something, and they was going for to have a Lady 'elp. So of course we must have one; and here you are.'

Yes; there I was. I could quite realise the fact. The inexhaustible Jane went on: 'They sits most of their time down here, as you may see by the muddle the place is in. Now just throw off your things; and I'll fetch you a cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter; and perhaps you'll like a bit of cold bacon. There won't be supper till they come in, and I'm sure I don't know what to give them.'

'A cup of tea will do for me, thank you, Jane; and I wonder if I might go to bed; I would be up early in the morning to help.'

'Never mind about bed; I haven't laid your sheets yet. You can lie on that sofa, after the room is cleared a bit and them things washed up.'

I felt sick at heart, but roused myself. This would never do. I stood up, took off my hat and jacket, then turning to the General, said plaintively: 'You will let me have tea soon?'

'Yes, miss, I will,' she said, looking at me in a bewildered way, and leaving the room.

'She sees I am a lady, after all,' I thought with a sad satisfaction. Then I looked round the room for a book; but such a thing might never have existed, for all the trace there was to be found of it at Oxygen House, at all events in that room.

'You have no books here,' I remarked, when Jane returned with my tea, which she set down on a corner of the table, having pushed various other things aside to make room for it.

'O yes; there are two somewhere,' she replied. 'They always takes them in;' and from beneath the heterogeneous mass on the table she drew forth two journals on Fashion. I seized them eagerly, and studied them while I drank my tea, remembering that I was to assist in costuming the Misses Porter.

Jane began fussing about the room, and soon renewed the conversation.

'The Smith-Jacksons have got a Lady 'elp too; but I've seen her. She's no more a lady than I am. She cleans her own boots. Now I had made up my mind that you should too; but now I've seen you I couldn't think of it. You're safe to please 'em; they wants a lady to teach 'em true manners; I heard 'em say so.'

'Oh, I shouldn't mind cleaning my own boots, Jane; I have done such a thing at a pinch.' I really pitied the poor General, who looked quite hot and tired with 'righting' the room, as she called it.

'I feel better now,' I continued. 'I will wash up the tea-things while you finish the room. You'll make up my bed; won't you?'

'O yes; I had just forgot,' she replied, bustling off. When she returned, she took me up to my room. It was at the top of the house, small and scantily furnished, with no fireplace, and but a small window. But it was to be mine, and mine only. When I had been left alone in that strange sitting-room, I was assailed with the horrible fear that I might have to share Jane's room. Had this been the case, I had determined to write to my parents with all contrition and beg for money to return to my home at once.

I came down-stairs again, thinking it better to see Mrs Porter that night in spite of my fatigue. I endeavoured to impart an air of neatness and comfort to the sitting-room, and suggested to Jane that she should lay the places at the supper-table, instead of leaving the spoons and forks in a bundle at one corner, the knives at another, and the plates heaped up in the centre.

It seemed very late when she informed me that we might expect the ladies in at any moment.

'These young ladies and the Misses,' said she, 'as often as not they brings a friend in to supper; that is if it's one they know well and can bring down here. But there, sometimes I've had to carry everything up-stairs all of a sudden, and light the fire.'

At last came a loud ring at the door-bell, which Jane flew to answer; and then I heard loud cheery voices, which as the speakers drew nearer, dropped into an audible whisper. I wonder if a *débutante* facing her audience for the first time, or indeed any one standing on the threshold of a great enterprise, ever felt more strange than I, as I rose to meet my employers. Mrs Porter entered the room first. She bowed to me with an assumed stiffness, saying: 'Miss Danvers,' and looked at me with an air of scrutiny; then she looked into what was evidently her natural manner, one of extreme urbanity.

'These are my daughters,' she explained with a wave of the hand.—'Now sit down, my dear, and make yourself at home—yes, quite at home; we agreed it should be so, you know.'

I murmured something, feeling more awkward than I had ever felt before.

'Now Jane, let us have a bit of something to eat; we shall get sociable over that.'

Meanwhile I quietly observed the Misses Porter. They were three fully developed damsels, varying in age apparently from twenty to twenty-five; a strong family likeness existed between them; they all had glossy black hair, dark eyes, and a good deal of colour.

We did not talk much at supper nor advance many steps towards sociability. When the meal was over, the girls withdrew into a corner, and carried on an animated conversation in whispers, interrupted now and then by giggles and exclamations. Mrs Porter invited me to draw near the fire, and commenced to talk. First of all she drew out of me all she could about my home and my reasons for leaving it; and in return she bestowed her confidence on me. The girls saw a good deal of company one way and another, got on well in society; they would all have 'something' when they married; she would like me to move in their circle; I should not find the work hard; and so on. It was not easy from this to form an idea of what my life at Oxygen House would be; I only knew that when I took my candle and wound my

way up to my attic bedroom, one word kept whirling through my brain, almost forcing utterance from my lips: *Vulgar, Vulgar, Vulgar.*

I had never met vulgar people before; but I had read of them; besides, we perceive this failing by instinct.

The following morning I rose early and found my way down to the room to which I had been introduced the previous evening. There I found Mrs Porter in a strange *deshabille*, busy making tea and coffee; and I heard the General frying something in the kitchen, which was opposite.

'Good-morning, Miss Danvers. I daresay you are surprised to see me this figure; but it is hardly worth while being smart in the morning, when one has to see to the breakfasts. My girls lie in bed; but they go out so much; fashionable people can't burn the candle at both ends, you see. I am glad to find you are an early riser. You can help me a good bit in the mornings, clever or not.'

I felt terribly shy when I started up-stairs with the breakfasts. Adelaide liked her egg boiled hard, Julia preferred it poached, and Amelia had a passion for timed delicacies. All these tastes were explained to me.

'You'll take Miss Porter's first, my dear; and please don't stay and talk with her; Jane often does, and then the tea I have poured out for the others gets cold, and I have to make fresh; and dear me, there seems no end to it;' and Mrs Porter sank back in her chair, as though exhausted by the idea of such a misfortune. As I went up-stairs carrying a huge tray, the postman knocked. A London postman's knock is startling to country ears, and I nearly dropped my freight; but I recovered myself just as Mrs Porter rushed eagerly into the passage to get the letters. I had to awake Miss Porter; and to my relief, she proved to be far too sleepy to embark in conversation with a stranger. The two other girls who occupied the same apartment, were awake, and seemed quite ready to be entertained.

'Can you dance, Miss Danvers?' asked Adelaide.

'O yes,' I replied; 'but I have not been to any parties for more than a year.'

'Oh, how dreadful! We are awfully fond of it. We could not live without it.'

'Yes; you could if you were obliged to,' I said.

'Indeed I cannot imagine such a thing,' said Julia with a shudder.

'It is very strange without Jane this morning,' remarked Adelaide; 'she generally brings us news about Ma's letters, or tells us the plans for the day. We must take you sight-seeing, Miss Danvers. Now do you mind running down to see what letters Ma has?'

No sooner had I reached the sitting-room door than Mrs Porter addressed me: 'My dear, would you mind just running up to tell the girls that Algernon' (she pronounced it *All-germon*) 'is coming? He is'—here she nodded and winked. 'Ah, you must ask *Miss Porter*.'

I conveyed the said piece of intelligence to the three sisters, and found that Algernon was a cousin.

'Such a gentlemanly young man!' said Adelaide. 'Wait till you see him. He's well to do in the City. Sometimes he doesn't know where to throw his money, he has so much.'

'And he generally brings such nice friends with

him,' said Julia. 'But wait till you see him; and you must ask Amelia about Algernon.'

'I had better go and see if Mrs Porter wants me,' I suggested; for I did not feel interested in Algernon, and I had had no breakfast.

When I got down-stairs, Jane exclaimed: 'Why I do declare miss hasn't had a bite of' nothing all this time!'

Mrs Porter pressed numerous dainties on me. Though I had not much appetite, I was thankful to sit down—it seemed years since I had left home.

Having carried that terrible tray down-stairs, I assisted the General to wash up; then Mrs Porter said: 'Would you mind running up to the first-floor, Miss Danvers? Just put the sitting-rooms straight and the fires alight; by that time the girls will have brought down some of their evening dresses that we must do up.'

Was my heart breaking? Could I bear it? I asked myself, as I ran up-stairs, if I should ever rest again; and wondered what I should say in my letter home. Then a vision of that face which had looked sorrowful for me but yesterday came across me; I felt a lump rising in my throat, and I cried—yes, cried for a moment or so; then I recovered myself, did my work, and rejoined them.

The whole morning was spent in repairing evening costumes and arranging what I could do in the afternoon. At one time they talked of taking me out; but this idea was soon abandoned; they had shopping that must be done; besides they must call upon the Smith-Jacksons.

About noon a telegram came from Cousin Algernon to say that he could not come over that evening. The girls seemed a good deal disappointed; but Mrs Porter suggested that they should accompany the Smith-Jacksons to a concert at the Albert Hall. I brightened up a little at this, thinking that being very fond of music they might take me. But not a word was said about it; till just as they were starting, and I had run up and down stairs for the twentieth time, Mrs Porter remarked: 'It is just as well you are not coming, Miss Danvers; you look tired.'

This was indeed true, and I was thankful when they had really gone, and I could sit down and rest. Then I felt rather amused. The General came and asked me to remain up-stairs in the 'best' rooms, as her young man was coming to see her. She would tell me when he was gone. I readily complied with her request. How can I describe the delightful feeling of rest earned after a long day's work, such as mine had been! And ah! how swiftly my thoughts flew to my home, already viewed as a far-off Paradise; how lovable all the little failings of its inmates, which I had resented or turned into ridicule, appeared to me now! I was tired of needlework; and there was not a book in the house that I cared to read. I had simply nothing to do, no one to speak with. So I sat by the flickering embers of the fire, and began to think I had not been so wise after all in leaving home. I did not consider for a moment whether I had been right or wrong; I only thought of the matter as it affected my happiness. About nine o'clock, to add to my depression, a street-organ struck up a most doleful *Home, Sweet Home*, and my tears came again for the second time within the twenty-four hours.

Mrs Porter and her daughters returned a little

earlier than on the previous evening. The next morning was a counterpart of the one already described; and for the next few days my life and duties remained unvaried.

One Sunday afternoon they took me for my first walk in the Park. I did not care about it much, in spite of the motley crowd and the many amusing figures. I felt weak, and unable to enjoy life under any circumstances. But an event of that afternoon created a slight change in my circumstances. We met Mr Algernon Dykes in the Park, and he accompanied us home to tea. It is easiest said in a few words—this gentleman was seized with a violent admiration for me from the first moment we were introduced. He was rather below the average height, inclined to be stout, with dark hair and moustache. He was extremely fond of dress and jewellery, could talk a little on every subject, but was too fond of trying to extract jokes from all that passed. It became wearisome.

When tea was over that evening, I disappeared as usual to assist the General, who had been, if possible, working harder than usual all day. When we had finished our work, I seated myself by the fire. Then Mrs Porter appeared, and I saw at once that she had something of importance to say.

'Look alive, my dear. We are going to take you to church with us this evening. The fact of it is,' she continued confidentially, 'Algernon thinks very highly of you, and says it is a great thing for the girls to have you, and you must be with them as much as possible; and he knows what's what, I can tell you.'

'Really, he's very kind, I am sure,' I said, laughing heartily for the first time since I had left home.

'He says you're such good style, quite the thing. Now my girls dress well, but they have no style,' Algernon says they want it terribly.'

'I don't know what "style" means, Mrs Porter,' I remarked.

'That's just it, my dear; that's the beauty of it. Now go and get ready.' I obeyed.

We went to St Mary Abbot's Church, and had some difficulty in obtaining seats. I was not pleased when I found that Mr Algernon had managed to get next me, while the rest of our party were scattered here and there. The sermon seemed to be preached at me and meant for me; it dwelt on the virtue of contentment, on being satisfied with the life God lays before us, instead of striking out new paths for ourselves, and attempting untried tasks for the sake of novelty. I need not say that I applied these words to myself; and I wondered if any other individual in that large congregation was so nearly touched by them as I was.

But all this was banished from my mind by an incident that occurred just as we were leaving the church.

A young lady in front of me said in a voice loud enough for me to hear: 'Oh, I have left my Prayer-book.'

'I will go back for it,' replied another voice, which sent the colour rushing into my pale cheeks. *It was the voice of my fellow-traveller.* As he turned to go back, he caught sight of me, started, and smiled. I wondered often during the rest of the evening whether it was only my fancy, but I thought he coloured too. After this we

were soon out and walking briskly up the High Street; the Porters joined some friends and were soon talking and laughing. I managed to fall back and walk alone; this was all I wished, that I might again and again recall that smile, and the face which I had already enshrined in my heart as an idol.

EVENTS THAT NEVER HAPPENED.

ATTEMPTS of an instructive kind have been made to show that, if slight circumstances had been other than they were, many of the great events of past history would not have occurred at all, or would have been so modified as to wholly change their character. The history of events that never happened is of course merely one mode of expressing a guess, a conjecture as to the probable result of something happening different from that which really did happen; but though only a guess or conjecture, it may possess value if well chosen and carefully traced out. Isaac Disraeli, in the early part of the present century, treated this subject in an ingenious manner; and Mr Lecky has done the same in his recently published work on the History of 'Civilisation. To our own columns the subject *is* not new.

Suppose Xerxes had been successful: what then? Mr Lecky argues that the Greek intellect has been the great dynamic agency in European civilisation; that, directly or indirectly, it has contributed more than any other single influence to stimulate the energies, shape the intellectual type, determine the political ideals, and lay down the canons of taste for Europe as distinguished from Asiatic countries. But how easily might all this have been otherwise! If the invasion by Xerxes had been successful, and an Asiatic despotism established in Greece, it is difficult to imagine how Greek civilisation, poetry, art, influence could have survived. Yet he *might* have won the naval battle of Salamis, or the land battle of Plataea; for his ships and his soldiers greatly outnumbered those of the Greeks.

Livy presented an imaginary history of an invasion of Italy by Alexander the Great, shewing what *might* have happened if such an invasion had really taken place. He took a pride in the prowess and efficiency of the Roman legions, and was annoyed at the way in which certain Greek writers had insinuated that the great name of Alexander would have intimidated the Romans and checked their patriotic resistance. The historian entered into a parallel of soldier with soldier, general with general, strategy with strategy. He traced out an imaginary campaign, and shewed (to his own satisfaction at least) that his countrymen would have won, because the Greeks had only one Alexander, the Romans many. Livy and the Greek writers differed in their guesses as to probable results; but they all alike sought to grapple with events that did not happen.

A different strategy *might* have enabled Hannibal, after the terrible battle of Cannæ, to march

upon Rome and burn it to the ground. The Carthaginian general, as we know, gained this momentous victory somewhat over two centuries before the Christian era, killing more than forty thousand of the Roman troops. Had his march upon Rome been made, and made promptly, it is within the bounds of probability that the long series of important events which attended the formation of the Roman Empire would not have taken place; and a nation widely different in its position, its character, and its pursuits, would have presided over the development of civilisation.

Suppose Mohammed, the founder of Islam, had been killed in one of the first skirmishes of his career—what would have followed? There is no reason to believe that a great monotheistic religion, a military ecclesiasticism, would have been organised in Arabia, destined to sweep with the fanaticism of faith over an immense portion both of the Pagan and the Christian world. That system which has been maintained for more than a thousand years, and in three continents of the globe, would (as Mr Lecky contends) have been nipped in the bud. The early death of Mohammed was one of the events that did not happen; and it is open to us at anyrate to speculate on what might have been the history of the East, had accident removed the great ruler in early life.

Charles Martel, the titular mayor of the palace, but the real ruler of the Franks in the first half of the eighth century, had to contend against a formidable invasion of the Saracens, who conquered Bordeaux, crossed the Garonne, and threatened Tours. Charles Martel advanced, and defeated them with immense slaughter near Poitiers—the Saracen leader Abd-ur-Rahman being among the slain. Again and again they renewed their invasions, ending at last in their final defeat near Lyons. So disturbed was every part of the continent in those times by the intrigues and wars of kings, semi-royal feudatories, and aspirants for power; and the Duke of Guienne was so nearly balanced in opinion whether to aid the one side or the other; that if the first onslaught of the Saracens had not been checked at Poitiers, the whole tenor of European history might have been changed. Fancy has pictured that 'The least of our evils now would be that we should have worn turbans, combed our beards instead of shaving them, beheld a more magnificent architecture than the Greek; while the public mind would have been bounded by the arts and literature of the Moorish university.' The victory of the Christians was only gained after several days of doubtful and indecisive strategy; had it been lost instead of won, Mohammedanism (it is contended) would certainly have overspread Gallic and Teutonic Europe. The event which did not happen was perhaps as trifling in itself as that which really occurred. 'The obscure blunder of some forgotten captain, who perhaps moved his troops to the right when he should have moved them to the left, may have turned the scale

against his general Abd-ur-Rahman, and determined the fate of Europe.'

Another event that might have happened, and changed the course of modern history in momentous particulars, would have been the earlier arrival of a certain papal letter. When the fall of Anne Boleyn was determined on, the pope proposed to Henry VIII. terms of reconciliation between the king and the see of Rome, so flattering as to have a fair chance of acceptance. But the letter containing this proposal came to hand too late to be of service; for Henry married Jane Seymour the very day after he had decapitated poor Anne, and was content to defy the pope as he had hitherto done. If the letter had arrived a day or two earlier, might not the course of ecclesiastical and national events have been affected in a marked degree?

Another course of proceedings in the same critical century is connected with the history of the rival queenly cousins, Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. At a time when Queen Elizabeth was in ill health, and when mingled hopes and fears agitated the minds of her subjects as to the probable or possible results, the Countess of Shrewsbury desired her son to remain on the watch in London, with two good horses constantly ready to gallop off. If the queen died, he was to travel with the utmost speed to Edinburgh, there to announce the news to Mary Queen of Scots. Should this not improbable event (the death of Elizabeth at that precise period) have taken place, Mary Stuart would have been the heiress to the English throne, with the Roman Catholic influence of France powerfully influencing her conduct. But Elizabeth recovered from her illness, the son of the Countess of Shrewsbury did not make his hurried gallop, and the current of affairs flowed on in the course so well known to all of us.

The next following century brought about a crisis in the struggle between the two great religions of Europe. Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, after carrying on wars with Denmark and Russia for territorial rectifications, engaged with the Imperialists in what was really a religious war, Lutherans against Roman Catholics—a war in which Tilly, Wallenstein, and other redoubtable generals took part. Gustavus had immense success; his pressure on the Imperialists was becoming fraught with vast consequences. But a fatal shot ended his life at the battle of Lützen in 1632. Now comes the application of the theme under consideration. If the great Swede had survived that battle, in addition to having won it, a wonderful difference might have occurred in the effect upon Europe. The Reformation might have spread through Germany much more rapidly than it actually did. But Gustavus fell, 'the fit hero for a history which never happened.'

One generation later, and we find our own country engaged in a struggle which has influenced the destinies of England in a multitude of ways. If the battle of Worcester in 1651 had been won by the young Charles II. instead of by Cromwell, it would have been succeeded by other severe struggles, ending possibly in a permanent discomfiture of the Roundhead party.

Many and many a thoughtful mind pondering on the miseries produced in so many parts of Europe by the unbounded ambition of the First

Napoleon, preceded by the horrors witnessed in France during the Reign of Terror, has sought to shew what might have been if so and so had not happened at the time and in the manner it did. The military despotism of Napoleon had as one of its producing causes the desperate character of the Revolution commenced in 1789; this Revolution was mainly caused by the miseries of the people and the profligate vices of those classes which ought to have given the tone to national life. It has been asked—Was there not a time when a better chance might easily have been given to the French in the second half of the eighteenth century? 'The breaking out of the terrible Revolution, prepared as it undoubtedly was by a long train of irresistible causes, might have worn a wholly different complexion had the Duke of Burgundy succeeded Louis XIV., and directed, with the intelligence and liberality generally expected from the pupil of Fénelon, the government of France. Profound and searching changes in the institutions of France were inevitable; but had they been effected peacefully, legally, and gradually, had the shameless scenes of the Regency and of Louis XV. been avoided, the frenzy of democratic enthusiasm might never have arisen; and the whole Napoleonic episode, with its innumerable consequences, would never have occurred.'

We have taken the above illustrations partly from Isaac Disraeli, partly from Mr Lecky; because both writers attach importance to the little word *if*. If some single incident had occurred which did not occur—an incident perhaps regarded as of minor importance at the time—a great course of events might have been materially affected for generations or centuries in advance. Should any students of history maintain that events *cannot* be other than consequences of preceding events, and that all proceed in accordance with a chain of laws—then there is a fair field of fight between the two bodies of reasoners.

In scientific discovery and mechanical invention, events that did not happen might so very easily and probably have happened, that it is often difficult to award praise in justly due proportions to those who deserve it. Palissy the potter made many years' experiments to discover the art of obtaining white enamel; he impoverished himself, and when he had no more money to buy fuel for his furnace or kiln, he broke up household furniture for that purpose; if he had listened to the reproaches of his wife and the ridicule of his neighbours, he probably would not have attained the brilliant success which brought him competence and fame, and gave an important stimulus to the manufacture of porcelain and fine pottery. If Mr Edison had not pricked his finger while experimenting on the telephone, it is by no means certain whether or when he would have invented his phonograph: the form of the little spot of blood, affected by the movements of a vibrating diaphragm, suggested a new idea which struck root in his mind. The history of chemical manufactures, if traced in detail, would tell of more than one instance in which the accidental boiling over of a pot, kettle, caldron, or other vessel—perchance involving some workman in trouble at the time for negligence—resulted in a discovery bringing fortune to manufacturers and great advantage to the public. If the intended

process had gone on as usual without accident, the world would have been the worse for it; and yet the difference between what did and what did not happen was very slight in itself.

GETTING A BARGAIN.

AN eccentric friend of ours, fond of picking up good bargains, on one occasion attended a sale of old military stores in Edinburgh Castle. A lot of twenty drums with their drum-sticks were offered at the rate of sixpence a drum. Such a chance was not to be missed, and at his nod the hammer fell. He had to hire a cart to take the drums away, and then remembered he had no proper accommodation for them; so he called an open-air meeting of the juvenile population and distributed his prizes among them, more to their delight than that of the older inhabitants, who were nearly driven distracted by the constant din of the spirit-stirring drum.

A more profitable deal in military stores was effected by a Constantinopolitan Jew, who bought some six hundred rusty old helmets, that had long lain in the Church of St Irene, from the Turkish government at the rate of about sixpence a pound. He cleaned them up, and was rewarded for his pains by discovering that the despoiled martial relics were made of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions shewing that they were of very ancient date. The lucky dealer sold a few for twenty piastres apiece. Finding they went off readily at that figure he raised the price to thirty, then to forty, and finally to fifty piastres; until an Armenian offered to take the lot off his hands at something like eighteen shillings per helmet; and he closed with the offer. The purchaser put them up for sale at the bazars; and then the authorities waking up to their folly in parting with them so heedlessly, bought them back again at from two to three pounds apiece, and thought they did very wisely—a proof they had made a shocking bad bargain in the first instance.

They owed their expensive mistake to not knowing what they were selling. On the other hand, certain enthusiastic young painters threw away their money and much of their time too, through not knowing what they were buying. They had heard that the secrets of a great artist's colouring might be learned by carefully peeling one of his pictures coat by coat, and resolved to try the experiment. Climbing together all their available cash, they became the owners of a Madonna by Titian, and went to work with a will. Mr Leland—our authority for the story—relates how the eager seekers after knowledge laid the precious picture on a table, and removed the outer varnish by means of friction with the fingers, until they raised a cloud of white dust that set them all sneezing, and made them look like so many millers. They thus arrived at the naked colours, which had by this time assumed a very crude form, owing to the fact that a certain amount of liquorish tincture, as of Turkey rhubarb, had become incorporated

somehow with the varnish, and to which the colours had been indebted for their golden warmth. This brought them to the glazing proper, which had been deprived of the evidence of age by the removal of the little cups which had formed in the canvas between the web and the woof. The next process was to remove the glaze from the saffron robe, composed of yellow lake and burnt sienna. This brought them to a flame colour in which the modelling had been made. The robe of the Virgin was next attacked; and upon the removal of the crimson lakes, it appeared of a greenish drab colour. So they went on removing every colour in the picture, diligently dissecting every part, loosening every glaze by solvents, and at last had the ineffable satisfaction of feeding their eyes on the design in a condition of crude blank *chiaro-scuro*. Blinded by enthusiasm, they flew at the white and black with pumice-stone and potash; when lo! the bubble burst, and the Titian proved to be a farce, as something very rubicund met their astonished eyes, which proved upon further excavations to be the tip of the red nose of King George IV. I So much for the genuine Titian!

The shrewdest of men are sometimes taken in. Barnum, wanting to be shaved, went into a barber's shop. The place was pretty full of customers, and anxious to save time, Barnum got an Irishman to give him his turn on condition that he paid for both. Next day he found Pat had made the most of the opportunity, the knight of the razor presenting the following little bill for payment: To one shave, twenty cents; to one hair-cutting, twenty cents; to one shampooing, fifty cents; to one hair-dyeing, one dollar; to one bottle hair-dye, one dollar; to one bath, seventy-five cents. Total, three dollars sixty-five cents. Barnum settled up, and turned the bargain to account by having a picture painted for his Museum, representing the Irishman as he appeared before and after he had passed through the barber's hands.

A defendant in a suit heard in the Bury County Court being questioned as to what had become of five hundred pounds left to him by his mother, answered that it had gone where it was owing. Pressed for further explanation, he said he had paid it over to an innkeeper, according to the terms of an agreement made between them, that the legacy, little or much, which his mother might bequeath him, should as soon as it was received be paid to the publican; the latter on his part undertaking to keep him while he lived, and bury him respectfully when he died. Who got the worst of the bargain in this instance it is impossible to say.—The profit and loss on such contracts are liable to be affected by undreamed-of contingencies. An intemperate ne'er-do-well was persuaded, by a sharp man of business to turn some property he held over to him, in consideration of receiving two suits of clothes every year, and an allowance of twelve shillings a week so long as he lived; his speculative benefactor calculating the dissipated rascal would soon drink himself to death. He was doomed to be grievously disappointed. As soon as the agreement was signed, sealed, and delivered, the wily fellow forsook intoxicants, and lived respectably to a ripe old age, leaving the bargain-monger and his trustees after him, with a balance, so far as that

speculation went, very much on the wrong side of the ledger.

Some eighteen months back, a London newspaper informed its readers: 'The two islands known as the Parker Islands, which suddenly disappeared a little while ago, persist in declining to be found. It may be remembered that a Tasmanian capitalist named Fisher bought from the Australian government the right to remove guano from these islands, and that he despatched three vessels for guano cargoes to the latitude mentioned; but when the ships arrived, no trace of the islands could be discovered. It was supposed that they, together with their inhabitants, had disappeared through a volcanic eruption. Mr Fisher had unfortunately paid for his guano in advance; and now that the islands are nowhere, the guano is in exactly the same place. The worst of it is that the Australian government does not seem to have the smallest intention of returning the money paid by Mr Fisher, who also lost a large sum in fitting out the vessels.' A perplexingly bad bargain for the capitalist!

The Tasmanian however, had the consolation of knowing that he was the victim of an abnormal catastrophe of which he could not be expected to have provision; which is nothing like so aggravating as falling a prey to designing craft, as happened to the proprietors of an American magazine, who paid a 'humourist' ten thousand dollars for the exclusive right to the product of his pen for twelve months, but omitting to make any stipulation as to the minimum quantity they were to receive, had to be content with a solitary contribution.—Just such another contemptible trick was that played by Peter Pindar in making up as a man nigh unto death, thereby obtaining three instead of two hundred pounds a year for the copyright of his works; an annuity the hypocrite enjoyed for many a year after his verso found readers.

Tired of fruitlessly demanding the settlement of an account, Horace Greeley sent it on to a western attorney for collection, advising him he might keep half the amount for his trouble. Some time elapsed without his receiving any communication, but at last came this gratifying note: 'DEAR SIR, I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim; the balance is hopeless.' Having nothing else to pocket, Horace was fain to pocket the joke, and resolve to be more cautious in business dealings with strangers.—Through being over-cautious that way, a livery-stable keeper came off second-best. A wealthy German intent upon a day's outing wanted to hire his best horse and trap; but not knowing his man, the horse-dealer demurred at trusting them in his hands. Determined to have his drive, the German proposed paying for the horse and the vehicle, promising to sell them back at the same price when he returned. To that the other saw no objection; so his customer's wants were supplied, and off he went. He was back to time at the stables, his money reimbursed according to contract, and he turned to go. 'Hold on!' exclaimed the dealer; 'you have forgotten to pay for the hire.' 'My dear sir,' was the cool reply, 'there is no hiring in the case; I have been driving my own horse and trap all day; and he left the astonished man to his reflections.

Years ago there lived some miles from Philadelphia a farmer named Jerry Foster, noted for

eating much and spending little. One day he took a wagon-load of butter, eggs, potatoes, and ready-dressed pigs to the city; and before he had been long in the market disposed of all his stock save one pig. Driving round to a tavern the landlord of which was wont to supply market-folks with a dinner for twenty-five cents, he sold his roaster to Mr. Randolph for seventy-five cents, and departed to while away the time until the dinner-hour. Jerry was punctual to the minute, and found no one ready for the meal but himself, the landlord, and his wife. Just as they were sitting down, Mr and Mrs Randolph were called away, the former telling Jerry not to wait for them, but go ahead. Before him, nicely crisped and brown, was his own roaster, with plenty of potatoes, cranberries, turnips, bread and butter; and the farmer went ahead to such good purpose that when the host and hostess returned to the room, they found Jerry leaning back in his chair picking his teeth, complacently regarding all that remained of the porker—its bones. He never dined there again.

His host is not usually, like Armado, ill at reckoning, but he does sometimes meet his master. A soft-looking stranger inquired at a Portland hotel what they charged for board, and was told he would be lodged and boarded for ten dollars a week. 'That's reasonable enough,' said he. 'But I may be away a bit; what deduction will you make for that?' 'Fifty cents a meal, and fifty cents a lodging,' replied the landlord; and Jonathan concluded to stay. Sometimes he was at the hotel, sometimes he was not. At the end of three weeks the landlord presented his bill for forty dollars, which was met by another to this tune: 'Meals eaten, three—one dollar fifty cents; lodgings, seven—three dollars fifty cents. Meals missed, sixty—thirty dollars; lodgings missed, fourteen—seven dollars. Balance against landlord, two dollars.' Jonathan's arithmetic was peculiar; but the landlord was too astonished to criticise it; and seeing his perplexity, his boarder considerably remarked that he need not mind about the two dollars, he would take them out in board; an observation that so complicated matters, that the puzzled hotel-keeper cut the Gordian knot by insisting on Jonathan's departure then and there, as he felt it was impossible to keep even with such a customer.

A couple of Irishmen thinking to combine pleasure with profit by doing a little unlicensed trafficking in liquor on the Derby Day, bought a small jar of whisky and started for Epsom. Knowing they would want a drop themselves on the way, it was agreed that neither should drink without paying. They had not travelled far on the road when one drank a glass and paid his partner threepence; he followed suit, and handed the money back again. It was a dusty toilsome journey, and upon reaching the Downs, they were dumfounded by discovering the whisky was all gone, and that although they had honestly paid for every dram, they had only threepence between them, as the final result of their speculation.—Worse luck than this waited upon another Irish pair, if we may accept as authentic the story from the States: 'Mike,' said Dennis, 'I'll fall overboard, and you jump in and rescue me, and we'll divide the reward, which'll be a pound apiece.' 'Agreed,' said Mike, as he floundered

into the water. Then, and not till then did it dawn on Dennis that he could not swim a stroke. He stood leaning over the rail staring at the place where his friend went in. Once Mike came up, twice Mike came up, and Dennis made no sign. A third time Mike came to the surface, and looking up at his fellow-scholar, faintly cried: 'Denny, as we ain't mighty quick, it's only ten shillings aida we'll get for recoverin' the body!'

DUST AS AN EXPLOSIVE.

We have more than once drawn attention in this *Journal* to fires and their causes, and have endeavoured to point out certain rules for their prevention. Dust has hitherto been looked upon by tidy housekeepers and others, as simply so much unwholesome refuse which it is desirable to sweep away as it accumulates; but we will now proceed to shew, by quoting from an American contemporary, that accumulated dust is a highly dangerous as well as a disagreeable neighbour, and that to this cause may be attributed many of the fires the origin of which is 'unknown.' The notes, which we quote from the *American Exchange and Review*, are as follow:

'Since ordinary fire consists in the combination of the combustible body with the oxygen of the air, it is evident that in general the rapidity of the burning will be greatly increased by the degree of comminution of the combustible. Other things being equal, the finer the state of division the more energetic the combustion. The reasons for this are twofold—namely, First, the cohesion of the particles being partly overcome by the fine state of division; and second, the extended surface thus given to the combustible favouring its rapid union with the oxygen of the air. So powerful are these influences in increasing combustion, that many substances which in bulk are either relatively non-combustible, or are ignited only with considerable difficulty, are, when in a fine state of division, so very readily inflammable as to ignite spontaneously—using this word in the sense of combustion without the intervention of direct human agency. In some instances this spontaneous ignition is so rapid as to cause an explosion.

As an example of lessened cohesion influencing combustion, we may cite the case of iron. In large masses, iron burns or rusts but slowly; this rusting being a real burning—namely, a combination of the iron with the oxygen of the air. Iron filings burn with brilliant scintillations when dropped into a flame; iron in a finer state of division, as iron reduced from the oxide by hydrogen, can be ignited by a match like tinder. In a still finer state of division, obtained by the decomposition of the oxalate by heat, the iron is spontaneously inflammable when poured through the air.

Phosphorus in masses oxidises slowly in the air. Dissolved in carbon bisulphide, the subsequent evaporation of the solvent leaves the phosphorus in such a finely divided state as to render it spontaneously inflammable.

The fine condition of comminution of numerous materials, known as dust, affords various examples

of the influence of this condition of matter on the rapidity of its combustion.

Flour-dust—a name given to the very fine material which collects in various parts of flour-mills during the grinding of the wheat—has been found in a number of instances to possess the power of explosively igniting on the approach of a lighted candle, or perhaps by the passage through air charged therewith of an electric spark, produced by the friction of a belt on a pulley.

Explosions from similar causes have been known to occur in breweries. It is customary to raise the crushed malt from one floor to another by means of a series of cups revolving on a leather band. The casing which incloses the band is of course during the operation filled with floating dust, as is evident on opening any door leading into such casing, when a stream of malt-dust is shot out into the room. Now it has occurred, in a case cited in *Nature* for December 13, 1877, that in a large English brewery, that of the Messrs Allsopp, at Burton-on-Trent, a workman provided with an undefended light, shortly after the starting of some new works, on attempting to make an examination of the working of the leather band, was met, on the opening of a door leading into the casing, with an explosion sufficiently powerful to throw the band out of gear.

The publication of the above called forth the statement from a brewer, who asserts that no less than three explosions have occurred at his establishment from similar causes; so that it would appear that explosions from this cause are by no means uncommon. In one of these explosions the combustion was very sudden, and the flash quite sufficient to singe the whiskers of the operative causing it; while the force of the explosion was powerful enough to blow open the door of the engine-room, although the only communication between it and the place where the explosion occurred was a small hole, through which the shafting worked. The writer states that since he has taken the precaution of having a number of holes bored through the wooden box, to permit the free entrance of air, and so prevent the accumulation of the dust, no explosions have occurred.

From the foregoing instances it will be evident that no inspection of the smut-boxes of flour-mills, or of places where fine dust from crushed grain is thoroughly mingled with air, should ever be attempted with unprotected lights. Safety-lamps, of the same general type as those employed in collieries, alone should be used.

Carbon, as is well known, is one of the most valuable of our fuels, from the energy of its combination with oxygen. We might suppose therefore, that when this substance is finely pulverised, it would, like those already mentioned, have increased the power of rapid combination. We shall find on examination, that the facts of the case are in full accord with the supposition.

The power which charcoal possesses of condensing various gases within its pores is well known. This condensation is of course, like any other case of condensation, attended with the evolution of heat. If the charcoal be in a finely divided state, it will, if recently made, absorb oxygen so rapidly as to become spontaneously ignited. In the manufacture of charcoal for gunpowder, the charcoal is prepared by heating some dense hard wood, like dogwood or willow, in closed iron cylinders. After

cooling, it is then ground in mills, preparatory to being mixed with the sulphur and the nitre. Here then, we have freshly prepared charcoal in a finely divided state, and it is a well-substantiated fact that this material frequently ignites spontaneously on being removed from the mills. In some instances this ignition has been known to take place several days after the grinding. This however, is not the only instance in which charcoal in the condition of fine dust has been known to ignite spontaneously. Lampblack is one of the finest states in which carbon can be readily obtained in large quantities; and in this fine state of division, as might be expected, its ease of spontaneous ignition is very greatly increased. Cases have been known in which fires have occurred in manufactories of lampblack by the mere exposure of freshly prepared lampblack to air. Moisture appears to be especially active in determining the combustion. A mere drop of water, as of perspiration, or a small quantity of grease, will start a fire in a mass of the material, which will spread with great rapidity. The simple condensation of the moisture of the room on the window-panes requires, it is said, to be carefully looked after, lest, by igniting the dust settling thereon, it should cause a destructive conflagration.

One of the most interesting cases of the ready combustion of carbon in a state of fine division is perhaps the influence it exerts, when in the condition of fine coal-dust, in the destructive explosions of the gases in coal-mines. From the freshly cut surfaces of the coal, and from fissures in the veins of the mine, gas is constantly being evolved in large or small quantities, and (as we lately showed while treating of *Fire-damp*) much of this gas forms, when mixed in certain proportions with air, a highly explosive mixture, which is ignited at once by contact with an uncovered flame. For this reason, as is well known, the necessity exists for the use of the safety-lamp of Davy, or any of its many equivalents.

TRANSLATION OF GÖRTTLER'S 'HAIDEN-ROSLEIN.'

(Grew a baby rosebud rare
Lonely 'mong the heather;
Morning was not half so fair.
One looked long who, fling'ring there,
Fain had looked for ever.
Dainty, wayward, crimson rose;
Rosebud 'mong the heather.
'Sweet, I'll steal thee, ay or no!'
Quoth he, from the heather.
'Then I'll prick thee,' laughed she low,
'Heedless, heartless—even so,
Thou'lt think on me ever.'
Rosebud, rosebud; red, red rose;
Rosebud 'mong the heather.
Willful wooers are not slow,
Rosebud's o'er the heather.
Thorns can wound till life-drops flow;
In two hearts a weary woe
Woke to slumber never.
Rosebud, rosebud; red, red rose;
Rosebud 'mong the heather.

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SLEEP—SLEEPLESSNESS.

ALTHOUGH every one is familiar with sleep, and knows it to be a period of perfect repose, it is only within the present generation that any considerable progress has been made as regards the physiology of the phenomenon. Forty years ago the question, 'What is Sleep?' would have proved almost unanswerable. A writer on Physiology in 1835, says, speaking of the phenomena of sleep: 'Of these phenomena we frankly confess we can assign no physical cause that is satisfactory.' And again: 'The present state of physiology is so limited that we cannot assign any precise physical cause for the natural kinds of sleeping and waking, nor for their regular periods of return.' Since then, much has been accomplished; and we may at length attempt to point out adequate physical causes of those interesting phenomena with which countless generations have been familiar.

During sleep, the action of the lungs, the heart, and the stomach still continues, but in each case more slowly than during the waking hours. One great organ, and only one, appears at first sight to be completely torpid—namely the brain. In thoroughly sound healthy sleep, the sleeper seems sunk in absolute dreamless unconsciousness; the brain appears wholly and entirely inactive. This is however, not altogether the case. The difference between this and the other great organs of the body is one of degree only, not of kind. The brain does not cease its functions entirely. During life, in fact, that is impossible. Life consists in motion; hence a complete cessation of action on the part of any one of the great organs of the body means the stoppage of all the others and the dissolution of the system. The brain therefore, notwithstanding the lethargy and unconsciousness in which it appears to be steeped, exerts still a large amount of force. That fact however, being admitted, it is nevertheless plain that the brain is the organ chiefly affected, and the one therefore which demands especial study, if we would understand the phenomena of sleep.

Experiments have accordingly been conducted

with this object. Advantage has been taken of the necessity of trepanning in the case of human beings, and dogs also and other animals have had portions of the skull removed, and in each instance glass has been used instead of the usual gold plate to replace the bone. By this means the various changes in the appearance of the brain have been accurately observed. During the waking hours, the brain is seen to be full of blood, and presses with much force against the skull, inasmuch that in those cases in which the portion of bone removed had not been replaced by any other substance, the brain protruded considerably. From experiments made in France some fifteen or twenty years since, it was observed that in the state of profound sleep the brain became pale and ceased to protrude through the opening in the skull, or press against the glass, as the case might be. It thus became evident that the unconsciousness of sleep resulted from a large diminution in the active circulation in the brain. And it was further noticed, that when the animal or person experimented on was observed to give evidence of dreaming, by movements of the limbs—barking in the case of dogs, or speaking in the case of human beings—the pressure of blood in the brain obviously increased. Thus proving that the partial activity of the sentient faculties during sleep, which we call dreaming, is really a partial resumption of the normal waking circulation of blood through the brain. In other words, when a person dreams, his sleep is not sound. He is partially awake. The curious feature in dreaming is that certain faculties being dormant, fail to control the imagination; the consequence being incoherent fancies, and shreds of remembrances tagged together in perplexing confusion. The imputing of anything serious to dreams is therefore mere idle folly. Whatever over-stimulates the circulation of the brain causes imperfect sleep, if not absolute sleeplessness.

Although sleep is a natural and involuntary state, it may be greatly promoted by maintaining a good state of health; by daily open-air exercise, or by riding or sailing with the face exposed to

the air; by having the stomach free from a heavy meal, or any indigestible substance; and by the mind being undisturbed by cares. Over-fatigue, indulgence in food or drink beyond what nature requires, want of proper exercise, and mental disquietude, are all causes of sleeplessness. Breathing in a confined or overheated apartment is also a not unusual cause of broken slumber. The temperature most suitable for sleep is about sixty degrees, which gives the sensation of neither heat nor cold, and admits of a moderate amount of bed-clothes being used.

The best posture for sleep is to lie on the right or left side, with the arms crossed over the breast in front, and the head well up on the pillow. The mouth should be shut, so that the breathing may be carried on exclusively through the nose. Some persons acquire a habit of sleeping with the mouth open, which causes the grotesque and offensive action of snoring. Going to sleep while lying on the back should be avoided, as, besides inducing the sleeper to snore, it is apt to cause disturbing dreams.

When lying down to sleep, the mind should be as composed as possible. Thinking ought to be guarded against, as productive of wakefulness. Those who, from nervous irritability, are habitually bad sleepers, resort to various expedients to secure the blessing of repose. One of the most successful plans consists in mentally repeating a familiar poem or psalm, so as to alter the train of thought, and lull the consciousness.

It is a well-ascertained fact that sleep begins at the extremities; the feet sleep first, and then the rest of the person. On this account, in order to fall asleep, we require not only to compose the thinking faculties, but to keep the feet still. The feet must also have an agreeable warmth. With a consciousness of this fact, the North American Indians and others who are in the habit of bivouacking in the open air when on distant expeditions, sleep with their feet towards a fire which they kindle for the purpose.

Certain drugs act as an opiate and produce sleep, when ordinary means fail; but these should never be taken unless by medical sanction. The practice of using opiates is most detrimental to health; and if persevered in, is ruinous to the constitution. Coffee and other beverages act variously on different individuals. They exhilarate some, and others they send to sleep. Tea usually acts as an exhilarant, by stimulating the nervous system, and should not be taken less than four hours before going to bed.

While it is ascertained that sleep is connected with the state of the brain, there remains the extraordinary fact that some persons possess the power of summoning sleep by an effort of the will. Napoleon Bonaparte is known to have possessed this faculty. During his campaigns, when no regular repose could be taken, he embraced opportunities of sleeping for a quarter of an hour, or some other short period, and of waking up exactly when the assigned period had expired. This subjection of sleep to the action of the will is in practice comparatively rare. More commonly, habit and predisposing conditions, such as darkness and quiet, induce sleep. There are occasions, however, when, owing to great fatigue for example, an uncontrollable heaviness and drowsiness will cause a man to drop to sleep

in a moment even in the most uncomfortable positions and amid light and noise. But an attentive consideration of this invincible drowsiness, due to long watching or over-fatigue, throws great light on the primary cause of healthy sleep and of the periods of its return. We begin to perceive that the diminished pressure of blood in the brain is after all only a leading and important symptom of a general physical state; and in bringing about the condition of altered and lessened activity of all the organs which we observe during the period of sleep, some one organ must assume the initiative. And reflection assures us that this physical first cause is the nerve-force of the body which, centred in the brain, controls the whole system. Sleep is the means by which this force is recruited, no more of the force being expended than what is necessary to maintain the action of the involuntary muscular movements of the lungs, the heart, and the stomach.

On waking, the eyes are opened, one rises, one walks and works, one eats and drinks; and especially—in some cases at all events—one thinks. Every one of these operations, more particularly the thinking, involves an expenditure of nervous force, is a tax on the vital energy, and diminishes to that extent that fund of nervous force on which all the complicated functions of the body depend for their healthy exercise. After this great flow of and strain on the nervous force, there sets in an opposite and compensatory movement, an ebb and relaxation of nerve-force, and this produces the phenomenon of sleep. Of course it is possible, by means of stimulants or excitement, to counteract this natural reaction of the system, and for a time to ward off its result. But that only amounts to saying that it is possible to live on one's capital instead of one's income. Nature in due time will take her revenge. To maintain health, the expenditure of nervous power during the waking hours must be balanced and compensated by an equivalent proportion of sleep. Consequently we find that since mental work is more exhausting to the nervous energy of the brain than muscular exertion, even so must it be made up for by an increased amount of sleep.

We have now obtained, it may be hoped, a true picture of sleep, and the controlling physical causes of its wonderful phenomena. Physiology—no longer altogether ignorant or silent—explains the most marked and, at first sight, strange and inexplicable feature—namely the unconsciousness, by pointing to the pale and bloodless brain, free literally for the time from the pressure of the waking hours. Yet, whether the mind during sleep be as absolutely still and inactive as it seems to be, is an interesting problem. Most remarkable would it be, should it appear that during sleep, powers are exercised by the mind, of which there is no trace during the waking hours. And such is, we have some reason to suppose, actually the case.

Nothing is more strange than the inability of man during his waking hours to measure or estimate the flight of time by any mental effort apart altogether from the observation and aid of external objects. That one should wake after the lapse of the number of hours spent in sleep to which he is accustomed, would not be surprising; the nerve-force having been recruited by the normal

period of rest, again resumes its activity. But that one should be able to *limit beforehand* the duration of sleep, might seem clearly impossible, in view of our presumed inability to measure or keep count of the lapse of time. Suppose one were to lie down, close the eyes, keep awake, and without any aid from sounds, attempt to get up again at the expiration of two, three, or four hours; does any one pretend that the reckoning of time would be other than mere guess-work, or that the guess would be at all likely to be near the mark?

Yet there seems much ground to suppose that the power to do this during sleep is common to all, although more or less dormant in most. Servants and others whose usual hour for rising may be six, find little difficulty in awaking at five or four, or indeed at any hour that may be fixed on the previous night. In fact, by determining beforehand to wake at a certain hour, especially if it be on important business, any one may exercise the faculty. The writer of this paper is naturally a sound and even heavy sleeper; nearly all his life he has depended on others to rouse him from sleep at the hour for rising; habit therefore, as well as constitutional predisposition, was unfavourable to any limitation of the duration of sleep by an act of will; yet on more than one occasion, and it may be added much to his own surprise at the time, the writer has awakened precisely at a desired but very unusual hour. In such a case as this, one instance is as astounding as ten thousand. The marvel is not of number; but that while the waking man is so helpless in this regard, so easily misled by his emotions and the current of his thoughts, so little able to measure time aright, so dependent on external aid; the sleeper, unconscious, unseeing friends or foes, able to measure—accurately now—the flight of time which he appears to have forgotten, and return at an appointed hour to the world which he was hardly conscious of having left.

There are doubtless other aspects of the psychology of sleep, and other problems arising out of a consideration of the subject, of great importance and interest; but none probably stranger or more worthy of study than this power of limiting the duration of sleep by an act of will.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER IX.—IN ST MARY'S BAY.

It often happens that sportsmen, with all appliances and means to boot, find the time hang heavily on their hands. It is not cheerful, the hour spent on damp heather, beneath a gray rock in the Highlands, before experienced Donald comes to pronounce that, if the wind does not shift and nothing happens, fifty minutes of penitential crawling among stony places may bring one within rifle-range of a browsing stag. Those half-hours spent beside the outer edge of a dense wood, within which the hounds give spasmodic yelps, and whence a fox may break in any conceivable direction but the right one, are the reverse of enlivening. And so it is, sometimes, in business. Hugh Ashton, for one, was bent on business. Yet it tormented him that the *Western Maid* lay so steady on the sea, gently heaving, but otherwise absolutely motionless.

In the Mediterranean the weather would but have harmonised with the scenery and the surroundings. There would have been the violet sea, the violet sky, the sharp outlines of the coast, the thin transparent air, bringing remote objects near to us, that some of us know so well. But in West Cornwall it was entirely different. There Nature's alchemy gave a blended haze of gold and silver and sapphire, of mist and haze, and brightness and shimmer, prettier, softer, more vague, than anything on which southern eyes ever rested.

Long Michael kept strict watch. The crew were eager and ready. The sooty gnomes below hatches were prepared to 'fire up' at a word; but for weary hours the word remained unspoken, and the pilchards declined to come in. Something—who could tell what—had frightened the schools of the gleaming shoal, and the whole army, clad in silver mail, kept out in deep water and hesitated to advance. They might head back altogether. They might trend off towards France or Wales. They might hang for weeks about the Land's End, thinned by the multitudes of dog-fish and porpoises that tracked them as wolves track sheep, and then be broken up and dispersed by the rough weather of the equinox. Their presence meant comfort to humble dwellings. Their absence meant the pinch of poverty.

'Fish, ho!' They were coming closer in. The shrill cry from watchers who, with straining eyes, craned over crags and clung to projecting stones; a shrill cry that bodied well.

Hous went by. Hundreds of red sails, white sails, brown sails, dappled the sea, and scarcely came a breath to stir them. There was a golden film like gilt gossamer over the softly heaving sea. There were, to artists, impossible effects of green and silver in the western distance.

While awaiting the call to activity, Hugh Ashton had time enough to inspect the vessel under his command. The *Western Maid* was a trim little steamer, only too elegant in her build and coquettish in her neatness, as some might have thought, for the humble sphere of her vocation. A tug-boat is usually a rusty, bluff-bowed little prodigy of useful ugliness, puffing volleys of Acherontic vapour from her stumpy smoke-stack, and churning up the waves with grimy paddle-wheels.

'All my lady's doing!' said the mate, in reply to Hugh's remarks on this point. 'She insisted that the Board should contract with a firm of famous ship-builders, instead of buying, as the rest wanted to do, a brace of cheap tubs, second-hand. And she keeps us as taut and smart as a recruiting-sergeant in his ribbons, just as she will have patent ploughs and steam-threshers and improved drain-tiles on her property. Some folks grumble, but my lady does a mort o' good.'

It was evident that Long Michael was a loyal vassal to the autocratic Dowager up at Llosthall. It was none the less manifest that he was a thoroughly good fellow, without an atom of malice or envy at the bottom of his honest heart. That he should resent a younger man's being put over his head, while he still remained mate of the steamer, would have been unjust, probably, but extremely natural. Such was not however, Michael's own way of regarding Hugh's promotion. 'I'm no scholar,' he said modestly; 'never

could get the pith and marrow out of a printed book. And, though I can scuffle along, I can't navigate, and never sailed foreign but once, when I was cabin-boy aboard a Plymouth barque out in the Azores for oranges. A mate's berth's the right sort for me.'

It was deep in the afternoon, and the sloping sun had flung a royal highway of burnished gold across the mysterious waters to the west, before a shriller scream than had been heard before came pealing from the cliffs. 'Fish, ho!' The cry was caught up, echoed, repeated, confirmed from crag to crag. Not a doubt of it, the shoals were coming in. Still, there was no hurry. The Armada of fishing-vessels lay motionless yet, as prudence dictated, until at length a fresh call, louder, wilder, more jubilant than before, rang out: 'In shore! Fish, ho!' And then there was no more silence, no more inaction. Every sail was trimmed to make the most of the faint breeze that blew in catpaws, ruffling the water, and then dying away. Out came the heavy sweeps, tugged at by sturdy arms, to force the lugger along through the still sea. On and sail did their best; but it was late; and the declining sun burned crimson in the distance, before the leading smacks were able to form in crescent order, and spread their acres of net for the insinuation of the shifty spoil. Loud shouts from time to time resounded. There was little need for caution now. The fish, fairly embayed, could easily be cut off from their line of retreat to the depths of ocean.

Hugh, new to this animated scene, chafed at the delay; while the crew bustled feverishly to and fro, longing to join in the onslaught on the pilchards; but Long Michael shook his grizzled head.

'Wait till we're wanted, Cap,' he said. 'There's chaps among the Enterprisers would find fault, and perhaps law the Company, if our very wash put a net awry. Plenty of work for all!'

At last, when the twilight was darkening into evening gloom, came over the waters the far-off hail: 'Ahoy! steamer! *Western Mail*, ahoy!'

'Now it's our turn, Cap,' said Michael cheerily; and, with engines working at reduced speed, the steamer threaded her way into St Mary's Bay, crowded with sails of many colours. A picturesque scene it was. On shore, fires were burning brightly, and torches gleamed with ruddy light, and excited groups of workers ran hither and thither, or clustered thickly around the fires; for there is always work in plenty to be done before the captured fish can be stowed away, layer above layer, in barrels neatly headed, branded, and ticketed for exportation. The curing, the packing, and the conveyance of the spoil give employment for the time to many hundred people.

But the chief interest to Hugh's unaccustomed eye was in the spoil itself, in the live silver that leaped and struggled, striving to burst the nets; trying to slip through the meshes; and sometimes, by dint of sheer weight, breaking through the cruel toils that environed the glittering captives by myriads. There was hauling and dragging; there were orders hoarsely shouted; the bronzed giants in sea-boots and blue or red shirts, bending their brawny backs over the gunwale, have enough to do; the boys tug, gasping at the ropes. There is much talk, some reproach, a trifling amount of

praise, and some strong language, since nobody at pilchard-fishing, as in a storm, picks his words.

Long Michael was the guiding spirit as concerned the *Western Mail's* share in the work to be done. Work that must be done, like Ariel's spiritings, gently. Well done, nameless engineer below, whose fine touch played on the levers that kept the *Western Mail's* throbbing heart of steam precisely at the right speed, stopping now, stealing on a pace, and anon forging ahead, just as a skilled organist brings out the powers of his instrument! Well steered, helmsman, whose dexterous hand and watchful eyes were never for an instant idle! And well managed, honest Michael, to whom it would have been so easy to discredit his young chief by the negligence of a moment, had there lurked a spark of malevolence in his honest mind, but who had never been so careful that no shadow of blame might attach to the repute of the steamer, as on the maiden day of Hugh's new command!

The steamer had helped, and helped well, to further the work of that evening. Overgorgeled seines, full to the throat with struggling fish, had been by her gentle but resistless force drawn to shore. Smacks lying helpless on the still sea had been by her towed into snug stations. And Long Michael, exact in business matters as he was careful in affairs of seafaring, had got from every boat's skipper the due acknowledgment that would enable the Company to claim what was fairly owing for help in time of need.

At length the work was done. The last of the weighty nets had been dragged heedfully over reef and shingle to dry land. The packers and curers were as busy as flies around honey. The fires blazed. The dark figures of those who toiled around them flitted to and fro across the patches of flickering light like images of a magic-lantern. Suddenly in the glare of the torches appeared a group of sight-seers, at once distinguishable by their garb and bearing from the bulk of those around. There were several ladies and two or three gentlemen.

'Quality, no doubt come down to see a sight worth looking at, as happens most years when the day's a fine one,' said Long Michael. 'Yes, you're my lady herself in front—Lady Larpent, I mean,' he added, thinking that Hugh had not understood his words. But already Hugh Ashton had caught sight of the graceful girlish form at the Dowager's side, and he had scarcely eyes or ears for any other sight or sound than Maud's face, Maud's voice. Hugh sprang into a boat, one of several boats that were alongside the steamer, and in a minute was on shore. Lady Larpent smiled and nodded with unaffected pleasure as the new commander of the *Western Mail* came up to offer her his thanks for her generosity, and to explain the reasons which had prevented him from already presenting himself at Llosthmel.

The Dowager, who like most of her sex, was much influenced by external advantages, acknowledged to herself that the young man looked singularly handsome as he came up to meet the party from the Court, and that he played the difficult part of being grateful without a touch of servility, very well. The gold-headed cap that he lifted in salute became him well when it rested on his dark hair and broad forehead. The boys Edgar and Willie were demonstrative in boyish fashion, as to their welcome. Maud was very

silent; but she put out her little hand, by a quick impulsive feeling, for Hugh to take; and Sir Lucius frowned till his dark brows met ominously as he noted this.

'A picturesque spectacle,' said the Dowager, looking around her. 'I have often seen it before; but to some of us, to my niece in particular, it is a novel sight.' Then Lady Larpent proceeded to say that it was growing late and dark, and that there was a long homeward drive in prospect, and presently the party from the Court returned to the carriages in waiting near the beach. 'I shall be happy to see you, Mr. Ashton—Captain Ashton—at Lioshuel to-morrow, if you can find the time to come,' said the Dowager graciously. And so the carriages drove off. And thus did Hugh Ashton and Maud Stanhope meet again.

THE YORKSHIRE PENNY BANK.

PENNY BANKS are of recent origin. The earliest, as far as we have heard, began at Leeds, in Yorkshire, in May 1859. As the name imports, the object was to promote the deposit in a bank of so small a sum as a single penny, and thereby encourage saving habits on the humblest scale. The idea took amazingly. So successful was the Yorkshire Penny Bank, as it was called, that in April 1860, it had already fifty-eight branches opened, and the deposits had accumulated to nearly eighty thousand pounds. We wish to make known the nature of the undertaking.

The Yorkshire Penny Bank is not in any sense a commercial undertaking for the sake of gain; it is an association founded solely with the following objects. First, 'The receiving deposits for safe custody and investment, the keeping and investment of the same, and the repaying the amount with interest to the depositors.' Second, 'The doing all such other lawful things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them.' It follows of course that there are no dividends, bonuses, or divisible profits; indeed any such motives are at once emphatically prohibited in the association's Board of Trade license. In short, it is simply a great mission formed for the purpose of inculcating thrift upon the poorer classes in the vast county of York, within the area of which, by its name and its license too, its operations are confined; or to be accurate, a latitude of ten miles beyond the county is allowed. Officially described, the association is a 'Joint-stock Company,' being limited by guarantee; that is to say, no shares are taken up in it; but a certain number of gentlemen have given their names as security, so to speak; and by signing the articles of association, have guaranteed an amount, which is placed opposite their names. In the event therefore, of any untimely end or liquidation of the bank—which however, is not feared—these members are liable to be called upon to pay the whole, or such part as may be required of the sum they have made themselves responsible for. There are at the present time upwards of one hundred such members, although the number can, if desired, be increased to five hundred. Among these guarantors—as they are officially styled—we notice a host of honourable and distinguished names, many being dukes, marquises, earls, judges, privy-councillors, &c.; and with such strong support one would only

be surprised if the institution did not flourish. In 1877 the bank had a reserve fund, invested in government securities, amounting to more than twenty-eight thousand pounds, which had accrued from an accumulation of profits after all working expenses and interest on deposits had been cleared, added to the original subscriptions of the guarantors; the income thus derived being now the primary fund for paying salaries, rent, commission, and other expenses incurred in the carrying on of the business; current profits being only used to defray the balance of such expenses. The principal of the fund is as far as possible kept intact.

The head office of the Yorkshire Penny Bank is at No. 2 East Parade, Leeds; and the county is divided into thirty-nine districts, each having one or more branches; the total number now established amounting to nearly five hundred. The largest is the Leeds district, which has about seventy branches; and the Halifax and Bradford districts come next in point of numerical strength. Each district has a treasurer, and generally also a banker; while every branch has an actuary and several managers, numbering never less than two. There is an allowance of ten shillings per cent. per annum on the amount belonging to each branch, made to cover the expenses of managing the branches; and also one shilling for every hundred transactions—that is, deposits and withdrawals; and these allowances are generally given to the actuary as a slight remuneration of his services. But the managers give their services and time gratuitously to the mission, being actuated by motives of pure philanthropy and charity. The whole of the extensive system is under the direction of a general manager, aided by a sub-manager and a staff of paid officials. The accounts are periodically thoroughly investigated and audited, and are presented to the annual general meeting of directors held at Leeds, usually about March.

The great aim of this institution being, as already said, to inculcate thrift and the spirit of saving upon the minds of the poorer classes in the county in which it has been established, it follows of course that all the rules and regulations are accordingly based upon the principle of affording every facility and assistance for the accomplishment of so praiseworthy an object. Deposits of any amount from *one penny* upwards may be made; and there are no restrictions as to withdrawals, for which, as regards the branch banks, a week's notice must be given for sums not exceeding five pounds; and a fortnight's notice for all larger amounts. In the case however, of the central bank at Leeds and those places at which daily banks have been opened, depositors are allowed to withdraw their money to the extent of twenty pounds without any notice at all; and those depositors who have a balance of twenty pounds or more standing at their credit, may withdraw their money by cheques under such restrictions as the Board of Directors may deem advisable to impose.

Interest at the rate of three per cent. per annum is allowed on deposits of one pound and upwards which remain in the bank for the period of one calendar month or more; but no interest whatever is allowed upon smaller sums or on deposits of less than a month's duration. It is also in the power of the directing Board to open investment

accounts for sums of not less than fifty pounds, which must remain in the bank not less than three calendar months, on which interest at the rate of three and a half per cent. per annum is allowed, such deposits being subject to one month's notice of withdrawal.

Having thus briefly glanced at the system and organisation of this astonishingly successful county institution, it would be unfair to leave the subject without turning our attention for a few moments to the results achieved. We are loath to introduce figures into a paper intended for popular reading, but we cannot refrain from giving the following, because they tell such a wonderful tale of what can be done by a private enterprise in a 'mere county,' albeit it is the largest in the kingdom. The last Report to which we have had access, namely that for 1877, records 791,873 as the total number of deposits in that year; being an increase of 71,802 over the deposits of 1876. The amount deposited was £650,714, 17s. 9d.; giving an increase of £187,911, 7s. 3d. over the previous year. The number of withdrawals was 104,335, and the amount £513,738, 8s. 5d. There were 100,158 open accounts at the end of 1877; and the total amount standing to the credit of depositors at the end of that year, £811,635, 13s. 1d. This was the largest increase of the bank's business in any year since its establishment, and is the more satisfactory from its having been effected with comparatively little exertion on the part of the officers of the institution; for, said the Directors, 'It is not now, as formerly, that your officers have to travel over the county persuading gentlemen to open branches; the Penny Bank system has become a recognised institution; and those who are desirous of training up the young in habits of prudence, forethought, and self-denial, now readily avail themselves of the opportunity held out by the branch to foster and carry out those commendable duties.' We have only to add by way of figures that £5520, 10s. 2d. were made as profit in the year 1877, and carried according to the rules to the Reserved Fund Account, thereby raising this fund to £28,000, as previously stated. And now turn we to the moral effects and influences of the bank.

The cardinal principle of the Yorkshire Penny Bank—as pointed out by Colonel Akroyd, ex-M.P., its chief founder we understand, and present President of the Directors—is *to help the poor to help themselves*; and in this great aim we have every reason to believe it is admirably successful. Dr Samuel Smiles cannot but be thoroughly gratified by this most practical illustration of his popular work *Self-help*, afforded by the fruitful results of this missionary institution, which might appropriately take the title for its motto. But besides its success in impressing upon the poorer classes of the immediate neighbourhood in which its most useful and beneficial work is carried on, the inestimable benefits to be derived from thrift and saving habits, the Yorkshire Penny Bank does a world of good in what may be termed an extraneous sphere. It brings many individuals of the community closer together, gives them an object of common interest, and creates between them a bond of sympathy that otherwise would probably be lacking. It tends too, in a very material degree we believe, to soften and tone down the rougher element of the poorer classes

amongst which the operations of the bank are prosecuted; and not only so, but it likewise appears to unite families more closely, and awakens that honest pride, that self-respect, or better still—as the French so aptly term it—that *amour propre* which is necessary for the success, the respectability, and the general welfare of any community.

Such influences as these are the more apparent in the country districts, where everybody knows everybody. Mr Peter Bent, present general manager of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, who is not only an indefatigable and adroit worker in that capacity, but also appears in the character of a close and keen observer of class temperaments and idiosyncrasies, seems to agree with us in this respect, and remarks that in these districts 'everybody knows when John Brown buys a pig, or when little Jenny Short gets a new Sunday suit, or Sarah Smart gets a new bonnet and shawl or dress, &c.; and they have a shrewd guess, if not an actual knowledge, how they have got them. "Doesn't ta know," one woman will say to another, "he's been saving money it beak?"' And we fancy this very cognizance of one another's doings tends very greatly to spread the good work; for the knowledge and indeed ocular demonstration of the substantial benefits and comforts being derived by those who are 'saving money it beak,' create a fine spirit of emulation amongst those who have as yet not begun to save in any way.

Were we to attempt to record instances of the good that has been felt and done through the agency of this Penny Bank, we might easily run into more than a sheet of this *Journal*; but far from doing this, we have only space to say that such cases as a father being maintained during a long and tedious sickness *without parochial assistance*, by the bank deposits of his sons and daughters; a mother being decently buried by the savings (ten pounds) of her son; a poor man, by means of his bank savings buying himself the first top-coat he had ever had; parents putting by a shilling a week in order that their only son might have something when of age—are only two or three out of the host of illustrations on written record of the self-denial, the thrift, and moderate fragility which the Yorkshire Penny Bank has engendered amongst the humbler classes of the county it takes its name from. Its influence has also been used to good purpose in helping to smooth down 'class asperities,' as Mr Bent terms them, especially in the branch districts, for there the managers have excellent opportunities of saying kind words to or making gentle inquiries about the depositor or his family; which words we may be sure are always taken home and treasured by the circle.

It may be thought by some that the institution of Post-office Savings-banks tends to lessen the usefulness of the Yorkshire Penny Bank; but this is not the case. The figures we have already given prove this; for although at the time of the establishment of the postal banks, grave doubts were entertained as to whether there was any further necessity for the Yorkshire institution, the existence of the two concerns is not prejudicial to the interests of either, nor have they been found to clash in any way. The postal savings-banks offer the greatest convenience and accommodation

to those artisans and work-people who are of a migratory disposition, inasmuch as they can deposit or withdraw money at any of the more than five thousand Post-office banks now established throughout the United Kingdom. The Yorkshire Penny Bank reserves to itself the special duty of teaching the young of both sexes the habit of saving, and its attendant blessings; and also affords a convenient receptacle, brought close to their homes, for the savings of adults. The two institutions thus work smoothly and peaceably side by side; and so far therefore as the advantages, influences, and general good briefly mentioned above are concerned, we can create no ill-feeling in heartily wishing continued success and prosperity to the philanthropic work of the Yorkshire Penny Bank. Let us hope too that our brief account of the work may not only evoke admiration as to its results, but may also excite a spirit of emulation in other counties of this populous country, and that benevolent-minded gentlemen may be induced to follow in the steps of their Yorkshire compatriots by organising similar penny banks.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY HELP.

CHAPTER III.

MATTERS went on much in the same way for about a month. I was often taken out sight-seeing and visiting when Mr Dykes was of the party; and as he generally brought two or three young men with him, the girls were well pleased, and amused themselves to their hearts' content, except perhaps Amelia. But I did not care for these expeditions, and often longed to decline them from sheer fatigue, having plenty of needlework and much running up and down stairs. Besides, I daily dreaded receiving a proposal from Mr Dykes, and had only managed to avoid it so far by the greatest vigilance. At last I found a way out of my difficulty. Amelia gave me a strong hint that people should keep in their places and mind their work. The remark was addressed to the luckless Jane, but was so palpably meant for me, that I willingly took it to myself, and firmly declined any further indulgences. I went on with my daily duties mechanically, not even having the energy to think of fresh plans. There was just something that reconciled me to staying on in Kensington—the hope of seeing that face once more, the face of my fellow-traveller. But the hope proved delusive, and I grew weary-hearted.

Christmas drew near, and a wild longing for my home took possession of me. In my innocence, I thought that every one had Christmas holidays, and that my employers would give at least three weeks; but I soon learned that I was mistaken. When Mrs Porter paid me my three months' salary, I made my request; but was told that she could not possibly spare me just then; they were going to have grand doings, in fact a ball in the house, and my assistance would be invaluable. I elated a good deal under my disappointment; but sought consolation in sending a few presents to my needy sisters at home.

Bessie's answer ran as follows:

AMPLESIDE MANOR, December 16.

DEAREST ARNIE—You send us visible and welcome proofs of your success, but do not tell us

enough about yourself; you never do. We want to know whether you really like the life. I hope you are not suffering from neuralgia, and that you look well. We were dreadfully disappointed to hear that you could not come home for Christmas; we had ever so many surprises and treats in store for you. First of all, I must tell you that Honeywood Chase is tenanted at last; a Mr Medway took it some time ago, and his coming has brightened us all up, I can assure you. I am so thankful that papa made up his mind to call on him. He lends us lots of music and books, and there are nice people staying at the Chase. We go there a good deal, Clarice and I. His old mother is staying with him now; but we hear he is going to be married. This is a pity, for we had arranged a little romance: you were to come home and marry him, and become the lady of Honeywood Chase. Then everything would have been *couleur de rose* for ever after. But I must not tantalise you with all this, and thank you again for our presents.

There is some talk about Mr Medway's procuring an appointment for Basil. He is evidently a philanthropist, and has turned his benevolent efforts in the direction they are most needed—that is, towards the gentlefolks, who have the wish, but alas! not the means to attain honest independence. I must say good-bye now. Everything goes on much the same.—With love from all. Your affectionate sister, BESSIE.

I put the letter away with a sad indifference. Indifference is mental loss of appetite, and its effects are most depressing. I began to wonder why I had lost the power of entering into little interests; but the perpetual 'Miss Danvers, would you do this or that?' drove meditation to the winds.

One cold bright morning at the end of December, when, for a wonder, the whole family had assembled at the breakfast-table, Mrs Porter laid down a letter she had just been reading, with a sound something between a sigh and a gasp.

'Why does Algernon always write to you, you wicked mamma?' remarked Adelaide, stealing a glance at Amelia, who endeavoured to appear careless and dignified, but only succeeded in looking perturbed and cross.

'All our plans are upset,' exclaimed Mrs Porter, in a tone that suggested tears.

'How? Do tell us. Give it to me;' and Julia snatching the letter from her mother's hand, soon made us acquainted with its woful contents.

Mr Algernon was obliged to go to Paris on business the very week in which they had determined to give the ball, and the only alternative was either to put it off indefinitely or to give it at once.

'That is out of the question,' exclaimed the girls. 'We have not decided upon our dresses, nor arranged the invitations; in fact no preparations can be made in such a short time.'

'A bright idea has just struck me,' said Amelia, after the first burst of dismay was over. 'Have a small hop now, and put off the ball until Algernon's return; and meanwhile, mamma, we might really spare Miss Danvers for a short holiday.'

'Perhaps Miss Danvers will not care for it now?' said Adelaide, partly to watch the effect

of her words on Amelia, who was evidently most anxious for me to go.

'I should like to go home above all things; to-morrow, if convenient, I replied; and if you really want me to help with the ball, I will return for it; but I do not intend to dance this winter.'

'Really? How very odd! We cannot allow that. But we will leave it until the time comes. At any rate, I suppose we must allow you a holiday if you are so bent upon it,' said my employer in a patronising way.

'Well, I suppose one thing is certain,' remarked Julia—'we are in for a spontaneous hop.'

'A what?' I exclaimed, laughing heartily at the apt phrase, and nearly upsetting my tea.

'A spontaneous hop,' repeated she with a giggle. 'That means a dance to-morrow night, or next night, say.'

'Oh, I see!' I replied in quite a cheerful tone, for the idea of going home had quite revived me.

Here we were interrupted by the entrance of the great Algernon himself in alarmingly good spirits.

'Girls!' cried he, 'we must have some fun to-night. Aunt, you must knock up some refreshments. Ask the Smith-Jacksons, the Murrays, half-a-dozen other girls, and any dancing-men you know. I'll make up the complement. We'll have one of my celebrated spontaneous entertainments to-night.'

'To-night!' we all exclaimed in amazement.

'Yes; to-night. You do not manage things in this way in the country; do you, Miss Danvers?' he asked with a self-complacent air.

'No, indeed,' I answered.

'Why, she did not even know what a spontaneous hop meant!' remarked Julia.

'Ah, I hope soon to make her acquainted with all its details,' said Mr Dykes, gazing at me in an admiring and confidential manner, to my great annoyance.

'You will have to make her change her mind,' said Adelaide; while Amelia moved on to the sofa and took up *Punch*, which peeped out of the pocket of Algernon's huge ulster.

'May I?' said she, holding it up playfully.

'Certainly; I brought it for you; and this for Miss Danvers,' he said, drawing a *Graphic* from another huge pocket.

'You are very kind; I said; but really I have no time for reading; I must run off to my work now,' and I handed it to Adelaide.

'We will look at it now, and you can have it in the train to-morrow,' said the two younger girls.

'Train! What do you mean?' demanded Mr Dykes sharply, as I moved across the room.

'Miss Danvers is going home to-morrow,' said Amelia in a tone of ill-concealed triumph.

'Then you must promise me one dance this evening,' he exclaimed eagerly, planting himself before the door to prevent my egress.

'You place me in the awkward position of refusing you; I do not intend to dance,' I replied, relapsing into my usual reserve.

'What can I do to persuade you; do tell me?' he asked, looking puzzled and deeply mortified.

'No persuasion could induce me to alter my mind. I like dancing; but in my present position I prefer not to join in it.'

'I know what it is,' said Amelia; 'Miss

Danvers thinks that our friends are not good enough for her. We are not so high up in society as she is; there is no denying it.'

I blushed to the roots of my hair. I could not contradict her.

'You are unkind to say such things, even if you think them,' I cried.

'Yes; I must say it is not fair play,' said Algernon, coming to my assistance, for which I mentally thanked him. 'Shew her she is wrong, by giving me a dance,' he urged.

'Very well; but that shall be my only one during the evening,' I replied, fairly driven into a corner, and much exasperated. My usual morning routine finished, I was sent up to the drawing-room to work at some evening attire, and to arrange a head-dress for Mrs Porter, while they all went out to give the invitations and to order some refreshments for the evening. Mr Dykes had disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

'What do you think, mamma?' Adelaide exclaimed as we were partaking of a hurried lunch. 'Algernon is going to bring some swell with him to-night.'

Exclamations of surprise came from all.

'He forgot about it, but told me the last thing. He is a Mr Dennison, just come into a large fortune. I am not joking; he is really a gentleman. Algernon wants us to have everything as nice as we can.'

'Now, Miss Danvers, do you feel inclined to change your mind?' said Mrs Porter in a tone which shewed me that she had really been vexed by my determination.

'If you had all the peers of the realm at your party, I should still be your Lady Help,' Mrs Porter, I replied.

'Well, well; I can't pretend to enter into other people's feelings, of course,' said she; 'but it seems to me nothing can prevent your being Miss Danvers, or Miss Arnadine Danvers. I'm sure the name's grand enough to speak for itself. But "Live and let live" is my motto; and now you can come and help me cut the sandwiches.'

'There!' said Mrs Porter, when our task was accomplished. 'I hope these will be good enough for Master Algernon's grand friend. I never saw such a fellow to get on as that boy; he is certainly making his way in the world.'

Much as Mrs Porter loved her daughters, I had already surmised that she cherished a still deeper affection for her nephew, and that it would pain her less that Amelia should be crossed in love than that he should be a rejected lover.

When I made my appearance that night in by no means elaborate evening dress, I was greeted enthusiastically by the two younger girls.

'O Miss Danvers, how nice you look! You must dance. I must have a pattern of that dress of yours to-morrow.'

The guests were expected to arrive every moment, so I answered shortly: 'Don't tense me about the dancing, and I will cut the pattern out for you to-night, before I pack up.'

Julia, who sometimes seemed really fond of me, put her arm round me and gave me a hearty kiss, saying: 'How nice you always look, and yet you do not seem to know it a bit.'

'I'm glad you like my dress; I was afraid you

might not think it grand enough. And now I must run off and see if the tea is all right.'

Dancing had commenced with some vigour when I joined the party about an hour later that evening. Mr Dykes had arranged that our dance should take place towards the end, and I looked forward to it as to an ordeal. A good-natured looking widow was playing as I came in, and it was a pleasure to hear her. Her time and style were perfect, and yet she lingered over the most bewitching strains of the valse as only a musician can. I took possession of a vacant corner near the piano and began to watch the dancers. I soon attracted the attention of Mr Dykes, and to my surprise, directly he saw me, he rushed away from his partner and disappeared into the other room. When he returned, I perceived that he was coming across to me accompanied by another man. I did not look up, for I was angry. I was to be worried into dancing after all.

'Miss Danvers, may I introduce Mr Dennison?' I looked up to bow, and the next moment I had almost started out of my chair. I tried to compose myself, trusting and hoping that I did not look so confused as I felt. In Mr Dennison I beheld my fellow-traveller!

He did not ask me for a dance nor did he make any commonplace remark, but simply sat down by my side, and regarding me with a quiet triumph in his eyes, said: 'I was beginning to think that you would never appear.'

'Why should you expect me to appear?' I exclaimed. 'I was never more astonished than when Mr Dykes introduced you.'

'But I have known where you lived ever since I left you at Puddingtown. Your address was on your bag which I took out of the carriage.'

'But you are not a friend of Mr Dykes?' I asked with more curiosity than politeness.

'Not a friend exactly, but I know him; and I happened to be in his office early this morning when he was inviting some young fellows to come here this evening. He was not able to make up the number; and I saw that he would not object to my company, so I offered to come.'

Neither of us spoke for a second or two; then the low sweet music of one of Waldteufel's valse summoned the dancers once more. My companion gazed into my face with that intense look which seems to command and to entreat, simultaneously.

'You will dance with me?' he said.

'No; I cannot,' I replied.

'Do you not know how to dance?'

Feeling rather foolish, I told him of my morning's determination.

'May I say just what I like to you?' he said.

'Yes; please do; perhaps you may help me.'

'Well, putting the present question aside as immaterial, I think you have made a mistake from the first. You have accepted a false position, and have chosen to employ the lower instead of the higher attributes of your nature.'

'Yes; you are right,' I answered sadly. 'I have often felt all this, though I could not have expressed it, even to myself. Do you think I ought to have been a governess, instead of a Lady Help?'

He smiled. 'I doubt if you were justified in taking upon yourself to be any one but yourself; but as you suggest, the office you hold here might be filled by a woman of far less education than

you possess. It is not right that you should look your brains up in a box, and perform the work that hands without brains might do. Do you see what I mean?'

'Yes. But was I not right to try and earn some money?'

'Not unless you were obliged; and that, you told me in the train, was not the case. I will lend you Kingsley's *Life and Letters*, and you will see what he says about the duties that lie nearest.'

'I should certainly like to read them; but I am going away to-morrow for my holidays; I may not see you again.'

'Are you going home to-morrow?' he exclaimed in a tone that betokened real delight; and he seemed about to add more, but checked himself; and I, watching his countenance, wondered to see it change so suddenly from grave to gay.

'Yes, I am really going home; but I should like to have had the book,' I said; 'I shall have plenty of time for reading at home.'

'Are you sure of that? Will there be no winter gaieties to engross you?'

'Oh, I believe there is to be a ball at Woodwood Chase; but that will not make much difference to me.'

'Do you not care for such festivities, then?'

'I do not know; everything seems indifferent to me now.' As I spoke, my eyes met his, and I feared lest they had betrayed to him the secret of my indifference to ordinary pleasures. The colour rushed to my cheeks, and I began to play nervously with my fan. He rose, took my hand, drew it through his arm, and led me to the other room. Here we were met by Mr Dykes, who informed me that he should claim me for the next waltz, so I knew I was only to have a few minutes more with Mr Dennison. A vague feeling of regret seized me, for I feared that after that evening I might never see him again, never more listen to his counsel, nor feel gladdened by his smile. Perhaps I might look back to this evening of my life only as the aged do to the brightness of their youth. Still these sad presentiments were overpowered by the actual delight of his presence as we stood arm in arm silently watching the dancers. Then I went off for my dance with Algernon, which I enjoyed after all, for he really waltzed well. What followed was not so pleasant. 'I think I may as well scratch my name off, Miss Danvers; I haven't a chance,' said he despondently.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'Oh, directly that fellow asked to be introduced to you, I knew which way the wind blew. An old friend, of course. Did you know he was coming?'

'You are mistaken, I assure you,' I said. 'I met Mr Dennison for the first time the day I travelled up here; I shall probably never see him again. I did not even know his name until you introduced him to-night.'

'That does not surprise me. He has only lately taken the name of Dennison, since he came into some money. He has bought a fine estate somewhere in your part of the world. Well, Miss Danvers, you have my best wishes; and before long I may ask for yours when Amelia'—

'I wish you would not talk in this manner. I hate it.—Oh, I am so glad I am going home to-morrow!' I exclaimed involuntarily.

'Yes; I've said all along you were a step too high for us.'

'Oh, I'm sure I did not mean that; but you provoked me, Mr Dykes.'

'Well, never mind. Sit down and rest now; and I daresay you will not have to wait long for some one to talk to.'

This vulgarity alarmed as well as disgusted me, for I feared lest Mr Dennison should overhear it; fortunately he was not near enough to do so. I sat there for about an hour, feeling myself to be proud, ill-tempered, and miserable; for Mr Dennison was dancing, and in my heart I longed to be dancing too. My spirits sank still lower when he came and wished me good-bye. I longed to say: 'Shall I ever see you again? Is this the end, which I feel to be but the beginning of life?'

He handed me a scrap of paper. 'I have scribbled down one sentence of Kingsley's which struck me forcibly when I read it; perhaps it may be useful to you. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' I said mechanically. I had half-hoped he would have sent me the book, and that it would have been a means of future communication with him; but I was disappointed, and he left me without another word.

I now pleaded an excuse to retire. I was really fatigued, and had to start early in the morning. As soon as I was alone, I unfolded the paper, and read as follows: 'The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.'

These words spoke to me strongly of the mistake I had made, as did also my dearly bought experience; and I resolved to inform Mrs Porter that it was not my intention to return.

I was really sorry to say good-bye to them all in the morning; and although I had spent the most miserable hours of my life under their roof, my happiest moments had been spent there also—only a few hours ago. They heard of my determination good-naturedly, and seemed pleased when I offered to come and see them as a friend some day. On the whole, they had treated me with great kindness, and their ways and manners were those of their own class. I had laid myself open to annoyance by needlessly stepping down from my position to assume that of a *Lady Help*. Such an individual must always be an anomaly. Moreover, I had conjectured that my help was to be given to ladies who would work with me; but instead of this I had been chiefly employed in assisting the General.

Poor General! She shed bitter tears at parting with me, but brightened up at the last, saying: 'It won't be slavery for me much longer, miss; for Joe's got the driving of one of them Hammer-smith 'buses with the white horses, so you'll find me "General" in a little home of my own when you comes again.'

They all accompanied me to the station; and at the last moment Mr Dykes appeared on the platform with a huge bouquet of exquisite flowers, which he presented to me. As I waved my adieux, and the train slowly glided out of the station, I saw Amelia Porter disappear on the arm of Mr Dykes, and said to myself: 'All's well that ends well.'

I did not find myself the all-engrossing object of interest that I fancied I should be when I got home, for they were all in a high state of excitement about the ball at Honeywood Chase. It was to be on the following Thursday, and I had but little time to prepare for it. I did not even announce my intention of not returning to the Porters; and in the general bustle I escaped questioning, for which I, in my cowardice, was grateful.

'You look thinner and older,' said Bessie, as we gathered round the fire in the same room where, so short a time ago, I had taken upon myself 'to shape my own destiny.'

'London is very different from the country,' I remarked vaguely, turning away my face, for fear a conscious expression might be written thereon. How little they knew that the whole world, every little trivial thing had been altered in my eyes! I was no longer the same Armadine who had sat in that room when the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees; I had commenced a new inner life; I had awakened to fresh thoughts, keener aspirations, and above all and beyond all, I had learned to love!

'Well, Armadine, I never thought you would have come home from London without a gown fit to wear at a ball,' said Clarice, who was eagerly turning over a book of fashions.

'I don't think she wants to go at all,' said Bessie.

'Why should you say so?' I retorted, with a sharpness produced by a painful consciousness that she was speaking the truth. 'You seem to think that I take no interest in anything; but it is only natural that I should not be so excited as you are about this ball. I do not know, nor care to know, this man with whom you are so infatuated; he is too good-natured. I hate people who are always lending you things—stuffing their good-nature down whether you want it or not.'

'But we do want it; and we like it; and so will you when you get a taste of it. But perhaps you will refuse game at dinner to-night, because it came from Honeywood Chase.'

'Well, don't let us quarrel,' I said with a gulp; 'and I will do my best with that white muslin. I suppose it will do?'

'Have you told her?' called out Basil, poking his head in at the door.—'Have you heard, Armadine, of the honour that awaits you?'

'No. What is it?' I asked, somewhat aggressively, looking from one to the other.

Upon this Basil came in, and perching himself on a chair, asked with a bantering air: 'Have you seen any one you like better than yourself during your absence, Armadine?'

He looked very mischievous. I fancied that in some unaccountable way he had become possessed of my treasured secret. 'That is no business of yours,' I cried, growing crimson with shame and vexation.

'Ah, my child, it is a pity; but you must throw romance and sentiment aside, and go in for nineteenth-century common-sense; so stifle your recollections of this youthful Potter or Porter.'

'How can you tease so?' said Bessie, seeing that I looked really distressed.

'Why do you talk so absurdly?' I exclaimed. 'I can assure you that your preconceived dislike to Mr Medway is not reciprocal,' went on

Basil. 'The Pater had a letter from him to-day on business or something; and at the end he said this: "If your eldest daughter has returned, will you ask her to honour me with the first dance on Thursday evening?"'

'Stupid old fellow! Just because I am the eldest, I suppose.'

'But he's not old. Wait till you see him,' exclaimed Clarice.

'What is he like then?' I asked, feeling bound to display a feeble curiosity about the man, who at this Christmas-time had assumed the office of Santa Claus in family.

'There is nothing remarkable about him,' said Bessie, 'except that he is awfully nice; the sort of man you read of in a book, you know; quiet, but with a certain depth and cleverness.—But description is useless; on Thursday you'll see for yourself. He only returned from town late last night.'

'Yes, wait till you see him,' repeated Clarice.

Wait! I did wait until I lost my small stock of patience. On that eventful Thursday evening, we started for the ball in good time. Bessie was in high glee; and even I had contrived to throw off my depression, and allowed myself to feel elated at the prospect before me. When we stepped out of the carriage into the brilliantly lighted hall, the whole place seemed to me like fairyland. The walls were draped with crimson cloth, and mirrors festooned with the choicest flowers were hung at intervals in the anteroom. The music as yet came but in snatches. I felt in a kind of happy dream. But when we entered the ballroom and the quadrilles began to form, the tuning of the musicians burst into melody which displayed impatience. Every one seemed to be waiting. I was waiting too. My mother was busily engaged in conversation with a friendly dowager; and I, tired of looking for my unknown partner, who came not, was indulging in that sweetest though most dangerous of pastimes, retrospection. The witching sound of the music, the scent of the flowers, the low hum of voices, all conspired to carry me into fancyland. But was it in that imaginary world, and there alone, that a voice sounded in my ears, a voice I knew and loved? Some one was bending over me, and it was his voice that said: 'Will you come?'

I looked up; and seeing my fellow-traveller before me, my eyes told him I would come, ay, come to the end of the world at his bidding! I could not utter a word; but he had already clasped my hand within his arm, and was leading me to my place among the dancers.

'You are surprised,' he said, 'to find that I am the master of Honeywood Chase.'

'Yes,' I answered breathlessly. 'I thought I should never see you again.'

'I could not have borne that,' he replied in low deep tones. 'You made a victim of me from the first moment I saw you.'

'How?' I asked, speaking at random, feeling too happy and confused to know or care what I said.

'I will tell you when this is over,' he whispered.

When that time came, he led me away into a deserted conservatory, and leaning over me, said: 'I loved you at first sight, and I love you now, Armadine. I have plotted and arranged this

for months. You shall never go back to the Porters.'

'I never intended to,' I replied quickly. 'I could not have gone on with what you thought a mistake.'

'Did I influence you as much as that—I, almost a stranger to you?'

'I suppose I was a victim from the first too,' I said, burying my face in my bouquet.

'You little thought that Mr. Demmison and Mr. Medway were the same person!'

'No. I thought that Mr. Medway was a person I should dislike very much.'

'And you do not dislike him after all?'

'You know I do not.'

'Will you be my wife, Armadine?'

'Can you forgive me?' I replied, hiding my head on his shoulder.

'What for, my darling?'

'For being a Lady Help!' I murmured.

'O my brave, true, earnest Armadine!' returned he, 'should I ever have known you so well, or loved you so much, had I not learned from yourself that you did not look upon the world only as a big playground, but took life seriously, and were willing to work! Only you set about it in the wrong way, my darling. Now your work will always be at my side.'

No answer in words came from me, but my happiness was complete. It could not be hidden from any of the eyes that followed me with wonder, and perhaps a little envy, throughout the evening; and it soon became known that I was Mr. Medway's affianced wife. The news was also spread that he had taken the name of Demmison.

Some months after our marriage, we invited all the Porters to come and stay with us, and made them very welcome; for we could never regret that I had once tried to be a Lady Help.

MORE ABOUT ELECTRICITY.

Discoveries and improvements in connection with new applications of electricity are of frequent occurrence, and have already been referred to in this *Journal*. In inviting further consideration of this subject, some better idea may be formed of the grand and valuable results now achieved by this powerful agent, results undreamed of by Franklin when he made his celebrated little experiment with the kite-string.

Prior to the general use of lightning-conductors at sea, accidents to ships were of common occurrence. Though the possibility of conducting an electric current by means of a metal rod had been sufficiently demonstrated, the insulation and arrangements for discharging the fluid were only at first imperfectly understood. When therefore some vessels fitted out with newly invented lightning-rods were struck and injured quite as frequently as before, the sailors called them 'lightning-traps'; and the notion grew that all conductors increased rather than diminished the danger from the electric fluid. Owing to the failure of these early attempts to protect ships from a peril which has often proved so serious, lightning-conductors were for many years dis-

credited; and it was not till 1842 that they were adopted throughout the navy, since which our fleet may be said to have been practically exempt from damage by lightning.

The large iron vessels of these days offer peculiar attraction to the electric fluid, an instance being lately furnished by the experience of the ship *Yorkshire* when voyaging from London to Melbourne. The vessel was overtaken by a heavy thunder-storm, in the midst of which the lightning was seen playing all round the ship in various shapes. Large drops of liquid fire apparently fell amongst the sailors who were reefing sails. Though no injury happened to the sailors, the ironwork on the mast was fused, and the woodwork blackened, and a yellow deposit resembling sulphur covered part of the yard. Whether the ship was provided with a lightning-conductor is not certain, but vessel and crew must have had a narrow escape from destruction. Another vessel when on a voyage to Bombay not long since, was struck by the electric fire, which instantaneously melted large quantities of the ice which formed part of her cargo.

In a French agricultural paper, the discovery is announced of a very simple and cheap means of protecting buildings, said to be very effective. The apparatus consists simply of bundles of straw attached to sticks or broom-handles, and placed in upright positions on the roofs of houses. In consequence of the success of this experiment, eighteen communes of the Tarbes district provided their houses in this manner against the effects of lightning; and we are told there have been no accidents in the district since. French *para-grêles* are also other forms of lightning-rods. They are small conductors set up by means of poles in the vineyards in France, to draw off the electricity from the atmosphere over them, and thus prevent the accumulations which, when they occurred, were found to generate hailstones.

With regard to the telephone, M. D'Arsonval has compared that delicate instrument with the animal nerve as an indicator of electricity. According to that gentleman, the poorest telephone is at least a hundred times more sensitive than the nerve. In the silence of the night he has heard the telephone vibrate when the induction coil was removed to a distance fifteen times greater than that of the minimum nervous excitation; indicating a sensibility more than two hundred times greater. He regards the telephone as the best of all galvanoscopes, both for feeble electric variations and for feeble continuous currents. Claiming attention among recent inventions in the way of telephones is one by Mr J. Ewing and Professor F. Jenkin, suited for the transmission of two or more messages simultaneously in either direction along the same wire. It has wires capable of vibrating to definite musical notes, and the wires are so turned that one wire or group of wires at each end is in unison with one wire or group of wires at the other. When one wire or group is made to

vibrate at the sending end, the wire or group in unison will vibrate at the other end, but the other wires will remain practically silent. By having a number of pairs or groups, means are afforded of transmitting independently a number of audible signals at the same time along the same line without interference.

Interesting exhibitions of the microphone, by which the most minute sounds become distinctly audible, have been followed by experiments with an instrument termed the megaphone. This invention in fact appears to do for the ear very much what the binocular will do for the eye. We are told that 'it can be taken to a theatre by a person hard of hearing, just as a person now takes his opera-glass. All you do is to place it on your lap, let the tube touch your ear, and all sounds come to you magnified fifty times if necessary. The loudness can be regulated for the ear as you regulate a telescope for the eye.' From this it seems likely that the megaphone, for those who are deaf, will come to be as indispensable a personal appendage as spectacles for those whose vision is defective. The inventor has, we are told, been inundated with applications from deaf people; but any person of ordinary hearing who happened to apply one of these instruments to his ear in time to hear a salvo of artillery or a clap of stage-thunder magnified a few score of times, would scarcely, we presume, be anxious to repeat the experiment.

When we consider how quickly these startling results of the applications of electricity in various forms have followed one another, it is almost impossible to imagine the future that is yet in store for this potent agent. This will easily account for the report of the invention of the 'telegastograph,' by which the flavour of any food or liquor can be transmitted to the palate from any distance; which does not seem such a very fanciful idea after all, when we reflect on what wonders have lately been achieved by means of electricity. To enable a man to enjoy a banquet without the expense of paying for one, would indeed be a triumph of science, and a realisation of human felicity probably undreamed of by the most sanguine sybarite!

Some valuable practical applications of the discovery of a new method of electro-plating are said to have been made by Professor A. W. Wright of Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut, which are certainly interesting and remarkable, and according to the *American Journal of the Telegraph*, promise to be of great utility. Taking advantage of the fact, that the various metals may be reduced to vapour by the electrical current, he provides a hollow vessel from which the air is partially exhausted; within this vessel he arranges, opposite to each other, the two poles of an induction coil; the article to be electro-plated, a bit of glass for example, is suspended between the poles; to the negative pole is attached a small piece of the metal that is to be deposited on the glass. From three to six pint Grove cells are employed, yielding by means of the induction coil an electrical spark from two to three inches in length. Under the influence of this spark, a portion of the metal of the electrode is converted into vapour, or volatilised, and condenses upon the cooler surface of the suspended glass, forming a brilliant and uniform deposit. The thickness of the plating thus

produced, may be regulated at will by simply continuing the action of the electricity for a longer or shorter period. That the metal is actually volatilised is proved by the examination with the spectroscopic during the progress of the operation, the characteristic 'lines' of whatever metal is used for the electrode being fully revealed. In short, this interesting discovery consists in plating the surface of substances with metals by exposing such surfaces to the hot vapours of whatever metal it is desired to plate with.

A simple, cheap, and efficient method of working punkahs, likely to supersede all other methods of keeping these useful contrivances in continual motion, is said to have been recently patented. By means of an electric motor, punkahs, so essential to the Anglo-Indian in his stalling bungalow, can be worked at the cost of a few pence daily; and being very moderate in price it is probable that it will be long be largely employed in military establishments and private residences throughout our Indian Empire. It is thought that the motor can be employed for innumerable purposes, such as the working of sewing-machines, organs, harmoniums, and so forth; and when its merits are more widely known, will probably be in great demand.

Electricity has now become useful in protecting life and property by means of other agencies than lightning-conductors. A safe has recently been patented which is ingeniously connected with a battery and alarm apparatus, so as to defy all attempts of burglars in drilling, picking, or removal of the safe without instant detection. Any improved contrivances by which the dangers of railway travelling are diminished will be hailed with satisfaction, and in the furtherance of such improvements electricity again claims our attention. An instrument for stopping trains in foggy weather without any chance of error has been devised by French engineers. It consists of a metal-faced disc rising out of the permanent way between the lines of rail, and placed so that any engine going along the line must brush against it as it passes. The engine is provided for this special purpose with a brush made of iron wires, which has an electric communication with the handle of the whistle. It is thus only necessary, in order to bring the train to a standstill, to pull from its recumbent position the disc, or 'crocodile' as we believe it is called, when the train in passing must naturally come into contact with it and give itself its own danger-signal. This system is said to have some great advantages over the fog-signals in general use.

Of the various inventions in which electricity is the chief motor we have another example in Mr Peppard's curious contrivance for awakening a sleeper at any required hour. According to the *Electrician*, the apparatus is to be fixed to an ordinary clock, and is so arranged that when the hour-hand of the clock touches a button, an electric circuit is completed; the minute-hand passes over the button without effect. There are a series of holes for the different hours, into any one of which the button can be pushed according to the time selected for awakening. The completion of the electric circuit may ring a bell or sound any other ordinary method of alarm. And amongst other curious applications of this power, we may allude to the certain

detection of impostors feigning paralytic affections in order to escape punishment, by the judicious administration of a few smart electric shocks. In such cases the curative properties of electricity are wonderful!

But it is the electric light, now receiving so much attention from experimenters, that is likely to produce some of the most startling results, and promises to be of greater general utility than perhaps any other uses of electricity we have mentioned.

Some two centuries ago, the first public lantern in Paris (containing a candle) was put up—a feeble forerunner of the dazzling spectacle now offered by the Avenue de l'Opéra and other places, where the brilliant sheen of the electric light excites universal admiration. The application of the electric light is in Paris daily extending; but no attempt was made in London and elsewhere to imitate French enterprise till long after Parisians were familiar with the new light.

Invention is busy with several ingenious substitutes for gas, and men of scientific ability are working energetically with a view to supersede gas by electricity. They have not yet attained that desideratum, and a good deal must doubtless be accomplished before the new light will become available for the general illumination of private houses. As a means of public illumination the new invention is obviously a success, and according to some authorities, is much cheaper than gas. Mr Hollingshead says that the French scientific gentlemen who manage the light for him at the Gaiety Theatre in London, declare that with machinery valued at three thousand four hundred pounds, they are prepared to light an area of one thousand five hundred and forty yards long by forty-four yards wide, with thirty-six electric lamps, having an illuminating power equal to two thousand of our existing street-lamps at a cost of ten shillings and sixpence per hour for consumption and superintendence.

The new light is not only vastly superior to gas, but it is not injurious; and there is an absence of noxious smell both in the production and combustion; and heat in a room, so often unbearable in the case of gas, is scarcely felt; the most delicate colours are preserved, and there is no chance of an explosion. A great deal of time and expense would also be saved by the instantaneous lighting and extinguishing. On the other hand, it has been contended that the present arrangements for electric lighting are unsuitable for long distances. Still, if unsuitable for general street-lighting at present, it can be utilised with splendid effect in large squares and public buildings, and we must recollect that the electric light is as yet in its infancy. Nevertheless, the difficulties of electric lighting will doubtless be overcome, though in the opinion of Dr Siemens, a practical scientist, gas and electric light have two separate circles to move in, and these will rarely if ever interfere with each other.

According to report, it has been reserved for Mr Edison, the indefatigable scientist, to solve the problem that has puzzled many scientific men; we mean the division of the electric light into many smaller ones, for purposes of cheap and practical illumination. As our readers already know, he proposes to utilise the gas-burners and chandeliers now in use. In each house he intends to place a

light meter, whence the wires will pass through the house, tapping small metallic contrivances that may be placed over each burner. Whenever it is desired to light a jet, it will only be necessary to touch a little spring near it. No matches will be required.

The same gentleman promises that as the wire that brings light will also bring power and heat, you can work a sewing-machine or any other mechanical contrivance that requires a motor; and by means of the heat you may cook your food. To utilise the heat, it will only be necessary to have the ovens or stoves properly arranged for its reception, which can be done at a trifling cost.

Such are a few of the most recent applications of that subtle power which ere long will doubtless revolutionise many of the world's present appliances.

CHASING SLAVERS.

In the early part of 1863, Her Majesty's steam-corvette *Zebra*, carrying fifteen 32-pounders (smooth-bore) and two 40-pounder Armstrong guns, lay off the west coast of Africa at the mouth of the Congo River, in latitude about six degrees south. She had been sent to this forlorn and uncivilised region to repress as far as possible the growing slave-traffic, which was at that time assuming formidable dimensions. To one who has never experienced the tedious monotony of blockade duty under the burning sun of the tropics, the most vivid description will fail to convey adequately a realising sense of its intolerable dullness. With a temperature of some eighty degrees Fahrenheit by night, and one hundred degrees or thereabouts by day, men naturally possessed of the most active and energetic temperaments find it impossible to resist a feeling of lassitude. The eye tires for ever gazing on the lazy swell of the waves; the ear becomes fatigued by the ceaseless splash of water against the hull; in fact all the senses are wearied and dulled by only a few weeks of such an existence. Occasionally, if not at too great a distance from the coast, hunting or fishing parties may be organised; but even those recreations demand too much exertion to be frequently participated in; so that by far the greater portion of the time will be passed idly lounging on deck beneath the awning, watching the hot pitch bubble from the seams during the day, and after nightfall the peregrinations of the immense winged cockroaches with which all vessels abound in hot latitudes. O ye who complain of the monotony of a ten days' trip across the Atlantic, surrounded with all the luxuries of a first-class hotel, how your patience would be tried were you condemned to pass a few months on board a blockading vessel in the vicinity of the equator!

It was under such circumstances that positive information was received of the shipment of a cargo of some fourteen hundred negroes about thirty miles up the river. The consequent excitement on board our vessel may be imagined. For some time back we had known that a large barque named the *Ocella* was anchored off a place called Ponta de Lenha, ostensibly engaged in legitimate traffic with the natives. Our suspicions however, had been awakened that her errand was of an

entirely different character, and one which it was both our duty and our interest to prevent. The confirmation of these suspicions was therefore no surprise. Convinced that she was only awaiting an opportunity to elude our vigilance and get to sea, we took up a position off Shark's Point, the southern bank of the entrance to the Congo, feeling certain that both ship and cargo would shortly be in our possession. Had any person on board the *Zebra* at that time intimated the possibility of her escape, he would have been considered guilty of high-treason. But alas! for 'the best-laid schemes of mice and men.' At sunset all deck-lights were extinguished; the scuttles tightly closed with blankets, clothing, &c., that not the least ray of light might betray our position, and every precaution used that foresight and experience could suggest. All proved unavailing. In the darkness of the night, rendered still more obscure by the overhanging foliage on each bank of the river, the *Ocella* silently dropped down with the current, which here runs at the rate of seven knots an hour; and at daybreak we had the mortification of learning that our prey had escaped, and was far away to the westward. I may here mention that both the volume and the velocity of the Congo are so great that its course may be traced for nearly five hundred miles at sea by the discoloration and freshness of the water. Knowing she would take advantage of this, the wind also being in her favour, we followed in pursuit as rapidly as possible, but only to return disappointed, fully convinced that the fastest vessels, the best seamen, and most skilful officers were engaged in this nefarious traffic. To add to our chagrin, a smaller vessel, the *Mondego*, taking advantage of our absence, followed our track until well out to sea, when changing her course, she too managed to escape with a load of negroes.

Several months elapsed, and our disappointment had not yet ceased to be a topic of conversation, when just at daybreak one morning, as the fog cleared away, the look-out at the mast-head descried a strange vessel on the horizon. Steam was immediately got up; and under full speed, with all available sail set, we gave chase, determined not to lose our prey this time if possible; her actions indicating clearly that our appearance was far from gratifying to her. Coal was piled in the furnaces, and amidst the utmost excitement, we found the distance between us slowly decreasing; but so slowly, that the chase would have been a long one, had not the wind, which so fortuitously cleared away the fog in the morning, thus making the stranger's proximity known to us, now begun to diminish in force. She proved a fast sailer, going at the rate of fully a dozen knots per hour; and though our engines became so overheated that a portion of the crew were detailed to drench them with water, still our progress was unsatisfactory. About noon, the breeze, on which her salvation depended, failed almost entirely; we then made her out to be a top-sail schooner of about two hundred tons burden, flying Spanish colours.

Nearer and nearer we approached, the excitement of officers and crew increasing as the certainty of overhauling her became apparent; when within five miles, a blank cartridge was fired to bring her to, but no attention paid to it. This

was followed by a more urgent invitation on our part in the shape of several solid shot; when finding her situation hopeless, she let fly her sheets, hauling down her colours at the same time, and sullenly resigned herself to her fate. On arriving alongside, our cutter was manned by an officer and half-a-dozen blue-jackets, who at once boarded her; and in a very few minutes we had the satisfaction of seeing the British ensign flying from her peak. Four hundred and eighty-five negro men and women were found crowded between decks. These poor wretches had been shipped at Cabenda only the day before, and thanks to our vigorous pursuit, no time had been allowed to stow them in the ordinary painful and torturing position. When it is known that vessels specially fitted out for this traffic have a space of only about three-and-a-half feet between decks, that the poor creatures are placed in rows packed closely against each other in a squatting position, and with no opportunity for exercise or fresh air, some faint idea of their sufferings may be formed.

Our prize was supposed to be the *Maraquita*, which had been fitted out at the London Docks with an assorted cargo for Lisbon, and when cleared, was apparently bound on a legitimate voyage. As usual in such cases, no person on board would acknowledge to being the captain; the officer in charge representing himself as the supercargo. It afterwards proved however, that he was the notorious Captain Bowen, unquestionably the shrewdest sea-captain ever engaged in the slave-trade; one who united in an extraordinary degree both caution and daring; unequalled for pluck, determination, and power of resource in cases of emergency; the man who on one occasion had successfully resisted an attack by the boats of the United States man-of-war *Saratoga*; and as we learned, the same who had commanded the *Ocilla* when she so provokingly gave us the slip. On that occasion he had volunteered to run the *Ocilla* out through sheer love of adventure, her regular commander not possessing sufficient nerve to brave the stringent blockade, and consequent risk of capture. When this was made known, we felt in some degree recompensed for our former disappointment. The *Maraquita*, containing her miserable freight, was sent under a prize crew to St Helena, together with her self-styled supercargo and one of her seamen who had been permitted to remain on board. Illustrative of the character of this noted slave-dealer, I may state that on the voyage thither he actually entertained the scheme of recapturing his vessel and cargo—a fact which he afterwards admitted, and which no person who knew the character of the man had reason to doubt.

That the escape of the *Ocilla* and *Mondego* was not attributable to any want of vigilance on the part of Her Majesty's officers, the following incidents will prove. So closely were the slave-dealers watched, that many of them despairing of escaping with their human chattels, and being unable to provide them with food, actually hastened their deaths by poison. And again, in the case of the *Ocilla*, she had been compelled to discharge her cargo of slaves more than once at Ponta de Lenha, and afterwards reship them, before her final successful voyage. Moreover, there has seldom if ever been a period during which the

slave-trade was as active as at that time; or so much money and diabolical ingenuity used to defeat the efforts of those engaged in its suppression. It is now however, being rapidly abolished, and at the present time is confined almost exclusively to Spanish and Mussulman dealers.

GERMAN HEROES.

WHENEVER two nations have been at war, the fame of the most striking acts of heroism on either side spreads all over the civilised world; newspapers mention the names of the generals and commanders, history takes possession of their career, which future generations admire, and point to as examples of heroic bravery. Whilst according all due praise to their commanders, perhaps a few instances of daring on the part of the subordinates may not be out of place. For the following instances of German intrepidity we are indebted to a lady whose friends were engaged in the Austro-German war.

In the battle of Königgrätz, on the 3d July 1866, the Austrians, whose positions were most favourable for defence, occupied the numerous wooded hills between the banks of the Elbe and Bistritz, from which sheltered places they fired with impunity at the defenceless enemy marching in the open plain. The Prussian commanders, perceiving how much blood would be wasted if they allowed the enemy to retain his favourable positions, ordered their troops to attack these dangerous ambuscades. One regiment belonging to the seventh division, under the command of the celebrated General Fransecky, as it advanced towards an Austrian embankment was greeted by such a shower of bullets that the colonel's horse was killed on the spot, and several men were likewise shot or severely wounded. But the brave regiment struggled on, the colonel and the major leading. The latter, a Herr von Gilsa, when turning round to give an order was shot through the side and thrown off his horse. The pain he suffered was intense; but seeing the colonel dismounted for the second time, he gathered all his strength, raised himself from the ground, and leaning on a drummer's arm, he commanded the whole regiment, his voice husky with the agonising pain.

After about half an hour's violent fighting, the regiment was forced to withdraw; but the valiant major, who had meanwhile been lifted on horseback, led them on again, and the Prussians took the position. One of the last bullets the retreating enemy fired lodged in the major's breast and proved fatal, although death was not the immediate result of the shot. When he found himself on the box of a carriage, a sergeant of his battalion supporting him, he said: 'I know I shall not recover, but I rejoice that we have gained.' The surgeons at the hospital whither he was brought declared his case to be hopeless. Then he—always full of regard for others—entreated them not to place his name in the list of the severely wounded, so that his wife and children might not be alarmed. He hoped to live some time longer; and his ardent desire was to be conveyed home; but mortification setting in, he expired that same

night. A letter written by the colonel of the regiment to the widow of the deceased, expressed the heartfelt sorrow and the esteem akin to veneration which all his comrades professed for that man, who by his life and death had set them a glorious example of true heroism.

At the same battle of Königgrätz, a regiment of hussars had captured a body of Austrians. As they were laying down their arms, one of the prisoners took up a rifle from the heap of weapons on the ground and aimed at Lieutenant Count Schulenburg; but before he had time to fire, his treacherous design was discovered by some hussars, who in their indignation pressed around him sword in hand. The noble lieutenant, wishing to save the traitor's life, interposed, quietly ordering him to put down the gun; instead of which the villain shot him in return for his humane sentiment. A sad instance of unrequited heroism.

A Bavarian officer had received orders to clear a thick forest of the Prussians who occupied it. He saw the impossibility of succeeding with only a body of cuirassiers at his disposal, and respectfully informed his chief of his doubts. The latter coolly told him to choose between the fulfilment of his order or resigning his post. Thereupon the captain rode up to his squadron and addressed his soldiers in the following terms: 'Comrades! we are to take yonder forest. That is impossible, and I will not allow you to be slaughtered; but I will prove that I do not fear death.' With these words he shot himself before his men.

Honour to whom honour is due. The band, whose strains inspire courage even in the timid, is generally placed behind the troops in action, so as to be sheltered from the enemy's fire; but when the battalions separate and advance in troops, the musicians' position becomes critical, and sometimes flight alone may save them. In the same battle it happened that the band of the 67th Regiment was cut off from their battalions and discovered to the enemy, who immediately attacked the defenceless musicians. They were almost unarmed, and in the desperate struggle which arose, some fought with their musical instruments for weapons. Many were wounded, several killed—amongst the latter two intimate friends, one a married man; the other one charged by the anxious wife of the former to take good care of her husband and to watch over him. His promise that either both or none should return proved a true prophecy; the faithful friend was killed when endeavouring to ward off the blow which an Austrian soldier was about to deal on the other man's head. He sank down, calling out: 'I do not surrender!' and expired. The Austrians challenged the surviving men to lay down what arms they had; but Germendorf was intent on revenging his friend; refusing to surrender, he fought like a lion, till several stabs from the bayonets and a shot in the side laid low the hero.

In every regiment, similar acts of heroism have been performed by men, who in consequence are looked upon by their comrades with envy and admiration. At night, when the brave soldiers gathered round the watch-fires in the silent camp, and rested from the day's hot labour—thankful that their lives have been spared—thousands of noble deeds were narrated by those who had witnessed them. Those tales went from mouth to mouth, and served to cheer the drooping spirits

and to double the courage of the hearers, and inspired them with the desire of imitating examples, such as that of the brave gunner who stuck to his cannon though a fragment of a shell had carried off one of his legs; or that of the drummer, a lad scarcely seventeen years old, who went on beating his drum, holding one stick between his teeth, when his right hand was shot off.

Such wonderful proofs of valour are by no means isolated, for the spirit that prevails in the German army is one of true heroism, perfect union, real patriotism, and blind obedience to the leaders; each individual staking his whole force, good-will, nay his life, for the benefit of the whole, and the success of the ideal for which he is fighting. Be it his liberty or his fatherland, the German soldier will always do his duty, and know how to conquer or die as a hero.

THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

'DEAR little flower! dost thou not fear
To venture forth this dreary day?
Thou shouldst have slumbered snug and warm
Till winter-storms have passed away.

'Thou art so delicately fair,
So sweet, so tender, and so pure!
Thou look'st as if thy fairy form
A summer breeze could scarce endure.

'Thy lovely sisters sleeping lie,
And will not wake till sunshine smiles;
Nor will they leave their Mother's breast
Till coaxed by Spring-time's merry wiles.

'Then wherefore dost thou lonely brave
The biting blast, the chilling rain?
Thou hast no pleasure in a life,
Quoth I, 'that must be full of pain.'

The snowdrop raised her dainty head,
And looked at me, and seemed to smile—
'Who art thou that thus vainly tries
From Duty's path me to beguile?

'Dost thou not know we must obey
Unquestioning, the Chief's command!
It is not ours to choose our lot;
Our destinies are in His Hand.

'And if He hath ordained that I
Shall bloom alone, when days are drear,
Shall I refuse to do His will,
From sinful sloth or foolish fear!

'Nay! Rather shall I do my best
To serve my Maker as I may;
And duty done for His name's sake,
Shall brighten e'en the darkest day.'

Dear little flower! I thank thee for
The grand example thou hast set;
The lesson thou hast taught to me,
I pray I never may forget.

E. M. D. D.

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THE BONE-SETTER'S MYSTERY.

How an uneducated class of men, known as 'bone-setters,' should possess the knack of curing ailments which baffle the surgical profession, lately formed the subject of an article in these pages (November 9, 1878). We there suggested that instead of denying the validity of these cures, the medical faculty should fairly investigate the methods which these bone-setters pursue. It was our conviction that there was a mystery to be solved. The world wanted to get at the truth, and would not be put off with jeers in a matter so intimately involving the assuagement of human suffering.

When making these remarks, we were not aware that a regular practitioner in surgery had actually investigated the bone-setter's mystery, and written a book on the subject: 'On Bone-setting, so called, by Wharton P. Hood, M.D., M.R.C.S. (Macmillan, 1871).' This book has fallen under our notice; and it so clearly expounds the mystery, that we wonder how members of the medical profession should still have any doubts on the question. For general information, we shall present an analysis of Dr Hood's explanations on this very curious topic.

Through the effects of accident, painful injuries occur to shoulder, elbow, knee, and other joints. The parts usually swell and stiffen, and surgical aid is properly called in. Unfortunately, the surgeons are sometimes unable to effect a cure. When such is the result, a bone-setter, as a last resource, is invited to operate. In every instance, the bone-setter declares that the joint is 'out,' or dislocated. In thus offering his opinion he has no intention to deceive. He believes what he says. Often, the joint has an appearance of being dislocated, and as the operator acknowledges his ignorance of anatomy, he may naturally enough commit a mistake in his diagnosis. Impressed with this notion, he by a smart jerk and wrench, a kind of *coup de main*, instantly sets the unfortunate joint to rights. Now this is decidedly clever. It matters little that he erred in imagining that the joint was out.

He has cured the ailment that had baffled three or four surgeons in succession, and that surely should be mentioned with something like respect. The mystery of the cure lies in the rapidity of its execution. Yet, though rapid, there must be a particular manœuvre with the fingers. This will be understood from Dr Hood's account of two or three cases. He speaks of Mr Hutton, the now deceased bone-setter in London.

Mr A——, a gentleman, happened to twist his left knee, by which he endured great pain. He underwent medical treatment without effect, and sought the advice of Mr Hutton. He, however, changed his mind, and again went on with his medical attendants. Not recovering, he at length resolved to let Mr Hutton operate upon him. Hutton came. Dr Hood, who at the same time attended, says: 'We found the knee-joint enveloped in strapping; and when this was removed, the joint was seen to be much swollen, the skin shining and discoloured. The joint was immovable, and very painful on the inner side. Mr Hutton at once placed his thumb on a point over the lower edge of the inner condyle of the femur, and the patient shrank from the pressure and complained of great pain. He (Mr Hutton) made no further examination of the limb, but said: "What did I tell you two years ago?" Mr A—— replied: "You said my knee was out." "And I tell you so now," was the rejoinder. "Can you put it in?" said Mr A——, "I can." "Then be good enough to do so," said Mr A——, holding out his limb. Mr Hutton, however, declined to operate for a week; ordered the joint to be enveloped in linseed poultices and rubbed with neat-foot oil, made an appointment, and took his leave. During the dialogue I had carefully examined the limb, had satisfied myself that there was no dislocation, and had arrived at the conclusion that rest, and not movement, was the treatment required. At the expiration of the week I went again to the house, and Mr Hutton arrived shortly afterwards. "How's the knee?" was his inquiry. "It feels easier." "Been able to move it?" "No." "Give it to me." The leg was stretched out, and Mr

Hutton stood in front of the patient, who hesitated, and lowered his limb. "You are quite sure it is out, and you can put it right?" There was a pause, and then: "Give me your leg, I say." The patient obeyed reluctantly, and slowly raised it to within Mr Hutton's reach. He grasped it with both hands, round the calf, with the extended thumb of the left hand pressing on the painful spot on the inner side of the knee, and held the foot firmly by grasping the heel between his own knees. The patient was told to sit steadily in his chair, and at that moment I think he would have given a good deal to have regained control over his limb. Mr Hutton inclined his knees towards his right, thus aiding in the movement of rotation which he impressed upon the leg with his hands. He maintained firm pressure with his thumb on the painful spot, and suddenly flexed the knee. The patient cried out with pain. Mr Hutton lowered the limb, and told him to stand up. He did so, and at once declared he could move the leg better, and that the previously painful spot was free from pain. He was ordered to take gentle daily exercise, and his recovery was rapid and complete. In a few days he returned to business, and from that time until his death, which occurred three years afterwards, his knee remained perfectly well.

Another case was that of the Honourable Spencer Ponsonby, who is suffered to tell his own story. On November 26, 1864, in running across the garden at Croxteth, near Liverpool, I felt and heard something crack in the calf of my left leg. It was so painful that I rolled over like a shot rabbit, and could scarcely reach the house, a few yards off. I at once put my leg up to the knee in a pail of hot water, and boiled it for an hour. Next day, being no better, I sent for a medical man in the neighbourhood, who told me I had snapped a muscle, and must keep quiet for a few days. He rubbed in a strong liniment, there being no sign of inflammation; and put on a strong leather plaster. In a couple of days I was able to hobble; but being telegraphed to London, and going into an empty house, I knocked my toe against a tack in the floor, and hurt myself worse than ever. From this time (December 2) to the beginning of May, I was attended by Mr A—— and Mr B—— in consultation, who agreed in saying that the "sticking of the calf was split" (gastrocnemius, I think they called it), and treated me accordingly. Occasionally my leg got better; but the slightest exertion produced pain and weakness.

'On the 2d of May, Mr C—— undertook me. He agreed as to the injury, but thought that, constitutionally, I was out of order, and gave me some iron, &c. without effect. My leg was also fixed in an iron machine to relieve the muscles of the calf from the weight of the leg. Another eminent surgeon came in consultation on June 26. He agreed in Mr C——'s treatment, and in the cause of the lameness; as did Dr D——, who was consulted as to my going to Wildbad.

'August 14.—As I did not improve, Mr C—— put my leg into a gum-plaster for a month. I then went yachting, so as to obtain perfect repose for that time. My health, which had been getting bad, was improved by the sea-air, but my leg was no better. The surgeon on board the yacht, Dr E——, also examined me, and agreed as to

the cause of the lameness, but said: "An old woman may cure you, but no doctor will."

'On September 7 the gum-plaster was removed, and galvanism was then tried for about three weeks. At the end of this time I went on a yacht voyage for four months, and, during the whole of this period had sea-water douches. All this time I had been either on crutches or two sticks. My health was much improved by the sea-voyage, but my leg was the same as before, and had shrunk to about half its proper size.

'April 5.—Mr F—— began his system to cure my leg. His idea was, that the muscles were separated, but that if brought together continuously, they would rejoin. I wore a high-heeled boot during the day, and during the night my heel was fixed so that it was kept in the same position. No good arose from this treatment; and consequently, after a month's trial, I went to Mr Hutton, who, on seeing my high heel, said: "What do you wear that machine for? Do you want to lame yourself?" I was proceeding to tell him the opinion of the various surgeons on my case, when he said: "Don't bother me about anatomy; I know nothing about it; but I tell you your ankle is out, and that I can put it in again."

'After a few weeks, during which he had been to the North, and could not therefore undertake my case, I returned to him on June 27, telling him that I had in the meantime consulted surgeons who had assured me that, whatever else might ail me, my ankle was most assuredly "all right," but that I would notwithstanding submit to his treatment. He again examined me most carefully, beginning at the ankle round bone, and he then put his thumb on to a place which hurt me a good deal, and produced a sensation of a sharp prick of a pin. He proceeded to operate upon me, and after a time there was a distinct report, and from that moment the pain was gone. Mr Hutton desired me to walk moderately, but to take no violent exercise for a long time, and to use a good deal of cold water. From that moment my leg gradually got better. I was able to walk out shooting quietly in September, and on the 14th October, having missed a train, walked home fifteen miles along the high-road. In the following year I resumed cricket, tennis, and other strong exercise, and have continued them ever since.

We present one more case. In 1859, a gentleman sustained an injury in his knee by leaping from a wall. The surgeons whom he consulted ordered blistering, bandaging, and the use of crutches in order to rest the limb. He was six years in their hands, and continued as bad as ever. In 1865, he consulted Mr Hutton. He asked what was the matter. "I told him I was lame. "Are these your sticks?" pointing to the crutches. "Yes." "Well, let me look at your leg." He then instantly placed his thumb on the tender spot inside the knee, causing me great pain. I said: "Yes; that is the place, and no other." "Ah," he replied, "I thought so. That will do. How long have you been lame?" "Six years." "What treatment have you had?" I told him; and also that I was advised that my lameness resulted from constitutional causes. He said: "Bah! If you had not had a pretty good constitution, they would have killed you." I told him that I had

seen Mr D——. "Well," he said, "you might as well have seen my cook. He can't cure that knee." I asked him what he thought was the matter with it. He said: "That knee is out; I'll stake my reputation on it, and I can cure it." I was ordered to apply linseed-meal poultices for a week, and then go to him again, which I did, and happily with the best results. I have never needed the use of crutches since; and although it was some time before I gained much strength in the legs, I am now able to walk as well as before the injury.

Frequently the cause of pain and immobility in the joint is not dislocation, but an injury to ligaments, which become contracted, with an attendant stiffening and swelling. 'On careful examination, some spot will be found, often very limited in extent, at which pain is produced by pressure, and it will be from this spot that the pain movement radiates.' The knack of the 'bone-setter' consists in rupturing the contracted ligaments, or it may be inflammatory adhesions, by dexterous manipulation, and so producing flexion in the joint. The operation is not without hazard, for inconsiderate and rough treatment might have disastrous consequences. It is likely enough, that the reason why surgeons fail to cure the ailment is a not unreasonable apprehension of doing more harm than good by using physical force. 'Perhaps,' says Dr Hood, 'the most noteworthy feature of bone-setting is the ingenuity with which the leverage of the limbs themselves is rendered available for the purpose of obtaining the power necessary for the accomplishment of the object, so as to dispense entirely with mechanical appliances. . . It is also noteworthy that little or no use is made of extension. Mr Hutton used to say: "Pulling is of little use; the twist is the thing." And I have no doubt that this method of evading muscular resistance might be made very extensively useful.'

If, on rectifying an injured joint, a crack was emitted, Hutton used to say that it was the sound caused by the head of the bone slipping into the socket. It might be so in real cases of dislocation; but for the most part, the crack only signified the snapping of the ligaments which had held the limb in restraint. The strong pressure with the thumb on the seat of pain, the firm grasp of the hands, the sudden and dexterous twist! In these few words, along with natural shrewdness and experience, the mystery of the bone-setter seems to be revealed. We have not gone into a tenth part of the explanations offered on this interesting subject. The book should be perused by those young practitioners who are immediately concerned. To illustrate his definitions, Dr Hood gives a number of drawings of the various methods of rectifying injured joints. Small as it is, his work, we should think, will form a useful addition to the surgical library; nor is it without value to general readers. At all events, a service has been done in clearing up The Bone-setter's Mystery.

P.S.—We have received a number of letters from medical practitioners on this subject to which we cannot reply separately. It will be obvious from the above, that we entertain no prejudice in favour of bone-setters, and have no wish to disparage the surgical faculty; to which, in its now advanced stages, the world owes so much. What we have insisted on from the first, is that the

bone-setter's mystery, knack, or whatever it may be called, should be honestly unravelled, instead of being indiscreetly and contemptuously thrust aside, as some of our correspondents were disposed to do. Now that the subject has been scientifically looked into, any discussion regarding it may be allowed to drop. W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER X.—AT MIDNIGHT.

THE steamer *Western Maid*, belonging to the Tug and Salvage Company, was on her homeward trip to Treport, her natural home and harbour. It had been black night long before she could leave St Mary's Bay, and even now she had a leash of smacks in tow, each laden gunwale deep with shining oily fish, destined one day to be the solid *galette de résistance* at many a frugal meal in Spain or Portugal. These pilchards were to be cured and barrelled at Treport, not at St Mary's, and therefore the skippers were willing to pay for the coals that had to supplement the coy Atlantic breeze. Long Michael the mate, very tired, more fatigued indeed than he cared to own, had turned in below, and was sleeping the sound sleep that attends honest toil. His young Captain had insisted on taking upon himself the night-watch, as they ran slowly up the coast back to harbour.

Hugh Ashton, a poor fisherman and letter-ot of pleasure-boats in a Welsh lake-side village but a few weeks since, to-day commander of a pretty coasting-craft, walked the deck with the assured step of one who had trodden ship's planks many a time beneath quite other constellations than those pale homely stars that twinkled above him in the familiar English sky. There was the Bear, and there was Charles's Wain, there Orion's Belt, and there the Pole Star; but where was Canopus, one blaze of yellow flame, and where the Southern Cross, that lent hope to the first discoverers of island-continents hidden amidst the unploughed waters of the far Pacific?

Hugh paced slowly to and fro. There was a good steersman at the helm. The look-out ahead was briskly kept. The proper lights were burning bright. At intervals—for there was a vapour that hung hazily, half-glo, half-shade, over the sea—the steam-whistle sounded. Small risk of a collision either with smacks working home to Treport or with ships bound up Channel, on so calm a night and with such precautions; yet Hugh kept his eyes open, and scanned sea and sky in his walk, as a seaman should.

By-and-by there arose, like a lover's sigh, a breath of western wind, and it lifted the fog-curtain in a moment, like some decoration of a theatre, and left the pale dark sea with its thousand ripples and wrinkles clearly visible. Not a craft was to be seen save the three in tow astern of the *Western Maid*. As yet, Treport lights were not to be descried. There was the Head to round first; and on the Head burned, as usual, the revolving red light that shewed the mariner where he was, and had saved many a life and much cargo, and many a stout ship from being ground to powder among Cornish rocks.

Hugh Ashton, walking the deck of his own ship for the first time, might have been pardoned had his air and step indicated some elation due to his sudden rise in life. He had, partly through the

caprice of a rich old woman, partly through his own merits, abruptly mounted several rungs of that great ladder up which we are all supposed, with less or more of alacrity, to climb and push and jostle and worm our way. It is no mighty authority or lofty station which the command of a tug-steamer confers; but still the appointment to such a post was high promotion to a poor toiler for daily bread. Yet the young man's dark, handsome face was thoughtful, and even stern, as he paced to and fro, never so deeply absorbed in his reverie as to forget the vigilance that befitted his position.

Steady and gentle was the *Western Maid's* progress towards Treport, the still sea growing lambent with phosphorescent light, that glowed mysteriously in watery depths, or sparkled into flashes as the surface rippled at the touch of the breeze. Often had Hugh Ashton marked that living light on a grander scale than this, in the far-off Indian Ocean, or on the glassy spread of the Pacific, where the tiny creatures, glow-worms of ocean, that yield it, swarm in millions beyond the dream of an arithmetician; but never had it so impressed him as on that night, his first experience of his novel position of responsibility and trust. He glanced upwards, and his lips moved, in prayer we well may deem; and then, with the same steady tread and air of quiet watchfulness, he resumed his solitary walk.

Presently Hugh Ashton halted beside the binnacle, and drawing from an inner pocket of the coat he wore a thin packet, proceeded to undo the wrapper and examine the contents. There were five or six letters, odd, all of them, since the paper was slightly yellowed and the ink faded. There was also a little diary or memorandum book, most of the pages of which were covered with a fine close handwriting. It was evident from the manner in which the young man glanced his eyes over these that the purport of the documents was sufficiently familiar to him, and that he only consulted them now with the object of refreshing his memory as to minor details. It was with a heavy sigh that he closed the book and, carefully folding the letters, replaced the packet within its wrapping of stout paper.

'A sacred duty!' murmured Hugh, as he thrust the little parcel back into its former place of concealment. 'Not lightly undertaken, not easy to perform; but I will never flinch from it, or be false to it, so Heaven help me at my utmost need! It was beside his grave at Bala that I made my vow, that my resolve shored itself into a fixed and steady purpose. Poor father! A gentler, purer soul never yet left this earth than his, who bore through half a lifetime uncomplaining what it fires my blood to think of! He shall be righted yet. His innocence, his good name, and fair fame shall be established, or I will live and die—as I am!'

'Treport lights, Captain!' said the man at the helm gruffly, as they rounded the Head and came in sight of the town. And Hugh stepped aft, and chatted for a while good-naturedly with the steersman, until Long Michael, rubbing his eyes, came drowsily on deck.

'You would have me turn in, Cap.,' said the mate bashfully, and then added: 'You're as bright as a beetle, without even forty winks, skipper!'

Hugh laughed. 'I learned to do without

sleep,' he said cheerily, 'unless convenient, when I was among the head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo. But if I'd had your work yesterday, mate—we may call it yesterday now—I should have been drowsy enough. You slaved, Michael, to make my first day's labour seem like a holiday.'

Long Michael, permanent mate, as it seemed, of the good steam-ship *Western Maid*, reddened and chuckled as he took his young commander's offered hand, and wrung it in a grasp that would have crushed and galled some joints and fingers sorely. 'I'm glad, Cap., if I've eased it off a bit!' was all the worthy fellow said; and then he bestirred himself, that the entering Treport quays should be as prosperous as the outward cruise had been. It was late, or rather early—since the church clock had struck two while he was traversing the ill-paved streets—when Hugh Ashton reached his lodgings. He had no latch-key. Houses such as Captain Trawl's pretty white cottage, in counties so remote as that of Cornwall, are seldom provided with latch-keys for the accommodation of bachelor indwellers.

Nezer, the dwarf factotum who, with a raw-boned elderly woman from the town or village of Treport, did the roughest of the work, opened the door when Hugh knocked, and Neptune bounced and barked a complimentary reception.

'He's larned to like ye already, Nep has!' grumbled the dwarf, half grudgingly. 'The dog don't take to some and all, Master Ashton, I can tell 'ee, on so short an acquaintance, he don't.'

To Hugh's dismay, he found his host the superannuated captain and his grandchild sitting up for him, and supper prepared.

'We heard,' said the veteran, 'as how it had been a good catch; and a good catch is a blessing from Heaven to us poor coast-folk here. It's not for myself that I speak. I've enough, thanks to God, for the evening of my old life, and to leave Rose here comfortable when I am asleep in Treport churchyard. But I feel as if I couldn't rest in my bed when fisherman's little ones are fractions and pining for want of a meal. All's right now; and so, Captain, tell us all about it.'

It was late before the old man would allow his guest to retire for what was left of the night. Hugh said, modestly but with perfect truth, that his own part in the business of the day had been scarcely more than that of a spectator. And he praised Long Michael warmly as the real discharger of the duties of commander of the *Western Maid*. But his audience did not appear to be easily kindled to enthusiasm on the subject of the steamer's mate.

'Ay, ay!' Captain Trawl would say, in answer to Hugh's hearty encomiums. 'A good seaman and an honest lad is that Long Michael of ours.'

But that was all. And pretty Rose smiled pityingly as she spoke of poor Michael's trick of blushing, and of his huge hands and clumsy feet. Presently the conversation drifted away from Cornwall and pilchards to wild people and tropic scenery at the other side of the world; and the two Captains, old and young, compared their reminiscences, Captain Trawl as charmed to have found a good listener in Hugh, as ever was Scott's Antiquary with his phoenix Mr Lovel; while Rose hearkened, breathlessly attentive, to the few short anecdotes of adventure that their young guest related.

Hugh Ashton, when at length he fell asleep in his neat little room up-stairs, with the scent of flowers in the garden below stealing up to his lattice through the still autumnal air, dreamed of a female form, that floated, vaporous and indistinct, over the murmuring sea. Sometimes the shadowy presence wore the features of Maud Stanhope; and anon Maud's beautiful face would fade away, and be replaced by the wistful blue eyes and golden hair of Rose Trawl. And then he was in a church, where a bridal company had gathered. He—Hugh—was the bridegroom; but the veiled bride, who stood with her face averted, who was she? Just as he sought to clasp her hand in his, a wild ghastly form, draped in the ceremonies of the grave, rose shrieking, to forbid the blessing to be spoken; and Hugh awoke, to find the early light of day streaming into the room. It was morning, and he had other things to do than to dwell upon the phantasies of the night. On that day he was free to go up to Llosthuel Court, and pay his respects to Lady Larpent.

CHAPTER XI.—YOUR FORTUNE.

It is a steep though winding road which leads up from Treport, low-lying, as a harbour must perforce be, to the bold heights on which Llosthuel Court is perched. And the latter occupies, as regards the former, at once an ostensibly commanding and a protecting position, dear to the appreciative mind of the Dowager who dwelt there. It is very improbable that the Penriths, when they chose that site for their abode, thought very much of scenery or effect. The picturesque had not as yet been invented, and people planted their dwellings where they were snug or safe, without much thought for anything but warmth or convenience. It was enough in those days that Llosthuel was out of reach of the pirates, Moslem or Christian, who sometimes made a dash at the exposed coast of Cornwall, even so late as Charles I.'s reign, and that it lay adjacent to the cream of the property, farm and mine, on the high tableland that towered majestically aloft.

Up this winding road, Hugh Ashton, walking briskly, but pausing now and then to drink with his eyes the beauty, new to him, of the landscape that lay within his range of vision, made his way. The road led past steep meadows, where the active little Cornish cows had to display mountaineering qualities as they browsed; past barren banks, amidst the stones of which a querulous goat occasionally tugged at the rope that tethered it; and then among rocks, mingling their gray scalps with the dark green of fir plantations. As he turned a rocky corner, the sound of two voices, apparently in altercation, fell upon his ear; one, which was raised in remonstrance, being sweet and soft, and emphatically that of a lady; while the other, harsh and petulant, could scarcely be recognised as feminine.

'Let me pass you, please. I told you at first that I had no money with me. If you will come up to the house'—said the first voice.

'If I will come up to the house!' vehemently interrupted the other speaker. 'You will sing another song, then, sweet one, when there are men and maids to hasten to your call. Then it will be: "To jail with the Bess o' Badlam! Away with her, the gipsy, thief and threatener—the

cheat and cozeners, that knows the inside of high every prison from Cuthness to Cornwall!"' No, no; I'm too gray and too old a weasel to be caught napping.—What's that you say?' she added in a sort of shriek. 'Aims, charity! Yes, a grudging sixpence, and a basin of the thin soup that is good enough for the poor. No, no, I seek none such! Let the poor gipsy tell your fortune, pretty lady; continued the woman, with a sudden resumption of the fawning tone peculiar to itinerant soothsayers of the class to which she presumably belonged. 'Let me read your hand, as now I read your face, and tell you what the stars have in store for you; and as for payment, if you cannot cross my palm with silver, gold will do as well; that brooch, or those rings in your dainty ears, or'—

At this moment Hugh stepped forward, and came in sight of Maud Stanhope, evidently much alarmed, standing face to face with a wild-eyed, gaunt-faced woman, tall, grim, and menacing of aspect, whose ragged gray hair hung down from beneath a battered bonnet, and whose travel-stained and squalid garments were in part concealed by the yellow shawl, threadbare, but once no doubt of costly make, that was wrapped around her. The woman turned round at the sound of a man's footstep, and snarled at Hugh like a wild-cat balked of its prey.

'O Mr Ashton, I have been so frightened, perhaps foolishly!' exclaimed Maud, trying to smile, as she stepped forward.

Her tormentress stretched forth a bony hand, as if to bar the way. 'I'll have the yellow gold!' she hissed out.

'This is some poor crazy creature,' said Hugh, advancing. 'In any case,' he added, 'you must not annoy ladies, mother, please.—I will see you safely, Miss Stanhope, to the house.' The gipsy, if such she was, as her swarthy complexion might have implied, recoiled with a scream of terror as Hugh drew near.

'Mr George!' she exclaimed, with a frenzied look of alarm, and stretching out her skinny hands, as if to shut out some horrid sight.—'Mr George!' And in an instant she was gone, striking into a side-path among trees and rocks, which for pedestrians afforded a shorter cut to Treport than did the winding carriage-road. Scarcely had the echo of her steps died away, before Sir Lucius Larpent, on horseback, and looking very indolent and handsome, came in sight, riding with a loose rein, and seeming with his half-shut eyes and lounging air, as if he were only as yet half-awake. He opened his eyes widely enough, however, and with a displeased glance as he saw who was Maud's companion.

'Why, cousin,' he said, dismounting, with an affected little laugh, 'this is an unexpected pleasure.—Ah! Mr.—Yes—Ashton, good-morning to you.' And he favoured Hugh with a nod, which the young commander of the *Western Mail* returned by a bow of coldest civility. Now in point of fact Sir Lucius was not quite venacious in his late speech. He had expected to meet Maud, and on her account had given himself the trouble to be thus early abroad. But he had not expected to find Miss Stanhope in company with Hugh Ashton; for whom he had, even in Wales, conceived a profound dislike. His looks so clearly expressed his annoyance and surprise, that Maud,

although she owed her kinsman no sort of duty or obedience, was eager to explain what had occurred. Sir Lucius listened to her narrative with a frigid politeness that was almost impertinent.

'So that the beggar-woman frightened you, and you did not know how to get rid of her importunities; and this Mr Ashton came up in the very nick of time and drove her away. I envy his luck in turning up, as he always seems to do, in the character of a rescuer of young ladies.'

This was sneeringly spoken, and the words were in themselves flippant and contemptuous. Hugh Ashton's sunburnt cheek flushed crimson; but he had great self-control, as a brave man usually has, and his voice was calm as he made answer: 'I am glad, Sir Lucius, that I did "turn up" to-day, when I did. It is not that I believe Miss Stanhope to have been in serious danger'—

'There! that is candid at least,' interrupted the baronet with a jeering laugh. 'Your hero, Maud, you see, admits there was no danger but in your own imagination. I suppose you thought your life itself in peril from the claws and teeth of the devouring dragon from whom he saved you!'

'But,' pursued Hugh with forced composure, 'I believe that, had no one arrived, Miss Stanhope would have been robbed of her ornaments, and might have sustained some hurt, too, at the hands of the madwoman who had waylaid her.'

'Yes; I'm sure it is so!' exclaimed Maud with some warmth. 'And you are ungrateful and unkind, Cousin Lucius, not to thank Captain Ashton, as I do, I am sure; and as Aunt Larpent will, for the service he has rendered me.'

The mention of his imperious mother seldom failed to exercise a sobering effect over the evil temper of the baronet. 'I do thank Mr—well, Captain Ashton if you choose, for his opportune arrival,' he said smoothly. 'And I apologise, if I seemed to speak lightly at first, of your fright or of his assistance. You are agitated still, Maud, and would be better indoors. I will walk with you,' he added, passing his horse's bridle over his left arm; 'and we need not detain Captain Ashton, any longer.' And if a look could have dismissed Hugh, Sir Lucius would have been left alone to escort his beautiful cousin to the house. But Hugh did not choose thus to accept his dismissal.

'I was on my road to the Court,' he said, 'by Lady Larpent's desire, and my own wish. And in any case I mean to see Miss Stanhope safe home.'

Therefore Maud Stanhope returned up the winding road under the guardianship of both these young men, one of whom was inwardly anathematising the presumption of the other. But what was Sir Lucius to do? He could not bid this young Ashton, as if he had been an English groom or a Highland gillie, follow with the horse and know his place. There was something of quiet dignity about Hugh's bearing which forbade aristocratic insolence to be pushed beyond a certain point, where he was concerned. And he would not take a hint. Many a man in his position would have reddened and stammered, and said 'Good-morning' sheepishly, unable to face the baronet's haughty assumption of nonchalant superiority. But Hugh, though perfectly civil, was distressingly cool, to outward appearance at least, though in reality he chafed indignantly at

the persistent hostility which Sir Lucius manifested towards him. Perhaps Maud, with a woman's quick instinct of perception, recognised this, for she was very gracious to Hugh during the walk, and when the Court was reached, gave Lady Larpent a glowing account of her own alarm and of Hugh's welcome arrival to the rescue.

At Llosthual Court, Hugh Ashton became again painfully aware of the subtle distinctions which a difference in rank creates. Out of doors, his social inferiority to Sir Lucius was not so marked as when, on entering the mansion, he was left standing by himself in the hall, while Maud and the baronet passed on towards Lady Larpent's favourite drawing-room. It is true that Miss Stanhope turned towards him, and said kindly, that she would herself inform her aunt of his presence; but the fact remained, and Hugh stood there alone.

'I was a poor fisherman but yesterday,' he thought to himself half-bitterly. 'I am little better now, and have nothing to complain of. It was I who forgot.'

Presently a servant came to usher him into a snug little study in which the Dowager gave audience to visitors of humble degree.

'Lady Larpent told me to say she will see you directly,' said the man.

Lady Larpent did not keep Hugh waiting for her very long. She sailed in, and was very good to him and very gracious, thanking him for the recent service he had rendered to Maud, and receiving with royal affability the expressions of his gratitude for his appointment to command the *Western Mail*. With respect to her niece's recent adventure she was not so bland.

'It is unendurable,' she said, knitting her strong brows, 'that a lady staying in my house, and my relative, should be terrified and threatened within a few hundred yards of my gate. I shall send for the superintendent of police down at Treport there, and have the matter attended to at once.'

'I think, Lady Larpent, that the woman who stopped Miss Stanhope will prove to be insane,' said Hugh.

'Mad or not,' rejoined the Dowager, 'I am determined to prevent such conduct from being repeated in the future. My son, Sir Lucius, is very indignant also at the occurrence.'

Then cake and wine were brought, and Lady Larpent insisted that Hugh should partake of both, and spoke cheerily to him as to his prospects, addressing him as 'Captain' Ashton, and assuring him how glad she should always be to hear of his prosperity. And then Hugh took his leave, not having the opportunity of again exchanging a word or look with Maud.

'It would have been fitter,' said Sir Lucius, who, lounging beside a bay-window, saw Hugh's receding figure disappear in the distance, 'if that confounded fisherman had come in at the back-door.'

'You forget,' said Maud reproachfully, 'the circumstances under which he accompanied us here, and what a debt we owe him.'

And the Dowager coming in at that moment, Sir Lucius postponed any disparaging remarks concerning Hugh Ashton till another occasion. Meanwhile Hugh himself, as he strode down the winding road, was moody and deep in thought.

'Mr George!' he muttered to himself. 'I could

not mistake the words. The name, it is true, is no uncommon one—and yet! I must find that old gossip, wherever she may hide herself, and learn what her words meant.

(To be continued.)

WITHIN AN ACE OF DEATH.

WE propose to offer to our readers a few instances of hair-breadth escapes, by which various human beings have been saved from death.

Colonel Gilmor relating the story of a fight in which he figured, says in his *Four Years in the Saddle*: 'Turning half-round in my saddle to call on my men, I received a sudden shock and felt deadly sick, and at the same instant saw a man trail his gun and run off. I killed him before he had gone three steps. His ball had passed through two coats and stuck in a pack of cards in my left-side pocket. They were quite new, the wrapper not even having been broken open. The suits were each distinct. The bullet passed through all, stopping at the last card, which was the ace of spades.'

Such another literal illustration of the phrase 'Within an ace of death' is not upon record; but hair-breadth escapes are common in war. At the battle of Leon, Steffens saw a shell strike the horse of a Prussian officer. Entering near the shoulder, it caused the poor animal to make a convulsive spring and throw its rider; the fragments of the shell being projected on all sides, while the rider jumped up from the ground unhurt.—During the Crimean war, Colonel Wyndham, despatched to find out how matters were going in the first attack on the Redan, saw a soldier walking along the trench two or three yards ahead of him. Presently, a round-shot came flying over the parapet, and the man was hidden from sight by the dust. When it subsided, the colonel was astonished to find himself beside a living man, whose countenance presented a curious admixture of fright and joy, as scratching his head, he exclaimed: 'Why, dash my buttons, but that was amazing nigh!' 'Ay, ay, my boy,' responded the Colonel; 'we'd much better be digging trenches at threepence a rod in Norfolk!' 'To which his fellow-countymen only replied: 'What! Are yew tew from Norfolk?'

Amazingly high death, although in blissful ignorance of the fact, was the Confederate staff-officer marked down by a Northerner's rifle, and only saved by the officer commanding the platoon happening to recognise in him a client of the insurance office of which he was secretary; and striking up the levelled weapon with: 'Don't shoot; we've got a policy on him!'—Dr Brydon, the sole English survivor of the retreat from Cabul, during the last Afghanistan war, was quite aware of the narrowness of his escape, but never could understand how it came about. After a long and terrible ride, he was just congratulating himself upon having at last got clear of the enemy, when he found himself pursued by a solitary horseman. He had but a broken sword wherewith to defend himself, and with this he managed to intercept a cut at his head, directed with such force that it cleft through the base of his blade and left only the hilt, which the doctor hurled in his assailant's face; and the next

moment the Afghan cut through Brydon's head-piece and the magazine he had that morning placed inside it. Unarmed, half-stunned, and hopeless, he mechanically stooped to recover his fallen rein; when to his surprise and relief, his foe turned away and galloped off, leaving the Doctor to drag himself to Jelanabad.

The sword of justice is not always rightly directed, and sometimes comes near perpetrating murder. A young New-Yorker named Wells went one evening to Booth's Theatre. Taken with a fit of coughing, he left the theatre intending to go home; but after going some little distance, it came on snowing so fast that he retraced his steps. As he strode along, two men came rushing down the street, one of them dropping a gold watch and chain, which Wells picked up, and then went after the loser, running into the arms of a policeman, who marched him off to the station to explain matters. Presently a messenger arrived in hot haste, saying the thief was wanted at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Wells was taken there, and brought face to face with a man lying on a lounge, covered with blood. 'Is this the man who stabbed you?' asked the officer. 'It is,' said the poor fellow, falling back, never to speak again. Wells was tried for the murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; and hanged he would have been, if a fortnight before the day fixed for his execution, a prisoner in Sing-Sing had not confessed on his death-bed that he had robbed the man of his watch, then stabbed him and run off, afterwards dropping the watch as he ran.

Among the Communists tried at Versailles was Jean Baptiste Pigerre, charged with commanding the firing-party who shot the hostages at La Roquette. He protested he knew nothing of the dreadful business, and was not aware that the hostages had been shot until after his arrest. His denial went for naught. He had been denounced by members of his own party; three of them on trial with him declared he was at La Roquette. M. Chevrier, a prisoner there at the time, said he saw Pigerre from his cell dressed as a National Guard, trailing a scabbard after him; his face was fixed in his memory; and Soisson, a police-officer, asserted emphatically: 'That's the man.' Only one voice was raised in Pigerre's behalf, that of the Communist judge Genton. 'You can shoot me if you like,' exclaimed he; 'but Pigerre is innocent; he had nothing to do with it.' The prosecutor summed up, insisting upon Pigerre's conviction with the rest; the advocates for the accused said their ineffectual say; and then came an interruption. A man named Jarmad, whom everybody agreed was implicated in the murder of the hostages, and who was supposed to have been killed by the soldiers, was brought into court. Pigerre was ordered to stand forward. 'That's not the man who commanded,' said Jarmad. 'O no; the leader of the band was Sicard.' The proceedings were suspended, and that same evening Sicard was found in one of the prisons. It was evident he had not long to live; but they carried him to Versailles, to testify Pigerre's innocence, and convince all the witnesses, save the three Communists, that they had been misled by the extraordinary resemblance between the two men. The prosecutor at once demanded that the accusation he had formulated against Pigerre should be

withdrawn; and so terminated what might have proved a fatal case of mistaken identity.

Yet more singular was the escape of a young Shropshire lady from an ignominious death. Staying in Paris during the Reign of Terror, she was dragged with other unfortunate 'aristocrats' before one of the tribunals. She pleaded that she was an Englishwoman; but was on the point of being hurried out to the waiting tumbril, when one of the judges asked her what province in England she was a native of. In her fright she exclaimed 'Salop;' a reply greeted by a general shout and clapping of hands, followed by an order to let her go; and amid cries of 'Salope! Salope!' the dazed girl was hustled into the street, to run home, wondering that her head was still on her shoulders, little thinking that by uttering the word 'Salop,' she had effectually rebutted the notion of her being one of the hated aristocrats, thanks to 'Salope' being a word then used to designate one of the most depraved of her sex.

Another remarkable escape of that terrible time was that of M. de Châteaubrun, for he was not only condemned, but actually waited his turn at the guillotine, standing sixteenth in a line of twenty. The fifteenth head had fallen, when the machine got out of order, and the five had to wait until it was repaired. The crowd pressed forward to see what was going on; and as it began to grow dark M. de Châteaubrun found himself gradually thrust into the rear of the spectators, so he wisely slipped away, and meeting a man simple enough or charitable enough to take his word that a wag had tied his hands and run off with his hat, had his hands set free, and managed to reach a safe hiding-place. A few days later he put himself beyond the reach of the executioner.

Major Duncan vouches for the truth of the following tale. In 1837, the Christiano general Escalera was murdered at Miranda by the mutineering regiment of Segovia. About two months later, Espartero and his army arrived at Miranda; and on the 30th of October, the whole force was paraded outside the town, the regiment of Segovia being flanked by artillery and other regiments. Accompanied by his staff, Espartero rode up to it, and told the men he had come to ask for his old friend and commander, their chief Escalera. 'Where is he?' he cried. Then pointing to the dead commander's resting-place, went on: 'He is there, foully murdered! I call upon all of you who are true soldiers to give up the names of his assassins.' Twice he made the appeal, and silence was the only answer. Espartero then ordered the regiment to be numbered off from the right, and every twentieth man to be brought to the front and be prepared for immediate execution. At this a sergeant stepped forward and named ten men as the actual murderers of Escalera. These were marched off and placed in a line with their backs to a broken wall, one only protesting his innocence as he was dragged to the end of the line. Before the fatal volley was fired, he darted nimbly round the corner of the wall and ran along the front of the troops; but was recaptured, and taken back to his allotted place. A voice from the ranks cried out that they had the wrong man, the real criminal being a soldier of the same name in hospital at Burgos. Espartero ordered the man to be removed, while the rest received their deserts.

Upon inquiry being made at Burgos, the guilty one was found there, taken from the hospital and shot, his namesake of course being set free.

A snake once prevented a thief committing something worse than theft. A woman of Oude and her daughter once alighted at the station at Hardui, and hired a conveyance to take them to their village. When they had gone half-a-dozen miles on their way, the driver pulling up in a lonely spot, demanded their jewellery; and upon their denouncing, tied the pair to the vehicle and seized the trinkets. Then bethinking himself that dead women could tell no tales, the ruffian drew out his knife; but slipping from his grasp, it fell into a ditch. He plunged his hand in the water to recover the knife; and as he clutched it, a black snake fixed its fangs in the would-be murderer's hand. He succumbed to the poison, and in ten minutes was past hurting anybody. The women were discovered by some villagers, and released; but the corpse of the driver was left alone until the police coming on the scene, removed the body to the police station.

Of all the wonderful cañons or gorges of Colorado, the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, with almost perpendicular walls, in some places several thousand feet high, is the most wonderful. The gorge of this cañon used to be impassable except in winter, until railway operations were commenced and paths of a sort cut in the sides of the precipices. Wishing to see how the said operations were progressing, Professor Mallet and a party of friends set out one afternoon from Cañon City. As long as they kept to the horse-trail, all went well; but upon reaching a point just beyond it, Mrs Mallet's horse stumbled and fell. The lady contrived to disentangle herself from the animal, and dropping some ten feet, caught with her fingers the end of a narrow shelf of rock, and there held on, dangling in air above the rapid rolling Arkansas; and to make matters worse, the horse, following its mistress, had fallen or slipped on the same ledge, where it stood close to the wall and almost as motionless as the rock itself. The horrified party hastened to the rescue; and the Professor, after some anxious minutes, had his wife safe and sound by his side. To help the horse was a more difficult matter; and an hour elapsed before men and ropes could be got from the nearest camp; and all that time the poor creature, seemingly aware that he was not to be left to his own resources, stood quietly on the narrow shelf, hardly appearing to draw breath; nor did he attempt to use his limbs until he found himself upon the sure footing of the pathway above.

On the 14th of October 1877, Miss Lizzie Wiso made her twentieth balloon ascent at St Louis. She had no companion, and soon after starting found it advisable to throw out ballast. The balloon shot up half a mile, but only to descend as quickly again; and the aeronaut determined to make a dart for earth. 'Now,' says she, 'came the most trying of all my balloon experiences. I could not see a thing on earth, and the balloon made fearful plunges through the woods, crashing and cracking the limbs of the trees as it went along. All of a sudden I was lifted up several feet above the tree-tops, but only to plunge down more suddenly between the tall trees, where the balloon became hedged in, and I partly made

up my mind to have a night's lodging there. In another moment I heard voices, and called out for help, to which came the pleasant response: "Where are you?" I cried: "Up here in the tree-top; help me down, please!" Mr Sheva asked how he should do it; and I threw him a rope, and he pulled and pulled, but could not get the balloon low enough. My ear was now partly bottom up, when he bade me slide down into his arms. He was big and strong. I slid down head foremost into his arms, and thus reached the earth unhurt.

Astonished as the deliverer of the distressed damsel must have been at coming upon a lady up a tree, his surprise was not greater than that of the wheel-examiner at Rugby when he saw a man's leg protruding from under one of the carriages of an express train, and found that it belonged to a sailor coiled round the break-rod, who had adopted that risky mode of travelling for want of the wherewithal to pay his fare; and was quite uninjured, after a journey from Euston, a distance of eighty-two miles, accomplished in a couple of hours; although when the engine while at full speed took in water from the between-rails tank, there were only six inches between him and the trough—a striking example of the fool-hardiness of Jack. Not but what railway servants are just as reckless as sailors, putting their limbs and lives in jeopardy without the slightest necessity, and so swelling the tale of railway disaster; for they are not always so lucky as the Ealingham signalman who, attempting to cross the line in front of the 'Flying Scotsman,' was caught by the buffer of the engine and sent whirling over the embankment—nearly twenty yards deep—to come down on his feet unharmed.

MINOR PLUNDERINGS À LA MODE.

PLUNDERING à la Mode, that is to say by fraud and ingenious methods of cheating, is not confined to those grand schemes now agitating the financial world. The higher-class rogues have imitators on a comparatively humble scale, who make a regular business of preying on the community. Every one must know this who peruses the metropolitan police reports. We offer a few examples.

Perhaps the most despicable and easily executed of the multifarious petty rogueries consists in advertising that 'Any person of either sex can obtain readily without previous knowledge from two pounds to three pounds per week; all that is required being an advance of a certain sum, usually five pounds, which may be forwarded with name and address to D., at a particular place named.' The whole thing is a trick; but it is astonishing how often it succeeds. We have known at least a dozen instances of poor deluded individuals sending the last remnant of their little property to the writers of these fraudulent advertisements. Sometimes the swindler asks only six postage-stamps in requital for his information as to how two pounds a week can be realised. In such cases, hundreds of letters from all parts of the country pour in, each laden with six stamps, which are good for sixpence; and the unfortunate individuals who send them never hear any more about it. They have been cheated, and are wholly without recourse. Not an uncommon device consists in advertising 'An infallible cure for sea-sickness. Any person using the remedy

can never suffer from that distressing malady. Recipe sent by inclosing two postage-stamps and a stamped envelope.' The reply is: 'Don't go to sea.'

Advertisements of 'Partners Wanted' often emanate from the clever rogues. We saw a young man the other day who was just taking a passage for the Cape of Good Hope, trusting, as he told us, either to find a fortune or death at the Diamond Fields. For seven years he had saved the greater portion of his salary as a conveying clerk; a relative died and left him a small amount of money; and altogether he found himself in possession of one thousand pounds. Lawyer though he was, a clever rogue got hold of him through one of these advertisements of partnership; and with the promise of twenty-five per cent. per annum, besides a certain amount for services, he invested his money, and became the junior in a firm of wine-merchants. Within three weeks the senior partners disappeared, and the poor dupe was ruined. Instances of this kind constantly appear in London; and it is very difficult for the most sharp-witted man to distinguish the true from the false advertisements of this character.

Another mode of swindling is carried on by advertising for confidential clerks or cashiers to perform trustworthy duties; and on the applicant seeing the advertiser, he is told that two hundred, three hundred, or perhaps five hundred pounds are required as a deposit for his trustworthiness. Sometimes the sum demanded will be only fifty or twenty pounds, according to the advertiser's idea of the applicant's means. A good salary is promised; and when the deposit is paid, the young man is installed in offices with very trifling duties at first, and none to follow; his employer is always absent, and eventually the rooms are taken possession of by the landlord. The clever rogue, after swindling two or three young men in this way in the City, probably goes to the West End to carry on further operations of a similar nature. Now it cannot be too well known by young men of good character that there is a Guarantee Society who will become responsible for them to any amount required for a small annual payment; and large firms prefer such security to that of private individuals; for in case of any default, the young men are prosecuted by the Society, and the trouble and expense taken out of the hands of the employer.

In speaking of the clever rogues in London we do not enumerate the ordinary pickpockets, whose avocations have ever been the same; waiting for a crowd, when one more expert than the rest is allowed to operate while his confederates cover his actions. The police are pretty vigilant in looking after these gentlemen, and wherever there is a great crush, placards are stuck up reminding the people to take care of their pockets. The clever rogues are mostly to be found around the banks, the Stock Exchange, in the better-class refreshment-rooms, picking up information which, if not useful at the moment, may guide them upon a future occasion. They are more active than the secret police; they often know when any one is about to receive a large amount of money, and their best chance of obtaining it. A short time ago an old gentleman went into a London bank to cash a cheque for eight hundred and fifty pounds. He took the greater portion of it in Bank of England

notes, which he counted and put under his left arm, and set himself deliberately to count the gold. Finding this all right, he looked for the notes. They were gone. Some one had come slyly behind him, and withdrawn the notes. The old gentleman doubted his senses; searched his pockets, lest he might have put them there unawares; then he hurriedly told the clerk of his loss. The numbers of the notes had been preserved, and a fleet messenger was despatched to the Bank of England to stop them. When he arrived there, he was told they were all cashed in gold three minutes ago.

Another case may be given. A gentleman of great experience in the commercial world cashed a cheque at a London bank for eleven hundred pounds, taking the whole in one-hundred-pound notes. He was only a few yards from the bank when a person resembling a clerk, bareheaded and with a pen behind his ear, touched him on the shoulder, saying: 'Beg your pardon sir; will you allow me just to take the number of these notes again? I won't keep you a minute.' The gentleman, taken off his guard, handed the notes over to the supposed clerk, whom he followed into the bank. After giving the former time to reach the top end and return, he met the gentleman at the door, saying: 'Please walk this way; that gentleman will attend to you in a minute,' pointing to a clerk who was deeply engaged. Five minutes elapsed before the gentleman could draw the clerk's attention to his case; and he was thunder-struck to find that this official knew nothing about it. The other clerks were interrogated, and they were equally in the dark. Of course no time was lost in going to the Bank of England; but too late; the clever rogue had been before them, and obtained gold for the notes.

A case of almost a similar character must be given, to show that the clever rogue does not work without accomplices. A gentleman was paying in a large sum of money into a bank at the West End of London, when a hundred-pound note was suddenly missed. In a moment a cab was called, and the number transmitted to the Bank of England. In a few minutes the note was presented, and the gold paid; and as is usual with the Bank authorities, the person was followed and given in charge; but to the surprise of all, the hundred sovereigns had disappeared. How the rogue managed to obtain access to his accomplice without being detected in transmitting the money, is a mystery, but it was done. The man did not get free however, for the handwriting on the note was proved to be his; and as he had given a false name and address, he was prosecuted, and London was free of him for a time.

The great Dimsdale frauds, which consisted of fabricating false title-deeds, have been described in these pages. We question whether any of these fraudulent transactions equalled the following in audacity. It reminds us of the tricks in 'Gil Blas.' A gentleman was going abroad for twelve months, and he desired to let his house ready furnished for that period. The ground-rent was forty pounds per annum, but the rateable value was two hundred and forty, and the gentleman held a lease for twenty-seven years unexpired. On his way from the club one night he met a military-looking man, who gave the name of an officer in the Army List, and assumed a knowledge of this gentleman's

family, making inquiries about relatives, with whom he declared he was well acquainted. Of course this naturally led to a revisit to the club, and the pseudo-officer was introduced by the gentleman, and a social evening spent. The next day this new friend called at the gentleman's house, and upon his saying that he required a furnished residence for himself and his family, what could be more satisfactory than that he should have that of his friend's friend. The bargain was soon made, and the gentleman thought himself particularly cautious when he demanded two hundred pounds for a quarter's rent in advance; which he obtained, and the privilege of leaving the old butler and housekeeper in the house to look after his property and attend to the new tenant. Scarcely had the gentleman quitted the English shores when the pretended officer went to a celebrated house-agent and announced himself as the lease-holder, assuming the name of the gentleman from whom he rented the house. He said he wanted to sell the lease together with the household furniture; and he actually obtained six thousand five hundred for it, and decamped with the money. Of course when the next tenant came to take possession, the butler telegraphed for his master, and it was found that the deeds were forged.

One could hardly expect that anything like Plundering à la Mode could have been developed in connection with the business of carriage-building. Yet, such we are assured was the case. It occurred some years ago. A certain builder of carriages made a practice of keeping a carriage on hand to palm off on the executors of deceased noblemen. It was a costly vehicle, handsomely fitted up. As soon as the death of a nobleman occurred, the carriage was decorated with the arms of the deceased in the best style of herald-painting. With this preparation, a letter was despatched to the executors respectfully inquiring when it would be convenient to remove the carriage which had been built according to the orders of his lordship. It had been some time ready to be taken away, and the price was one hundred and ninety pounds, or some such sum. This unpleasant announcement usually led to a compromise. The carriage not being wanted, a sum of money was paid by the executors to take it off their hands. This was precisely what was anticipated. The carriage was now ready for a fresh start in plundering. The armorial bearings were obliterated; and the panels were prepared to receive the heraldic blazonry of the next nobleman on whose executors the same trick could be played off. Very clever this; but like all rogues, it was at length found out, and a loss of reputation ensued. What became of the carriage that had undergone so many transformations, we know not.

A remarkable matter, which will possibly be the groundwork of a lengthened trial, shews how the clever rogues are always on the alert. An old gentleman was very near to death; he was desirous of leaving his worldly affairs in such a straightforward manner that his executors should have no trouble. He had his nieces around him, the daughters of a sister; but his brother had settled in the West Indies, and died there, leaving two sons; and the old man thought it his duty, as he had no children of his own, to divide his property equally between his nephews and nieces. To the surprise of the family, a telegram was received from

Southampton stating that the eldest nephew had arrived at that port and would be in London next day. This was an unhopèd-for event, and it gave the old man great pleasure. The nephew arrived, and was gladly welcomed; the nieces greeted him with affection as their cousin. His knowledge of the family was quite sufficient to satisfy them of his individuality. The uncle sent for his lawyer, made a new will, and appointed his nephew sole executor. A month afterwards, the old man died, and the nephew was excessively anxious to have the will proved at an early date and the estate realised. He paid the nieces their legacies; his brother's and his own he was supposed to take back with him to the West Indies. Some months afterwards letters were received from the *bonâ fide* nephews proving that they had not so much as heard of their uncle's death, much less received the legacies. There must have been more than one clever rogue in that adventure; but how the false nephew obtained information enough to satisfy every one concerned and make good his claim to the property, is a mystery.

It cannot be too widely known that roguery in the guise of elegant manners prevails in some of the best circles in the metropolis. Rascals on the outlook for dupes are found in the clubs, at the bar, in the messroom, at social parties, in the railway train, on board the steamboat, at the opera—yea, everywhere in London life where there is an opportunity of gaining money and sacrificing the unfortunate victim. The clever rogues are not now confined to the uneducated. Men with university training and aristocratic associations prowl about like wild beasts seeking whom they can devour, and are ever on the alert to capture the innocent and beset them as serpents would their prey. That such a state of things should exist is certainly very melancholy. The only explanation that can be offered is, that vast hordes of young men with loose and extravagant habits, who despise all regular means of industry, betake themselves to schemes of villainy in order to maintain appearances. And it is sorrowful to think how the low type of morality which has been latterly developed in respectable circles, has spread like a canker through various conditions of society. A costly style of living at whatever sacrifice of principle, is undoubtedly at the basis of all the sorts of plundering we have specified. Very despicable! But to repeat an expressive phrase employed by one of Walter Scott's characters, 'meanness is the natural companion of prodigality.'

EXPERIENCES OF A BOW-STREET RUNNER.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

ONE of my journeys called me away to a town in Suffolk, where I was ordered to take charge of a prisoner to be discharged the next day from one of the local jails, in which he had been undergoing a year's imprisonment for a criminal assault. The man had been let out on a ticket-of-leave from the *Defence* hulk at Woolwich, and had speedily, as it appeared, got into trouble down in the country. As he was merely 'wanted' to complete his original sentence—having broken his

ticket-of-leave—there could be no bother about apprehending him inside the prison, and using such precautions for his safe keeping as seemed best to my judgment.

Just as I was about to leave the office in Bow Street, one of my comrades with whom I was rather intimate came in, having finished a journey such as I was myself about to set off on. 'Going out, Tom?' he asked; and on my telling him where I was bound for, he continued: 'Better have this "barker," Tom; you may find it useful.' At the same time he produced a small pocket-pistol, which he held out for my acceptance. 'I have not got any powder,' he added; 'but here are some caps and bullets.' It seems needless to remark that this was before the days of revolvers and patent cartridges; we had then to load in the old fashion, and had merely got as far as the introduction of the percussion cap. I had never before carried anything more deadly by way of protection than a life-preserver; but as my friend seemed to mean a kindness, I made no ado about accepting his offer; and having 'capped' the pistol there and then, I consigned it to the side-pocket of a pilot-coat, which I wore buttoned over my uniform.

My journey down to Suffolk calls for no particular notice. In due time the railway deposited me at my destination, and left me with ample leisure to call upon the governor of the prison over-night, with a view to arranging for my carrying off my charge the next morning. I asked what sort of a customer I would have to deal with, and must confess I did not feel much encouraged by the reply.

'He is what I would call a nasty customer,' was the answer. 'He has given us a deal of trouble while we have had charge of him; continually breaking prison rules, and more than once he has tried to commit suicide in the most determined manner by tearing open the veins in his arms with his finger-nails.'

This account of matters was not, as may well be supposed, at all enlivening; and when the governor added that the man was a perfect giant, and had been a 'navvy' before he fell into evil courses, I began to fear that my work was cut out for me. However, there was no help for it. We Bow-Street Runners had as fickle customers to deal with as any of your modern Detectives. All I could do was to ask that the prisoner should be detained until I got over in the morning. I told the governor where I had put up; but he did not seem disposed to offer me his company for an hour or two in the evening, and to me he hardly appeared the sort of man I could ask in an off-hand way to take a friendly glass; so my arrangements being thus far completed, I there and then left him.

The inn where I had taken up my quarters stood right opposite the jail entrance, and as the street was somewhat of the narrowest, the most complete view of all comers and goers could be

commanded from the front of my temporary residence. As my landlady knew the errand I had come on, and had a most becoming respect for the representative of the law, she kindly accommodated me with her own private parlour as a sitting-room; and a very pleasant evening I spent in the company of the intelligent daughter of the house, business leaving her mother but little time to bestow upon me. Next morning found me seated at a very comfortable breakfast, and the weather being fine, the window of the private parlour was open, affording a perfect view of all that might take place at the prison door opposite. While I was absorbed in the good cheer before me, I was startled by an exclamation from both the landlady and her daughter, which caused me to look up and instinctively to glance across the street.

'Did you ever see such a big, coarse, and clumsy-looking woman?' exclaimed the younger of my entertainers.

'Or is it a woman at all?' added her mother.

My attention was at once riveted upon the newcomer, whom I somehow could not avoid connecting with the criminal it would so soon become my duty to apprehend. Without saying a word to the two ladies, I carefully and closely watched every movement of the party opposite during the remainder of my morning meal. More than once I caught myself mentally repeating my landlady's query: 'Is it a woman after all?' The *it* must be excused, as the point was so entirely doubtful. For a woman, the individual was very considerably above the average height, and her whole physique indicated far more than the average strength of womankind. There was a swagger in her walk too, most unlike the carriage of a female; and once during her pacing in front of the jail door she stopped to adjust a boot-lace or some such matter in a fashion which shewed an entire absence of delicacy, and at the same time shewed a portion of a limb which might have done credit to an athlete in the highest state of training. I was fairly puzzled, and none the less so that I had twice noticed her ringing the prison bell, and that I knew there was but one individual to be discharged that morning, and that it was close upon my time to go and look after him. I had barely finished my last cup of coffee, when one of the prison warders came across to say that the wife of my prisoner was waiting outside, and had twice made a demand to see him; but that the governor did not care to accede to the request without first consulting me. After casting the matter over in my own mind for a minute, I told the warder that I did not mind the woman being admitted, but that the two ought to be very closely watched during the interview. The man re-entered the prison, and within a few minutes I observed that the woman was called in.

Punctual to my time, I crossed over to the prison, and found my charge waiting for me, his wife being still with him, and no one in the room but the governor. Contrary to my expectations, the prisoner held up his wrists and submitted to be handcuffed with the most lamb-like docility.

When we got out into the street, I suggested, as there was time to spare, that the stalwart pair should have a bit of breakfast at my expense, before starting on the journey for town. I thought the woman seemed a little taken aback at my invitation; however, it was acceded to; and we entered the inn parlour, where I requested the landlady to produce a plentiful supply of ham and eggs; and as the pair preferred ale to tea or coffee, I ordered them a pint apiece. I had of course to unlock one hand in order to allow my prisoner the free use of his knife and fork; and after what I had heard the night before, I thought it was rather a risky thing for me to do, as though he might not attempt to do me any mischief, it was just possible he might try to inflict some serious mischief on himself. All however, passed off safely; and when breakfast was finished, I told him he must bid his wife goodbye, as I did not want to attract any attention at the railway station. A kiss was accordingly exchanged, the bracelets were again adjusted to his wrists, and we set off at a brisk pace.

When we got to the station, I learned that the next 'up' train was an express, and that I would have to look sharp, as it might be expected immediately, and made but a brief stoppage. The train in fact came in almost to a minute after the information was communicated to me; and I hurried across the platform, got my man into a second-class carriage—the compartment I had only just time to notice was empty. The whistle sounded, and the train was beginning to move, when the door was flung violently open, and in jumped the prisoner's wife, taking her seat right opposite me. There was but time for the porter to slam to the door when we were off. It need not be said that I was very far from being satisfied with the look of things, and that I had made up my mind to be carefully on my guard. I said nothing, being fully determined not to betray any uneasiness, though it must be owned I felt much. Before we had gone any great way, my prisoner turned sideways to me and said: 'Master, my missus and me have some small matters of our own we would like to talk over; and as they don't concern you in the least, y'paws you wouldn't mind looking out o' winder for a minute or two while we have our talk.'

'That I could not possibly do,' was my immediate answer. 'My duty is to keep you always under my eye and control; and besides, as you have just said, your domestic arrangements can be a matter of no concern to me, so you can discuss them as freely as you please without minding my presence.'

This answer seemed to disconcert both of them; but as if by way of compromise, I at the same time leant towards the window of the carriage for a moment, and glanced outside. My hearing is sharp enough now, but at the time I speak of was even more acute. Just as I turned my head, I heard, or fancied I heard, the man whisper the words: 'Both together.' Instantly the suspicion flashed across my mind that these words related to myself, and I turned round and faced the couple in a moment. What I saw in the expression of each of them seemed to warrant my acting with immediate decision. I seized the man between his manacled wrists so that he could not raise his hands. With an instinctive thought, I plunged

my right hand into the pocket of my pilot-coat, pulled out the pistol my mate had handed to me, cocked it with my thumb, and holding it within a few inches of the face of the woman opposite, I looked steadily into her eyes, and said with emphasis: 'If you attempt to stir before we reach the next station, you will certainly be a dead woman!'

It was something fearful to notice the immediate change on that woman's countenance. She became of a pallid whiteness, and her lips had the purple-bluish tinge that indicates so unmistakably an access of deadly fear. In the highly dramatic positions I have just described we sped on until the next stopping station was reached, and that occupied fully more than twenty minutes. The moment the train came to a stop, I thus addressed the woman, keeping her 'covered' with the muzzle of my pistol: 'Leave the carriage; and if you value your liberty, make what speed you can to get into hiding.'

She disappeared instant; and I felt a heavy load of anxiety lifted off my mind as she left us, for of all the encounters I most hate, an encounter with a woman is to be classed foremost. From the moment I saw the change in her face indicative of such intense fear, I knew I was master of the situation; but still I was glad to be rid of all further risk of a struggle. Not a word passed between my prisoner and me during the remainder of the journey to London, which we were no great while in reaching, and where I duly delivered him into safe keeping at Bow Street police-office.

Next morning I had to conduct my prisoner to Woolwich, there to deliver him to the authorities of the hulks, from whom he had obtained his ticket-of-leave. He seemed to have recovered from his scare of the day before, and on our journey spoke freely enough, and with an earnestness that left no doubt of the truth of his communication.

'Master,' said he, 'I am main glad you kept your head yesterday, and did not lean out of the window. Had you done so, missus and I meant to have pitched you out, and taken our chances after of getting off.'

'I was not very likely to be so easily put off my guard,' was my laconic answer.

'Ay, but master, your danger was not over then; for missus and I had made it up that she was to pin your arms—and she could a done it easy—while I was to smash your head with the "dardies." We should then a took the key, got off the bracelets, and heaved you out a window, afore you could come to yourself. That pistol fairly put us out, for it cowed missus, and she isn't easily cowed, I tell ye.'

'But the pistol was not loaded,' said I—'nothing but a cap and an empty barrel.'

'All the same master I'm main glad we failed. Now I've thought it over, I know I could not have escaped. It was known I left in your charge, and that missus joined us. When your body was found, we'd a been spotted at once, and most likely both on us would a swung for it. I'm main glad, I tell you, that you got out of the mess, and I don't bear you no ill-will for having done your dooty as a man and a hoffer.'

Never before, to my knowledge, had I been in such deadly peril, and truly thankful did I inwardly feel for the providential escape I learned

I had just made. I was glad to hand my murderous-minded charge over to the care of the officers of the *Defence*; and I am thankful to add that I never heard more of him, or wished to do so.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

COLLECTORS of fossils, especially of fossil plants, have often had to deplore the destruction of specimens by hammering them from the rocks in which they were imbedded, or in splitting fragments of stone in hope of discovery. Destruction and disappointment are now obviated by a process described by Baron Ettingshausen, an eminent Austrian phytolaeontologist, in a Report on phytolaeontological investigations read before the Royal Society. The process is simple: the lumps of stone supposed to contain the fossil leaves and stems are soaked for say six months in water under a pressure of from two to three atmospheres. Wherever a fossil is imbedded, the substance of the stone is not continuous, however compact it may be, and these microscopic interstices become filled with water under the soaking and the pressure. The lumps of stone are then taken out and exposed to intense cold; the thin films of water freeze; the stones open of themselves, and expose their long-buried contents uninjured. In some instances the soaking and freezing have to be repeated; but the trouble is repaid by the fact that the more compact the stone, the less imperfect will be the fossil, as was demonstrated by specimens exhibited at the reading of the Report.

In the manufacture of alum there used formerly to be great loss by evaporation from the open pans in which the liquid under treatment was kept just below the boiling-point. Eventually this loss was prevented by covering the liquid with a thin layer of coal-tar; the consumption of fuel was in consequence diminished. 'This simple though important technical application,' says Dr Frankland, 'suggested to me a condition of things under which the existence of so-called "dry fog" would be possible. From our manufactories and domestic fires, vast aggregate quantities of coal-tar and paraffin oil are daily distilled into the atmosphere, and, condensing upon, or attaching themselves to, the watery spherules of fog or cloud, must of necessity coat these latter with an oily film, which would in all probability retard the evaporation of the water, and the consequent saturation of the interstitial air.'

This theory having been tested and verified by various experiments, Dr Frankland concludes that dry fog is accounted for, as also 'the frequency, persistency, and irritating character of those fogs which so often afflict our large towns.' Moreover, 'some of the products of destructive distillation of coal are very irritating to the respiratory organs, and to a large amount are scarcely if at all volatile at ordinary temperatures.'

The recent discussion about electric light has shewn more clearly than before the strong necessity under which operators are brought of finding some means for measuring and regulating the extremely powerful electric currents which can be produced by the dynamo-electric machine. Mr

Siemens, F.R.S., has discovered the means by which 'currents passing through a circuit, or branch circuit, are measured and graphically recorded.'

He takes advantage of the fact that when an electric current passes through a conductor, heat is generated. The conductor in this case is a very thin strip of metal, forming an important part of a complicated apparatus contrived to measure, regulate, and record the currents passing through it. One end of the thin strip touches a lever, and as the length of the strip varies with its temperature, the lever is moved accordingly, and affects the other members of the apparatus, including a pencil for the record, in a way which could not be understood without the aid of a diagram. But the movements are so ingeniously planned that the thin conducting strip never gets too hot, and consequently 'the current itself is rendered very uniform, notwithstanding considerable variation in its force, or in the resistance of the lamp, or other extraneous resistance which the strip is intended to regulate.'

Mr Siemens says further: 'It might appear at first sight that, in dealing with powerful currents, the breaking of contacts would cause serious inconvenience, in consequence of the discharge of extra current between the points of contact. But no such discharges of any importance actually take place, because the metallic continuity of the circuit is never broken, and each contact serves only to diminish to some extent the resistance of the regulating rheostat.' The papers summarised in the foregoing paragraphs are published with illustrations in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society.

Mr Schwendler, superintendent electrician to the government of India, has during eighteen months made experiments on electric lighting at the India Stores Depot, Lambeth, and a *précis* of his interesting Report has just been published by the India Office. He recommends that the light should be adopted for railway stations in India, and is now on his way thither to carry out the work.—At Marston, in Cheshire, the experiment has been tried of lighting by electricity a rock-salt mine, including from seven to eight acres of excavations, with complete success, and contrasting advantageously in brilliancy and in cost with the old tallow-candles.

Professor Greene of Troy, state of New York, having to superintend the erection of an astronomical observatory, decided that the dome should be made of paper, with a view to avoid the heavy weight, from five to ten tons, of a dome constructed in the ordinary way, and the machinery required to revolve it. The dome in question is twenty-nine feet in diameter: paper of the best quality, one-sixth of an inch thick, was made expressly for the purpose, and fitted in sections to the wooden framework. The structure (of the paper) is described 'as compact as that of the hardest wood, which it greatly excels in strength, toughness, and freedom from any liability to fracture.' The surface is painted, and as no external nails are used, this novel roof may be expected to last many years. The total weight is about four thousand pounds, which can be revolved by hand without the use of machinery.

Needles may be used as magnets, and made to float vertically in water by attaching a speck of cork to the eye end. If, while thus floating, a large magnet is held above them, they arrange

themselves in certain definite groups, which, according to Mr A. M. Mayer (United States) exemplify molecular structure and molecular action. In some instances the groups assume an unstable form; but by movement of the upper magnet, or at times a knock on the table, they take up a stable configuration. These configurations may be recorded (if before immersion the upper ends of the needles have been touched with printer's ink) by laying upon them a piece of flat cardboard, when the place of each needle will be shewn by a dot; and by drawing a straight line from dot to dot, the representative forms become at once apparent. From the triangle, square, and pentagon, they pass into hexagons, octagons, decagons, and compose groups within groups: 'stable nuclei which may be suggestive to chemists and crystallographers.'

Professor Loomis, untiring in his meteorological investigations, has by the aid of a series of charts succeeded in identifying a number of storms, and in following thirty-six in their course across the Atlantic. Eight of them became merged with other storms on the way; hence twenty-eight only reached the coast of Europe within the time included in the discussion, March 1874 to November 1875. Nearly all of these storms, says the Professor, pursued a course north of east, and passed considerably to the north of Scotland; hence they did not exhibit much violence on the coast of England. He concludes therefore that when a centre of low barometric pressure (below twenty-nine inches) leaves the coast of the United States, the probability that it will pass over any part of England is only one in nine; the probability that it will give rise to a gale anywhere near the English coast is one in six; and the probability that it will give rise to a very fresh breeze is one in two.

A noticeable fact in regard to Atlantic storms is their slow rate of progress, due partly to the erratic course of the centre of the low area, partly to the blending of two areas into one, which pushes the most eastern centre back to the west. And further, 'there seems in the Atlantic Ocean to be a special cause which frequently holds storms nearly stationary in position from day to day, and this cause is probably the abundance of warm vapour rising from the Gulf Stream, in close proximity to the cold dry air from the neighbouring coast of North America. Hence we see that when American storms are predicted to appear upon the European coast, and it is assumed that they will cross the ocean at the same rate as they have crossed the United States, the prediction will seldom be verified.'

Professor Loomis has begun a comparison of the observations made on the top of high mountains with those made at the foot, and with the winds and weather of the adjacent country. The result cannot fail to be instructive. Ere long, similar researches may be made north of the Tweed, for the Scottish Meteorological Society are about to build an observatory on the top of Ben Nevis.

Professor Langley, of the Allegheny Observatory, is of opinion that the atmosphere of the sun is proved to be a thin stratum which cuts off one-half of the heat that would otherwise reach the earth. He calculates that if this envelope should be thickened twenty-five per cent., the mean

temperature of our globe would be reduced one hundred degrees Fahrenheit; and he suggests that such a thickening would account for the phenomena of the glacial period.

Observations on snow collected on mountains and within the arctic circle far beyond the influence of factories and smoke, confirm the supposition that minute particles of iron float in the atmosphere, and in time fall to the earth. Some physicists believe that these floating particles of iron are concerned in the striking phenomena of the aurora. Grönemann of Göttingen holds that streams of the particles revolve round the sun, and that when passing the earth they are attracted to the poles, and thence stretch forth as long filaments into space. But as they travel with planetary velocity, they become ignited in our atmosphere, and thus produce the luminous appearances or aurora. In his recent voyages, Professor Nordenskiöld examined snow far in the north beyond Spitzbergen, and found therein exceedingly small particles of metallic iron, phosphorus, cobalt, and fragments of Diatomaceæ.

From experiments made in France, it is ascertained that the amount of sugar in beet-root varies in direct proportion to the size of the leaves; in other words, the larger the leaf the more sugar. Sugar exists also in the leaves; but in small quantity except in the midrib.

The sweet substance 'nectar' found in blossoms and flowers, has been subjected to experiment by Mr Wilson, who from his results has worked out some curiously interesting calculations. For example, one hundred and twenty-five heads of clover yield approximately one gram of sugar; one hundred and twenty-five thousand heads yield one kilogram; and as each head contains about sixty florets, seven million five hundred thousand distinct flower-tubes must be sucked in order to obtain one kilo of sugar. 'Now,' continues Mr Wilson, 'as honey, roughly, may be said to contain seventy-five per cent. of sugar, we have one kilo equivalent to five million six hundred thousand flowers in round numbers, or say two-and-a-half millions of visits for one pound of honey. This shows what an amazing amount of labour the bees must perform.' A notable part of the sugar is cane-sugar, which is remarkable, for honey containing cane-sugar is looked on by dealers as adulterated. A nice question here arises as to the way in which the nectar is converted into cane-sugar while in possession of the bee. It is worthy of notice that in this country the fuchsia does not part with its nectar, in consequence of the nectary being inaccessible to native British insects.

The Geographical Society, with a view to make geography more widely known, have enlarged the size of their *Proceedings*, and filled it with accounts of travels and explorations, and reports of discovery in all parts of the globe, interesting not only to scientific geographers, but to what is called the ordinary reader. Among the contents of the new number, illustrated by maps, are the Arctic Expeditions of 1878, in which the northern coast of Asia was visited; the mountain passes of Afghanistan; and Signor D'Albertis' voyage of five hundred miles up the Fly River in New Guinea. This voyage was undertaken in the hope of collecting birds and novel objects in natural history; but it was diversified by many

adventurous incidents. New Guinea is not more than eighty miles from the northern extremity of Australia: the intervening sea-channel is shallow, and Mr D'Albertis is of opinion that the two countries will at no distant day be united, not, as he remarks, by Nature's great agencies of subterranean upheaval, but by 'the modest yet laborious and industrious operatives which are now at work. It will be the polyps and corals which will gradually unite in one those two largest islands in the world.'

The Rev. W. B. Griffin, who has been Professor at the Imperial University of Tokio, states as evidence of progress in Japan since that country joined the postal union, that the number of letters sent through the post-office in 1877 was 23,657,052, of which not more than 140,631 were for foreign countries. The post-cards were 6,764,273, and newspapers 7,372,536. Of post-offices throughout the country there are 3744, of receiving agencies 151, of stamp agencies 916, and of street letter-boxes 866. This shows that the Japanese were in earnest when they undertook to change their civilisation for that of the western world. And further, there are around the coast thirty-four lighthouses, three light-ships, sixteen buoys, and five beacons.

As announced, Captain Burton delivered his lecture to the Institute of British Architects on 'Remains of Buildings in Midian,' and stated among geographical particulars that Arz Madyan, as the country is called by natives, has a coast-line of about three hundred miles on the eastern side of the Red Sea; and that 'topographically speaking the whole tract is a prolongation of the great Hauran Valley, of the land of Moab; of the Negeb or south country; of Idumea, which the Hebrews called Edom, and of the classical Nabathæa, whose western capital was Petra, the Rock.' Traces still exist of an ancient road which passing eighteen cities and towns, was one of the earliest, if not the very earliest of 'overland routes' to and from India. 'Here,' says Captain Burton, 'before the Nile route to Alexandria was opened, merchants disembarked their goods, preferring the long and toilsome camel-journey to the dangerous ship-voyage northwards; and, reaching Petra, the imports were passed on to Phœnicia and Egypt.'

Building materials were abundant, stone of different kinds, alabaster, gypsum, and freclay, and were turned to good account by the architects and builders of Midian, as is testified by the numerous ruins of houses, temples, tombs, aqueducts, and mining and smelting works. At one of the sea-side 'settlements the aqueduct was three miles in length; Shuwâk, we are told, is a place that 'could hardly have lodged less than twenty thousand people;' and this is but a section of a once inhabited district through which can be traced 'a water-course for a total of at least four miles.'

Desolation now prevails in this once populous and busy mining country. But the copper and the lead and the gold are not yet exhausted; and it may be that modern enterprise will find scope for its energies in the ancient land of Midian.

With regard to our recent paper on Ostich Farming, we have to state that those who desire further information may have it by applying to Mr S. Probant, 8 Brunswick Square, London.

HOW WE CAME BY OUR PET BLACKBIRD.

It is not every one who cares about keeping a pet in a cage. The idea of confining a poor little thing to a cubic foot or two was always repulsive to our feelings, and yet for some years we kept such a pet so confined. The reason we did so is simply given. One beautiful forenoon in August, some five years ago, our little dog Prin came bounding into the parlour, evidently in a state of very great excitement, and commenced pulling at my wife's dress in a manner to cause her great uneasiness, from fear that he had been seized with hydrophobia. After pulling and tugging at her, he would rush whinnying into the kitchen, and then back to the parlour, where similar action was repeated. So frightened was my wife, that after managing to get the parlour-door closed on him, she rushed out to the garden to find me, and relate the story of the sudden and strange turn which our usually sedate dog had taken. It was the Dog-days, and might not the old fellow have been struck with madness?

My wife is somewhat of an invalid, and by consequence a little nervous and easily excited; so without laying too much stress on her statement, I preceded her to the house, to see what was the matter with the dog. On my arrival, the poor old fellow (a beautiful Maltese terrier) danced with excitement, howled, whined, rushed into the kitchen, back again to the parlour, tugged at my trousers, then at my wife's dress, and in short went on at such a rate as I had never witnessed before. I was certainly very much surprised and struck at his proceedings, but was confident that none of his actions gave the slightest indication of hydrophobia, as my wife had supposed. The strangest thing was his continual bolting to the kitchen and returning. On following him into the kitchen, we found it was the cat that was engaging his attention; for poor old Pass was standing in a corner with her back highly arched, and looking as if she were determined to maintain her position at all hazards. She evidently was at a loss to understand what the row was about, and looked to us imploringly, as much as to say: 'Would you kindly put an end to this tomfoolery, and let me have my sleep in quiet?'

'Come, come Prin,' I said. 'What is all this nonsense about? Why are you annoying poor old Pussy so?'

But he was out at the kitchen-door in a moment, and making all the efforts possible for us to accompany him down to the orchard. After him we went accordingly—he bounding on before us, barking with all his might, and bounding back again, as if to encourage us to walk faster. He seemed filled with delight and anxiety as on he scampered.

'What will the old fellow be about to shew us?' we said as we followed quickly after him. 'Perhaps a rabbit-hole; but we'll see.'

On he went until he was about two hundred and fifty yards down the green ride that intersected the orchard, when he stopped, and crept slowly under a large black currant-bush, where he seemed to sniff about for a few seconds. When he reappeared, all symptoms of anxiety seemed to have disappeared, and only delight at finding the object

of his search safe seemed to possess him. He did not now come back to us with a bounding rush, but slowly and in a sort of half-dancing way, switching his erect tail, and moving his head from side to side, all the while looking to us, as if he meant: 'He's all right here—you'll be as pleased as I am presently.'

And what was the object of all this anxiety and delight? I looked into and round the bush, but for a time could see nothing. I knelt down, removing the low boughs gently; and there, sitting close by the main stems of the bush, sat a poor little blackbird, gasping and evidently in sore distress. It made no effort to get away as I reached my hand to bring it out, but even sat motionless on my palm when I raised myself up to examine it. And what a sad plight it was in, to be sure! One wing was broken, and one eye struck clean out of the socket, and hanging down close to its bill. My first thought was to strike it out of misery, as all hope of saving it seemed folly. But my wife would not hear of such a thing, and begged for a chance to save its life, on account of the interest which Prin had taken in it. She took it therefore in her hand, and the poor dog evinced the greatest pleasure possible, bounding before us all the way to the house, where the cat came in again for a good round of canine abuse.

After having given it a little water from the tube of a straw, and a little soft food administered in much the same way, the poor bird seemed wonderfully refreshed; and it was put into a basket until we saw whether it was of any use to purchase a cage. A bird-fancier in the vicinity, who was also a veterinary surgeon, called and cut the eye that was hanging clean away, and he also lopped off the broken part of the wing. In about a week after (so successfully had he been treated and tended), Mr Blackbird might have been seen seated on his perch in a brand-new wicker cage and looking as proud as Lucifer.

And a merry merry fellow poor Blackie was for many a long day after! It would be tedious to speak of his tricks; but the affection he had for old Prin, and Prin for him, was the most remarkable thing I ever noticed. He would oftentimes not touch his breakfast unless Prin sat beside him on the window-table on which his cage was placed. His delight with the old dog was boundless. But if the cat appeared on the scene he would get into a state of the greatest excitement, and actually scream with terror until Prin turned Pass out.

Poor Blackie died very suddenly one winter morning, to our great grief, and we have never had a cage-pet since. He was buried in a geranium vase in the garden.

We could never be sure as to how he came by his wounds. They certainly looked more as having been inflicted by a hawk or an owl than a cat. Yet why was Prin so guardful of Pass in the first instance, and why was the poor blackbird during all his captivity so timorous on the approach of the cat? To be sure all birds are fearful of the feline race, but long habit accustoms them in general to their presence. It was not so however with our blackbird; and the manner in which he came to his mutilated state must therefore remain a mystery.

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OLD FAMILIES.

FAMILIES which by record and tradition can trace their descent through a line of ancestors for eight hundred years, that is to say from the Norman Conquest, are not very numerous; still there are some, chiefly connected with the older English peerage. In Scotland, there are likewise families which boast of an antiquity quite as great, and always in the same spot. Considering the vicissitudes through which the country has gone, the existence of these old Scottish families for such a length of time is certainly remarkable. They have had to battle or manœuvre their way amidst contending dynasties and rulers. Sometimes they were overcome, and had to flee for their lives, but did not fail to cast up again when matters were smoothed over, and were able to settle down once more in the old battered keep which had sheltered their predecessors. Of all the troubles they went through, none equalled that caused by the dislocation of the monarchy in the seventeenth century, followed by the confiscations of the Commonwealth. Yet, even out of these disasters, many struggled successfully, and resumed inheritances which have pertained to their descendants till the present day.

One might mortify at some length on the resolute adhesion of old families generation after generation to properties that are possibly of no great value, and which for various reasons it might perhaps be better for them to quit. But the matter will not endure argument. There is a pride of place and of ancestry which overmasters reasoning. It is thought to be a fine thing to be rich; but where is the money that can buy the privilege of long-inherited distinction? A man who can say: 'My ancestor fought in one of the great battles which secured the liberties of the country'—or that 'he was a statesman of note in very trying times'—or that 'after fighting bravely at Pinkie, he lived to enjoy the honour of dancing a measure with Queen Mary at Holyrood'—an appeal is made to feelings that are imbedded in human nature. Even in new coun-

tries entering on an historical career, there cannot fail to grow up cherished feelings of this kind. The descendants of the men who were prominent in achieving American Independence would be entitled to speak with pride of their ancestry. We remember being introduced to an aged gentleman at Boston, Massachusetts, who spoke of having, when a boy, witnessed the famous emptying of the tea-chests into the harbour, and of having accompanied his father to the lines on Bunker's Hill. We looked on him with veneration, as a living relic of one of the greatest events in modern history. And will not his descendants feel happy in the thought of having him for an ancestor? As America grows old, it will doubtless fall into trains of feeling not unlike those we see demonstrated in Great Britain.

In the south of Scotland, following the course of the Tweed, there are still sprinkled about families of land-proprietors boasting an old line of succession. The oldest, as far as we are able to discover, is that of Horsburgh of Horsburgh, the date of whose settlement is lost in the mists of antiquity. The first of the race was an Anglo-Saxon chief, designated Horse or Orse, who, settling on lands on the north bank of the Tweed, Peeblesshire, there reared the castle or burg, which communicated the present surname to his descendants. We have no doubt that this family (whose writs have been through our hands) is at least eight or nine hundred—it may be a thousand—years old, and till this day it retains the original property. All the other families in this part of the country are modern in comparison.

The Horsburghs are a kind of wonder. It will at least appear remarkable that a family which may almost be traced to the days of Hengist and Horsa should have drawn out existence unchanged for such a long period of time. We are not aware that anything ever interposed to improve their position, unless it was a fortunate marriage in the seventeenth century, between the Laird and the heiress of Pirn, when their possessions were advantageously extended, and they were able to take up their residence in a plain modern mansion

at Pirn, instead of the old castle of Horsburgh, of which only some fragments now remain. Surviving the fighting times, they have still more strangely survived the desperately hard-drinking times in the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, when the landed gentry were apt to be noted for convivialities which seriously ate into their estates. As the rent-roll of the Horsburghs has latterly been improved by feu-duties (rents in perpetuity) for patches of land for manufactories along the Tweed, we are permitted to hope that this ancient and respectable family will be found flourishing in their own quiet way for centuries to come. Any one curious about the Horsburghs, may consult the present writer's 'History of Peeblesshire,' where a number of additional particulars are given.

The adjoining county, Selkirkshire, at one time known as 'Etrick Forest,' has several old families of note, including the well-known Scotts of Buccleuch. We might here particularise the Lords Napier of Merchiston and Etrick, whose first ancestor of distinction perished at Flodden, 1513, leaving a son, whose grandson was John Napier of Merchiston, the renowned inventor of Logarithms. Another of the old Selkirkshire families is that of the Murrays of Philiphaugh. Of them Sir Walter Scott observes: 'It is certain that during the wars of Bruce and Baliol, the family existed and was powerful; for their ancestor, Archibald de Moravia, subscribed the oath of fealty to Edward I., 1296.' The circumstance of the name being inscribed in the roll as 'de Moravia' does not infer a French origin, for it was not unusual in state papers of the thirteenth century to translate names into Norman-French. A transaction supposed to have taken place between a Scottish monarch—probably James V.—and one of the Murrays of Philiphaugh, has been commemorated in the ballad, known as the 'Song of the Outlaw Murray,' in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.'

In Roxburghshire, the next county, there are some very old families; but our space permits us to notice only three. One of these, are the Scotts, baronets, of Anerum, who in a clear line trace their descent from Richard, who assumed the surname of Scott, and having founded the Priory of St Andrews, died in 1158—a most respectable nationality. A descendant of this personage was the famous Sir Michael Scott, a man of learning and extraordinary abilities, who flourished in the thirteenth century, and possessed the unenviable reputation of being a wizard. Another old family well worthy of notice is that of the Douglasses of Cavers, whose last male descendant was Mr James Douglas of Cavers, who died towards the end of July 1878. Mr Douglas was the twentieth in descent from Archibald, illegitimate son of James, second Earl of Douglas, who was killed at Chevy Chase, or battle of Otterburn, in 1388. The mansion of Cavers is situated in the vale of Teviot, in the neighbourhood of Hawick, and in it have been preserved some valuable memorials of a long distant past. Among these is the Douglas banner that was displayed at Otterburn, also certain Percy relics, consisting of a pair of gauntlets bearing the white lion of the Percies, embroidered in pearls, and fringed with filigree-work of silver. These

gauntlets, evidently the work of a lady, were attached to the handle of Percy's lance, and with it were captured by Douglas in single combat under the walls of Newcastle. A family that can point to such veracious testimonies of ancestral renown, is something not heard of every day!

We now have to make some mention of a Roxburghshire family, about which there clusters a more than usual degree of interest, namely the Haigs of Bemersyde. A few miles below Melrose, on a rocky bluff overhanging the Tweed on its north side, and environed by some old trees, there stands a tall, narrow, castellated tower, much resembling the old castles on the Border, and which is pointed out as the ancient stronghold of the Haigs of Bemersyde, one of the oldest families in Scotland. Near the old keep, a modern mansion has been erected. The situation is beautiful and picturesque. Near at hand are spots rendered classic by associations with ballad poetry and stirring historical events. A native versifier has grouped some of the salient features in the scenery near to Bemersyde—

'Ercildoun and Cowdenknowes,

Where Homes had once commanding;
And Drygrange, with its milk-white ewes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing;
The bird that flees through Redpath trees,
And Gladswod banks each morrow,
May chant and sing sweet Leader haugh,
And bonnie knowes of Yarrow.'

In various old records the family name is written De Haga, which gives a colour to the idea that the Haigs were of Norman origin; but, as already stated, the translating of names into Norman-French was far from uncommon in ancient writs. All that is distinctly known of the Haigs is that they were a sturdy fighting family in the wars of the succession, and that at least dates them from the thirteenth century. The length of time that the Haigs had been in Bemersyde in an unbroken line, gave rise to a superstitious legend that the family would never die out. We learn this from the alleged prophecy of Thomas of Ercildoun, ordinarily remembered as Thomas the Rhymer. The prophecy is not always repeated in the same way. The version most approved of is—

Tyde, tyde, what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

Admitting that the so-called prophecy is nothing more than a myth, there can be no doubt of the fact, as ascertained from an ancient and still existing deed, to the effect that 'Petrus de Haga, the fourth baron, engages to pay to the church of Old Melrose, on St Cathbert's day annually, half a stone of wax, or thirty pence instead, to light the said chapel, as compensation for the transgressions of him and his.' Among the witnesses to the deed is the name Thomas Rhymer of Ercildoun. This, at all events, substantiates the existence of Thomas the Rhymer, which has been occasionally doubted. According to tradition, the Rhymer flourished about 1250. He repented wrote 'Sir Tristrem,' a metrical romance, which was edited by Sir Walter Scott. Petrus de Haga made other donations for religious purposes beside that just mentioned; and there are various stories told of him which we have not room to specify.

The family papers of the Haigs have fortunately been preserved, and have been assiduously examined by Mr John Russell, editor of the 'Border Advertiser,' to whom we have been indebted for some notes on the subject. In the present limited sketch of the Haigs, we pass on to James, the seventeenth representative of the family name, who succeeded his father about 1602, and who married Elizabeth M'Dougall of Stodrig, by whom he had a large family. James appears to have been somewhat of a Torturion. In many ways, he misconducted himself, got into scrapes and difficulties, fled from the country, and died in Germany. According to the customary practice of ne'er-do-weels, who make a point of considering themselves ill-used, he left his numerous progeny to be brought up and cared for by his relatives.

His brother William, by whom he was succeeded, was a man of considerable ability, and rose to fill the office of Solicitor-general to James VI., as also the collectorship of the taxes due by burghs to the Crown. He is invariably spoken of as the 'benefactor' of the family; which would indicate that he had generously assumed the place of a father in the upbringing of the large family of eight sons which Elizabeth M'Dougall bore to her ill-fated husband. But his religious zeal brought him into difficulties. He took an active part in remonstrating against the prelatie measures of Charles I., and apprehensive of his personal safety, he took refuge in Holland, where he died.

Shortly after her husband's death, Elizabeth M'Dougall, the widow of James Haig, married a second time; and this so much against the wishes of her family, that the whole of her sons, with the exception of the fifth, who had died young, left Bemersyde, and never returned to it during her lifetime. A very interesting event now occurred in connection with the present representative of the family. Elizabeth M'Dougall had in former years nursed the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James VI., who afterwards married the Prince Palatine, and became Queen of Bohemia. When, therefore, her surviving sons left Bemersyde on account of their mother's marriage, they proceeded to Holland, whence the youngest went to the East Indies, and was never again heard of. The others, in hopes of preferment from the queen, whom their mother had nursed, took military service under the Prince Palatine, and are all entered in the family genealogy as 'supposed to have been lost in the Bohemian wars of 1690.' This, however, is a mistake. One of them, George, the third son, lived to return to Scotland, where he settled down in the county of Clackmannan, and there founded a family which, as far as the public are concerned, has only been heard of recently.

The prophecy of the Rhymer, that whatever might happen, there would still be Haigs in Bemersyde, seems to have acted as a kind of palladium, which tended to insure its own accuracy. Impressed with the importance of the Haigs, one of them drew up a genealogy of the House, in 1699, and everything promised a due succession, until Zerubabel became the twenty-first laird. Zerubabel was a family man, but to the consternation of the Haigs, he had twelve daughters, one after the other, and no son. Was the prophecy now to fail? Much excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood. At length, when

hope had almost died out, a son was born, and the general belief, as Sir Walter Scott says, in the favourite soothsayer was 'confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.' The son, James Anthony Haig, who thus saved the reputation of the prophet, grew up to inherit the family name and possessions. The public faith was destined to a still severer trial when James's grandson, the twenty-fourth Laird of Bemersyde, died unmarried in 1854, leaving only three sisters behind him. The prophecy had hitherto been narrowly interpreted to refer only to male heirs in direct descent; and now it was clear that some other interpretation must be adopted.

After all, one is happy to know, things came right at last, and in a very unforeseen manner. The family of Haig which branched off and settled in Clackmannanshire was still to the fore, and could be called in to take the place of the main line. This was managed very adroitly. The estates of Bemersyde were never entailed, so that they passed, on the death of James, the last male representative, into the possession of Miss Barbara Haig, the eldest of the three sisters whom he left behind him. Twelve years ago, and while all three sisters were alive, a mutual will was executed by them in favour of their relative, Captain Haig, by which he became heir to the whole estates and possessions of the family of Bemersyde. On the recent decease of the last of the three sisters, he entered into possession of the property. Arthur Balfour Haig, Captain R.E., and enquiry to the Duke of Edinburgh, is accordingly now Laird of Bemersyde. A new lease of life has thus been given to this ancient House, and fresh confirmation given to that weird prophecy which is associated with its existence.

We congratulate Captain Haig on his acquisition to a property so long possessed by his ancestors and relatives. It is to be hoped that under his auspices we shall ere long have a regular history of the HAIGS OF BEMERSYDE.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XII.—IN QUEST.

CAPTAIN JOB TRAWL, like most retired master-mariners of modest means and simple habits, dined early; and Hugh, who, it had been arranged, was to board as well as lodge with the old skipper's family, had to postpone the inquiries which he purposed making until the one o'clock dinner hour should be fairly sped. Then indeed he sallied forth, bent upon tracking down the half-crazed gipsy whose greed and violence had afflicted Miss Stanhope in the course of her morning ramble on the Trepout road. At dinner, he had been silent and thoughtful, and scarcely able to preserve an appearance of intelligent interest in old Captain Trawl's unending supply of salt-water stories. The woman's strange words seemed ever to ring with provoking dissonance, in his ears. 'Mr George!' There could be no doubt that, insane or not, the crone's terror at the sight of him, Hugh Ashton, was genuine enough. 'Mr George!' Hugh knew that he had been reckoned like his father. Perhaps the likeness was still more striking to one who had probably not seen that father since the days of his youth.

'Mr George!' The tone in which that name

had been uttered seemed to ring in Hugh's ears, until he blamed himself for having allowed the weird, wild creature who uttered them to escape his questioning. At the time, it had appeared as if his duty were to see Miss Stanhope safely home. Now, the young man's conscience began to reproach him for his neglect of a deeper and a holier purpose. His father's image rose before him, and all things else were forgotten for the moment. He went out into the town. And now Hugh Ashton began to realise to himself what many a professional detective has felt, and which chills the ardour of the most impetuous amateurs—the very great difficulty which attends the discovery of a needle in a bundle of hay. To follow a thief or other criminal red-handed and on the impulse of the moment, is remarkably easy work. That was the use of the old hue and cry, which, enlisting as it did in the hunt all who listened to the shouts of the pursuers, proved fatal, for several centuries, to all but the best-mounted highwaymen. When one man runs and another pursues, the instinct of our common humanity is to side with him who gives chase. But it is quite otherwise when the scent is cold, and by-standers are lukewarm or sceptical, and the burden of identification is tacitly thrown upon the seeker.

Trepor was not the sort of town for such a search as that which Hugh contemplated. It was small certainly, and could by the exhaustive process be easily explored. But it was oddly built, its four or five streets being intersected by straggling lanes and blind alleys, whence again there branched off courts and stairs, wynds and closes, giving the small seaport the aspect, when minutely examined, of a sort of warren. Then too, the inquisitiveness of the natives was calculated to waste the time and chafe the temper of one in Hugh's position. The worthy Cornish housewives who stood at their respective doors, making the broom an excuse for a little neighbourly gossip with such of their acquaintance as were similarly engaged, proved themselves much readier to ask questions than to answer them, and manifested a pardonable feminine curiosity as to what Hugh Ashton's ultimate errand might be, or what he could possibly want with low lodging-houses and the dens where travellers with dusty feet and sticks and bundles were wont to take shelter.

'Trapezing foreigners o' that sort,' said one tall matron, as she intermitted the operation of stringing pichards and hadlocks alternately to dry on a clothes-line stretched from wall to wall of her back-yard; 'I say, foreign vermin o' that sort don't get overmuch encouragement here, young man. There's Halket's, corner of Mill Lane, takes in trudgers. And there's another tramps' house o' call, Treloar's. That one will be harder for a stranger to find. Ye mun just gramp up Holloway, and ask any maid or brat ye see where old Giles Treloar lives. Take my advice though, my lad, and the less ye has to do wi' such as they wanderers, the better for thee!'

This was valuable information, and Hugh hastened to avail himself of it. It was easy to find Mill Lane, and not difficult to discover Halket's. A red-eyed middle-aged woman with fluffy hair seemed the representative of that hospitable house of call for beggars. 'Not a gipsy,' she said, staring at Hugh's dark suit and

gold-banded cap, as she would have done at the wings of an angel. 'That kind of customer don't come here. We've nobody, for trade be mortal slack, 'cept two singing sailors; and a blind; and a clarionet and his daughter; and the Mopus. That be all.'

But Hugh quite forfeited all claim to respectful consideration by inquiring whether the Mopus were a man or a woman; in answer to which preposterous demand Mrs Halket said sharply: 'The Mopus, out o' Devonshire!' and went off, growling about greenhorns, to her mop and pail, much needed within her grimy dwelling.

Holloway—there are Holloways elsewhere than in North London—proved to be a deep lane, between banks of crumbling earth, where gardens were many, pig-sties plentiful, and cow-houses and cart-stables redundant, but where human habitations were sparse and unsavoury. Persistent questioning did at last produce the knowledge that a certain tumble-down house within a dilapidated paling, and standing amidst a congeries of distorted cabbages and seedling onions, was the residence of 'Muster Treloar.' On approaching this delectable house of entertainment, over the door of which a tolerant magistry had permitted to subseist, in thin black letters, the inscription, 'Licensed to'—here followed an elision—'drunk on the premises,' Hugh thought to himself that he had never seen a place so desolate. Very few of the windows were thoroughly glazed, but either had had their panes stoned out, perhaps by recalcitrant lodgers resenting their expulsion from a place of rest, and so blinked blankly, or else had the missing glass supplied by slates, old hats, or bits of board, anything that would keep out the cold wind from indwellers more solicitous as to warmth than as to light or ventilation.

Out rushed the landlord, blatant and belligerent, angry as some huge hairy spider, a thread of whose web has been touched, as Hugh questioned a slipshod urchin at the door. 'My name's Giles Treloar, young chap!' exclaimed the proprietor vehemently; 'and I'm not ashamed of it. And I'll put a stop to your swaggerings about my place. And I'm ready for a round with you, for a flippen note, and let the best man win; I am, my buck! That for your gas!' he added, snapping his fingers and clumsily imitating the crow of a cock; 'and that for your Company, young feller! Come on!'

Hugh laughed good-humouredly as the bulky, beery Mr Treloar, who wore a white apron much besmirched, and who certainly seemed to have availed himself of his dubious license 'to be drunk on the premises,' lifted his puffy fists in pugilistic fashion. 'I think,' he said quietly but firmly, as with his own powerful arms he pushed the puffy fists aside, 'that you have mistaken me for somebody else, Mr Treloar.'

The beer-shop keeper, whose name was Cornish, but whose accent and gestures were of Cockaigne, Cockney, stared at the stalwart young man in the nautical cap. 'I thought you were Gas Company,' he said with a sulky sort of half-apology; 'and they have riled me, they have, till I'm a baited bull with 'em. They talk of cutting and County Courting! Let them County Court, and let them cut,' he added, in the attitude of 'Ajax defying the Lightning;' 'but if they send a paltry clerk or turncock round here any more, if I don't punch his head'—

'But you must not punch mine, you know,' said Hugh, for the second time repressing Mr. Treloar's warlike demonstrations. 'And now, if you please, I want you to tell me whether you have a person with whom I particularly wish to have a word or two, as a lodger in your house. I don't know her name.'—

'Then if you don't know her name,' retorted Mr. Treloar with considerable asperity, 'what the dickens do you mean by prying about my place, asking for her?' And the beer-shop keeper added some exceedingly strong language regarding 'spies' and 'pryers,' and a forcible description of the usage to which he would himself subject the eyes and limbs of such objectionable persons as should dare to come worrying after his lady and gentleman lodgers. 'I'll have a round with you, young feller—five pounds a side, or twenty—I'm your man, when you like!' hiccoughed Mr. Treloar, who was quarrelsome in his cups, and up went the puffy fists again. But Hugh Ashton caught the half-drunken bully in his strong grasp, swung him off his unsteady feet, and shook him until he saw dancing before his muddled eyes half-a-dozen young merchant captains and half-a-dozen gold-banded caps, such as that which he had erroneously supposed to indicate an employé of the detested Gas Company.

Hugh Ashton propped the drunkard up against his rickety porch. 'Come, Mr. Treloar,' he said, in the frank, ringing voice to which even a bo-sotted creature like that before him could not be wholly insensible, 'we need not quarrel. All I want of you is to know whether a certain person, whom I can describe, but whose name I do not know, is now beneath your roof. I mean you no harm, and her no harm. But I do wish to speak to her, and I ask you to lend a hand to help me.'

Mr. Giles Treloar shook himself into his ruffled garments, as a frightened fowl adjusts its disturbed plumage, and stared in a dull way at his conqueror. He was not angry. People whose brains swim with drugged beer are seldom angry, but often cross and sullen. The shaking seemed to have done the brute good, for it was in a milder tone that he said: 'You're a plucky one! If you'll tell me what sort of customer you're looking for, I'll do what I can for you.'

Hugh described the grim gaunt gipsy as best he could, omitting all details as to her exploit of the morning.

'That's Ghost Nan!' replied the man, without hesitation. 'They call her Ghost because of the way she has of popping up in her wanderings, sudden, at folks' elbows. She goes off, just so. Three nights she's slept here. To-day, before the dinner frying-pan's cold, she packs her bundle and off she starts, looking as if she'd seen the dead! I know she was going North, because'—

'Because?' echoed Hugh eagerly. At that instant, up marched the stolid superintendent of the Treport police, red-faced, tight-stocked, buttoned up to the throat in his dark-blue surtout, stupid embodiment of Law and Order.

'You, Giles Treloar,' he said, 'you've got a female waggabone here, one Gipsy Nan or Ghost Nan, which my Lady Largent has complained of, as threatening to rob a young lady at the Court. If you don't give her up immediate'—

'What!' screamed Mr. Treloar, with a reproach-

ful look at Hugh. 'A spy of the police ba you, my smooth chap? Take that, ye curs!' And rushing into his house, he slapped to the door, and drew the heavy bolts inside.

ABOUT THE TRANSVAAL.

In 1876 the President of the late Transvaal Republic of South Africa established a Volunteer corps as a protection against the inroads of the Kaffirs upon the frontier farmers. This corps consisted principally of men of European birth, and was the first body of foreign troops ever employed by the Republic. The corps, which has since been disbanded, went under the name of the Lydenberg Volunteers, and its first leader was a Captain Von Schlieckman, a young and brave German, who had formerly been in the Prussian army. The book which we are about to notice, and which is entitled *The Transvaal of To-day* (Blackwood and Sons), is by the captain of this corps, Mr. Alfred Aylward, who succeeded to the command on the death of Captain Von Schlieckman, an event which happened very shortly after the formation of the company. Our author is a decided partisan of the Boers, as he has no wish to conceal; and that he understands the people, no one who reads his book can fail to admit.

The Boers of South Africa, a Dutch colony, may be styled the largest land-owning peasantry in the world. Travellers in the Transvaal who expect to find wealthy proprietary farmers and high farming, are certain to be disappointed. The Boers have been a people continually on 'trek' or travel since the beginning of their settlement in Africa. This 'trek,' the marching out in search of new territory, was in a great degree the result of circumstances; but it was not favourable to an advanced method of farming. Considering the difficulties which the Dutch farmers had to contend with—the continual wanderings, the fights with natives, the sickness and the suffering which they have passed through, we should rather commend the progress they have made, than blame and chide them, as has been done, for such of their ways of life as seem primitive and behind the times.

A Boer's homestead in respect of neatness and general appearance, would not satisfy an Englishman's ideas; but the farmers of the Transvaal have had much to overcome in the construction of their houses and steadings, and are now making great improvements in these matters. There are some twenty-five thousand farms in the territory; but a great deal of the land included in this computation is barren and irreclaimable. Wheat is an uncertain crop in the Transvaal, being subject to rust in the summer season, and only profitably cultivated as a winter-crop under irrigation. It must be borne in mind that the summer is the rainy season. A large proportion of the land will produce Kaffir-corn, maize, pumpkins, medlies, lupuli—a species of sorghum or sugar-cane—potatoes, and the like, in abundance.

Our author tells us that the Boers are in many respects a fine race. Tall and stalwart in appearance, simple in their manners, and domesticated and home-loving in their affections, they have clung steadfastly to the old ways and the old fashions of the people from which they are sprung. For a long period brought into continual contact with a surrounding and ever-present barbarism, it speaks much for them that they have retained their adherence to morality and virtue. They are law-loving and law-abiding, faithful husbands and kind fathers. Travellers in the Transvaal, so long as they carry with them the evidence that they are not worthless tramps and adventurers—a somewhat numerous class in the country—are sure of a kindly welcome at the home of a Boer farmer, with entertainment in proportion to the host's condition and means.

The Boers have been fortunate in their conjugal relations. Captain Aylward speaks in terms of high praise of the women, and justly. Throughout all the toils, perils, and privations of the Transvaal settlement, when the great 'trek' commenced from the Cape Colony, the women were the faithful and devoted companions of their husbands. At this period, many of them performed deeds of true courage, 'carrying the bullet-bags, replenishing the powder-flasks, removing the wounded, bringing water to the thirsty, and food to the hungry, in many desperate and fatal engagements.' Faithful wives, gentle nurses, and prudent counsellors, it is not surprising that the Boers' wives attained great influence with their husbands, an influence which has had grand effects.

As many of our readers will remember, the charge was frequently brought against the Boers, at the time of our annexation of the Transvaal Republic, that slavery was practised among them. This accusation Captain Aylward denies; and it must be admitted, does much to refute. When so grave a charge is made against a people, it is but justice to hear their defence. During his residence of ten years in South Africa, our author heard of but one case of slavery, and that was in British territory; and Mr Froude in his *Leaves from a South African Diary* gives it as his opinion that 'the whites (Boers) were much more in the position of slaves to the Kaffirs, than the blacks were to them.' The truth in this matter seems to be that in the earlier days, numbers of the natives came of their own free-will among the Boers, or placed their children under their care in seasons of war and famine. Thus many blacks grew up from childhood among Boers' families, to whom they rendered free and willing service. There are few farmers' houses without coloured servants acting in some capacity or other, the women as indoor domestics, the men as wagon-drivers, ploughmen, and herds. The men have bits of land of their own, often with houses and orchards on them, are entirely free to come and go as they please, are industrious, and well-behaved; and often so attached to the families they serve,

that they are prepared at any moment to fight in defence of their flocks and herds. It is a curious circumstance also that, while such are the relations between the Boers and the peaceful native population, the condition of matters between the blacks and the English colonists is by no means so satisfactory. The latter do not yet seem to have learned the knack of propitiating and winning the confidence of the people, and yet it is by the English chiefly that the charges of slavery and cruelty have been brought against the Boers.

Living in a country in which game is plentiful, the Boer farmer is usually a sportsman. For big game, the low country and Bushveld is that part of the Transvaal which the hunter must seek. Lions are still plentiful; but elephants and buffaloes are rapidly becoming scarce. Indeed, as the country has become more settled, a great diminution in almost all varieties of game has occurred, and still continues. This seems to be due not entirely to the gun and other modes of destroying wild creatures. Birds are seldom shot, and yet all kinds of birds are disappearing as fast as the larger animals. A very remarkable change in the seasons has been going on in the country; and as a result of this climatic change, the springs, rivers, and water-pools have become much smaller, in some cases filling altogether. To this cause the decrease in the animals of the country may be in part attributable. Captain Aylward advises all sportsmen purposing to make South Africa their field of operations, to lose no time; for at the present rate of decrease, wild animals, with the exception of springboks and blesboks, will have ceased to exist. Sportsmen will find much useful information and suggestion in regard to sport in South Africa in this book.

Snakes are among the pests of South Africa, being frequently the cause of unpleasant excitement; for though usually shy and retiring, they are apt to retire into inconvenient places. A stranger may lie down on the grass for a few moments, and rise up to discover a snake reposing on his shirt. The most deadly is the imamba; but there are several other species which, though of smaller size, are not less dangerous.

Captain Aylward tells a droll story of a *recontre* between a Bushman and a lion. The narrator was acquainted with the man, and has no doubt of the truth of the story. The Bushman while a long way from his home was met by a lion. The animal, assured that he had his victim completely in his power, began to sport and dally with him with a feline jocosity which the poor little Bushman failed to appreciate. The lion would appear at a point in the road and leap back again into the jungle, to reappear a little farther on. But the Bushman did not lose his presence of mind, and presently hit upon a device by which he might possibly outwit his foe. This plan was suggested by the lion's own conduct. Aware that the brute was ahead of him, he dodged to the right, and feeling pretty sure of the lion's whereabouts, resorted to the course of quietly watching his movements. When the lion discovered that the man had suddenly disappeared from the path, he was a good deal perplexed. He roared with mortification; when he espied the Bushman peeping at him over the grass. The Bushman at once changed his position, while the lion stood irresolute in the

path, following with his eye the shifting black man. In another moment the little man rustled the reeds, vanished, and shewed again at another point. The great brute was first confused, and then alarmed. It evidently began to dawn upon him that he had mistaken the position of matters, and that he was the hunted party. The Bushman, who clearly recognised what was passing in his enemy's mind, did not pause to let the lion recover his startled wits. He began to steal gradually towards the foe, who now in a complete state of doubt and fear, fairly turned tail and decamped, leaving the plucky and ingenious little Bushman master of the situation.

A reference to a map of Southern Africa will shew that the Transvaal territory is flanked by a range of mountains known as the Drakensberg and Lohembo Mountains. The whole country to the right of these ranges and north of Natal is Kaffirland. To the east and south-east of the Transvaal lies the territory of the Zulus, or Kaffirs proper; while north, west, and east is the country of the Bechuana race. The Transvaal is thus hemmed in on all sides by Kaffir tribes.

The name of Zulus has recently become sufficiently familiar to us. They are credited with being an extremely brave and formidable race of savages. They are, while we write, united under one king, and have a settled government, which Captain Aylward says may be best described as a despotism tempered by polygamy. He asserts that both their numbers and their military prowess have been greatly exaggerated; that, contrary to common report, they have been almost invariably vanquished by the Boers whenever the two have met on equal terms, and that far too much stress has been laid upon the importance and influence of the Zulu nation in South African affairs. He describes them as an utterly impracticable, polygamous, and pagan race, which, while other Kaffir peoples have been civilised and Christianised, have resisted all attempts in this direction. No authenticated instance did Captain Aylward ever meet with of a genuinely converted Zulu, and his assertion on this point he supports by the testimony of more than one missionary, both Protestant and Catholic. The Zulus stand much lower in his opinion, in every respect, than in that of some who have written on South African subjects, but with less practical experience than our author. He styles the Zulu the 'bogy' in South African affairs.

According to Mr Froude, 'the Transvaal Republic is the Alsatia of Africa, where every runaway from justice, every broken-down speculator, every reckless adventurer finds an asylum.' There certainly exists in the Transvaal a large class of needy and unscrupulous persons who are a plague to the land—loafers, penniless speculators, land-jobbers, and others of that unprofitable and mischievous genus who are in a chronic state of 'waiting for something to turn up,' except when they are engaged in some scheme more actively prejudicial to their neighbours.

In regard to the resources of our late annexation in Africa, Captain Aylward's declaration is that they have been greatly overstated. Farming does not hold out promises of either large or rapidly amassed fortunes; but the industrious man who possesses energy and habits of thrift may fairly expect to leave to his family the

means of keeping themselves in comfort and plenty, as prosperous peasant-proprietors or second-class graziers. If the settler be an Englishman, he must be prepared to regard himself as a Boer, to live the life which Boers live, to look upon the country as his home, as they do, and to cherish no desire of ultimately returning to England with a large fortune. Himself and his children may have health and happiness, lands to hold and till, horses to ride, plenty to occupy their hands, and not much of an exciting kind to exercise their minds; a life quiet to monotony, but cheerful enough for all that, in which it is possible to live a good, useful, and contented life. This is a general outline of the condition of a farmer in the Transvaal; and with this the intending settler must rest satisfied. In regard to pastoral pursuits, there are fair openings for sheep-farmers on the Transvaal Highveld and on the plains of the Free State. As compared with the large sheep-farming districts of our Australian colonies, the African sheep-runs must take a decidedly second place. And as a grazing country, the Transvaal is passable and no more.

Much exaggeration has been indulged in on the subject of the mineral resources of South Africa. Nothing that should legitimately have been called gold 'fields' have existed there. Small 'diggings' there have been, meriting no bigger name than 'pockets' or 'pockets,' each of which could be worked out by properly organised companies in a short space. Iron, coal, and copper have all been found in the Transvaal but are not at present of the least practical value, nor can be until the country is opened up by railways—if that ever comes about. The conclusion of the whole question of the Transvaal's resources seems to be what has been already indicated—namely, that for a long time to come at least, this region of South Africa must be 'the mother of flocks and herds,' a land nourishing and producing a respectable and well-to-do race of peasant-farmers, owning the fields they occupy. This is a statement which ought to be reiterated, as it must be borne in mind by all intending settlers in the territory, and all interested in the future of the Transvaal.

The subject of our recent annexations in South Africa is of great importance; but without entering further into the question of the attitude which Great Britain has thought fit to assume, we are doubtful if the annexation has met with the approval of the Boers themselves. It is certain that to a very large proportion of them the step has brought nothing but bitterness and discontent.

The book which we have had under notice, and which, it will be gathered, touches on a large variety of South African questions, puts strongly before the reader the grounds which the Boers have for complaint and dissatisfaction. Much has been written on the other side of the question, and it is therefore but justice that the Boers should have secured an advocate. The present volume is full of information and interest, and though avowedly championing our new subjects against the several charges from time to time brought against them, is written in the main in a fair and impartial spirit. As it is the work of one long and closely acquainted with his subject, it

is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of South Africa and South African affairs, and we shall be prepared to hear that it has met with considerable attention.

THAT DAY ON INNISMORE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MIRAGE.

THE story I have to tell about myself is indeed an old story now, and both for the scenes and events of that day on Innismore, memory must reach back half-way across a century. And yet, even as I put these words on paper, I seem to see the island as clearly as I actually beheld it, fifty years ago, on the eve of what proved to be the most eventful day of my life.

Any one who has a sufficiently good map of Ireland, and casts his eye down along the northern coast of Connaught, will perhaps be able to find a small island which bears the name of Innismore. On the map before me it seems nothing but a sea-girt rock; yet it is in fact an island of more than two miles in length, and in one place almost a mile in breadth, and contains some two hundred inhabitants.

The distance of Innismore from the nearest point of the mainland is about six miles; and as there are no other islands in its immediate neighbourhood, it stands out bold and solitary and grand, exposed to the whole force of the western gales and the fierce billows of the restless Atlantic. The island, independently of its situation, is of an exceedingly picturesque character. On the north and east sides the cliffs rise to a height of five hundred feet; in some places forming perpendicular walls of ink-basalt, whose smooth faces—almost unbroken by any irregularity—look as if they had been planed by some giant hand; in other places, being eaten away at the base, ponderous and overhanging masses of red and gray granite seem ever on the point of toppling down into the water below. These sides of the island are moreover very irregular in their formation, and much indented. Bays, creeks, and gullies, made by gaps and fissures in the cliffs, abound everywhere. Here and there, some rocky peak, higher than its neighbours, has thrust itself far out into the sea, while a narrow and serrated ridge still keeps it connected with the cliffs behind. Then down below, along the water's edge, the fretting sea has worked and worn and cut its way for ages. The softer portions of the rock have been scooped and hollowed out, the harder rounded off and polished smooth as glass. Innumerable caves and strangely fashioned arches are the result.

The west side of the island is tamer than the east. It has no bay or deep indentation. The rocks on this side are low, but go down with a rapid slope into the sea. In the few places where the water is not deep close to the rocks, the shore is formed of huge boulders of granite, and banks of large stones ground into giant marbles by the action of the waves.

The inhabitants of Innismore differ considerably from their neighbours on the mainland. They are said to be of Spanish origin; and certainly the regular features and tall figures of many of the men, and the oval faces, large dark eyes, jetty hair, and dark complexions of the women shew that they are not of pure Celtic descent. The industries

of the islanders are fishing and illicit distillation; for the latter of which the island afforded peculiar advantages, as, except in fine and settled weather, no troublesome visitors from the mainland could effect a landing. These however, I should perhaps say, were the industries of the people; for the time I speak of is long past, and many changes have taken place. And now for my story.

It was on a summer's evening in the month of June that I, in no enviable frame of mind, and wishing to be alone, had left Killalla Castle, had wandered along the shore of the bay before the house, and had climbed up the steep cliff which on the right-hand side shelters the Bay of Killalla, and makes it, once you are in it, one of the safest little harbours on the coast of Connaught. I had lately heard that the regiment I belonged to had been ordered abroad; and almost immediately I should have to leave a place which, for certain reasons, was at that time dearer to me than home, and to leave it under circumstances that were particularly irritating. Yet when I reached the summit of the cliff, the view before me for a moment entirely occupied my thoughts. It was about sunset. The sun itself could not be seen, on account of some low-lying clouds or haze on the horizon; but all around there was a mingled flood of gold and crimson light. The water below, from the base of the cliff, and far out until it became a line against the sky, was without a ripple on its surface, and gently heaving in its sleep, glanced and shone like burnished metal. The sky was without a cloud, except where here or there some fleecy cirrus, gilded by the setting rays, seemed motionless in the clear blue.

These things were so, I suppose, for I can hardly say I saw them, one object engrossing all my attention. It was the island of Innismore. By some strange atmospheric illusion, it seemed no longer to be standing in the sea—it was floating in mid-air, and bathed in rosy light, like the enchanted castle of some eastern tale; for the ocean out there could not be distinguished from the sky, and was reflecting only the golden rays of the sunset; and the island's strange and fantastic cliffs stood out like towers and lines of wall and lofty battlements against the golden light behind. So I beheld the island on that summer evening—a golden picture. And the fifty years of life that have since passed by, so far from obscuring the glory of that strange sight, have in my mind ever seemed to be themselves brightened by its splendour.

And now I must explain the circumstances which led to the events I am about to relate. My uncle, John Vance of Killalla, had been married twice. His first wife, having given birth to a daughter, died within a year of her marriage. After remaining a widower ten years, my uncle married again. His second wife was one of the Barretts of the County Clare, an old Roman Catholic family. At the time I speak of, Mr Vance had himself been dead about two years, leaving my cousin Clara, his only child, in the guardianship of her step-mother. Clara Vance was now in her nineteenth year. I was a few years her senior, and we had known one another from our childhood. Clara was moreover a beautiful girl, rather tall, with a lithe and graceful figure; her large deep-blue eyes were fringed with long silky eyelashes, her features regular, and her complexion exceedingly fair, in

spite of frequent exposure to the salt breezes, which only indeed seemed to heighten slightly the delicate glow upon her cheeks. Her hair, which used to fall in glossy brown waves over her shoulders, and reached down below her waist, was now that she was grown up, kept decorously confined, after the fashion, in as small space as its profusion would permit. Is it necessary for me to say that I was in love with Clara Vance?

I had not fallen in love with her; there had been nothing sudden in the matter; I could not say when I had begun to love her. I had always loved her, only the feeling in me had grown and strengthened as I became capable of deeper emotion.

I believed too that Clara cared for me in return, though she had never given me any very special grounds for thinking so; and if she had divined the nature of my regard for her, it was only because the object of so deep a passion cannot remain ignorant of its existence; for as yet that little sentence, so sweet once in life to whisper or to hear, remained unspoken between us.

Now however, I was going abroad. Could I say farewell to my cousin without coming to some understanding with her? And even were I able to do so, would it be prudent? What interpretation would she put upon my silence, and what might happen during the years of my absence?

What would happen so far as others were concerned, was plain enough. There was already a rival in the field. Major Barrett, a relation of my aunt's, was at the present moment a visitor at the castle. For a month past his schooner-yacht had been lying in the bay, and as yet there was not a word said of his departure. He seemed quite at home; and I could see plainly enough that my aunt was entirely favourable to his suit. Mrs Vance was a woman whose character presented that strange mixture of worldly-mindedness and religion which is sometimes to be met with. Though my uncle had been a Protestant, she had remained a devout Roman Catholic; and was of a prudent and calculating turn of mind. Mr Vance had been well on in years and very much older than herself, when she had married him; and she had always, but especially since his death, taken a warmer interest in the affairs of her own family than in those of his. And indeed a match between Major Barrett and Clara would have been in many ways not an undesirable one. He was a handsome man, a little old perhaps for my cousin, being forty I should say, but looking ten years younger, and without a sign of gray in his black hair or whiskers. He was well off too, having lately inherited the Barrett estates, encumbered indeed—as old properties very often were in those days in Ireland—and it was whispered, with heavy debts of his own in addition. But Clara would have, besides the Killalla estates, her mother's large fortune and a considerable sum of money in the funds left by my uncle.

Major Barrett too had the power of making himself exceedingly agreeable whenever he pleased. To me indeed he made himself very much the reverse, but somehow contrived that all the blame and awkwardness should be mine. A fortnight previously I had come to Killalla Castle to spend a few weeks before sailing for India. The place had almost been a home to me; for my

parents had been long dead, and I had been a favourite with my uncle; and so school holidays and college vacations had been spent with him. But now here was this Major Barrett, whom I had never seen before, and everything was changed by his presence. The delightful rambles which I used to have with my cousin by the sea-shore or along the cliffs, and the boating-excursions in which she kept me company, were at an end. I had not been a day in the Major's company before I felt convinced that he perceived the nature of my regard for my cousin. I thought also that he must have spoken to my aunt on the subject; for somehow it came to pass that I never got an opportunity of being alone with Clara. True indeed that going out early the first morning after my arrival, I found my cousin at work as usual among her flowers; but not dreaming that it was to be my only opportunity of seeing her alone, I let it pass. The next morning I met Major Barrett on the walk leading to my cousin's garden, and he remained with me till breakfast-time. Throughout the day, he was always at Clara's side; and when after dinner, leaving the gentlemen in the dining-room over their wine, I followed my cousin down the sea-walls, we were at once joined by Mrs Vance. And so each day passed by with riding-parties and boating-parties and the like; but things were always so managed that Clara and I should never have a moment *tête-à-tête* together. And I could not help perceiving that my aunt had become weary at my presence, and was looking forward to the time when my leave should expire.

Somehow too Major Barrett contrived always, while keeping perfectly cool himself, to irritate and ruffle my temper, and make me appear to disadvantage in my cousin's eyes. He had a way of talking at me and of me as if I were a mere lad. Let me give an instance. I had hoped that the fact that I was going on foreign service would heighten perhaps whatever interest my cousin might take in me. I was, I suppose, a little proud of my profession, as indeed I think, to say the very least, every soldier ought to be. I had been talking to Clara about my regiment, telling her something of its history and doings in bygone times. As I observed that she was much interested in what I was saying, I had proceeded to express my hope that should occasion offer, the regiment would act in the future as it had done in the past; adding that, to be remembered and thought well of at home, must be, I felt sure, a soldier's best reward for undergoing difficulties and dangers. I can recall the to me, very annoying manner in which Major Barrett, who had overheard our conversation, turned into ridicule what he styled a young gentleman's hopes of glory. 'It is all stuff, Miss Vance,' he said, 'about dangers and difficulties, as Master Harry here will have to confess when he comes home again—without his enthusiasm. A lad has little to do in India except to shew off his uniform, when the heat will let him. If there is any real work for him to do, it's a policeman's work, when some row has got up. Only out there, the soldiers are allowed to shoot the unfortunate people, and police at home as a rule are not. Ha, ha!' he continued, laughing; 'fancy, Miss Vance, a young gentleman expecting to cover himself with glory in the police force!'

It was after this conversation that I had wandered out alone on the cliffs that summer evening, feeling angry and dispirited enough. I hoped, as I have said, that my cousin cared for me. She had smiled, it is true, at Major Barrett's raillery; still I imagined that she was hurt at the way I had been treated. At any rate I could not endure to be pitted by her, and I then and there determined that I would have an explanation with her—and with the Major too by-and-by—and tell her all that was in my heart, let what might come of it. Having formed this resolution, I looked up. The sun had set, the gold and crimson hues had faded from both sea and sky, the mirage had vanished, and Innismore was disenchanted, standing far out in the sea and with a blue haze floating round it. It was time to return; so retracing my steps, I went down the steep hill-side and through the oak-wood to the castle.

There were some other visitors beside Major Barrett staying with my aunt at this time. Two cousins of Clara's and a few other friends. Clara and one or two of the girls were walking on the terrace as I approached; she left them and came quickly across the grass to meet me.

'Why did you leave us that way, Harry?' she said. 'I saw that you were annoyed; and it's too bad that you should be vexed, now that you have to go from us so soon.' I looked into her face as she spoke, and saw a soft kind light in her blue eyes as she continued: 'Please—please don't mind what Major Barrett says.' And then with a slight hesitation she added: 'I don't; and at the same moment one bright glance met mine, as if to shew that she intended her words to have some meaning; and then, as she turned her face away, she asked quickly: 'But where did you go to? Mamma has been making ever so many inquiries.'

'I have been,' I answered, 'looking at Innismore, and I never saw it appear so strange and beautiful as it did this evening. And do you know, it has reminded me of an old engagement between us. But I begin to fear that perhaps a girl's memory is rather a fickle thing, and that old engagements won't be much regarded.'

'At least,' she replied quickly, 'have given you no reason to say that.'

'No; you have not,' I said; 'and fulfil this one. I may never have the right to ask such a favour of you again, who knows! It concerns Innismore, which I have just been looking at. Don't you remember you promised to come with me to see the Giant's Cave? Will you come?'

'Yes,' she said; 'I will. When?'

'To-morrow,' I replied, 'if possible; the sooner the better.'

At this point we were joined by some others of the party, and soon by Mrs Vance and the Major. As I tried to convey to Clara some idea of the strange view I had just had of Innismore, a conversation about the island arose, which resulted in Major Barrett offering to take us out to it in his yacht the *Vampire* on the morrow, should the weather continue fine.

And now, before I go further, let me say this. I am quite aware that what I am about to relate may seem to some persons unworthy of credit. I shall be thought by them to be not merely relating a fiction, but such a fiction as lies beyond the bounds of reasonable probability. If any one is

disposed so to think, let me ask him to bear in mind the supreme importance which Roman Catholics attach to the sacraments of their Church, an importance so high, that in the matter of marriages, for example, they refuse to be fettered, like other denominations, by laws of the state's devising; and that at the present day in Ireland marriages are celebrated by the Roman Catholic clergy at any time of the day or night, and in any place and manner that they please. And also let me say, that if blame is thought to attach to me for the part I took in the doings which I relate, I would ask the reader to bear in mind the circumstances in which I was placed; that the greatness of the interest at stake is considered in love as well as in war to justify extreme measures; and, lastly, that it is not so very long ago since Gretna Green was an institution across the Irish Channel.

CHAPTER II.—OFF TO INNISMORE.

The morning of Thursday the 20th of June in the year 1827 was as fair a morning as ever ushered in a summer day. The sun had risen up in an almost cloudless sky. Here and there, a few light white streaks of vapour, like shreds of cotton wool, floated in the blue expanse, but these feathery clouds were all far away down toward the southern horizon. The sea outside the harbour was brightly blue; even the gentle undulations of the previous evening had ceased, and nothing moved the surface of the water but the laughing ripple that a light easterly breeze was printing on it. The mercury in the barometer stood very high, and everything betokened a fine day. There was just breeze enough, if it lasted, to take us out in about a couple of hours to Innismore, and no sea to prevent a landing there or make it dangerous to enter the caves.

The painful and feverish anxiety I was in had not suffered me to close my eyes during the past night, and at the first faint streak of light in the east I had risen and wandered out to the sea-shore. There, in the fresh cool dawn, I had endeavoured to think calmly over the circumstances of my case and consider what I should do. One thing I was determined on, namely to make a full confession of my feelings to Clara, and to make it if possible that very day. Her kind manner to me, the few words she had spoken, above all that one momentary glance the evening before, encouraged me to hope that she was on my side. But certainly I had no other friend. It was quite clear what was Major Barrett's errand here. And it was equally clear that he was receiving and would receive all the assistance my aunt had it in her power to give. And how was Clara, even if she did love me, to stand out against the pressure that would be brought to bear upon her during the years of my absence, unless before parting I should assure her of my unalterable attachment? I was prepared therefore to seize the very first opportunity of being alone with her that might occur, and to do my utmost to create such an opportunity. Another thing I had determined on was this: that I could not and would not set my foot on board the *Vampire*. I hated the owner. I knew his object in coming to Killalla. I was going to do my best to thwart him, and I could not have my hands tied, as it were, by accepting any favour from him, however trifling. I was however, in no

difficulty here. A little ten-ton yacht of my own, the *Fairy*, was lying at her moorings in the bay; I had settled to go in her, and if possible to arrange that Clara should accompany me, though in this I did not much expect to succeed.

I gave orders, therefore, the first thing in the morning that the *Fairy* should be ready to start at the time appointed; and so when we met at breakfast, an hour earlier than usual, the little yacht, with her white sails set, could be seen from the windows of the castle. I had not much difficulty in declining Major Barrett's invitation to go with the rest of the party in the *Vampire*. But the moment I asked Clara to accompany me in what I pleaded might be my last excursion in the *Fairy*, I was met, as I expected, by a multitude of objections from my aunt and the Major. Miss Vance had promised, it was said, to go in the *Vampire*. The *Fairy* would not get to Innismore for hours after the large yacht; the party would be broken up. 'And worst of all,' added Major Barrett; 'not only should we be deprived of the pleasure of Miss Vance's company, but she will miss her luncheon, which is to be ready on the island at two o'clock sharp.'

To persevere in my request would have been useless, and could only have done harm; so merely saying to Clara that as it was Major Barrett's turn this time, it ought in fairness to be mine the next, I hurried down to the beach and went on board the *Fairy*. Besides any occasion that accident might afford during the day, there was one plan that I purposed to try in order to obtain the desired interview with my cousin. But to succeed in this, it was in the first place necessary for me to reach the island as soon as the *Vampire*; and though the *Fairy* was a fast little boat, I could not hope to keep up with a yacht ten times her size; however, with half-an-hour's start and with my knowledge of the locality, I did not despair.

The morning was, as I have said, beautiful; a light breeze was blowing from the north-east. The island, though but six or seven miles from Termon Head, the nearest point of the mainland, was some fourteen miles from us, and to windward, the breeze coming almost right down the Sound of Innismore. Having failed in my attempt to have Clara with me, I was now most eager to reach Innismore in time. The breeze was so light that the half-hour I had gained in starting had taken me but a little way; and as I stood in towards the shore, it was with considerable anxiety that I watched for the *Vampire* to make her appearance from behind Killalla Head. At length her bowsprit's point was seen just shewing round the rock, and in a moment the *Fairy* was about and standing off the land on the starboard tack. And now all depended—yes, far more than at the moment I even imagined—upon what the *Vampire* would do. Neither Major Barrett nor his crew knew our coast. In-shore the breeze was certainly very light. Would he continue his course, in hopes of finding the wind better outside, or would he hug the land to escape the strength of the tide? He did the former. There was one person on board who could have told him better, but who did not wish to see the little craft she had so often sailed in, or perhaps its owner either, left behind. And so the *Vampire* sped onward, her cloud of snowy canvas carrying her far out

across the Sound; and it seemed clear that her owner had no intention of putting her about until he could fetch the island.

A glance at the map will shew that the land trends away for some distance on each side of Termon Head, forming on the south-east side with Killalla Head the shallow indentation named Termon Bay. Running out from Termon Head for some distance is a long low reef of rocks, covered several feet even at low-water. A rapid tide runs through Innismore Sound. There had been still half an hour of flood when the *Fairy* rounded Killalla Head; but that was over now. The ebb was beginning to set strongly, and was carrying the *Vampire*, now far out and still on the starboard tack, swiftly away upon its surface. Meanwhile the *Fairy* having stood in, was now close to the shore, and again upon the starboard tack; but getting the wind more off the land, and with the strong eddy tide that runs up Termon Bay on her lee-bow, and setting her well to windward, was likely to fetch Termon Head without having to go about again. Once there with the wind abaft the beam, she would quickly cross the Sound, and might still let go her anchor off Innismore as soon as the *Vampire*.

LIFE AT A 'CRAMMER'S'

As is pretty generally known, the competitive examinations which now bar the entrance to every department of the public service, have given rise to a separate and lucrative profession, that of the 'crammer,' whose duty it is to prepare for their business, and superintending the studies of, the future servants of Her Majesty. It was the writer's fortune to spend some time in the establishment of one of these; and as life there had its peculiar aspects, its own pleasures and drawbacks, he proposes to sketch one or two of its sides.

So to our particular 'crammer,' 'coach,' or wholesale private tutor, as it may seem more proper to style him. His establishment was a rather large one of its kind, embracing as many as fifteen pupils; large, that is, considering that it was situated in the country, and in a part of the country where, though the scenery was very fine, the roads were far from being first-rate. Our Principal, or chief crammer, was a personage whose other employments qualified him fully for the posts of squire, clergyman, and schoolmaster. In the last-named capacity he employed four tutors, generally Oxford or Cambridge men, who being little older than their pupils, were out of work-hours, as our 'head' would gleefully say, the noisiest and most mischievous of the batch. So that, what with himself, his wife and children, their governess, the four tutors and fifteen pupils, and his numerous staff of servants, we really, as far as numbers went, did not ill deserve the name of a colony.

Our position too, in a rather remote part of the country was capitally adapted to the circumstances. The ages of the pupils varied from seventeen to twenty-two, and a more pleasant though rather noisy and reckless set was never

gathered together. In some things they were peculiarly boyish; at all times they were easily amused. Young fellows preparing for the army are not naturally the most careful and thoughtful of youths, and wherever placed, would be pretty sure to get into scrapes of a more or less serious kind. But at Honeythwaite such scrapes were of the less serious kind. Their chances of getting into debt were not frequent or extensive, while our head was much more easily able to keep a friendly eye over their doings. Scrapes of course they got into, but these chiefly consisted of setting their terriers at the squire's rabbits on week-days, and making eyes too openly at the farmers' daughters on Sundays; or of perhaps poaching a little on neighbours' fisheries. And in getting them out of such scrapes, whether by bribery or persuasion, our head, taught by long experience, notoriously excelled. They always knew that however he might 'jaw' them afterwards, he would stand by them while the danger lasted. Sometimes of course a dun from the county town would find his way to Honeythwaite to look up some customer whose visits to the said county town had latterly ceased; but the sums were small, and our colony was always ready to help its members in such difficulties. So that if we sometimes could not get our supplies, neither could we so easily get into mischief, owing to our distance from civilisation.

But as to the serious business of our lives there. The majority of the pupils, say twelve out of fifteen, were preparing for the army; the other three aspired to matriculation at one of the universities at some future day. Of the army pupils, some were preparing for the preliminary, some for the intermediate examination, which if I remember rightly—and such details are very confusing—could be passed a few months after the other, and success in which opened the immediate road to Sandhurst. At the time I was there the majority of them were preparing for the first, and several of them held commissions in the militia; a fact which renders the later examinations a little more easy, but which did not seem to add much dignity to those gallant officers. For this preliminary, the subjects they were getting up were chiefly Dictation, Geography, Arithmetic, French, and one or two other elementary ones. Dictation, as I had often heard, was certainly the subject which was at once the most practised and most dreaded. At certain times, morning and evening, the monotonous voice of the reader could be heard through the open windows of Honeythwaite, dictating to some of the pupils who wrote for nearly three hours a day. Their ideas of spelling followed the phonetic system so nearly, that I avoid giving examples, lest I should be credited with nothing save a fertile invention. But with all their practice on paper and aloud, the spelling was often too much for them. First the paper was looked over; and often a 'blue-pill'—as the fatal bit of paper that announced failure was termed—put an end all

too early to suspense. And then for another three months the dreary round had to be gone through, terminating very probably in another failure; and so on until the fiat came forth from home that the governor's patience or pocket had failed; or equally fatal, that the candidate had passed the limit of age. Geography too seemed to be another well-nigh insurmountable obstacle; but I believe that the paper set was often really difficult.

We used to get up very early in the morning, much to the annoyance of our officials, who were not themselves always punctual. Work began at seven o'clock; but in winter the attendance was irregular, the men dropping in in skirmishing order, few and far between. At eight we had breakfast; and work, resumed at nine, lasted until a little before one, more or less at the discretion of the tutors. Then came lunch; and in the afternoon two hours' work, at which however, all did not attend. At night also two hours more, besides the private work which was expected, but seldom was done. In fact, at a private tutor's the pupils rarely do anything unless the tutor is looking over their shoulders, and even then the labour all falls upon him.

When I first became acquainted with this cramming system, the number of hours devoted to work made me marvel. I found that nine hours were not thought too many for the business of the day; and when we consider that a senior classic, or rather an aspirant to such honours, would not consider that he was wanting in industry if he did seven hours' work every day, and that at Oxford he who gives four hours or so a day to his books is considered a reading-man, this nine hours' work does seem prodigious to devote daily to the acquisition of purely elementary knowledge. Consumed too with so little result, for these men are often rejected again and again. The reason of course is plain. The fault lies not with the crammer, but with the material on which he has to work. Boys of ability are not sent to a private tutor's, but as a rule manage to pass such examinations as lie in their way, by their own efforts directed by school-training. The private tutor only gets those of duller capacity, whom it is his duty to struggle to polish into something like fitness. Sometimes of course he gets brighter specimens to polish; but that is in cases of defective early education, and with these it is that dictation proves such a stumbling-block. I have even heard of a crammer's where, if report was to be believed, eleven hours' work was done daily. Such an amount, according to old 'varsity tradition, was impossible, and so it probably would be if men were to work all the time they sat before their books. But at a crammer's, the younger fellows give but half their attention; being of course free from all fear of corporal punishment, and controlled by moral influence alone. Some of the older ones see their own interest better. It was a great credit nevertheless to our 'head' that he had so much control over his rather obstreperous pupils; they had one and all a very considerable dread of being privately interviewed by him.

For the intermediate examination for the army, a good deal of English had to be read in a

desultory manner. Men in for it, usually worked much harder than the younger ones, having Sandhurst and a commission in full view, and encouraged by their success in the preliminary. They had too no spelling, a name which seemed to cause the cheek of every army candidate to grow pale. From wheresoever they came, from Harrow, or Winchester, or Charterhouse, or Cheltenham, or from private tuition, this weary spelling seemed more or less defective; nor need I say how easy it is to unlearn your orthography in such company, for in spelling, more than in other things, to hesitate is to be lost.

At least one afternoon in the week was a half-holiday, and did not we enjoy it! If we did not do much work in school-hours, we certainly played thoroughly out of school. Our 'head' had some very fair shooting in autumn, and rabbits in plenty when that was done. Several of the pupils had horses of their own, and occasionally hunted; while all had dogs, white fox-terriers of course being the favourites. We formed too a capital cricket eleven; and the vicarage-grounds contained some good lawn-tennis courts.

On the half-holiday many would drive into the county town, their elaborate personal display ill suiting the primitive Honeysuckle vehicle, which strongly resembled what in more fashionable districts would be styled a 'butcher's cart'. But no vagaries of the young gentlemen at the vicarage would have betrayed the neighbourhood into the weakness of surprise; they had lost that faculty. The rules of discipline were not of course anything like so strict as those of school-life, even during our school-time. The elder pupils, if being taken together, were often allowed to smoke as a little relaxation in the middle of the long morning hours, a few minutes being granted for the circle to solemnly fill and light their pipes. But this was an irregularity winked at rather than allowed by our 'head', whose manifold employments did not allow him to take more than a small share in the actual teaching. One of our most pleasant times was the dinner-hour in the evening; and it would have been more pleasant still could we have shaken off the consciousness of the two hours' work yet to be done. However, we made the most of it, all meeting there upon an equality round the cheerful table. Many were the wonderful exploits that the terriers seemed to have performed that day amongst the rabbits and other small game. Then we all took a real interest in the doings of the farm and poultry-yard of our host and hostess; and we knew all about the sick old women in the parish, and the needs of the choir, and the prospects of the bazaar; and endless chaff passed between tutors and pupils on the subject of early rising. Then we wrangled over the chances of war; all our candidates being selfishly interested in that, hoping that hostilities would open the gates of Sandhurst even to him whose spelling had its weak moments. Occasionally too, perhaps, some of us had been to London and back, and were enthusiastic about this or that play, about the Academy or the Aquarium. So that our dinner-table, with its happy mixture of local and general topics of interest, formed so cheerful a scene that I would fain leave it in your mind's eye, without hunting at the cold, bleak class-rooms at seven A.M.; were it not that you might carry away but a partial view of that

life at a country crammer's, which so strikingly unites many of the features at once of the public school and the university, the mess-room and the country-house.

THE BROADS OF EAST ANGLIA.

THE term 'Broads' is entirely provincial, and its application appears to be confined to Suffolk and Norfolk. They are extensive sheets of water for the most part, and are supposed to be feeders of the three main rivers of the two counties—the Bure or North River, the Yare, and the Waveney—and take either the form of vast expansions of the river proper, or of lakes or lagoons in connection therewith. Yet as they differ from lakes or lagoons in some essential characteristic, the term 'Broad' appears more appropriate. They have in general flat and marshy borders; but many of them are richly wooded to the water's edge, giving them a peculiarly picturesque beauty; the more appreciated from the contrast they afford to the extensive flat or slightly undulating fens by which they are surrounded. Of these Broad's there are no fewer than fourteen in one group; and when smaller ones are included, nearly fifty may be counted in a comparatively circumscribed radius.

All these Broad's, excepting Tilbey, are open to fair angling; and boats at a remarkably small charge are obtainable at water-side inns, such for instance as the *Elk's Foot*. Trending towards the north-east and passing under Acle Bridge, the Bure receives by far its most important tributary the Thurn; and the latter takes the superfluous flow of water from no less than five Broad's—Hickling Great Broad, five hundred acres; Horsey Mere, one hundred and twenty acres; Martham Broad, rapidly filling in with decayed vegetation, seventy acres; Helgham Sound, one hundred and fifty acres; and Whittlesea Broad, fifteen acres. Returning to the main river, we find the Bure at the confluence of the Thurn, turning to the north-west; and at about the distance of two miles, it receives the drainage of the South Walsham and Upton Broad's; and on the other side, near St Bennet's Abbey, the river Ant flows in. The Ant drains Barton Broad, a noble sheet of water, and several small Broad's, altogether over three hundred acres. As the river Bure turns still farther north-west we arrive at the outlet of the Ranworth Broad, one hundred and fifty acres; while farther north are the Hoveton Small Broad's, about eighty acres; and then Hoveton and other Broad's of greater or lesser extent. Without entering into further details connected with these fine sheets of water, we will proceed to offer our readers a few words regarding their attractions to the angler, the naturalist, and the yachtsman.

It is within the memory of middle-aged men that these Broad's were looked upon as an angler's paradise, notwithstanding the many illegitimate methods of fish-capture practised by others. The waters literally teemed with fish. Then cart or wherry loads of roach and bream, which went daily off to the coast as bait for deep-sea fishing, were said only to leave the necessary room to the remaining fish! Fishing for pike and perch was pursued with 'higgers,' trimmers,' 'night-lines,' and every conceivable engine of destruction, it

being idly supposed that no known means that man could devise could reduce the presumed inexhaustible piscatorial resources of these extensive water-sheds. But such wholesale destruction could not last; the Broadwaters were becoming rapidly depopulated; and it was in vain that one indefatigable writer, season after season sounded the tocsin of alarm. He pointed out that as the depth of these Broadwaters was but on an average of from four to six feet, with a hard marly even bottom, the shoals of fish had no escape or harbour of refuge from the net, and were gradually and surely being depleted towards almost total annihilation. Added to which, the poacher, knowing the habits of the various fish, and their seasons for passing to spawn, to and fro from river to Broad, could, with his nets, intercept and clear out in a single day enough to fill the hold of a barge waiting in some neighbouring creek to take the ill-gotten freight on board. When the destructive nature of this traffic became known, the authorities of the Great Eastern Railway, greatly to their credit, issued an order that no fresh-water fish would in future be conveyed over their line *en bulk* from these districts; and then, and not until then was legislative interference sought for, to preserve the few straggling undersized fish that remained in these once world-famed fresh-water fisheries.

In the emergency, Mr Frank Buckland, the well-known naturalist, had his attention drawn to these Broadwaters; and we cannot do better here than quote one single passage from his very exhaustive Report. He says: 'I observed in these Broadwaters where no netting was (supposed) to be allowed, an immense number of small fry. In the rivers and Broadwaters infested by the poachers I did not see a single fish.' From this it will be evident that the passing of the Norfolk and Suffolk Fisheries Act, by which these once famous fisheries are now placed under the control of a Board of Conservators, who have power to make regulations as to the fisheries in their counties, was not passed a day too soon.

Besides their reviving attractions for the legitimate angler, some of the Broadwaters are utilised as decoys for ducks or harbours for game, their quietness being seldom disturbed; and the reed, bulrush, and moss having been permitted to grow, to die, and to fall undisturbed for years out of mind, the consequence is that the watery boundary is gradually getting more and more circumscribed. In most of the Broadwaters however, there is no great anticipation of such filling in. In them the reed and the rush are found to be of too great consequence to permit of their neglect and waste; and from them—such has been the increase of the demand since railways could be reached with facility—the aquatic vegetation is regularly cut, and the proceeds sent to far-distant counties for roofing, hurdle-making, bottle envelopes, baskets, &c. It is therefore the belief of intelligent natives that the mere fact of the decay and subsidence of vegetable matter will not for centuries have an injurious effect in those Broadwaters in which Nature is left to herself. The *sphagnum* or bog-moss and the tussock (*Carex paniculata*) when left undisturbed, play important parts in the natural reclamation of the Broadwaters; and if assisted by art, it is surprising how rapidly the silting up may be effected. The tussock or *hassock*—for

they are still cut for and used in some of the Norfolk churches as cushions whereon to kneel—grows to four or five feet in height in some of these places, and is continually adding to its bulk and its height by the fall of its own dead and long grassy leaves. These tussocks cut down and severed laterally with a hay-knife, and their halves placed close together with their convex side downwards, soon grow, adhere together, and make excellent and safe roads across the most boggy and treacherous land, bearing after a season or two even the weight of a loaded cart with no more deflection than would be caused by the same vehicle passing over a slight suspension-bridge. It will be therefore apparent that no fear need exist that the larger and more important acreages of water will—at least for ages to come—be lost to the angler, naturalist, or sportsman; that indeed on the contrary, whilst turf is being cut for fuel, thus increasing the extent of water, such cannot be the case. Moreover there is, since the passing of the Act referred to, an earnest desire on the part of most of their owners to preserve these splendid water-sheds, as they are the peculiar feature of East Anglia, and constitute its principal piscatorial attraction.

No one who is acquainted with the eastern counties can help being struck with what the *Live Stock Journal* has graphically if paradoxically described as 'the oases of waste land' to be found there. In oriental countries the traveller journeys wearily through vast deserts, and is presently gladdened by the appearance of a green spot, which lies like an island in the midst of an ocean of sand. In our eastern counties the precisely opposite is the case; one passes over highly cultivated lands mile after mile, and presently finds a space, inclosed on all sides by stubble or roots, quite bare of any useful product. It is an oasis, an island of waste in the midst of a sea of plenty. And yet such places might be well and profitably utilised for rabbit-breeding, provided that precautionary means could be devised to prevent the animals from intruding upon the cultivated lands. The demand for variety of food in our great cities is now so pressing, that it is hardly possible to bring an overplus of rabbits into the market; and the prices are sufficiently high to remunerate the wholesale breeder. If it would not pay a man to embark in such a speculation entirely, perhaps it might pay a neighbouring agriculturist to add a large warren to his farm. Indeed the suggestion is applicable not only in the eastern counties but in other localities where hundreds of acres are permitted to remain unproductive, when they may be so readily colonised.

We cannot promise the naturalist that ornithological banquet which awaited him in these regions as late as 1843, when Lubbock, in his *Fauna of Norfolk*, prepared us for the disappearance of many birds then not uncommon. Amongst other birds that once frequented those districts were the white-tailed eagle—three of which Mr Lubbock has seen in flight at once—and the golden eagle. Falcons of the buzzard tribe still frequent the district; but a deadly war is waged against them by throwing up small mounds of earth about a yard in height, and taking them with an un baited trap fixed upon the apex, as they prefer to alight upon these hillocks

rather than the flat ground. It is to be deplored that the cruel and foolish system of killing off our noble birds of prey should be so persistently followed not only in Norfolk but everywhere throughout Great Britain. The damage done on the moor or in the coverts by hawks and falcons—which is after all but nominal—is, in our opinion, quite insufficient to warrant their wholesale destruction; which, besides depriving us of the most beautiful of our feathered tribes, is a wilful violation of the laws that govern Nature's own balance. The great bustard formerly bred in the vicinity of the Broads, and now and then we hear of one being shot. Their nest was made in the depression of the hillocks, or between the rows of spring corn; but the size of the bird rendering it a conspicuous object from a distance, it was seldom allowed to breed. Again it lays but three eggs at most; and as these eggs are becoming of more and more value to the collector, the doom of the bird in its wild state, like that of the falcons, would appear to be sealed. Mr J. E. Harting, in a letter to the writer, says: 'I enjoyed a rare treat in watching the movements of the last great bustard that was seen in Norfolk, of which I gave an account in the *Field* of April 8, 1876 (p. 413).'

The most facile and cheapest way to see the Norfolk rivers and villages on their banks, is to get on board the sailing barges (here locally termed wherries) when leaving any of their extreme destinations on the Bure, Yare, or Waveney; which may be done at a very trifling expense; and then if the master is in a communicative mood, you may learn from him all the history of the waters and of the land as far as the eye can reach. They are usually navigated by two hands, a man and a boy or the wife of the wherryman. For these however, who would be their own masters, there is no difficulty in hiring a lug-sail boat suitable for sailing, fishing, and water-fowling, which could be taken anywhere on these rivers or any of the Broads; there are no locks or impediments, and the tide as far as it runs is very gentle.

Accommodation of a humble and cleanly kind can be obtained at inns on the banks at convenient distances. The tourist might start from Norwich, and after a voyage of sixty miles by the Yare and Bure, visiting Great Yarmouth on the way, find himself on Wroxham Broad, now but a few minutes by rail from his point of departure. At Horning Ferry this class of boats are to be hired, and likewise at Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Norwich; and for the Waveney, at Beccles you may get a really dean and roomy boat of say five tons, with cabin and beds for four persons, at thirty shillings a week. The man who sails the boat will cook for you, if you do not prefer to do this part of the performance, and he will expect about fourteen or fifteen shillings a week for himself. If this man knows his business—which most of them do thoroughly—you will have but to tell him what extent of time you purpose devoting to the cruise, and he will so apportion the time that your lines shall be cast in pleasant waters, and the greatest repose and leisure passed in the best of the scenery. Those who have gone out in such trips expecting to find all 'flat, stale, and unprofitable,' have returned to tell in glowing terms the pleasure and health they have derived from the excursion, and

how they long for a second enjoyment of a like nature. Indeed many gentlemen of fortune keep such yachts purposely for these summer treats alone, and it is surprising the amount of instructive and varied delight they get out of them year after year.

Nothing has been said here of the rich stores which await the archaeological student in the various churches, most of which in Norfolk and Suffolk are built in a style of grandeur and amplitude more fitted for cities and towns than villages and hamlets. Well does Murray say: 'A tour for the sake of these churches alone will prove one of great interest and enjoyment.' Nor have we made allusion to the folk-lore which is ready to cheer many a winter's evening, if the pike-fisher or fowler has the tact to draw forth the endless supplies with which almost every intelligent native is furnished. Sufficient however, has, it is hoped, been given to induce those who would make themselves better acquainted with their own country, and for whom angling has attractions, to pay a visit to the Broads of East Anglia.

THE COFFEE PUBLIC-HOUSE MOVEMENT.

THE design of the Coffee Public-house movement on the part of an Association is to establish on self-supporting principles public-houses without the sale of intoxicating drinks. With a view to the extension of this movement, a Conference was held on the 21st of June 1877, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster. Papers were read shewing that Coffee Public-houses, when opened in suitable districts and conducted on sound principles, were largely used by working-people, and proved financially successful. The result of the Conference was the formation of the Coffee Public-house Association, the object of which is 'to promote the establishment on self-supporting principles, of public-houses without the sale of intoxicating drinks.' This is now being done by drawing public attention to the subject, by the collection and diffusion of detailed information, and by the formation of a fund to be applied to the establishment and improvement of coffee public-houses, either by making loans upon security at moderate rates of interest, by grants, or by other methods.

The Association aims at making coffee public-houses financially successful. When once it becomes known that these establishments under proper management may do and yield—in every place where they are well conducted—a fair return for the capital invested in them, funds will be forthcoming for the extension of the movement. Besides, money success is a very good test of the amount of benefit conferred on the people who have used coffee public-houses. That the houses pay, is a sign that they are supported; and they are supported because they supply a want in our social system. Coffee public-houses have been established both by individuals and by Companies such as the Coffee Tavern Company, the People's Café Company. The latter appears to be the better of the two plans. A Company if successful, may readily extend its operations, and will not lack funds for the purpose; and it affords an opportunity of aiding this movement to

many persons who would be unable or unwilling to contribute money to a purely charitable undertaking. It is estimated that a coffee public-house consisting of three small floors and kitchens can be established for about three hundred pounds.

In order to appreciate the boon that these institutions might confer on unmarried workmen were lodgings attached to them, we have only to read the words which Miss Nightingale says unmarried men constantly use when speaking to her in workhouse infirmaries. 'I live,' they say, 'in a miserable lodging, where I am not wanted, and may not poke the fire—the definition of a comfortable lodging is to be allowed to poke the fire—or even sit by the fire. I have nowhere to go but to the public-house, nowhere to sit down, often nowhere to take my meals. We young-men lodgers often sleep in one room with two or even three generations of the same family, including young women and girls, unless indeed we can get into the model lodging-houses. Coffee-houses might save us; model lodging-houses might make model men of us; nothing else would. As it is, here we are; and here we shall be, in and out of this same sick ward, "every man-Jack of us," till the last time when we come to die in it.' Comparatively few coffee public-houses yet established contain lodging-rooms; but where this has been done the profit is considerable.

In some London houses, including those of the Coffee Tavern Company, the customers are allowed to bring their own chop or piece of meat to be cooked, and are provided with plate, knife and fork, salt and pepper, for a charge of a halfpenny. Hitherto this accommodation has been provided for working-men only at public-houses; and it is greatly to be desired, that coffee public-houses should adopt it. If they do so, they will do much towards stopping a fertile source of intemperance.

Great are the temptations to drink when artisans, whose work is at a distance from home, have no better dining-place than the bar of a gin-palace. They should be encouraged by all means to dine at coffee public-houses, and the provisions sold at these places should be of the best quality, and the prices charged should be as low as is consistent with making the business pay. This is especially the case as regards coffee, tea, and cocoa. It is possible that many of the customers who enter a coffee public-house for the first time may never have tasted a cup of really good coffee in their lives; yet nothing short of thoroughly good coffee or tea will furnish a satisfactory substitute for beer. In the usual run of coffee-houses the coffee, tea, and cocoa are of such poor quality as to contain scarcely any stimulating or nourishing properties. Where this is the case, men crave a stronger liquor, believing they can only get it at the public-house; and women soon find that the weak washy fluid sold under the name of tea, or the weak and rather thick decoction called 'coffee,' does not allay the 'sinking' of which they complain. Yet coffee and tea of excellent quality, good enough to compete with beer or gin, may be sold with a profit at a penny per cup, holding half a pint. In large towns, hot dinners from the joint may be served with advantage where facilities for the purpose exist. The profit directly realised does not correspond with the increase of working expenses, and there is risk of loss, especially until the trade has

been fully established; but on the other hand, customers are attracted to the house. Cold beef and ham are more easily served, and should, as a general rule, be provided. In some houses, small plates covered with thin slices of beef or ham are sold for from twopence to fourpence, and are largely in demand. In some of the Liverpool coffee public-houses, a room is set apart for women. Men accompanied by their wives may use the women's room, and every encouragement is given to men who may be disposed to bring their wives and children.

Information on this important subject may be obtained from the Coffee Public-house Association, 40 Charing Cross, London. From this source we have ourselves been instructed. The Association has lately offered a prize of two hundred pounds on the following subject: 'The providing of halls or other places of resort and recreation for the working-classes on a scale adequate to their wants; such halls to be freely opened to the public, and the arrangements to include the sale of refreshments, but not of intoxicating drinks, so as to supply the requirements of the people in that respect, and to realise a profit to meet at least the current expenses. By whom may an undertaking of this magnitude be most suitably and effectively carried out, and upon what principle? Can the work best be done by private enterprise or benevolence, or by trustees of a public subscription? Or would it be practicable for municipal or other public funds to be applied to the purpose, either by adaptation of any system now in operation at home or abroad, or otherwise?'

We have quoted from the prospectus of this prize essay, as it well sets forth the problem to be solved by those who aim at establishing houses that shall be 'public-houses' in the best sense of the term. Beer-shops and gin-palaces should generally be called 'publicans' houses, rather than 'public-houses,' for they do not serve the public, but only the pockets of their owners. Let coffee-houses be places where the public may be served instead of hindered, benefited rather than ruined, and let them be established throughout the country. 'One way,' it has been said, 'of getting an idea of our fellow-countrymen's miseries is to go and look at their pleasures.' And indeed our working-people must take their pleasure sally so long as they have no better club-houses than those supplied by the beer-shop.

SONNET.

O NOBLE maid! When daylight sinks to sleep,
And weary waiting bids me close my eyes,
I fear lest gloomy visions may arise,
And drag me down to that unhappy deep
Where Love despairs, and Hopes and Longings weep;
But, ere they come, I reach a land of sighs,
Where sights and sounds are clad in quaintest guise,
And where I hear soft strains of music sweep
Among the shadows to my open ears,
When, out of loving lips I cannot see,
Float tender harmonies to dry my tears—
With wondrous melody which comforts me,
Destroying all the ruins of my fears,
And lulling me to happy dreams of thee.

WM. LAIRD-CLOWES.

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THE BANK FAILURES.

THE time has come when some calm consideration can be given to the trial of the directors and manager of the City of Glasgow Bank. The first thing that occurs to us to say is that general dissatisfaction has been expressed regarding the leniency of the sentence, which certainly seems disproportionate to the magnitude of the calamity caused in some shape or other by the wrong-doing of these officials. We were hopeful that on the occasion of the trial, explanations would be offered sufficient to give a connected history of the frauds that had been perpetrated; but in this we were disappointed. We were likewise not without a hope that the panels at the bar would have signified marks of contrition for having contributed to the ruin and misery of thousands of too trustful individuals. Yet, neither from themselves nor by their counsel, was there any such demonstration of feeling. From anything by which an opinion could be formed, they considered themselves to be ill-used. They had no knowledge of the issue of false balance-sheets. The accusation came upon them with surprise. Friends whom they produced to speak as to their character, represented them as highly honourable and estimable beings. They were unhappily martyred by a course of events, over which they were powerless. To believe all that was averred, we should be driven to the conclusion that the deceptive documents in question were fabricated by some supernatural agency, of which no proper account could be given. That was very like the general bearing of the defence in this extraordinary trial. Even as regards the prosecution and the summing up of the presiding judge there appeared a singular want of grasp—we might almost say an apologetic tone, strikingly at variance with the crime in which the panels were implicated, and its consequent sorrows and sufferings. The jury took a more rational view of matters. Two of the panels were convicted of fabricating and issuing false balance-sheets, and were condemned to eighteen months' imprison-

ment; the others, five in number, were found guilty of issuing the balance-sheets with a knowledge that they were false, and received sentence of eight months' imprisonment.

The sentence pronounced on the culprits bore little reference, as has been said, to the tremendous catastrophe which they had less or more produced. The argument employed in justification of the amazingly lenient sentence was that the men at the bar had derived no personal benefit from the falsifications; what they did was assumedly for the benefit of the bank—that is, to maintain its credit. The public sense of justice cannot recognise this extenuation. All the persons implicated knew that by the disclosure of the truth, the bank would instantly collapse, and bring ruin upon them individually. Hence, there was a distinct selfishness in keeping up the delusion till the very last. Perhaps a better explanation of the seemingly inadequate sentence would be that the charge of 'falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition,' to which the indictment was ultimately restricted, was not an offence involving any very serious punishment by the law of Scotland—which law is of an old date, and perhaps never contemplated the commission of fraud on a scale so gigantic. If this be the true explanation, it is time the law was amended. Considering the enormity of the offence, we venture to think, that under the sanctions of English law and administration, the result of the trial would have commended itself more to public approbation.

Insufficient as the judgment of the court may appear, it will be enough to show bank directors and managers in all time coming that something more is expected from them than a perfunctory discharge of their duties. As an example, therefore, the trial must do good. That men, advanced in years, who have hitherto lived in a position of ease and respectability, should be reduced to an utterly impoverished condition, should be marched about by police officers, seated in a dock like the vilest felons, immured in the convict cells of a prison, and consigned to the dishonour attending a decree of conviction before

a high criminal tribunal—are all circumstances which we can imagine will have a salutary effect as a deterrent. The plea of being ignorant of figures or that false balance-sheets were presented for signature will no longer answer. Negligence in the performance of assigned duties may become an unpardonable crime. When the commander of a valuable ship amuses himself playing cards in a dark night, and allows his vessel under imperfect management to drift ashore on a rock-bound coast, he renders himself amenable to justice, and must legally suffer the consequences, no matter what may be his private character. And so must it be when those whose duty it is to conduct a precious financial undertaking leave it, through selfish or fantastic indifference, to go to wreck amidst the breakers.

Such are the ideas which occur in thinking of this momentous trial. It is not for the first time that bank officials have been in the hands of justice, for in the case of the Royal British Bank, a number of years ago, the law was suitably vindicated. Scotland, however, which has naturally enough been proud of its banking system, has been once more reminded that amidst generally excellent management, there will occur, through an extraordinary neglect of correct principles, the most hideous disaster. To say so may be somewhat of a national downcome, but looking to what has taken place, it is best to speak plainly on the subject. In every notable case of bank failure, the ruin has been caused by making large advances of money on imperfect security to persons engaged in pretentious but wild speculations; in other words, the banks went beyond their means, were seduced by weak or evil-minded directors and managers to enter on a dangerous course of business.

In a previous article we specified the failure of the Western Bank, a Glasgow concern, in 1857, by which not only a capital of a million and a half was lost, but a call of fifty-two pounds per share was ultimately made on the unhappy shareholders. All creditors, as we said, were paid in full, but with ruin to hundreds. This was the first memorable break-down of the Scottish banks. Almost immediately, there was a fresh but not quite so serious a crash. It was the failure in 1858 of a concern called the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, which issued notes, and for a time had a lucrative business. The mismanagement was dreadful. The directors imprudently propped up some half-dozen customers of a commonplace description with enormous loans which absorbed available means; as an attempt to sustain the reputation of the bank, they spent nearly sixty-four thousand pounds in 'rigging the market'; they resorted to the practice of borrowing at a heavy percentage; and one way or other, they contrived to throw away upwards of a million of money. All their schemes came to nought. By the failure, when the doors were closed in the summer of 1858, every shilling of the capital was lost; and the only matter for thankfulness was that no call was made on the shareholders. The next formidable break-down, as previously explained, was that of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1878. What havoc it has done is before the world; but the amount of private

suffering will never be fully estimated. Here, then, within a space of twenty years three Scottish banks have ignominiously failed, causing an aggregate loss of at least twelve millions of pounds, to say nothing of collateral bankruptcies and the shaking of public credit.

For many reasons, it is to be regretted that at the trial no explicit account was offered of the origin and growth of the difficulties into which the City of Glasgow Bank was irremediably plunged. How did the wrong-doing begin, how was it so long sustained? The final disaster is left without a history. We have only scraps of information, hints here and there. This sterility in the narrative is a serious misfortune, not only as concerns literature, but the public safety. Perhaps the truth may some day come out. Meanwhile, we have only the imperfectly stated fact that a number of years ago, the manager and directors of the bank at that period commenced to make large advances of money on interest, technically 'credits' to several real or pretended mercantile firms, of which Glasgow offers particularly 'smart' examples, who affected to carry on imposing 'transactions' with India, China, and elsewhere.

There can be no objections to any one carrying on what 'transactions' he pleases with his own money; but that simple straightforward way of doing business does not suit the grand order of financiers. Their plan is to depend wholly or nearly so on the loans which they can wheedle out of credulous bank officials, greedy of business which will make a good show of interest in the form of profits, even although the interest runs up beyond all bounds, and eventually becomes a bad debt. These mighty financiers are not your ordinary tribe of schemers. They live in capital style, and knowing what tells best in Glasgow circles, they assume an external garb of religiousness, which would be grotesque if it were not absolutely impious. Whatever be their actual character, they have slight scruple in emptying the coffers of any bank to which they pay their addresses. Possibly, they do not mean to cheat, in the vulgar sense of the word; but their proceedings are unmistakably vicious. Assisted by vast sums of borrowed money, they go like gamblers into the wildest enterprises; or quite as likely go into no enterprises at all, but deal with each other in accommodation bills, which the silly dupes at the bank discount for them. Such may be called the initial aspect of the City of Glasgow Bank frauds. Pursuing the career we have faintly pictured, these marvellous parasites, with their magniloquent talk of transactions, cleared out the bank. When the unfortunate establishment closed its doors, eight customers alone had, according to late accounts, obtained money belonging to the shareholders and depositors amounting to upwards of six millions; while all the other customers put together—men of 'small paper' with no brag about transactions—were indebted little more than two millions, the bulk of which we presume is in course of payment.

The story of ruination would be incomplete were we to omit the strangest fact of all. One or two of the firms that helped to finish the bank were so sated that they relented in their exactions. They intimated a wish to stop borrowing any more, for they felt themselves to be hopelessly

bankrupt. But the manager and directors insisted on their taking fresh credits. And so they were carried on, making the final catastrophe much the greater. There is nothing to match this in fiction. Neither novelists nor dramatists have ever conceived the idea of parasites being coaxed by those thus preyed on to increase the intensity of their onslaughts. The notion of tiding over matters in the hope of something 'turning up' that would set all to rights, may have influenced the credulous officials. If there was a notion of this kind, it was altogether visionary. Things only went from bad to worse.

From all the evidence produced, the impression left on the mind is that the directors and manager of the bank were very unfit for their position. Some of them avowed that they were bad at figures, did not understand accounts. If that be true, why were they there? With one or two exceptions, a maundering imbecility pervaded the lot. Doubtless they had inherited from predecessors a rotten state of affairs, but for insufficient reasons they had knowingly maintained and aggravated the fatal legacy of falsehood. The honest and only right course for them to pursue years ago would have been to close the doors and wind up the concern. The blundering weakness disclosed throughout, not alone in this case, but as regards the other two failures above specified, make it plain that men may be appointed, as bank directors who are little better than fools. A more fitting designation for most of them might be ornamental lay-figures, dressed-up dummies. When exposed, as in Glasgow, to a social atmosphere compounded of a spirit of rash speculation along with pharisaic pretences, which seem to cover a multitude of moral imperfections, they serve as convenient instruments to ruin the best financial concerns that could be devised.

Banks conducted on the reckless scale of which there have been several examples, must be acknowledged to be exceedingly mischievous institutions. Having succeeded in establishing themselves, they operate on the capital stock, and then fall upon the deposits. Practically, they are a decoy for gathering money that may be squandered in large sums among a parcel of needy adventurers, who affect to carry on some kind of grand business with foreign parts, and require to be fostered with credits.

It is true to observe that the spending of other people's money on persons of this quality inflicts a serious damage on regular business, and materially aids in bringing on a commercial crisis such as that which the country is now helplessly passing through. In short, the over-inflation of trade through the agency of misconducted banks and discount houses, has become one of the notorious evils of the age, and calls for a peremptory check.

On other grounds, we protest with all our might against the scandalous practice of encouraging rash and penniless speculators with copious bank credits. It is a cruel wrong thus to bear down honestly acquired means through the sheer force of loaned capital. It is most unfair towards individuals who, by a course of thrift and industry, have toiled through long years to rear a business on a financially sound basis, and who in the end of the day find themselves outstripped by men who probably never earned a shilling, but possessed the art of procuring advances of hundreds of thou-

sands of pounds from bankers. Against this miscellaneous tribe of pampered adventurers, the honest part of the business world has no chance. Obviously, crops of speculators are reared, who with nothing to lose, systematically batten on the means which the more soberly disposed in the general community have unexpectingly placed within their reach. Of course, a time arrives when extravagant lenders and borrowers are overwhelmed in a common ruin. Propped-up firms which should have never been in existence, are seen to topple over by the dozen. Rumours of bankruptcy are heard of on all hands. A sombre feeling broods over the trade of the country. In every dwelling there is the sorrowful feeling of domestic calamity. Anything like festivity or amusement is proscribed as almost sinful, or at least greatly out of place. But what does all this signify to the speculators who have devoured millions of money in their mad or whimsical projects? They go coolly into liquidation, and not a pin the worse, they are ready for a fresh start. Deterioration of character does not count for much. One of Burns's heroes complacently sings: 'Let them prate about decorum who have characters to lose.' The only loss in these catastrophes falls crushingly on the shareholders and depositors whose cash was sunk in the vortex of credits which for a time maintained the deceptive glitter of general prosperity. Who will not say that for these depravities a certain order of bankers—fortunately, they are not all alike—have much to answer for?

By shaking public confidence, the discreditable break-down of the City of Glasgow Bank led to the stoppage of some other banks in Scotland and England. We need only particularise the Caledonian Bank at Inverness, Fenton's Bank at Rochdale, the West of England and South Wales Bank at Bristol, the Cornish Bank, and the Chesterfield and North Derbyshire Bank; the mismanagement of this last concern being on a miniature scale that of the City of Glasgow. Of these various disasters, the one which excited the most sympathy was the Caledonian Bank. Managed prudently, and justly appreciated within the sphere of its operations, it unfortunately possessed four shares in the City of Glasgow Bank, which it had indiscreetly accepted as security for an advance, and this imperilled its capital and resources. To what extent it may be called on as a contributory is not as yet ascertained. Meanwhile this respectable concern suffers a paralysis. We could mourn in agony over the misery which is experienced down into the depths of society by the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank and their families.

The calls made by the liquidators of the bank are unfortunately not limited to those who were shareholders on their own account and had participated in dividends, but have been extended to a large number of individuals who gratuitously acted as trustees for the benefit of widows and children under specific settlements. The extreme hardship of making trustees liable as contributories, has invoked much sympathy, and at once suggests the painful reflection, that in future few persons will accept the position of a trustee in administering the estate of a deceased friend. Certainly, it will henceforth behave trustees for their own safety to

see that none of the property placed under their charge consists of shares in banks of unlimited liability. In determining the degree of responsibility of trustees registered in the books of the City of Glasgow Bank, the First Division of the Court of Session has laboured with an energy and soundness of judgment that claim the highest praise. If the decisions have not in all cases commanded private or public approval, the state of the law is at fault, and will require attention. No *ex post facto* law, however, could mitigate the sufferings of those who by existing circumstances are liable as contributories.

The effects of the failure of the bank, whether as regards ordinary shareholders or representative trustees, can be but faintly pictured by persons at a distance. The Relief Fund formed by public subscription to succour the women, children, and others who have been stripped of their all, according to the latest reports amounts to about three hundred and seventy thousand pounds. It is to be regretted that some well-meaning but inconsiderate individuals projected the raising several millions by means of a lottery for the benefit of the shareholders. As might have been foreseen, this essentially demoralising project was so repugnant to public feeling, and so objectionable on the score of illegality, that it was very properly abandoned.* A more recent and more reputable project is that of a joint-stock company, entitled the 'City of Glasgow Bank Aid Association (Limited),' with a capital of a million in ten-pound shares, and whose object is to purchase the assets and obligations of the bank at a discount, with the view of dealing in them in such a way as to afford relief to the shareholders. Of the probable success of this benevolent scheme it would be premature to speak. Much information is yet required. Until the period we write (middle of February), no statement of any practical value has been offered respecting the varied assets of the bank, nor of the amount of shortcoming after payment of the first call. No one can tell who are the creditors or the precise nature of their claims; neither are there any trustworthy explanations concerning the parties who will be held legally responsible as debtors should the present contributories fail in discharging their obligations. For example, in such a contingency, what is to be the position of the shareholders of the Caledonian Bank, and also of those who held shares in the City of Glasgow Bank any time during the twelve months previous to its stoppage, but sold out before that event? On these and some other points, satisfactory information is required, and perhaps in due course it will be given by the liquidators, in whom every confidence is reposed.

In concluding our former article on the subject we pointed out that the blame of these terrible bank disasters rests primarily on the shareholders, who usually, so long as they are buoyed up with a good dividend, give themselves little trouble in looking into the proceedings of directors or in analysing balance-sheets. Yet, as matters exist, shareholders are awkwardly situated. Unless they were to take a stand *en masse*, which might

seriously injure or bring down the concern, they could perhaps be outvoted by proxies held by the directors, and any challenge of mismanagement would be unavailing. It is therefore important, as has been suggested, that shareholders and creditors generally ought in the first place to look carefully to the character and social surroundings of directors. If there be a suspicion of things being amiss in that quarter, let no one have anything to do with the bank, whether as shareholders or depositors. Let it be shunned as if it were the plague. We fear, however, on looking to the ignorance and carelessness that prevail in spite of all admonitions, and also to the easy way in which people are apt to be imposed on, that to put matters on a satisfactory footing, it will be necessary for legislation to interpose some decisive checks on the management of banks in every part of the United Kingdom; at least to the extent of authoritatively auditing balance-sheets, and ascertaining the actual amount of valid securities that are held. After what has taken place, and also after observing the unsatisfactory meagreness of detail in most annual bank-statements, such a degree of wholesome interference could hardly be complained of. The law appoints officers of health to prevent the adulteration of food, why may it not try to prevent the fraudulent adulteration of balance-sheets? The public, we think, are prepared to support any well-considered measure for effecting a comprehensive Reform in Banking.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XIII.—BAFFLED.

THE superintendent of the Treport police, tall, stolid, and angular, a man who was stiff enough of gait and bearing to have been mistaken for some curious automaton neatly turned by the lathe and animated by clock-work, looked at Hugh, and Hugh looked at him.

'This won't do, you know,' said the officer, with a shake of the head that was meant to be sagacious; and Hugh Ashton assented by a cordial nod, albeit he began to fear that the superintendent's inopportune appearance on the scene had for ever dried up the sluggishly flowing springs of Mr Treloar's communicativeness. He was himself half-inclined to be angry with this lineal descendant of Dogberry, whose starched manners and brusque address had checked the welcome revelation that had seemed to be trembling on the lips of Giles Treloar, licensed beer-seller. But after all, the wooden official was merely doing his duty in a wooden way, and it would be unreasonable to expect a tiny townette such as Treport to engage as the chief of its police a man of tact as well as energy.

'This won't do!' repeated the superintendent, encouraged by Hugh's nod; and then he marched double-quick to the door, as rigidly erect as though he had been a soldier advancing under fire, and knocked smartly on the blistered panels. 'This won't do, Mr Treloar!' he said in peremptory tones. 'It's the authorities; and you are a publican, you are, and I will come in.'

From the interior of the dismal dwelling, Mr Treloar, emboldened by the impregnability of his barred and bolted door, and fully imbued with the constitutional doctrine that an Englishman's house

* In a future paper, we shall more fully refer to this abortive proposal, and take the opportunity of offering some personal recollections of the State Lotteries in the earlier part of the present century, with their attendant domestic ruin and general demoralisation.

is his castle, was heard, like an imprisoned Titan the worse for liquor, to howl forth hideous imprecations on the besiegers, coupled with direful threats as to the anatomical inconveniences to which those misguided persons should be put, in case the baiting process were longer continued. And from broken casements above, grim heads, male and female, were thrust forth to peer at the intruders, and there were mutterings of bad language, as if all Alastia were about to break loose.

'This won't do!' repeated the superintendent—repetition has been a trick of dull people from Queen Anne downwards; but when he had promulgated the opinion this it would not do, he was fairly at a loss.

There are things unusual and things illegal, to which, at times and under the pressure of necessity, even a superintendent in braided surcoat, and with eight helmeted constables and a bespiced sergeant at his orders, must submit. Giles Treloar was clearly in the wrong. He had that shadowy but formidable impersonation the Law against him. He could, by a competent authority, be fined all sorts of sums for all sorts of things—for profane swearing, which is an expensive vice, and costs the swearer five shillings, if strictly dealt with, per oath—for keeping a disorderly house, and for refusing admittance to the police.

But for the moment Giles Treloar, landlord of sturdy beggars and patron of mendicants, tramps, malingers, impostors, and propping Abram-men, as the old statute used to call them, was practically victorious. His house *was* his castle. The superintendent, who had nothing but moral force to back him, turned with disgust to Hugh. 'He be a bitter bad one!' said the superintendent, sacrificing grammar for the sake of emphasis; 'that he be! But there's a Licensing Day!' he added triumphantly, as anticipating the happy moment when Giles Treloar's signboard should be wrenched from the rusty nails that held it, and one ruffian the less should sell adulterated beer to Her Majesty's liege subjects.

But this was cold comfort to Hugh Ashton, who had no insulted authority to vindicate, and who cared nothing as to the future chastisement that might await the gipsy's host, if once he himself could gain an inkling of the gipsy's whereabouts.

'I don't see,' said the superintendent, in dudgeon, 'what we have to stop for.' In his professional anger, he seemed to include Hugh with himself, probably considering the young commander of the *Western Maid* as a fellow-sufferer from the contumacy of Giles the mutineer. Hugh assented; and the two invaders of the blissful demesne of Mr Treloar retreated together from within the rotten paling, much derided by the squalid outlookers from the shattered windows.

'I'll draw up a proper statement; I'll punish him properly. Half their workshops, anyhow, will back the police; and if Squire Robert's gout'—

Thus much of the superintendent's speech Hugh did hear, but the rest was lost to him, and he had trouble enough to induce his irate companion to speak on any other subject than the misdeeds of peccant Giles Treloar.

'A tramps' house, that gives me more trouble than any crib in our limits,' said the fuming chief of the police. 'How the justices ever came to grant the beer license, I can't think, though they

did refuse the spirits. But he's a bad lot, that Treloar—a bad lot. Was up in London, and in the ring; no real prize-fighter, but one of those that sell a fight, drop at every blow, and betray the flats who bet upon them, for a brace of sovs, sometimes. Been for short terms maintained at Her Majesty's cost. Wish it had been for long terms.—You're no Cornishman, I see sir, any more than myself.'

'I have hardly been three days in Cornwall. I come from Wales, though not a Welshman born; and I command a steamer here, the *Western Maid*,' rejoined Hugh, smiling; 'thanks to my kind friend Lady Larpent.'

'Then, Captain, I have heard of you,' said the superintendent, putting in military fashion, two stiff fingers stiffly up to his hard hat. 'And I wish to be civil, I am sure, to a friend of Lady Larpent's. She was sharp with me to-day, she was; but then my Lady—I don't mind saying in confidence to you—has a temper. And "dolt" is a strong expression. A lady of property and influence hasn't need to pick her words, of course, but "dolt" is a strong expression.'

Lady Larpent's vivacity of language evidently rankled in the policeman's mind, and the more so that he felt a sense of injury in the very fact that an inmate of Llosthel Court should have been subjected to violence or threats.

'You see,' said the superintendent, becoming confidential, 'this is a queer county, and has got its ways. That people thieve a bit, I can't deny. But sober, that they are, right sober. A drunk of milk, and a sermon in chapel, and a hymn, and there you have your Cornishman! He don't get intoxicated and obstruct thoroughfares, not he. The worst of the tramps don't go west of Plymouth. It's wonderful violence on the Queen's high-road here; and it took Ghost Nan or Gipsy Nan to offer it.'

'I saw the person of whom you speak this morning. I interfered, indeed, to protect Miss Stanhope, Lady Larpent's niece as I understand, from her wild talk and furious gestures. Do you know where she comes from, or who she is, Mr Superintendent?'

'The police generally know something about these waggabones,' replied the official consequentially; 'but, Captain Ashton, I do not know as much as I could wish about the party in question, or she should see, not for the first time, what the inside of Bodmin Jail looks like. A previous conviction does tell, somehow, with the bench.'

There was not much that was definite to be extracted from the chief of the local constabulary with reference to the antecedents or habits of Ghost Nan. It was a year or more since she had visited Treport. She was justly regarded as a woman of desperate character, and if not mad, was at all events not far removed from the borderline of insanity. She had been in prisons and in asylums, and was rumoured to have been a thorn in the flesh and a vexation to the spirit of constituted authorities in every shire of the West. Where she came from, nobody knew. There were some who believed her not to be really a gipsy, though she gained her livelihood for the most part as gipsies do, by telling fortunes to silly servant-maids. Fortune-telling being too precarious a profession on which to rely alone, Ghost Nan was supposed to eke out the profits of her

pretended knowledge of the future by various light-fingered practices, such as the stealing of linen left to dry, the uttering of leaden shillings and bad half-crowns, and an occasional raid on a hen-roost.

Where the vagrant now was, the superintendent of the Treport police confessed to be a riddle beyond his solving. From information he had received, he said—employing the formula dear to the uniformed protectors of our social order—she had not left the town by the London Road, or the Land's End Road, or the road leading to Carstow Churchtown. Constables on their beats had been able to tell their superior that much. On the other hand, there were lanes, such as Holloway itself, by which the wanderer could easily have quitted Treport unseen and unchallenged. A person 'known to the police,' and whom uncharitable neighbours eyed askance and described as a common informer, whom the superintendent had consulted, and from whom he had learned that Ghost Nan was of late a guest at Mr Treloar's ill-savoured hostelry, had added the further tidings: 'She's flitted, though;' and the superintendent had scarcely expected to find the bird of prey he sought, still in its temporary nest at Giles Treloar's.

It was getting to be twilight when Hugh parted from his new acquaintance at the corner of the quay, and went on board his vessel, lying at her moorings. There was routine work to be done there, dull but necessary—the inspection of ropes and sails, of cables and coal-bunkers, the stowing away of stores, and a consultation with Long Michael as to the morrow's labours. Hugh had not come down to Treport to eat the bread of idleness, and he was anxious to be afloat and busy. 'Quite right, Cap.,' said the mate cheerfully. 'We're not likely to sit with our hands folded, not we, now there's a spell of calm, and lots of big ships waiting for a breeze until they're tired of it, and so signal for a tug. And when weather comes later, we'll have the salvage to keep us alive,' added the honest fellow, himself as soft-hearted as a woman, but who had learned from childhood to regard wrecks as a legitimate source of profit to those who toiled to save life gratis, and property for a reward. But all this time Hugh had an uneasy feeling that he had let slip an opportunity which might never recur, of effecting the object to which, beside his father's grave at Bala, he had vowed to devote the best energies of his life.

MONT DORE:

A FRENCH SANATORIUM.

To those who suffer from pulmonary complaints, the following article descriptive of a Sanatorium in France, will be of peculiar interest. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for the paper, is well known to us, and as he writes from personal experience, his statements may be relied on as authentic in every particular.

After suffering from a chest complaint for several years, and deriving little or no benefit from ordinary prescriptions, I went, by the advice of a Swiss physician, to the mineral springs of Mont Dore, in Auvergne, a central part of France, noted for its volcanic mountains, but from which all volcanic activity has long since ceased. Mont

Dore is situated some three thousand feet above the sea, in the highest part of the valley of the Dordogne. The Pic-de-Sancy, six thousand feet high, closes the valley to the south. There are other hardly less famous springs of a similar character in the neighbourhood, as those of Bourboule, lower down the valley, which are strongly arsenical, and are resorted to by scrofulous patients; and those of Royat, nearer to Clermont. The scenery of the district resembles that of Derbyshire, but is on a much larger scale, more picturesque, the mountains more peaked, and the ravines more precipitous. There is consequently abundant ground for the recreation of tourists and the more healthy companions of invalids who are unable to come here unattended. This is really an important consideration, as it would enable English patients to come here in the holiday month of August—one of the best for the cure—in company of friends to whom healthful out-of-door enjoyment at that season is indispensable.

The mineral waters are of very ancient celebrity. They were made use of by the Gauls many centuries before the coming of the Romans, as was demonstrated in 1823 by excavations made beneath the constructions of the latter. The Romans formed a considerable thermal establishment at Mont Dore; and the magnificence of some of their edifices is attested to this day by many fine architectural fragments collected in the little park of the village; nor did they leave their gods behind them, or fail to erect their altars and temples. That such constructions should have been made in a place which can be resorted to with safety only in the short interval between the middle of June and the middle of September, proves the high estimation in which the waters were held. In winter, the country is buried in snow for six months, and spring and autumn are little more than names. The waters rise from the basaltic rock, of which there are some splendid specimens in the vicinity. On the coach road from Clermont there is a specially fine mountain of pure basaltic columns from base to summit. It is by the angles of these columns that the water is supposed to rise in fine threads till it finds its way gradually to some freer outlet. There are in all eight sources, in two of which the water is cold, and is used for bottling for exportation; the others have a temperature of one hundred and three to one hundred and six degrees Fahrenheit. Of the warm springs, the Madeleine, or as it is also called the Bertrand—from the celebrated doctor of that name, whose investigations did so much to reduce to a scientific course the use of the waters—is the most important, from the quantity it discharges—not less than one hundred imperial quarts per minute. But the source that is for various reasons the most interesting is the Cæsar. You ascend to it from the top of the building under which the other springs issue, and you have before you, under the sloping columns of the projecting basalt, a small door in the rock surmounted by a cornice of Roman construction. On entering, you find yourself in a circular vaulted chamber some three paces in diameter, also of Roman architecture, of which the closely cemented stones are as perfect as on the day they were laid. Through a square opening in the floor the water bubbles up in a troubled manner into a small circular stone basin, now concealed below the pavement—the

very bath in which some Roman Cæsar may have bled. A good deal of carbonic acid gas is given off in the steam of the water, and a lighted match is instantly extinguished by it.

Here at Mont Dore we have a perennial Bethesda Pool, which a beneficent Power has kept ever flowing two thousand years or more; and that is wanted in, as in the original Bethesda, some one with knowledge to put the sufferers into it.

We will now pass on to the last and the really important part of this description, the *method of the cure*. It may be proper to observe here, that although the treatment of pulmonary affections is the only one described, the Mont Dore waters are not less efficacious for many others, such as rheumatism, paralysis, internal complaints, chlorosis, scrofula, anæmia, and affections of the joints. For the treatment of these there are, besides the baths, various kinds of douches. But how about that citadel of pulmonary disease, the secret call of the lung itself, and the attenuated bronchial tube? How shall the healing properties of the water be made to enter these? Or as a preliminary question, it may be asked, have the waters really any properties that are healing when brought into contact by any contrivance with these diseased surfaces? The latter question is of course the one which we desire to have first answered; and the merit of first asking and then answering it is due to Dr Michel Bertrand (in 1829), after whom the principal spring is now gratefully surnamed. He answered it by the best of all answers, the practical one; he made the waters enter the lung-cells and the bronchial tubes by introducing the patients into a room filled with vapour from the waters artificially heated; and the results settled the question. And yet it was not thoroughly settled; the answer was an empirical one, and science requires something more. Patients were always grumbling and doubting, and they said: 'We don't believe there are any mineral properties in this steam; it is mere aqueous vapour.' But chemical analysis was equal to the occasion; and the labours of Dr Pierre Bertrand in 1860 and Dr Thenard in 1861 placed it beyond all further doubt that the vapour contains all the principal constituents of the water. These results were subsequently confirmed by Monsieur Lefort, who adds that the waters of Mont Dore are in conditions the most favourable for yielding up to the aqueous vapour the larger part of the arseniate of soda which constitutes the main element of their curative properties.

But no description of Mont Dore would be complete without some account of the actual process of the treatment. This, though relieved by a certain picturesqueness, is not a little fatiguing, and needs to be pursued under good advice and inspection. The patient is fetched out of bed at one of the small hours of the morning, as the doctor may advise, or as he may be fortunate in securing his turn for the use of the baths. For bathing, the establishment is open at two; and for inhalation and the use of pulverised water, at three o'clock. From this up to eight or nine, the little square of the village, of which the thermal establishments form two sides, is alive with small wooden boxes or sedans carried by two porters, and with the more hardy patients hurrying to and fro in the strange costume appropriate for the

purpose. This consists of flannel pantaloons with feet to them, which you thrust into wooden sabots; a flannel waistcoat, a flannel capote with a hood to it, and as many other external wraps as you may think necessary for the transit.

When brought out, you must not loiter to yawn or rub your eyes. The porters have no time to wait. It is their harvest season, and they have twenty other courses to run. You plunge into your pantaloons, then into your sabots, and then pich on as well as you can your other wraps, tumble down the stairs, are slammed into your sedan, and are hurried off at a trot, like some horrid thing rapidly to be got rid of, to the bath-house. The early hour, the dim light, the smallness and roughness of the box which confines you, and the feeling that for the time you have lost all control over your own movements, give you at first a strange feeling, half awe half amusement. You are to undergo something you have never undergone before. You wonder perhaps if it was in this way *lettres de cachet* for the Bastille were served, or victims of the inquisition, or objects of suspicion in a Turkish seraglio on their way to the Bosphorus. But the hotels are all so closely clustered round the baths that you have but little time for such horrid dreams. Your sedan is stopped at the spring for your first draught of water; and then you are hurried to the Salle d'Aspiration, and let out into a sort of vestry or anteroom, where you leave your wraps, and at once enter the vapour-room. The iron door is slammed behind you with a jar which implies that it is to be kept shut, and that you are a prisoner.

A prisoner you are. You see yourself—and at first, for the steam, you see little else—in the company of some eighty or a hundred convicts, all in costume of flannel pantaloons, flannel waistcoat, and sabots. Each must undergo his allotted term, not, as under the beneficent arrangements of Portland or Dartmoor, with the pleasing prospect of its being shortened, but with the dismal certainty of its being gradually prolonged till it has reached the full stretch of endurance which your case requires. The temperature is about ninety degrees Fahrenheit, and the side-rooms are a trifle cooler. There are a few chairs down the centre of the rooms; but the majority of the patients walk round and round in twos and threes, all in one direction, as if this were part of their sentence, the space being too limited for erratic movements. The various physicians enter from time to time and exchange a few words with their patients. Through a small glazed aperture, the clock outside is visible; and from time to time as the patients time they consult it, and few care to prolong their appointed time. When it is up, you quickly change your wet flannel, put on your wraps—now more than ever necessary—seize the first empty sedan, take your second draught at the spring, and then home to bed.

Here follows the pleasantest part of the process. Jeanette stands ready by the chamber-door warming-pan in hand. Jeanette never fails. It is Jeanette's harvest-time also, poor thing! and her warming-pan would not, I hope, be too large for the sows that it brings her during the season. Do not laugh, reader, at any getting warm on the subject, or speak disrespectfully of warming-pans till you have tried the cure at Mont Dore; and then I am

sure you won't do so. The process at the baths, the temperature, the load of flannels, the din of voices, and the tramp of sabots on the stone pavement, and the final jolting home, with the pull up-stairs, to a person, remember, 'with bellows to mend,' leave barely strength enough to step into bed. But then, as your feet reach the warm place prepared for them by Jeanette, a new life seems to flow through your veins, and you feel very grateful. To return to the treatment yet to be undergone. After being thus made a muffin of for a time, longer or shorter according to your hour for being fetched out, you get up to a French déjeuner of six or seven courses at the early hour of ten or half-past, having, as I was nearly forgetting to say, drunk your third glass of water. After this, in the afternoon, still a little more water, and a foot-bath of six or seven minutes in the water of the spring, as it flows hot and fresh from the rock, and you are finished for the day.

The treatment, though fatiguing, is invigorating and appetising. You rise with fresh alacrity every morning till the twenty days, which is the extreme limit, or some shorter time, is completed, by which, if not 'cured,' you are at anyrate sufficiently 'pickled.'

For incipient stages of pulmonary disease there can be no doubt of perfect cures being frequently effected. For old and chronic cases, great and durable effects are produced, though in almost all a second or third visit is desirable. Many persons of both sexes who suffer from bronchial irritation visit the springs every year, finding it an agreeable way of spending a hot three weeks of the summer, whilst they lay up strength for the winter.

I have not pretended to speak of other than pulmonary affections; but for these I should be glad to make it known that at Mont Dore there is a perennial Pool of Bethesda.

THAT DAY ON INNISMORE.

CHAPTER III.—'THAT'S THE POLLGLASHAN.'

AND NOW I had leisure to consider what I should say to Clara were I so fortunate as to be able to speak with her alone. At anyrate I would declare my love. A little while before, the very thought of making such a declaration would have filled me with trepidation; but somehow the last few days had wrought a change in me. I knew that now I should not hesitate or want for words to express my feelings. I should be eloquent enough; for was it not a matter to me of life and death—nay it was more. It was on the one hand a life of happiness the greatest that I could imagine, and on the other a life without a purpose or a hope—a life that seemed to be worse than death! But then would it be enough merely to confess my love and ask for Clara's in return? I was about to be absent for years; should I not therefore urge her to give me some pledge? Might I not ask her to kneel down with me under the open heaven and vow that while life lasted, we would be faithful to one another?

I knew Clara well. Soft and gentle as she was, she had a high spirit, with plenty of courage and determination when required. I had seen her tried more than once; and I felt sure that if she indeed cared for me, as I hoped, anything she thought right and for our happiness she would do.

And now another and a most painful thought began to occupy my mind. I had joined the regiment I was at present attached to about three months before. How a commission in it happened to be offered to me at the time, I had never clearly understood; but as I considered the matter, an unguarded expression of my aunt's that I chanced to recollect, gave me some ground to suspect that Major Barrett being aware that this regiment would be ordered for foreign service, had had some hand in arranging my appointment. And now his lengthened stay at Killalla Castle began to appear in a new light. Suppose that he had divined how matters stood between Clara and me, and that he considered me a rival worth removing, and so had contrived that I should join a regiment going to India; then certainly it was to be expected that he should do his best to prevent a declaration of love on my part, which he of course foresaw I should naturally under the circumstances desire to make, and which my aunt unaided would hardly be able to hinder.

It was with such thoughts in my mind that I steered the *Fairy* round the magnificent cliffs on the south-east extremity of Innismore, fully determined to do all that lay in my power to bring about an understanding with my cousin, to neglect no opportunity that should occur, and to push to the very utmost any advantage that fortune should offer.

We were first to go to see the caves by water, and then to lunch upon the island. My hope was that I should be able to get Clara to come with me in my boat, and then the rest would be easy. But to succeed in this I must reach the South Cove, the only anchorage, as soon as the *Vampire*. For the last hour I had seen nothing of Major Barrett's yacht, the island being between us. It was therefore with considerable suspense that I waited as the *Fairy* stole round Skart Head, the high point of rock that concealed the bay. The cliffs at each side of the little harbour, the only one, such as it is, which the island possesses, were too high to allow a yacht's masts to be seen above them. As I then rounded the point, I cast an anxious glance in front. No sign of the *Vampire*. 'Alas,' I thought, 'after all she must have beaten us, and be in the bay.' Another moment and the bay itself was opened out. But no! She was not there. And then as the helm was put down, and we glided up into the cove and the anchor was let go, I turned round just in time to see the *Vampire's* bowsprit appearing beyond the wall-like cliff on the left hand of the bay.

So far Fortune had stood my friend; and now a conjunction of circumstances very trifling in themselves, but, as it soon turned out, important enough in their consequences, gave me another advantage. The light breeze of the morning was dying away; for the last half-hour it had been fitful and uncertain, and now the water had become like glass, with here and there a ruffled patch upon its surface. The sea along the rocks was rising and falling with so gentle a motion that no white and broken water could be seen. It was a rare opportunity, and no time was to be lost.

I had pulled over to the *Vampire*, already surrounded by a number of *cunraghs*—light boats of wicker-work, which are common round the rocky coasts of the north and west of Ireland, Major

Barrett was generally, as I have said, courteous in his manner; but on this occasion something must have occurred to ruffle his temper. I imagine that he had during the morning perceived some slight change in my cousin's manner towards himself, or Clara's evident pleasure at the *Fairy's* success had annoyed him. Whatever might be the cause, he was now, in a rude and dictatorial manner, ordering the Innismore fishermen to begone about their business. Some of the party had already got into the boat at the schooner's side. Mrs Vance had gone down to the cabin, to give some direction, I believe, about having lunch ready for us on the island on our return. Seeing my opportunity, I stepped quickly into one of the *curraghs*, which belonged to a handsome white-haired old man, took the after-sculls, and called to Clara, who was looking over the yacht's side, to come with me.

'You know,' I said, 'that you promised it should be my turn next; and besides you will be able to see the caves much better in this than in an ordinary boat.'

Major Barrett attempted to interfere.

'Keep that *curragh* off the side!' he cried.—'Miss Vance, you must not think of trusting yourself in that dangerous thing; it's certain to upset.'

'Oh,' Clara replied, as she stepped quickly down the ladder and seated herself in the *curragh*, 'I am well accustomed to these boats, and not the least afraid.'

Mrs Vance, who now appeared on deck, was displeased, I could see, at what had happened; but as it was too late to interfere, she thought it better, I suppose, to make no objections; so she contented herself with begging Major Barrett to keep his boat close to us, as she professed to have some fears for our safety.

And now we left the yacht, and rowed round the south end of the island and up along its eastern side. I made several attempts to put a space between ourselves and the boat, at one time deviously examine some cave, at another taking the *curragh* through some narrow passage under overhanging cliffs, or between the fantastic fragments and pinnacles of rock that stood up out of the sea on every side; but the schooner's boat, steered by Major Barrett, was always at our side. On one occasion, as we had turned quickly round an angle of rock, I had been able to whisper to Clara a request that she would allow me to see her alone that day, if but for a moment. There was however, no time for me to receive an answer; still, though she became grave and silent, I saw that there was no trace of displeasure on her face, and I knew I had her leave to do as I desired. So closely were we watched by Mrs Vance and my rival, that though now fully resolved as to my course, I began to fear that my success so far was after all to be in vain. But just then the old man who was rowing us, said: 'I beg your pardon sir, for speaking; but I knew your uncle, Mr Vance, well, and—a with a glance over at Major Barrett—a kind man and a gentleman he was to everybody, and so are all of the same stock. And if you will forgive me for saying it, I'm thinking that the Polloglashan is just the place that you and the young lady would like to see. It's nigh the Giant's Cave; and if old Morris is not far wrong, you and the lady would like it even better; though they tell me

that the Giant's Cave is the finest that this or any other island can show.'

There was a sharp intelligent look in the old man's face as he spoke, that left me pretty certain that his words were meant to convey more than met the ear.

So I asked him where this Polloglashan was.

'It's few,' he replied, 'that don't belong to the island that have ever seen it; but I'll take you to it, if the lady likes; only if I was in your place sir, I'd not hurry; there will be water enough this half-hour.' Then after a moment's pause, as we got a little farther from the boat, he said in a low voice, but so that I could hear distinctly: 'Water enough at least for a *curragh*.'

'Well Morris,' I answered, 'you know all about it; and the lady and I will trust ourselves to you.'

No more was said. Half an hour soon went by, as we made our way through archways and narrow passages, and among strangely shaped fragments of rock, which resembled the spires and towers of some giant city that the waters had submerged. And then at length we entered the Giant's Cave itself. Preoccupied as my mind was, it was nevertheless impossible not to be filled with admiration by the spectacle which the cave presented. We had entered by a narrow passage, and had come suddenly into what seemed a vast hall, with openings off it in every direction, through many of which the light from outside streamed in. The hall itself was of great width and height. The roof was supported by pillars rising up out of the water, which were built as if they had been the work of human artificers, the square blocks of stone resting horizontally on one another, and shaped and dressed as if by a stone-mason's chisel. As these pillars rose up near the roof, they spread out in arches on every side, larger and still larger slabs being built upon them, till at length the massive roof itself was resting on them. Far up above us there was a large opening to the sky, like a dome, through which the light poured down upon the walls and pillars of this strange chamber, lichen-coloured in patches of rich green and brown and gold. Along the walls below the water-line, but not upon the bases of the pillars, a smooth pink enamel like coral had been deposited; and down in the green depth below, the large polished stones formed what seemed to be a tessellated pavement. It was as if in bygone ages the sea had flowed in upon some grand cathedral, and that we, as we moved here and there, were floating amongst its pillars midway between the pavement and the gilded roof. So ungrasped was I with the strange sight, that it was with a start that I heard Morris say: 'That's the Polloglashan; as he pointed to something in the darkness behind us. 'And do you see the white line shewing above the water on that pillar?' he continued. 'There's bare four inches on the black stone now. It's time to go, if you are ready, sir.'

A slight inclination of the head gave my answer, and the *curragh* began to move in the direction that Morris indicated. We had turned so quickly and noiselessly that, in the dim light, what we were doing was not noticed; and in a moment more the gentle pressure of the sculls had sent the *curragh* into the darkness. And now, on looking back, we could see the Major's boat with the weird light of the cave upon it, every person in it, and

every movement they made, distinctly visible; we ourselves unseen.

At that moment we were missed. And we could see the faces of our friends as they peered into the darkness on this side and that.

'Hullo! where's the *curragh*?' shouted Major Barrett.

'Harry! where are you?' cried Mrs Vance.

'You had best answer, sir,' said Morris.

'We are here all right,' I called out. 'Going to inspect one of the entrances. We have not upset.'

Owing however, to the strange echoes of the cavern, the other party seemed still uncertain in what direction we had gone. Just then Morris, after giving one strong pull, laid his oars in, and we shot into one of a number of openings in the side of the cave, low and narrow, and as dark as night.

'There's many ways about this cave,' said our boatman in a low voice, as with his hands stretched out to the rocks on each side of the narrow passage, he pushed our boat along through the darkness. 'They can get out of where they are safe enough; but to find us they will need the help of some of those boys the gentleman spoke so pleasant to a while back; and to follow us is what no boat like that can. There! we're over the black stone, sure enough,' said Morris, as I felt the *curragh* just touch something beneath the water; then a moment after a dim light appeared in front. Suddenly the passage took a sharp turn to the left, and we perceived that we had entered a lofty cave, whose mouth opened above high-water mark, upon the sand.

CHAPTER IV.—MORRIS PROPOUNDS A PLAN.

Leaving Morris in the *curragh*, Clara and I ascended the shelving beach. And on coming out of the cave into the daylight we found ourselves in an irregular shaped grassy inclosure, walled in on all sides by overhanging precipices. There were several other caves opening into this strange inclosure very like the one we had entered it by. But unless it might be through one of these, there seemed to be no means of communication with the sea outside or the land above. We were alone, and free from all danger of being interrupted. And there, in that strange and lonely spot, surrounded by the wild crags of Innismore, I told Clara that I loved her, and heard from her the sweet confession that she loved me in return. Indeed, I had long understood, or at anyrate hoped that I understood, the feelings of my cousin towards myself; but it had been the conduct of Major Barrett and his evident design upon her hand that had opened her eyes to the true nature of her regard for me; and she told me that it had been since his coming to the castle that she had determined she should never marry, unless, perhaps, I should ask her.

Then she promised, as the tears dimmed her eyes and her voice was choked with sobs, that neither my absence, however long it might be, nor entreaties nor threats from any one, should make her forget me, or break the promise she now gave me. And then she begged me to take her back to Mrs Vance and the rest of the party. This, I was about to do, when the resolution of the morning came into my mind, and with it a presentiment

that if I did not make the very most of this opportunity, I should have cause to regret it afterwards. I therefore delayed, in order to propose to Clara to take some decided step. I reminded her of the power and determination of those who were opposed to us. I pointed out to her that the very fact that we had with such difficulty contrived even to speak to one another, shewed that our wishes or our happiness would be but little considered.

'Will you not,' I urged, 'allow me to go openly and demand your hand from Mrs Vance? And if I should be refused, then,' I added, 'think how well and how long we have known each other; think of the cruel conspiracy now made to separate us. By what right,' I exclaimed, 'does this stranger thrust himself between us, and try to take you from me? Has he known you as I have? Has he thought of or cared for you as I have? Can he ever love and cherish you as I shall do? O Clara! why not escape with me from those who are bent on making our lives miserable, and put it out of their power to do us so terrible an injury?'

'Harry!' she said, looking, I remember to have noticed at the time, very pale but quite calm, 'do not ask me to do that. I love you with all my heart, indeed I do; but I could not bear to run away, even with you, from my father's house. Still I will do anything you ask—even that, if you bid me—for I have no one in the world but you now to trust; but oh, don't ask that while there is anything else possible. See! why should we not wait, even for a few years? I will pledge myself to you in whatever way you like; anything to make you happy while you are away from us; only don't bid me do what I know would break my father's heart, were he alive.'

I could not urge her further; and so, after a few minutes, when her agitation had passed away, and the colour was again upon her cheek and a happy light in her blue eyes, we went in search of Morris, that we might rejoin the party. We found him where we had left him; but as soon as we spoke of going back, he told us that it was now impossible to get across the black stone, and that we should have to wait until the tide rose again. And we then found that short as the time had seemed to us, we had been an hour away. Morris told us moreover, that when we left him he had gone back to the mouth of the narrow entrance, and had seen the boat searching for us in the cave, but unable to make out by which of the many passages we had disappeared. That Major Barrett had then gone outside, to see if we were there, but had returned; and that he had heard him say that it would be best to get a guide. That then, as the water was getting very low, he had been obliged to return, and that while waiting for us, he had heard the sound of voices for a time, but that he thought the boat must now have left the cave.

Then Morris continued: 'It will be two hours yet before the tide will be high enough for us to get out of this the way we came; and I am greatly afraid it won't be that way we'll get out this day. The sea is getting up fast. Listen to the "sough" there's in the cave this minute!' And we could hear far away through the dark opening from time to time what sounded like the deep pedal note upon an organ. 'It's getting

bad,' he said; 'and I'll be far wrong if in half-an-hour's time there's a man in Innismore or out of it that could take a boat through the Giant's Cave. Look there!' he said, and pointed to the sky above. And instead of a cloudless blue, there were thin layers of gray mist lying low, and speeding quickly across the sky. The calm had been due to a shift of the wind, which was now blowing strongly from the south-west. 'It may not last long,' said Morris; 'but this will be a dirty night; and with the wind where it is, there will be a heavy sea in the Sound before long. Not that you and the lady need be troubled; for I would not have brought you into a place that I could not get you out of one way or another. And the boys round at the Cove will let your friends know you are safe enough with Morris. But it is a rule of the island, do you see, not to shew the ways of this place to strangers. And neither I would, but that I saw you wanted to speak to the lady; and, begging your honour's pardon, that there were them as were not going to let you. And if we can go back through the cave, I'm in a manner bound, do you see, to take you that way.'

There was nothing for it now but to wait till the tide should flow. We were furnished with an excellent reason for not rejoining the party; and as we had much to say to one another, we were not sorry to return for a while to our strange retreat. We seated ourselves in a sheltered nook amongst the rocks, where the ground was carpeted with a bright green covering of some short moor-like grass; and there I told Clara all the thoughts that had been occupying my mind as the little *Fairy* made her way to Innismore. Amongst others, I mentioned having a suspicion that Major Barrett had something to do with my unexpected appointment to a regiment which was so soon ordered to India. As I said this, Clara stopped me to ask the name of the officer whose resignation had created the vacancy; and then she told me that when she was on a visit in the County Clare six months before, Major Barrett, whom she then met for the first time, had asked several questions about me; and that by accident she had since discovered that he had been making particular inquiries as to the terms we were on. She told me further that she knew he had been writing frequently to Mrs. Vance, and that her step-mother had happened to say something which shewed that she was aware of the change I had made, some days before my letter announcing it arrived; at this Clara said she had been much surprised, as she usually heard what concerned me first, and from myself. And then she added: 'Only a few days ago, I chanced to hear part of a conversation between my step-mother and Major Barrett, in which that officer's name was mentioned, and which referred to some pecuniary transaction. 'I see how it is!' she exclaimed, as her colour heightened; 'there is a cruel conspiracy against you between them, and I am the cause why you are to be banished for years. Oh, it's too heartless and wicked! It cannot succeed. Surely, Harry, you need not go. You can refuse; can't you?' and she burst into tears.

I tried to shew her that at present I could not draw back, having no reasonable ground for doing so.

'If you were married to me,' she replied, 'you

need not go.' Then taking my hand, and looking up into my face, she said: 'Harry! I will do what you asked me a little while ago. I will do anything to defeat this wicked plot.'

We set ourselves now to consider what plan we should adopt. As I have said, my cousin was a high-spirited and determined girl, and ready to carry out what she undertook.

By the peculiarity of her situation, she was left almost without a true friend in the world. Her step-mother, in whom she naturally would have confided, was for her own ends plotting to dispose of her hand and fortune. And the more we reflected on the conspiracy of which we were to be the victims, the more convinced we became that extreme measures to counteract it were not merely justifiable on our part, but necessary.

There was one plan which the very circumstances in which we found ourselves placed naturally suggested, and which seemed practicable enough. If my cousin was to elope with me at all—and with Clara under age, Mrs. Vance firmly opposed to our marriage, and I myself on the eve of going abroad for years, what other remedy had we?—if, I say, my cousin was to elope with me at all, what more favourable opportunity could be imagined than the present? The *Fairy* was lying ready in the Cove; we might easily, I thought, get on board her in the dark, and escape unperceived. This scheme presented many advantages. In the first place, it would be much more easy to carry out than an escape from Killalla Castle. Again, pursuit would be difficult. It would be some time before our flight would be even suspected; and it would be impossible to trace us. So favourable an opportunity, I urged, should not be neglected.

Without Morris's assistance however, we could not succeed; so feeling confident that he might be trusted, and having bound him in promise to keep our secret, I told him our case, the difficulties by which we were beset, what our intentions were; and begged for his help to carry them out.

As to the scheme I had proposed, Morris gave me little encouragement. The night, he said, would be dark enough; but a heavy sea was getting up, and he doubted whether the yachts would be able to remain much longer at anchor in the Cove. There was no other harbour in the island; and even if the *Fairy* could remain where she was, it would be impossible to reach her from the shore. Already such a surf was breaking round the rocks that it would be dangerous to launch a boat; a few hours later, and it would be utterly impossible.

I had returned to Clara; but had only been a few minutes with her, when Morris, coming towards us, signified that he had something to say to me; took me aside, and with some apologies for presuming to give his advice, and with some professions of good-will towards my cousin and myself, which were as sincerely as they were simply made, he recommended a course which I have ever since been thankful that I adopted; for which, though Morris is long since in his rest, I cannot speak of him without warm emotions of gratitude, and but for which, this story of a day on Innismore would never have been written.

What Morris's advice was, and what it led to, will appear soon enough. In the meantime, there

was no further occasion for remaining in our imprisonment. It was now perfectly clear that the heavy sea that had got up would prevent us returning by the way we came. But the place we were in, Morris told us, was used for smuggling purposes, and there was a passage through one of the caves into the next bay, from which a steep pathway led to the higher ground above. By this pathway we reached the top of the cliffs, and with Morris for our guide, we walked across the island to the South Cove, to see what had become of the rest of the party.

POUCHED ANIMALS.

THE geographical distribution of the Marsupials or pouched animals, of which the kangaroo is a well-known specimen, is, with the exception of the American opossum, limited to Australia, Tasmania, New Guinea, Celebes, and some adjacent islands. The order contains eight families and some twenty-three genera (of which at least ten are fossil), and more than a hundred and twenty species, so that its zoological importance is by no means insignificant. All the species are remarkable for the peculiarity of possessing an external pouch in which the young are reared and carried by the mother from place to place.

Taking the Great Kangaroo as the type of the order, we will now offer a few words upon the peculiarities of that curious animal. Until comparatively lately the mode of reproduction was not known, and the wildest theories were advanced to account for the presence of a blind and most imperfectly developed young one in the pouch. Anxious to settle this curious point, Professor Owen availed himself of an opportunity of studying the subject in the Zoological Gardens, and made the remarkable observation that when the young one was born it was transferred to the pouch by the lips of the mother, and became firmly fixed to the mammary gland, there provided for it. When born, the young is not more than an inch long in the largest kangaroo. It is blind and hairless, and the legs are all nearly the same length. The nails are just perceptible; but there is nothing to indicate the extraordinary development of the hind-legs and middle great toe so characteristic of the adult. The extension of the mammary gland enters far into the mouth of the young, and the attachment is so firm, that it is separated only by much force, and life is extinct in a very short time after removal. It has not been ascertained with certainty how long this close relationship between the parent and young subsists, but it is probably not less than two months; and it has been proved conclusively that the mother's nourishment continues to be sought long after the young is free to leave the pouch, and has begun feeding on grass on its own account.

For some months at least the pouch is the place of refuge for the young, which enters it head foremost, turns a complete somersault, and brings the nose and all the toes in a bunch to the opening; when in this position reminding one forcibly of a hermit crab. The mother evinces the utmost solicitude for the safety of her young, and when

hunted and burdened with her charge, will allow the dogs to press her very closely; but at the last moment she will seize the young with her forepaws, draw it from the pouch, and throw it aside (usually to be killed at once by her pursuers), to enable her to gain a place of refuge. The leaping powers of the great kangaroo when in full career are most remarkable. A series of intervals between the impressions of the hind-feet on damp sand were measured, and gave an average of more than twenty feet for the stride, and in this instance the kangaroo went clear away from a couple of the best dogs.

Much misapprehension exists as to the use of the heavy tail; and even colonists, who must be quite familiar with the animals, will persistently assert that it is used as an organ of progression, and is a great help in the leap. By the arrangement of its muscles the tail is however unfitted for any such purpose, and could not possibly be converted into a lever to act in concert with the legs. In two positions the tail appears to lend some support—that is, when the animal is sitting on its haunches, and when feeding; and in one very singular position, the tail becomes an important instrument in supporting the body, which may occasionally be observed in confinement, but is often presented to the kangaroo stalker. The animal raises itself on the extreme ends of the great nails on the hind feet, and stiffens its tail as a third support, when it is seen to stand upon a veritable tripod, and is thus enabled to command a wide field of view. The attitude is most grotesque, and some individuals when standing thus must be nearly seven feet high.

The tail of this curious animal also comes into play in balancing the body and bringing it to the necessary angle for the point of departure of each successive leap, and it no doubt facilitates those sharp 'doubles' by which the kangaroo astonishes and confounds the most active dogs. The forelimbs differ immensely from the hinder. The 'hand' has five digits armed with strong nails, which in old specimens grow to a length of four or five inches, and frequently assume spiral forms, or bend round to their base. This is more observable in confined than wild animals, the latter keeping down the growth by resting on them while feeding, and by more frequent use. The digits appear to be capable of being brought into opposition to each other to some extent, for parasites are captured and many other actions performed with ease. Kangaroos swim well; and on one occasion the writer saw a female crossing a small creek with a young one, which she held between her forelimbs with its head just above water; and on landing close to the observer's place of concealment among mangrove bushes, she placed it on the ground and it plunged into the pouch.

The smaller species of kangaroo are as much nocturnal as diurnal, and may be seen in open forest-land in numbers on moonlight nights. They are perfectly conscious of the security afforded them by darkness, for they will dash across a clearing and stop just within cover of a scrub or thick bush, and allow one to approach within a few feet without moving away. If a stone or stick is then thrown into the place where they were heard to stop, they dash off, and it is perceived at once how near they were; while

in daylight it might not have been possible to come within a hundred yards of them.

One of the most interesting of the purely nocturnal marsupials is the colonists' 'native bear,' the koala. It is arboreal in habit, and its chief food is the leaf of a powerfully astringent eucalyptus, with a slight flavor of peppermint. Full-grown individuals weigh about twenty pounds; they are destitute of tails, and covered with a gray or rufous woolly hair of beautiful texture, and all their limbs are formed for climbing. During the day they sit in the fork of a tree in the densest scrubs with the head buried in the breast, presenting the appearance of a ball of gray fur. The writer has kept many of these as pets, but failed to rear the first he took in hand in consequence of feeding it on cow's milk alone. Assuming that the natural milk would be astringent, the experiment of macerating leaves of the peppermint gum-tree in cow's milk was tried, and resulted in bringing up the second on this infusion until it was able to subsist entirely on leaves. It lived in the house, and passed the night in its master's bedroom, and gave audible evidence of its presence as it climbed about guns, rods, and book-shelves for hours together. When tired of this, it would creep into bed and nestle up under one of its master's arms. During the day it would often hang upon the skirts of one of the servants, apparently fast asleep, with its muscles in a state of tension, as she went about her household duties; or sit upon the back of its master's neck firmly grasping his hair, and indifferent to any movement he might make.

The tastes of this and two other koalas were peculiar, and their fondness for tobacco in any form most remarkable. They would lick all over with avidity and even chew the foulest pipe saturated with oil; and it was a difficult matter to prevent them, when sitting on the shoulder, from taking the pipe out of one's mouth. Neither did the black colonial tobacco come amiss to them; and they seemed to suffer no ill effects from these indulgences. One of them went even further than this, and one evening attacked a glass of whiskey-and-water standing on the table; and ever after, the jingling of glasses was the signal for his descent from the rafters of the roof to take his modest share of the customary 'night-cap' with as much gusto as if he had been born north of the Tweed.

The tenacity of grasp in the koalas is due to their having both the great toe and the thumb opposable to the other digits, so that practically they possess four hands; but they have no weapons of offence or defence, and never bite. In intelligence they are superior to any of the other marsupials, and their quaint habits in confinement render them interesting pets.

The ground marsupials have little voice, only uttering a shrill cry when in pain; but the arboreal members of the order, the 'flying-squirrel,' the opossum, and the koala have considerable powers of vocal expression. The cry of the koala is plaintive, unvaried, and often repeated, and may be represented by the syllables ka-koo-oo, the first abrupt and rising in tone, the second falling about an octave lower, and ending in a mournful cadence. None of these animals, we believe, has ever been brought alive to Europe; but it might be possible to do so by providing a large

supply of their vegetable food, and mixing the dried and powdered leaves with bread and milk. They are extremely sensitive to cold, and there is some reason to suspect that they pass the colder months of even a Queensland winter in a state of inactivity.

Before leaving the koalas, a curious case of adoption on the part of a cat may be mentioned. She had just been deprived of her kittens, when a native brought a very young koala to the house, which was at once handed over to the care of the bereaved mother, and cordially received. That it derived sustenance from the feline foster-mother there could be no doubt; but the adopted child put the cat into a most comical state of agitation and astonishment by clinging round its body with a grip altogether beyond pussy's experience in maternal affairs. This incongruous relationship lasted but three days, and the koala died in spite of the cat's manifest solicitude for this waif from the Australian forest.

On a moonlight night, if one walks quietly through the bush, looking up at the gum-trees, every now and then a dark object may be seen to flit from a point high up on the trunk of a tree, and alight noiselessly near the base of another. If this animal can be shot while in the air—the only way to procure it—it will prove to be the 'flying-squirrel' of the colonists, one of the phalangers, with the opposed thumb on the foot, and the leathery membrane of the abdomen stretched between all four limbs, affording it the means of skimming for a distance of perhaps a hundred feet through the air. The epithet 'flying' is misleading, like many others applied to Australian animals, for the limbs are simply extended motionless, while the membrane—acting like a parachute—enables the descent to be made at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Unlike our squirrel and the beautiful *Pteromys* of the Himalaya (which also possesses the parachute), the flying-squirrel does not carry its tail over the back, but uses it to some extent as a prehensile organ.

Taking a general view of the whole order, there are great diversities in the habits, food, and structural adaptations of the various members to their mode of life. The kangaroos and their immediate relations are fitted for terrestrial life, and subsist on grass and roots; the phalangers, opossums, and koalas are arboreal, and chiefly leaf-eaters; the dasyures partly arboreal and entirely carnivorous, with largely developed canine teeth; the wombats and bandicoots burrow and live, the former on roots, the latter on insects, worms, and beetles. Some produce only one young at a birth, others several; but all agree, however distinct they may be in other points, in the characteristic feature of the abdominal pouch and the accessory organs.

The occupation of Australia by man had a remarkable influence on the native animals. Where the 'dingo' or native wolf has been exterminated by the settlers, and the aborigines have died out, the kangaroos have increased enormously, and in some districts seriously injure sheep-farming by consuming the herbage. Where they might once be seen in half-dozens, they may now be counted by hundreds, and no less than seventeen thousand have been destroyed in little more than a year in a small district in Queensland. Indeed, as we have on a former occasion shown,

they have become no less a nuisance than the imported rabbit, and can only be kept within reasonable limits by periodical battues.

In these strange Australian animals we have an example of a creature approaching the birds and reptiles in a downward direction, and the superior mammals upwards. In Europe these forms once existed; but have been long since obliterated, and have been replaced by existing animals. One representative of them, as we have already said, still lingers on the American continent in the opossum; while in Australia, they are numerous and varied, and represent a period in the earth's history which has passed away for the rest of the globe. The kangaroo is an animal well worth studying, especially when it has a young one to take care of; and those who are curious about the creature may see it in the London Zoological Gardens, and fossil specimens of its ancestors in the British Museum, and endeavour to picture what manner of kangaroo that was which owned a skull three feet in length, and probably stood sixteen feet high!

CURIOSITIES OF COURTSHIP.

COURTSHIP, it will be admitted, is a very ancient practice and prevails everywhere. And yet, whatever may be the inner and concealed lines on which it is conducted, the external and visible ones vary with country, age, and circumstances. In some lands it is an affair of the state, and with certain people it is a mere matter of family arrangement; with others the adjustment of a few financial questions. In such instances, the true fire and inspiration of love—the 'stound'—which give life to the forms of courtship, are of necessity absent. The following curiosities of courtship in its various phases, may interest our readers.

William Drummond the poet wooed and won Miss Cunningham, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who died when the wedding-day was fixed. This melancholy event so overwhelmed the poet with grief, that he never ceased to pour fresh tears over her grave. At least for many years after the death of Miss Cunningham, life seemed to Drummond, 'a nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.' He lived in a state of calibacy till the age of forty-seven, when he married Elizabeth Logan, a lady in whom he traced many strong resemblances to her whom he first loved, and by whom he was so greatly charmed.

A gentleman in Nottingham looking from his window one day, saw a lady pass who seemed very much like his late wife. He made haste after her, and having succeeded in obtaining all necessary information, she was married to him, because of the likeness which she bore to one whom he had tenderly loved.

Reported virtues have sometimes paved the way to the most romantic attachments. Colonel Hutchinson, governor of Nottingham Castle and town in the time of the Civil War, being at the house of Sir Allen Apsley, was greatly pleased with a child of a pleasant and vivacious spirit. One day when looking on a shelf, he found a few Latin books, and asking whose they were, he was told by the young miss that they were her eldest

sister's. He at once wished to see her; but as she was gone from home, he was not likely to have his wish fulfilled. Meanwhile gentlewomen who had been Miss Apsley's companions used to tell him how reserved and studious she was; and these reports so inflamed his desire to see her, that he began to wonder why he should have such a strong impulse toward one whom he had never seen. There scarcely passed a day but some accident or discourse still kept alive and strengthened his wish to see her. Once in a company at a gentleman's house, a certain song was sung which was said to have been written by Miss Apsley, who by-the-by was greatly praised by two or three gentlemen in the party. He (Mr Hutchinson) heard all this, and said to one of the gentlemen: 'I cannot be at rest till this lady return, that I may be acquainted with her.' The same evening, while they were at supper, some statement was made which gave him the impression that the young lady was married; he was taken ill immediately, and had to leave the table. He however, learned shortly after that his impressions were wrong. Afterwards they were fortunate enough to meet, and a friendship at once created which ripened into strong affection. Devotedly attached to her, she became to him a most admirable wife and companion, and lived to be the writer of the *History of the Siege of Nottingham Castle*.

Another instance of love arising from reported virtues is related of the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, who was so charmed with the writings of Miss Ann Taylor, and the eulogium of her personal merits pronounced by those acquainted with her, that without having seen her he addressed a letter to the young lady, inquiring whether any peremptory reasons existed which might lead him to conclude that a journey undertaken with the purpose of soliciting her heart and hand could not possibly be successful. After a little correspondence, the journey was permitted, and an interview was obtained, which ripened into happy wedded life.

It is reported of a certain plebeian in one of the northern counties, that on a given day he took in his homely conveyance five young women to some religious meeting. After the rustic drive and the religious service, he was married to one of his fair companions. She died; and as fortune would have it, when he was in search of a second wife, he alighted on another who had favoured him with her company on that day. And so moved the train of events that the third and the fourth and the fifth became wife unto him. Courtship this, with a vengeance!

The celebrated John Newton of Olney fell in love with a Kentish maid at first sight. The girl was under fourteen years of age; but such was the impression she made on young Newton, that his affection for her appears to have equalled all that the writers of romance have imagined. When in distant parts of the world, the thought of her checked him in a profligate career. When sinking on the coast of Africa into a wretched state of slavery, and when ready to put an end to his life, the thought of her aroused him to energy and inspired him with hope. All the oppression and scenes of misery and wickedness through which he had to pass never banished her for a single hour from his waking thoughts.

for the following seven years. When he lived in London, he would repair twice a week to Shooter's Hill, and from the top of that eminence comfort himself by a distant view of the district in which his loved one lived. Not that he could see the spot itself, which was in reality so remote; but it gratified him even to look towards the spot. She eventually became the bright star of his life.

The Rev. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, and author of *Contemplations on the Old and New Testament*, obtained a wife in a very singular manner. In walking from church one Whit-Monday with a grave and reverend minister of the name of Grandidge, he saw a comely modest gentlewoman standing at the door of a house where they were invited to a wedding-dinner. Mr Hall inquired of his friend whether he knew her. 'Yes,' said Mr Grandidge; 'I know her well, and I have bespoken her for your wife. She is the daughter of a gentleman whom I much respect, Mr George Winnif of Bretenham; and out of an opinion I have of the fitness of the match for you, I have already treated about it with her father, whom I found very apt to entertain it.' Mr Hall too, it seems was equally apt to entertain it; for he says: 'Being advised not to neglect the opportunity, and not concealing the just praises of the modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemingly presence, I listened to the motion as sent from God.' On this motion Mr Hall acted; he spoke the necessary words; and at last with due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the society of that charming helpmate for the space of forty-five years.

That learned and judicious divine Richard Hooker, obtained his wife somewhat casually. When he was ordained priest, he went to London, according to the statutes of his college, to preach at St Paul's Cross. He arrived there wet, weary, weather-beaten, and very angry at a friend who had persuaded him not to walk, but to take the journey on horseback, which had prostrated him with influenza. His hostess, one Mrs Churchman, attended to him with all care and diligence. Hooker was afraid he would not be able to preach on the following Sunday; but the good wishes and good nursing of his hostess nerved him for his duties, and he got through his work admirably. The preacher was very thankful to Mrs Churchman, who had cured him of his disorder and cold, and he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all the poor woman said. Mrs Churchman told him he was a man of tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him, such a one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry. So Mr Hooker in his guilelessness empowered her to choose a wife for him, and promised to return to London at her call to receive his bride. Mrs Churchman at once attended to this little business for Master Hooker. In looking round to find him a wife, she thought it wise to begin at home, and in her own daughter Joan, according to her judgment, she found one who would nurse the preacher, prolong his life, and make it more comfortable. In due time Mr Hooker went to London to be joined to the wife of his hostess' choice; but she brought to him

neither beauty nor portion. She was, sad to relate, a woman of an unruly tongue, and instead of adding to his comfort, she was an incessant trial to his patience. The moral of this is: Choose for yourself.

A minister offered his hand to a young lady, and was accepted; this was in the month of June. The lovers parted, and never saw or heard of each other till the following January, when the young lady was visiting at the house of a friend. In the lesson at morning prayers the following passage occurred: 'He that believeth shall not make haste;' which greatly impressed and perplexed the mind of the young lady. So she inquired anxiously of her hostess what the passage meant. The hostess attempted a little exposition; that the meaning was, that where there was faith in a person, in his promise or engagement, there would be no fretfulness, or irritation, or fear, or anxious wish to speed on the fulfilment of the promise. Whilst they were conducting the conversation they heard the postman's knock; and the servant brought a letter for the young lady, which, when opened, she found was from her long silent lover; and strangely enough, the first sentence was: 'He that believeth shall not make haste.'

The celebrated George Whitefield began his courtship in a singular fashion. His biographer pronounces him one of the oddest wooers that ever wooed. When Whitefield was in America, and had under his charge the Orphan House in Savannah, 'it was much impressed on his heart that he ought to marry in order to have a helpmate in his arduous work.' He had also fixed his mind on the young lady whom he intended to ask to become his wife. So he addressed a letter to her parents, and inclosed another to herself. In his letter to the parents he stated that he wanted a wife to help him in the management of his increasing family, and then said: 'This letter comes like Abraham's servant to Rebekah's relations, to know whether your daughter, Miss E—, is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking; and if so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage to her. You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal; for I bless God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love.' He wrote in a similar strain to the young lady, asking her, among many other questions, if she could leave her home and trust in Him for support who feeds the young ravens; and bear the inclemencies of air both as to heat and cold in a foreign climate, whether having a husband she could be as though she had none. He also told her that he thought the passionate expressions which ordinary courtiers use ought to be avoided by those who would marry in the Lord; and that if she thought marriage would in any way be prejudicial to her better part, she was to be so kind as send him a denial; that she need not be afraid to speak her mind, as he loved her only for God.

The letters were not so successful as Abraham's servant. The parents were not very anxious to send their daughter on such an adventure, and Whitefield continued for a longer space in his bachelor condition. Some time after he assayed another courtship with a widow in Wales after the same style. The mode in which Rebekah

was chosen for Isaac seems to have been Whitefield's ideal of obtaining a wife. The week after he was married he went on one of his evangelistic tours; and left his newly wedded wife to muse alone amid the Welsh hills in the second quarter of their honeymoon.

Thomas Gainsborough's young friend (a commercial traveller in his father's establishment) had a sister, Miss Margaret Burr, an extraordinary beauty. That Miss Burr should wish to have her portrait painted by her brother's friend, is not a matter of wonder. Neither is it a wonder that the sittings should be numerous and protracted, for such they are declared to have been. The likeness was at last finished, and pronounced by competent judges perfect. The young lady greatly admired the painter's skill, and in glowing terms expressed her appreciation of the portrait, and in doing so gave the artist the gentlest possible hint that perhaps in time he might become the possessor of the original. On that hint Gainsborough spoke the magic word, and after a short courtship, was rewarded by her hand, and each lent brightness to the other's life.

ORIGINALITY.

A person who should offer to teach his neighbours how to be original, would probably be listened to with as much suspicion as was Sydney Smith, when he suggested that if a man 'would only observe with due care the resemblances between ideas, he might in the course of a few months become so conspicuously witty that his friends would not recognise him. People are willing enough to believe that the memory may be strengthened or the reasoning faculties developed. Practice, they say, will do this; there is nothing mysterious in the process. But to be witty—to shew originality, is quite a different matter. This is genius, a special gift, a subtle power which we cannot analyse and cannot acquire.'

Now we are not going to assert that any individual of mediocre talents could by means of methodical study earn for himself the reputation of an original genius or a wit. No doubt the reverend and facetious lecturer was laughing in his sleeve when he propounded the recipe for making a witty man, which we have just quoted, to an audience of commonplace Englishmen. Nevertheless the advice was sound, and we may be very sure was not given as an idle joke. If a man of average ability were deliberately to set about it, he would really be astonished at its success. For Sydney Smith gives in these words the correct analysis of his own method of producing witticisms. His wit was the natural outcome of his habits of close observation in all matters great and small, coupled with a keen sense of the ludicrous. This last quality made him a humorist as well as a wit. Between the two characters there is an acknowledged distinction; wit being intellectual and almost synonymous with originality; while a sense of humour, like a sense of sadness, belongs to feeling.

Originality then nothing but a habit of observation? Not quite so; but this much is certain, and no indifferent man was ever really original. A habit of observation is a quality common to all men of brains. Further, in minds of the first

rank this readiness to note whatever may come within the range of their experience is not a mere aptness to receive impressions; it is a strenuous effort. Strong minds seize facts as a hungry lion seizes its prey. The weaker intellects accept what is obtruded upon them, or make fitful and feeble attempts to enlarge their knowledge. These weak intellects are never original. Their ideas are but blurred outlines sketched by an unskilful hand, and thrown together in hopeless confusion; not the clear-cut images which eager attention stamps upon the mind. If we apprehend things dimly, we cannot have a vivid imagination; and if we have no fancies to combine or compare, we shall never be witty.

But the habit of concentrating all our energies in the acquirement of information, though it will supply us with a great store of knowledge, will not secure that variety of ideas which is indispensable for original conceptions. To this end some versatility is essential. We must be able to turn from one pursuit and throw ourselves, with equal energy into another. The natural fruit of such a power is variety of impressions; and in a thoughtful mind this almost necessarily implies the power of bringing those varied experiences into a focus. Then, quite naturally, as when a child turns the kaleidoscope and delights itself with the brilliant patterns, the multitude of clear thoughts and bright fancies mingling together produce combinations of startling originality and exquisite beauty.

Thus varied knowledge, whether obtained from study or personal experience, seems to be a necessary condition of original conceptions. No man can create a simple idea. The greatest thinker can only collect and combine. If we peruse the writings of Lord Bacon, nothing is more noticeable than the great variety of topics which he touches upon, and the mass of erudition which affords the subject-matter for his aphorisms. And Bacon, if not humorous, is always witty; and his wit consists in the aptness by which he illustrates one group of ideas by another group brought as it were from a distant region of the domain of knowledge. The same is true of Shakspeare, and of all who possessed true originality. It would appear then, that there is nothing abnormal in the mental activities of those great men whom we are wont in our ignorance to endow with the peculiar and divine faculty of genius. 'Genius,' says Mr Leslie Stephen, 'involves, though it cannot be resolved into, an infinite capacity for taking trouble.' According to Dr Johnson, 'genius' is but a mind of large general powers accidentally determined in a particular direction. And still more decisive are the words of the Rev. Frederick Robertson, who, without denying the fact of extraordinary and peculiar endowments, maintains that the very same results may be obtained by the diligent use of those powers which in greater or lesser measure are given to all. 'When the mind,' he observes, 'is stored with a vast variety of thoughts, which by digestion it has made its own, it is wonderful how rapid by habit those combinations become which we generally attribute to genius only.' 'Talent,' in fact, 'often becomes almost as intuitive as genius.'

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CHEAP SHOPS IN LONDON.

THERE is probably no spot in the United Kingdom where money can be laid out to better advantage than in the metropolis; for while it is perfectly true that the best and the worst of everything come to London, you are not compelled to buy the worst; and it simply requires a knowledge of town to lay out your money to the best possible advantage. The astute Londoner goes to the Borough for his boots; then he saunters over to Hornsdatich for new or, at anyrate, new-looking hats at three-and-sixpence each. He buys wine and jewellery in the City, fish in Billingsgate, coats and tea in Whitechapel, resorting only to the West end when in quest of articles used all but exclusively by the upper classes. He is well acquainted too with the refreshment houses along the different lines of road, and will take you to the best places to find good claret on draught, and to antiquated old taverns up alleys where you can obtain the best glass of bitter beer, or extra-strong Scotch and Burton ales. And if your means are of the smallest, and you desire a complete rig-out of second-hand clothing for about ten shillings, he will conduct you to marts where your pocket can be suited to a nicety. In short, things in London can be bought at any price; while some things—if they are to be purchased at all—*must* be purchased there; for it is no uncommon affair to find goods despatched wholesale from the place of production to London, and thence actually sent back again in small quantities to be sold retail.

Some years since, partaking of breakfast in a country inn, we tasted some particularly nice bacon, and imagining, of course, that it was fed on the spot, inquired if we could be supplied with a small quantity to take back to town. The reply we had was, that the bacon came from London, but was produced on a neighbouring farm, the occupier of which would not supply small quantities, as it answered his purpose better to contract with a London dealer to take the whole of it off his hands for cash down.

As a rule, in London the best articles are to be bought in the widest thoroughfares and at the largest shops; and this rule for strangers is a sufficiently safe guide. But at the same time we can go to shops, and those in the back alums, where provisions of the best quality can be purchased at the lowest price; for the poorer classes are as fastidious in their tastes as their more aristocratic neighbours; and it is an error to suppose, as some people do, that because a man is poor he cannot appreciate anything that is good. The case in fact is quite the reverse; we believe that the lower we descend in the social scale, the more extravagant and epicurean does the taste become. It is sharpened by hunger, a far better provocation to the palate than wine; and we have known shoeless and hatless vagabonds who, if they had the wherewithal, would dine *à la* on the rarest luxuries.

It will we think be found, on a careful comparison of the highest and lowest classes, that as regards certain characteristics they are identical, and meet on extreme points, with this saving difference, that if the better-to-do classes squandered their pounds as recklessly as does the beggar his pence, the upper ten thousand would speedily become an extinct order everywhere.

Let us see then how adulteration comes to exist, for exist it does, and is perhaps more rampant in London than anywhere else. Acts of parliament and Borough analysts have removed, no doubt, the copper out of pickles and green peas, and perhaps a little red ochre from anchovies; but still there remain family jam at fourpence a pound and butter at ninepence, any quantity of either of which can be bought all over London in back localities. So far as the actual trade in adulteration is concerned, legislation has done but little, and probably will never be able to accomplish more. The reasons are obvious. In the first place, our present weights and measures bear a certain definite proportion to our coinage, and unless certain weights are established for certain articles, they must either be adulterated or not sold at all. We will select one article—say, for example's

sake, mustard—and suppose that it can be sold genuine at one shilling and eightpence per pound. That is of course five farthings per ounce; but how is a halfpenny-worth or a farthing's-worth to be made except by guessing the weight? So accordingly mustard is adulterated down to sixteenpence per pound (a penny per ounce), and thus the scale is accommodated. This is the principal key to the adulteration of most of the articles sold in the petty shops; for as the large shops do not care to sell pennyworths and farthingworths, the small shops exist on what the large turn away.

The bread-winner of a family among the wretched classes will take home in the evening say eighteenpence, which he has obtained somehow or other during the day. The wife will lay this out nearly as follows: bread, sixpence; of butter, tea, sugar, coal, cheese, and tobacco, each one penny-worth, with candle one halfpenny, leaving a balance of fivepence-halfpenny wherewith to buy beer and start 'her old man' on a fresh bread-hunting expedition on the morrow. These articles will all be purchased at a small 'general' shop, where they sell everything necessary for household use, adulterated probably to suit the weights and measures, and for no other reason.

But if the wretched classes are compelled to patronise the 'general' shop on account of their poverty, there is a class above them which does the same for a very different reason. Honest John the mechanic who makes his thirty or five-and-thirty shillings a week goes there also, and lays out a portion of his money. It is true he does not spend very much of it there; he goes in preference to those large wholesale establishments where they have a retail branch annexed, and where not a farthing's-worth of credit can by any possibility be obtained. He knows that everything he purchases at such places will be of the best, and at least twenty per cent. better than what is offered at the general shop. But the general shop gives credit, and it is his policy to lay out there some of his earnings, running as he usually does, a weekly bill. He knows full well that slack times will occur, when he may be out of work perhaps for eight or nine weeks together, and that without credit from the general shop he will be unable to pull through his difficulties. And the general shop knows him—he has dealt there for years, and they trust him when out of work; because if they do not, they will certainly lose his custom when he regains employment. The general shop in turn obtains credit from second and third rate wholesale houses who supply, with certain exceptions, the articles ready mixed; and we seldom read of either wholesale or retail men being pulled up for adulterating. More than that, they rarely comply with that clause in the Act of parliament which requires them to indicate in writing or printing any article which may be a mixture; on the contrary, they stick huge placards inviting people to try butter at ninepence per pound, not one half of which of course has actu-

ally been produced by the cow; and extol the medicinal virtues of marmalade at fourpence, of a gelatinous appearance, and certainly not the product of the Seville orange.

The causes of adulteration then are mainly to be found in the necessities of the working and poorer classes; and until constant employment and regular wages can be guaranteed, so long it is to be feared will adulteration be an institution among us. The shopkeepers who sell rubbish are not so much to blame as at first sight would appear. As a rule they are honest men, and do not adulterate systematically, as some people imagine, with the view of picking the pockets of their customers, but because they know that business cannot be carried on as things are going at present, unless they deal in sophisticated goods. We suspect the real dishonesty is to be found among a class of manufacturers who, by ingenious chemical processes, make nearly worthless articles of sufficient commercial value to mix undiscovered with genuine. And yet even the poorer classes, if they knew how to do it, could at all times, as we shall endeavour to shew, lay out their earnings on food that is at once cheap and wholesome. Calling upon a butcher of our acquaintance in the Seven Dials, we ascertain from him that one side of his shop is devoted to the sale of meat, the other for the sale of cat's-meat; that of this latter commodity he usually sells a thousand ha'porths every Sunday morning, and that we can have any quantity we like at twopence per pound. However, as we can lay out twopence to better advantage in meat—as we shall presently see—we continue our journey. In Drury Lane we find excellent bread sold in elegant shops, and down in Clare Market abundance of good English meat, rather fat perhaps, but that will do excellently to send to the bakehouse on Sunday over a dish of potatoes. Here the buyers are chiefly of the humbler classes; things as a rule are good and cheap, save at the inevitable general shop; and being pestered to buy an enormous haddock for fivepence, we take it home, and find the quality excellent; not of course to be compared to Finnan haddocks, but still capital for hungry stomachs. Down Leather Lane we come upon the Italian nationality, with its peculiar sort of cook-shops, restaurants, and ice-shops, and here again nothing foreign is inviting; the costermongers with their barrow-loads of English vegetables, making up for the deficiency by the substantial appearance of their wares. Taking a flight across to the Metropolitan Meat Market in Smithfield, we find butchers asking us prices in accordance with our style of dress and presumed innocence; but it is Saturday night and rather late; moreover it is warm weather, and the meat must be sold at any price rather than remain on hand during Sunday. So as closing-time approaches, off it goes, six pounds for a shilling, excellent meat; and the frugal housewives who have bought it, go home and take the precaution to put it down before the fire or in the pot at

once, and give it enough cooking to insure its preservation until the morrow. We will now pass through the City and see how matters fare at the East end, the abode of the working and poorer classes in London.

Of the East end of London we may say, as our opinion, that although you cannot buy there certain high-priced articles which you can in the West, yet that you can there lay out your money to greater advantage. With regard to groceries, there are some large establishments where fifteen or sixteen counter-men are constantly engaged hanging their scales, the scene on Saturday nights being terrific. Exposed in stalls in the Whitechapel Road you see vegetables, fish, sweets, and cakes, all of good quality and very cheap; while if you go into a market in a backstreet, you will find tolerable fresh fish going at about a penny a pound, onions four pounds for twopence, good cheese at eightpence, and compressed dates at a penny. Oranges, cocoa-nuts, and other fruit, go remarkably cheap; with sweets three ounces a penny, tolerably good; while black-currant lozenges at a halfpenny per ounce are decidedly not the thing, though a fair imitation. And here is a man who has a truck-load of cheese, which he is offering at fourpence a pound, and very fair cheese it is. The meat too at one of the leading shops is good though not prime; and buyers can be suited at all prices, beginning with salt-beef at threepence per pound, going on to beef and mutton scraps at firepence, and so on to ribs of beef at elevenpence. Younder is an open shop with a burly individual in front, brandishing a large cutlass-shaped knife, and keeping up a rattling fire of small-talk. 'Rabbits mum—yes mum; seven and a half to-night.—Weigh up at five and four, Charley' (here he throws inside the shop a piece of bacon, and the customer follows round to see it weighed).—'Beautiful bit of real Wiltshire bacon, sir. Sold again; ha, ha! I thought we'd clear all off that board to-night.—Weigh up here at six and eight, Charley; keep the scale going; keep the scale hot, keep the scale hot!' and so on, up to the small-hours on Sunday morning. Here you obtain delicious butter at sixpence per pound; and if you will come with us down a back-lane near one of the wharfs, we will buy for you bacon at a shilling, which cannot be excelled either West or East.

We will now try an establishment opposite the principal entrance of the London Docks, where they boldly advertise 'a good dinner for fourpence.' Enter a few minutes before four, and innocently take a seat, supposing that a waiter will attend your wishes. Van expectation; for as soon as the clock has struck, in rushes a crowd of hungry ragamuffins from the Docks, who seize each a plate, and having procured what they want, convey it to the nearest table and devour it. Having waited upon yourself in a similar manner, you find the fourpenny dinner to consist of a jorum of soup, a hunch of bread, and some well-baked greasy potatoes, the quantity of each article being for the money quite astounding. And if your hunger should still be unsatisfied, you can fill up with 'plum duff' baked in fat, or fatty roll pudding made with some of the 'family jam' at fourpence per pound to which we have before alluded. However, the proprietor does a roaring trade; and

these cheap cook-shops also do a good outdoor business in pennyworths of pudding, potatoes, and small quantities of meat; not to mention the fried-fish shops—and you must go to the East end to taste fried fish in perfection—where you can have a good fill for about twopence. There are thousands among the wretched classes who have no plates or knives, and who if they could not buy something ready cooked from such shops, would have nothing cooked at all. The other meals, breakfast or tea, they manage well enough. They have a bit of fire, and with a beer-can, the property of the public-house, they boil some tea, which they drink out of cocoa-nut shells, the sugar being left in its original paper; and butter, if they have any, spread on with a bit of stick on bread torn off the loaf, a skewer answering the purpose of a teaspoon. To the wretched holes in which they live, the parish relieving officers have access as a matter of course, and permit us to penetrate beneath the veil which covers the vice and poverty of the lowest classes.

When we speak of London milk we allude to an article from which it would, we think, be difficult to extract much butter; and to talk about skimming cream from which, is usually treated as a good joke. In former days we heard a good deal about milk compounded of sheep's, goats', cows', and other cheap if not good articles; but all that is now changed, for the government sanitary officials finding milk a liquid the adulteration of which could the most readily be detected, keep the milk-dealers constantly in terror, leaving horse-bean coffee and articles of that sort, requiring more skill in analysis, to take care of themselves. In spite of all their vigilance however, milk still in many places betrays an acquaintance with the pump, the small fines imposed on detection not acting as a sufficient deterrent. In many places however, where they keep cows, they advertise the hours of milking; and you can have this article in your own jug direct from the cow if you are so disposed. But it is to our minds scarcely possible to conceive of wholesome milk extracted from animals kept all the year round in close houses, and fed on stimulating diet to increase the quantity of their yield.

The milk question brings into our mind the quality of the viands supplied by the majority of the coffee-shops, frequented largely by workmen for their mid-day meal. Bad as is the coffee supplied by the adulterating 'general' shop, it is delicious compared with the horrible decoctions supplied at a high price by many of the ordinary coffee-shops, our own impression being, from actual tasting, that there is very little coffee at all in the mixture usually sold as such. Yet with all the adulteration they practise, many of the coffee-shops do a large trade, even the coffee-stalls in the streets which supply as small a quantity as a halfpennyworth of coffee, frequently taking eight or ten pounds per week. These are much patronised, especially at the West end, by certain classes, and at the East end by watermen and work-girls who have lain in bed until the very last minute, and snatch a flying breakfast as they go along to work.

Of late years, some enterprising and philanthropic individuals have started Coffee Public-houses, where every article of refreshment is sold

at the merest fraction above cost, the quality being of course excellent. But on this important subject we have already said a few words in another article.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XIV.—ON BOARD THE 'WESTERN MAID.'

HUGH had not much time to waste in vain repinings. The Western Tug and Salvage Company did not intend their steamer stationed at Treport to be an ornamental fixture of what the natives designated the quay-pool, and non-Cornishmen knew as the harbour; and so the young captain of the *Western Maid* had plenty of occupation. There were, as Long Michael the mate had predicted, skippers commanding heavily laden merchantmen lying near the entrance of the Channel, who grew tired of whistling for a wind that never came, and contracted with some steamer to help them on their way towards Southampton Water or the Nore. Towing a big ship bound for the port of London, may not at first sight appear to be very exciting work; but Hugh Ashton cheerfully accepted his new duties, and discharged them in a manner that satisfied his employers and won the respect of his crew. Long Michael, whose unselfish soul rejoiced in the growing popularity of the young man who had been put over his head, rubbed his rough hands together and chuckled over his pupil's rapid progress.

' Picks up sea-learning, the Captain does, quicker than most,' the honest mate would say. 'Not that he wanted making into a sailor; that was done ready to hand. But then, the coast, it does want a sharp eye and a good memory to make sure of the landmarks, 'special in dark weather. And Captain Ashton's getting to know them as well as a shepherd knows his sheep.'

Estimable Michael had no idea of the hard and assiduous study of the chart in wakeful hours of the night, which enabled his young commander to compare real crags and promontories with their painted presentment on the map, and to know one beacon from another and one shoal from its fellow, along the difficult Channel coast. To the mate, who could read and write certainly—most Cornishmen can do that—but to whom book-lore was a Pilgrim's Progress of the most painful character, and whose eyes were familiar with no volumes but those which sea and sky present to the inquirer, Hugh's prompt proficiency appeared little less than marvellous. He, Michael, was a smart seaman, but had he not been 'at it' all his life, as 'prentice, ordinary, and A.B., until in the fullness of time he ripened into an officer? He had learned his trade thoroughly, but slowly, as those who learn by rule of thumb must ever acquire an art, and even now he was, though the best of mates, not fit to be a captain. Hugh was a smart seaman too; but he was something more, and being a gallant young fellow with a gentle temper and a lion's heart, had won the highest esteem that Long Michael had to bestow.

The *Western Maid* did good work, puffing and panting up the coast with a deep-laden three-master, like some gigantic fish fast hooked, lumbering heavily along at the other end of the tough tow-rope, and with just sail enough spread to get sternage-way upon her, and avoid fouling in the crowded waters east of Portland Bill. Then would

spring up a puff of air, a 'fine topsail breeze,' as the officers of the towed vessel would call it; and then the skipper, with the terrors of grumbling owners before his eyes, would discharge his steam-mentor, set every rag of canvas that would draw, and a little more, and run or beat unaided Londonwards, until the treacherous breeze died away, and there was swearing, and signalling for another tug out of some friendly harbour.

'Glad to have us, and glad to get rid of us!' Long Michael would say with a grin—'just as if, Cap., we were the doctor!'

The crew of the steamer criticised Hugh Ashton much as a company of foot-soldiers or troop of cavalry criticise in barrack-rooms the new captain who has arrived to lead them. And the questions they asked of one another were much the same, allowance being made for sea and shipwreck being the foes to fear, instead of human enemies, that soldiers would have propounded. Our new chief, of what stuff is he? Will he fight, or is the white-feather to be looked for? Does he worry a poor fellow's life out, or is he reasonable with those that do their best? Has he his weather-eye open, or is he a simpleton, and easy to deceive? The verdict as regarded Hugh was favourable. There are men whose daring no one doubts, whose very eye speaks of courage waiting for its opportunity, and Hugh was one of them. Then he was pleasant of speech and manner, but keen to note a dereliction of duty. Shirkers, and there were two or three on board the *Western Maid* who did the least they could for their wages, as warranted by the strictest principles of political economy, felt as though they would rather not shirk, with Hugh's eye upon them. He was no nagging martinet, but the men knew somehow that he had a rough as well as a smooth side to his tongue in the hour of need. And they liked him the better because they feared to offend him.

Of course Hugh was exceptionally lucky in his mate. It would have cost a malicious subordinate nothing to have put his unpractised superior constantly in the wrong, to have insured a growling crew, dissatisfied owners, and diminished profits to the Tug and Salvage Company. Even the frequent coaling would have been a stumbling-block in the path of an unaided tyro in Hugh's position. He had the printed instructions to guide him, but instructions of that sort are seldom very useful to a neophyte unless he has the advantage of somebody practical enough to read between the lines and to know what is really meant. Lightermen who bring off supplies of fuel to a tug are not always scrupulous as to weight and price; nor are deckhands invariably unwilling to abstain, in harbour, from slipping a sackful of black diamonds into some leaky punt or grimy whorly alongside.

Hugh did his work well, and earned the half-year's dividend for his masters the shareholders of the Western Tug and Salvage Company, better than old Captain Cleat in his best days had ever done. He conciliated by judicious firmness, ready banter, and serene good-humour, some of the sourest and most quarrelsome of skippers. He got cash payments, or certificates of indebtedness that were almost as valuable, where some of his temporary clients would fain have ignored their liability on casting off the tow-rope and hoisting sail.

'A good fair-weather Cap'n, I don't deny it,' said, in private forensitic conclave, the worst man and the greatest talker on board the *Western Mail*, Salem Jackson by name. 'Nor yet I don't deny, chaps, that he's got a pleasant way of speaking up. I never liked the appointment, mind ye, shipmates. He's a lady's pet, he is; and what has an old dame, though she be Madam Moneybags, to do meddling with who's to command a craft like ours? Let's see what sort he turns out when we get the gales!'

But in spite of Salem Jackson and the smouldering embers of discontent that he sedulously strove to fan to flame, Hugh went prosperously on in his new career. He won golden opinions, and for that matter, gold in a more substantial shape, by discovering the famous derelict, the abandoned wine-ship from Lisbon, which was beginning to grow half-mythical, so many were the tales told of fishers and coasters that had sighted her at early dawn or dewy eve, hull down, in the dim distance, and of chases which fog, or night, or the set of adverse currents had rendered fruitless. As it was, Hugh listened much and said little, comparing the evidence, until he had made up his own mind as to the set of tide and sea-way, and, cruising off into the south-western waters, came in sight of the deserted vessel.

'Portuguese rigged! Nobody at the helm—a barque—and water-logged,' said Hugh, as he descended the rigging, his telescope under his arm, after taking a steady look at the derelict. 'I suspect the people aboard her were seized with a panic when she sprung a leak, took to their boats without a compass, and were lost. But she's safe enough; and it will go hard but we get her over Treport bar. Keep her away Jackson, will you—two points yet, d'ye hear. And now Michael, we must drive her along.'

The fog-bank was nearly, but not quite, like some supernatural cloud in the Homeric epic, around the abandoned barque, when the steamer neared her sufficiently to enable grappling-irons to be flung into her standing gear. She had her jib and foresail yet set; but there was no hand upon the useless wheel, and the heavy craft drifted helpless, at the mercy of wind and sea. When boarded, not a living creature, as might have been expected, was found above hatches or below. Even the lorries and parrots, chained to perches in the captain's cabin, had died for lack of food and water. The ship however, was yet sound, and the valuable cargo unhurt.

'Too much, to my mind, the skipper's share, according to present rules,' said one of the shareholders in the Tug and Salvage Company to another, below his breath, after the Board meeting. 'Two hundred and eighty pounds for that young Ashton, out of the port-wine ship. It's just a picking of all our pockets.'

'Ah, but my Lady likes him!' returned, with a grudging sigh, the congenial spirit to whom he spoke. 'The whole question of share and salary ought to be looked to. But Lady Absolute wouldn't stand it; and she owns nine-tenths of the stock, after all!'

In the meantime, and pending the desirable revision of share and salary, Hugh was half a hero in the eyes of the Treport maritime population. Nothing succeeds like success, and although there had gone no danger and little toil to the

winning of the wine-ship, whose owners or underwriters would be thankful to commute the total loss of vessel and cargo for a heavy award of salvage, still, in the popular imagination, Hugh Ashton had performed an exploit worthy of all praise. The only person who in all seriousness lifted up a dissentient voice was one who liked Hugh well—old Captain Trawl, his host.

'Too easy! too easy by half, my lad!' he would say, with an old mariner's half-heathen tinge of superstition. 'Can't be all fair wind and smooth sea, ye know. The worst squalls are those that come sudden, after a calm.'

WRITING.

EVERYBODY is now taught to write, and there are probably few persons belonging to what are called the respectable classes who do not imagine that they can write a letter fairly, both as regards calligraphy and correctness of expression. Our opinion is somewhat different. There is an immense amount of bad letter-writing. In a vast number of cases coming under our experience, persons of good education do not know how to write their own name intelligibly. We have seen a letter written by a 'finished' young lady of the period, in her nineteenth year. The penmanship itself was ugly, ungainly, and awkward; the spelling of several ordinary words was incorrect; small letters were used where capitals ought to have been; and we wondered, as we perused the ill-composed, badly written document, how a being of even moderate abilities could send forth anything so imperfect. Yet this young lady had been for years at a high-class school where masters had taught English in all its branches, the mistress of which also was a lady of cultivation and refinement. Penmanship is far too little attended to in schools, even of the best class. No doubt ornamental writing is often taught; but this style generally unfits the pupil for the plain everyday process. The best model for *daily* use should be placed before the young lady for at least one year before she leaves school, and after she has emerged from the regular text and half-text copies. Epistolary composition should also be studied as a distinct accomplishment, if the pupil have no natural talent that way.

Good penmanship is as necessary for a lady or gentleman as a good style of talking or reading. If a man is owner of a large estate, with servants, money, and influence at command, we wonder all the more if he writes a mean, cramped, or illiterate hand. We take up his letter with a feeling of surprise, and say: 'What! is this the production of So-and-so?' It looks like the wretched scraping of some poor labourer with a scarcity of ink to boot.' Bad writing has the same effect upon the eye as discordant tones in music have upon the ear.

Much has been said about judging character by handwriting. In many cases however, we should feel far from justified in reading an individual's habits or disposition in the writing he or she may produce. The manner of writing is often a matter of imitation, but it is often also a result of whim, without regard to what is neat, tasteful, or intelligible. Perhaps it might be as correct to say that it is a result of carelessness. We happen to know an English clergyman of

distinction whose letters are next thing to unreadable. Consisting of irregular scratchings, their meaning is barely guessed at, except by some one skilled in deciphering them. Is not such writing very like an indignity towards the individuals addressed? We entertain an utter detestation of this eccentricity in letter-writing, whether caused by sheer carelessness or by perverse oddity. We say the same thing of confused unintelligible signatures. No one is entitled to torment correspondents by these eccentricities.

It is difficult to realise the immense number of those who are brought day by day into correspondence and exchange many letters, perhaps without ever meeting; and as nothing is more misleading than written communications between people who are personally unacquainted with each other, the amount of misapprehension going on around us must be very great. An editor for instance, may have corresponded for years with a writer whom he has never seen, and while conversant with his or her literary ability, may be a total stranger to the character of his contributor. It is curious how often it happens that those who may write their thoughts and feelings in expressions perfectly natural to them, convey to their readers ideas of their mind, manner, and appearance often much at variance with the truth. Mere handwriting has with some a great effect—far more than is justified. A crabbed writing, difficult to decipher, certainly detracts from the pleasure of reading even the brightest ideas; while a free legible hand is prepossessing, carries you easily over commonplace, and enhances the charm of well-constructed sentences. Writing may be allowed to be characteristic, inasmuch as it indicates to a certain extent, temper and temperament; but even on these points it is not an unerring guide; for many can never command a manual dexterity sufficient to make writing free enough to harmonise with their really powerful character.

There is no accounting for the strange perversity with which some people writing under the influence of various strong emotions will do themselves gross injustice, that can never be redressed. A widow lady who had experienced severe reverse of fortune, and devoting her life to her children, had secluded herself from society, resolved, as they were grown up and scattered in various directions, to seek an agreeable family in which she could find a home. She advertised to this effect, and received a reply offering the prospect of a home such as of all others she would have chosen. The handwriting she recognised as from one with whom—although personally unacquainted—she had some years previously held a long correspondence, and to whom her antecedents were known. There were certain circumstances connected with that period that affected the widow deeply, and she answered in a style that was in fact just an hysterical giggle—as much representing her real mind as a face in the contortions of agony resembles the same countenance in repose. Among some cloudy allusions to the past, she made use of the words, 'Such a life as I have led;' and the epistle throughout was a foolish one to have written even to the person for whom it was intended; but to a stranger, must have appeared something much worse. The perceptions of this dawned on her

directly she had posted the letter; but it was 'too late;' and she was promptly and horribly humiliated by receiving an intimation that 'all further letters would be refused or handed to the police.' From the foolish wording of the letter her correspondent evidently pictured her as a woman of more than doubtful character.

We are often struck by the palpable mismatching of minds and bodies, and sometimes find a noble mind in a physique the most commonplace—a generous soul, large mind, and expansive benevolence with the exterior of a crowing little bantam!

One who has taken much interest in woman's work for women, relates that the most elegant, refined-looking letters she ever received, interesting her deeply, and inducing her, before an interview, to commit herself to promise of certain assistance, were from a dreadful old woman of enormous size, dirty, ragged, repulsive, degraded,—in a word, drunken—whom it was impossible to help. A companion with much strength of body and mind was required to attend to a lady who needed 'supervision.' From numerous applicants, one was selected whose letters were in a fine bold writing, whose sentences were telegraphic in their concise avoidance of unnecessary words, and conveyed an impression of steady phlegmatic presence of mind and capability of exercising control. An interview was requested; and a limp shrimp of a woman presented herself, shy, nervous, and halting in speech, on whom the lady requiring supervision would soon have 'turned the tables.'

Some are courageous, not to say audacious, on paper, who in personal intercourse are very much the reverse. Not difficult to understand, this—because in following the train of our own thoughts we frequently lose the sense that we are writing for any eye but our own; and the mistakes arising from this audacity lead to doubtful situations and perplexities. Those—and paradoxical as it may appear, they are many—who have immoderate affections and very moderate passions, are the most likely to be betrayed into expressions of which they do not realise the force and interpretation possible to them. On the other hand, people of violent temper and passions, conscious of the meaning of their words, are often very reticent in correspondence. There is little doubt but that the most matter-of-fact among us are impressed with 'the ideal' in a way they hardly acknowledge. A lady and gentleman, personally quite unknown to each other, fell, by a curious incident irrelevant to the present subject, into correspondence. They were each possessed of high mental power, and became mutually fascinated. He, in quest of a second self with a mind and heart that should satisfy his exalted aspirations, found in her letters an attraction that routed his cynicism, and prompted him to repose a confidence in her that he had never originally intended to have given. She found in his a power that deprived her of will, a strength that was a refuge for her weakness, a determined nature that would carry all before it; a temper that could endure and wait, but when aroused would probably burst into tempest the most violent. Not having practically much knowledge of the world, she was subdued and captivated by the eccentricity of the affair, gave him the blind trust he claimed as one whose

'religion was honour,' and to exemplify the power of mind over matter, confessed—as he exacted she should before an interview or even exchange of photographs—that this ideal had inspired her with an absorbing affection!

This veracious history ought to have ended here with, 'They met, and were happy ever after.' Had they met, it could not have ended as it did; for the two realities brought face to face would either have found their psychic affinity confirmed, and the twain would have become one; or the repellent end of the psychic magnet would have driven them asunder, to go home and shatter their ideal gods, and meditate at leisure over the mysterious problem of 'mind versus matter.' But they did not meet. After her unwise admission, his letters ceased; and she had the stinging mortification of accidentally receiving the confidence of another lady with whom this ideal of hers had also been corresponding, in his search for a woman with 'a good heart and refined mind.' She did not return the lady's confidence, nor would she betray her; but the feeling that she had merely been a subject of psychic vivisection for the gratification of an epicurean, roused a rage of wounded self-love within her, and she sent him words, by means that—as he never guessed the truth—must have lowered her at once to zero in the estimation of her erstwhile ideal. His answer was a fury of disappointment, words that were almost an execration. Her nature however, was one of those that can more easily recover from a painful fact than from an overpowering ideal. A fact is tangible; its proportions do not vary. We can grasp it, realise it, wrestle with it, wear it out; but an absorbing *ideality* has the whole battery of the protean subjective mood for ever playing on it. Bearing this in mind, young folks should be especially guarded in their correspondence with unknown persons; their missives, if they *must* write, should be brief and to the point.

Before concluding, we would revert to the evils of illegible caligraphy, and offer a word to those who have occasion to submit their manuscripts to the scrutiny of others. In our own editorial experience we can assure those who intrust their offerings to our consideration, that nothing is more annoying than a bundle of badly written and confused manuscript. We might go further and add that many an article, no matter how intrinsically good it may have been, has been condemned and returned to the author unread, simply on account of the villainous caligraphy.

MORE GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

THE 'ghost-stories unveiled' which have already appeared in our columns seem to have attracted considerable attention, as being endeavours on our part to shew that what are termed 'supernatural occurrences' are in nearly all cases capable of being solved by the exercise of a little commonsense. We are indebted to various contributors for the following examples, all of which are guaranteed to be strictly true and may be enjoyed by even the most timid reader:

The locality where the following occurrence took place is near a small village some eight or nine miles from the city of Armagh. On a gray

December night, now about sixteen years ago, a middle-aged bachelor was returning from a Christmas party to which he had been invited by some of his village friends. Our hero, whose name was Charlie Coburn, occupied the position of land-steward to a country gentleman resident near the village. Charlie lodged at his father's, and found himself on his way home at about the hour of twelve—not an unreasonable hour for a bachelor, certainly; but then Charlie was a model to his race, and his word was a law to the parish. On his way home to our house, he required to pass through the village; and as there was a strapping lassie at the party upon whom rumour affirmed Charlie 'had his eye,' we can suppose his thoughts to have been occupied with meditating on the fair Mary, whose company he had just quitted, as he paced the kerb-stone with three fingers in each waistcoat pocket—his favourite attitude when in a musing mood.

It was only a week or two before, that the introduction of gas-lamps in the village streets took place; and when our hero reached the end of the street, he was enabled, by the light of the last lamp, to perceive some person only a short distance in front of him, and proceeding in the same direction as himself. As the road to my father's was rather dreary and deserted, Charlie felt glad of the unexpected company he was about to come up with. Consequently, he withdrew his fingers from his waistcoat pockets, and went on at a swinging pace, so as to overtake the traveller as soon as possible. The latter gentleman, however, evinced not the slightest desire for Charlie's society. On the contrary, he kept moving ahead faster and faster, in proportion as his pursuer's pace increased. The two were during this time keeping their way along the footpath, which ran outside a high wall, inclosing the demesne of a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood. In this wall, and just about a furlong or so past the last of the gas-lamps, was a curve, round which the lamp could not throw its rays, and it happened that at this very spot the gate leading into a graveyard was placed. Here the unsocial traveller suddenly and unaccountably disappeared from view.

It was impossible he could have jumped the wall, on account of its height; neither could he have crossed the road nor gone onwards, as in either case Coburn must have seen him. Then where had he gone? Not having passed the gate, he must have gone through it. But on examining the gate, it was found to be locked; and as the bars were too close to admit the passage of any human body, the only reasonable conclusion that Coburn could arrive at was, that he had been pursuing a ghost! Having settled this point satisfactorily (though suddenly) in his own mind, he thought it might be as well if he gave the ghost a chance of pursuing *him*. Coburn was neither superstitious nor cowardly; but this being the first time he had ever seen a real ghost, he felt rather unnerved. Not knowing what terrible consequences his temerity might bring upon him, and believing

discretion in this instance to be the better part of valour, he divested himself of his coat as quickly as possible, and throwing it over his shoulder, fled homewards, determined that if the ghost did give chase, it should not catch him without having at least a run for its victim.

We had not gone to bed on Coburn's arrival. He came—or rather rushed—in pale as a corpse, the perspiration pouring down his cheeks. His strange and untoward appearance seemed to put us all in such a state that none appeared to know what was the proper question to ask under the circumstances. However Charlie, who, on entering, had thrown himself into a chair, and his coat upon the floor, was the first to break the silence by gasping for 'a drink of spring-water.' He gulped it down; and my father, who had run to the door to see if there were no highwaymen lurking in the vicinity, came in, and grasping Coburn by the wrist—to feel his pulse, I suppose—asked what had happened.

'Oh!' pants Coburn, with horror depicted in every feature, 'I—I've seen a ghost!'

I shivered. But my father, who was not a believer in ghosts, laughed outright. This seemed to nettles our lodger considerably, as he always prided himself on his veracity, and could not bear to have it impugned, especially on so serious a subject. After he had calmed down a little, my father endeavoured to reason him out of his belief. But it was useless. 'He had seen a ghost, though he never believed in them before, and there was an end of it.'

'Well,' said my father, 'I have never seen a ghost; but I should much like to have it to say that I had seen one; and if you think there is any chance of your ghost favouring us with a second appearance, I propose that we both set off to the graveyard at once.'

Coburn seemed very reluctant to make the experiment; but as my father began to throw some slight aspersions on his courage, he at last consented, and they both set off. They examined the gate and found it locked; peered through the bars, but saw no sign of a ghost. Thinking the gentleman might have gone a second time for a stroll towards the village, they proceeded a short distance in that direction; but imagine their feelings when, on looking back, they saw behind them not one ghost, but two! Both ghosts went through the gate as before; but proved to be nothing other than the shadows of the two men, thrown by the newly erected gas-lamps, the bend in the wall causing the figures to appear as if they had vanished into the graveyard!

One evening some weeks ago, I was in my room preparing for bed, when I suddenly heard what sounded like footsteps coming along the passage leading to my room; then some one appeared to be feeling in the dark for the handle of the door, which was slightly shaken, and a low knock was heard. Of course I at once concluded that some one of the family was outside; and my door being locked, I called out to know who was there, but received no answer. Thinking this very odd, I went to the door and opened it; but, to my amazement, no one was outside, and yet I had heard no footsteps retreating. I must explain that my room is at the end of a long passage, to which you descend by five or six steps, my door

forming the end of the passage (my room being at the end of one wing of the house); therefore, on opening my door, I immediately commanded the whole of the corridor, and it seemed impossible for any one to have escaped in the time; and I knew that the two rooms opening on the same passage were locked up, so that no one could have got out of sight in that way.

Very much puzzled, I closed and locked my door; and after a brief interval the same thing was repeated. Cautious footsteps were heard approaching; then as if some one were feeling for the handle of the door in the dark, and shaking the door slightly by so doing; and then again a low knock. A second time did I open my door, but with the same result. No one was there. I frankly confess that I now began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, not on account of ghosts, but visions of thieves which floated across my mind (very irrationally, of course), and I felt persuaded that some one must be moving about the house; and yet I knew that every one else had gone to bed long ago; and I own I did not feel inclined to risk an encounter with this mysterious visitor while trying to arouse some one else, my room being some way from the rest of the family.

Determined however, if possible to find out what it was, I crouched down with my ear to the door, listening for a repetition of the noise, which was repeated a third time. But now, owing to my closeness to the door, I discovered the disturber of my peace in a mouse! It appeared this mouse, which had very evidently lost its way, had got down into the passage, and finding retreat rather difficult (owing, I suppose, to the steps), was rushing up and down the passage at full speed, thereby producing the sound of footsteps on the carpet, and on finding its egress barred by my door, trying to escape by running up the door; but the varnished paint affording it no foothold, the impetus of its run only sufficed to carry it up a short way (thus shaking the door and slightly moving the handle), and it then fell down with a flap, thus producing the knock.

I could not resist a hearty laugh when I found out the real cause of the disturbance; but yet it shews that stories of strange nocturnal noises should be received with great caution, for certainly I should always have declared that some one had been trying my door that night, had I not found out the real cause.

The following story, it is to be hoped, may assist still further in dispelling fears of what are termed supernatural visitors, by explaining one reason for house-bells 'ringing of themselves.'

I had quitted my temporary country residence for the winter, closed all the rooms, and left a trustworthy caretaker in charge, who occupied the kitchen. On the second night, while she sat at the fire, she was alarmed by hearing the drawing-room bell, which was high up in the passage to the kitchen, ring. She looked up into the passage, and there, surely enough, was the bell giving its last tinglyings. Her husband came home from his work, and to satisfy her, went up-stairs to the drawing-room. He unlocked the door, found everything in its usual state, carpet rolled up and ornaments and candlesticks covered. He returned, disbelieving his wife's story; but she persisted in

it; and she declared she would not for a year's wages remain an hour in the haunted house after nightfall. The days were at their shortest, and the husband required to be out at his work. In this difficulty her niece, a stout-hearted girl, volunteered to be her companion. Next evening the daylight disappeared as usual at an early hour, and soon afterwards the drawing-room bell rang. The niece sprang to her feet, ran into the passage, saw the bell still shaking, and rushed up into the drawing-room, which was found as before still and silent. With a good deal of entreaty, the caretaker was induced by her niece to remain in the kitchen. They again sat down at the fire, and left the passage-door open. A short time only elapsed when the bell in the passage again rang, and this time more loudly and continuously than before. The terror of the old woman now became extreme; but the younger crept cautiously round the half-open door, and there she saw the ringer of the bell—a half-starved rat, who impelled by hunger in the empty house, had made his way into the channel along which all the bell-wires had been laid from the several rooms into a common opening to the passage, and was discussing in his own thoughts the feasibility of jumping down from a height of five or six feet to the level of the kitchen floor, to seek for a supper. He was so hungry, that the presence of the girl did not frighten him away, and he remained with his forepaws in a state of unstable equilibrium, shaking the wire, while his glistening eyes shone out like two diamonds reflecting the light of the solitary kitchen candle. Had the stout-hearted girl not detected the presence of the hungry visitor, the belief would have been firm and not unreasonable, in the view of many, that some supernatural agency had rung the bell, and the legend of a haunted house would have hung round my little villa.

The following are related in the conversational style in which they were told to our contributor.

'I am sure none of you were ever so terrified by a ghost as I was,' said my Aunt Mabel. 'It was an American ghost, which perhaps accounts for its having been more wild and weird and altogether electrifying than anything ever met with in the old country. You know that I went to America when I was young, and that I spent many of my early years in a lonely farmhouse in the back-woods.'

'And without servants, Aunt Mabel?'

'Quite true, dear. Servants would not stay in such an out-of-the-way place without higher wages than we could give them, and indeed the "helps" we tried were often more deserving of the name of "hinderers." But we were all young and strong, and we never had happier days than when we all kept house together, and did the work with our own hands. Capital training it was, though at first of course we made many mistakes, everything was so new and strange to us.'

'It was soon after our arrival at this lonely place that I met with a terrible fright. My sister Isabel and I shared the same room, and one night I was awakened by hearing her crying by my side.

"What is the matter, Isabel?"

"Oh, a toothache, a most dreadful toothache; and I have nothing to relieve it. If I could only get some brandy; a little burnt brandy would cure it in a moment."

"My dear," I said, jumping out of bed, "I will get you some directly. I know where it is—in the parlour cupboard, and I have got the key."

"But you have no light."

"Oh, I can grope my way to the room, and then I can easily light my candle at the stove."

'No sooner said than done. I wrapped a shawl round me, went swiftly and quietly down-stairs, felt my way through the dark and deserted room, and succeeded in lighting my candle at the stove. But no sooner did I hold up the lighted candle to make my way to the cupboard, than the most unearthly shriek rang through the room. At the same moment the light was suddenly extinguished. I was left in total darkness, and all was still and silent as before. Chilled with horror, and trembling in every limb, I groped my way back as well as I could, and told my story to Isabel; but she was in such pain that it did not make the impression on her that I expected. I got but little sympathy.

"It must have been the wind, or a wild-cat outside that screamed," she said; "and as to the light being put out, that of course was sheer accident. Candles often go out when they are just lighted. Of course," she added, "we are not such fools as to believe in ghosts."

'This rather put me on my mettle; and moved besides by her moans of intense pain, I at last braced myself up to a second attempt. I went with great determination, resolving that nothing should now hinder me from bringing the remedy to my sister. Proceeding down-stairs again, all went well till I turned from the stove with the lighted candle in my hand. Instantly the same yell resounded in my ears, while something, I could not tell what, swept past me and dashed out the light! How I reached my room I never knew, but I crawled into bed more dead than alive; and as soon as I could speak I told Isabel that no matter what happened, nothing would induce me to make the venture again.

'Morning came at last, and with it the solution of the mystery. My brothers had come home late, bringing with them a screech-owl which they had caught, and had put into the parlour for safety till the morning. The light had of course disturbed it, and it had flown against the candle and extinguished it while uttering its peculiar and singularly hideous cry. My terror at the midnight ghost was a joke at my expense for long after.'

'I think you were very brave to go into the room a second time, Aunt Mabel.'

'Well, I think I was, I must admit. But I would have braved almost anything for Isabel, and I was a strong courageous girl, who hardly knew what fear was. Still, I can assure you that even to this day when I recall the scene, I seem still to feel the thrill of terror that shook me at the sound of that unearthly shriek. Heard for the first time in the dead of night and so close to my ear, it was truly startling and dreadful. It was a great relief when the mystery was so simply explained. But only imagine if it had never been explained! If the owl had got in unperceived, and had escaped by the chimney or an open window! How that ghostly shriek must have haunted me ever after! It would have been as frightful a ghost-story as you ever heard. But see! at the touch of the little wand of truth the ghost vanishes, and only a poor screech-owl remains!'

'Now let me tell the story of our "family ghost,"' said Miss B—. 'Such a useful, faithful, devoted spirit as it was! An Irish ghost; but not a banshee, more like a "delicate Ariel" or household fairy. I only fear its race is extinct now, as well as that of the invaluable servants who used to identify themselves with their master's family. Our ghost was before my time; but often and often have I heard my grandmother talk of it, and what a mystery it was. The household was large and varied, consisting of the old couple, some grown-up ones, one of them married, an orphan niece, and two or three young children in the nursery. There were no railways in those days, and when any of the family intended going to the county town, they had to be up at dawn of day, take a solitary breakfast, and set out on what was then a formidable expedition. Of course the affair used to be discussed in the family the evening before, commissions given, and the time of starting fixed on. And now comes the strange part of my story. Whether the servants were up in good time or not, the fire was always lighted, the kettle boiling, and breakfast ready at the appointed time! The clothes which came from the wash were found carefully sorted out and apportioned to their respective owners; none could tell by whom. If a fire were required in the nursery, it was kept up by invisible hands. Nurse was a heavy sleeper; but no matter; her deficiencies were supplied by the obliging and indefatigable ghost. Nurse used to find as bright a fire in the morning as she had left at night, the turf-basket replenished, and all as neat and orderly as hands could make it. To get out the breakfast things, my grandmother's keys must have been taken from her room, but by whom no one could tell.

"Leave the key-basket in my room," said a visitor the night before he left. "I am a light sleeper, and if the ghost comes to get my breakfast, I shall know it!"

Towards daybreak he heard the keys tinkle, and instantly threw a dagger, which he had hidden under his pillow, to the spot whence the sound proceeded. In the morning the dagger was found stuck into the door, but no clue to the mysterious visitor could be found.

"At last my grandmother determined that the mystery should be solved, whatever it might be, and she prepared to sit up in her room all night, listening for the faintest sound. For a long time all was still; and my grandmother was beginning to fear that her long watch through the winter's night was only wasting her strength in vain, when at last, somewhere in the small-hours, she heard a slight thud upon the stairs. Instantly seizing her candle, she rushed out, just in time to see a slender figure in white, carrying a basket of turf on its arm. 'The fall of a sod from the fuel-basket was the sound she had heard. My grandmother was a brave woman, and swiftly as the white figure flitted on, swiftly did she follow after, up staircases and along passages, till just as it reached the nursery door, she overtook it, and discovered her niece walking in her sleep!

'It seems the poor girl was so anxious about the household arrangements that she used to rise in her sleep to accomplish all that she knew ought to be done. How her zeal nearly cost her life, through the foolish rashness of a young visitor, I

have already told you. She was never again permitted to sleep alone. My grandmother took her to her own bed; and clasped in her loving arms, the poor girl learned to forget her cares, and to take the full benefit of

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

'Had not my grandmother possessed good sense, courage, and resolution, the story might have had a very different ending.'

THAT DAY ON INNISMORE.

CHAPTER V.—THE CEREMONY OF THE TORR CLIFF.

MEANWHILE, as we afterwards learned, Mrs Vance and Major Barrett, after searching everywhere for us, and having waited a long while in hope of our reappearing, had gone back to the Cove to make inquiries and obtain the assistance of a guide. By that time however, the sea had become too rough for a boat to enter the coves; and as Morris had predicted, the fishermen, on hearing how we had so strangely disappeared, had assured Major Barrett that we were certainly in no danger. But whether it was that they resented his surliness toward them in the morning, or for some other reason were unwilling to give him information, or were unable to do so, he had failed to learn anything further from them except that it was as likely as not that we would return to the Cove by land.

As the weather seemed every moment more threatening, it was decided that Major Barrett should be landed on the island to look for us, the remainder of the party going on board the *Vampire*. Indeed even then the sea had got up so much that it was with some danger that the boat approached the rocks; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Major Barrett had succeeded in landing. And now, as we were approaching the harbour, suddenly passing round an angle of the cliff, we met our enemy. He was returning with one of the fishermen from, it is needless to say, a fruitless search for us round the shores of the island. Somehow, the man had led him to every place except the right one!

It was easy to see that the Major was in no pleasant frame of mind. He professed his delight at seeing Miss Vance safe, and assured her of the great alarm and anxiety her disappearance had caused, and added that he had received the most positive orders not to lose sight of her again until he had restored her in safety to Mrs Vance's keeping. 'For that young gentleman,' he continued, looking at me, 'is plainly not to be trusted; he deserves to be punished, Miss Vance, for the annoyance he has given us all. Unless indeed, which I can hardly suppose,' he added with a quick glance at my cousin, 'it was with your consent that he played us this trick.'

I saw that it was with difficulty that Clara restrained herself; she however, coldly replied that she must share whatever blame Major Barrett thought proper to assign; and nothing further was said.

The Major's displeasure was evidently not diminished. He treated me with positive rudeness, which under other circumstances I could not have tolerated; but I felt that for the present, however hard the task might prove, I must keep my temper and presence of mind.

When we reached the Cove, we found that the yachts had been obliged to get under weigh, and were standing off and on shore; and as soon as they approached near enough to see us, we made signs to them to return to Killall. It was indeed high time that they should do so. A heavy sea was now running in the Sound; the wind was still rising, and there was every prospect of a stormy night. Those who do not know what the Atlantic on our western shores can do, and in how short a time a dangerous sea will get up, will find it hard to understand the change that had taken place since the calm and lovely morning. The waters were now dark and sullen-looking, and the waves of a leaden colour, except their crests, which everywhere were breaking and white with foam. The shore at the upper end of the Cove was composed of large rounded stones. When each wave rushed in, there came up from below the sound of a volley of sharp and heavy blows, as these ponderous marbles were rolled in by the water, to be carried out again with equal noise and violence by the retreating wave; and the odour of these flinty concussions filled all the air. Where the rocks were lofty and perpendicular, and the water very deep, the wave rose and fell almost silently, at one moment reaching far above high-water mark; at the next, discovering twenty feet or more of a steep wall of rock dressed with festoons of brown and glistening sea-weed. Where there were sunken rocks, or where the sides of the cliffs sloped down into the sea, there the waves broke with fury, and sent showers of white spray far up into the air.

The yachts were now half-way across the Sound; and we turned to make our way to the light-keeper's house, where we should have to pass the night, and where the luncheon-baskets, which fortunately for us had been sent on shore in the forenoon, had been taken.

I need not relate how we spent the hours of that evening, though hope sprung wildly in my breast. Major Barrett was in an extremely bad temper, which even when speaking to Clara he could hardly control. To me he scarcely spoke at all. As for my cousin and I, we were too anxious to be at our ease. Major Barrett's presence was of course extremely irksome to us, and I could see that he strongly suspected some understanding to exist between us. He seemed determined at any rate that we should not have an opportunity of exchanging a word except in his hearing. And so the evening wore on.

About ten o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and Morris came into the room where we were sitting, and said to me: 'If the lady and you sir, would like to see an old custom we have on this island, and one that few strangers have the chance of seeing, you can see it this very night; for the fire is lit, and the answer's come.'

I replied at once that we should be glad to see it. 'Won't you come?' I said to Clara.

My cousin hesitated, and I watched her anxiously; for a moment the colour left her cheek, and she seemed to find a difficulty in speaking.

Just then Major Barrett interfered: 'Pray, don't think of it, Miss Vance; that boy has no consideration for you.—Don't you see,' he said, turning to me, 'how you have wearied Miss Vance? As it is, she is looking quite pale. Her

mother has left her in my charge, and I certainly shall not allow her to be made ill by your folly, if I can prevent it.'

Before he had finished speaking however, the colour had returned to Clara's cheek, and she quietly and firmly replied: 'Major Barrett, I shall certainly go with Harry. The opportunity might never occur again. And I should not forgive myself were I to miss it.'

Some further remonstrances were made, but without effect. We went out, guided by Morris, the Major of course accompanying us, but too much displeased to care even to inquire what it was we were going to see.

The night was very dark; there was no moon visible; and the sky was covered with a thick layer of murky clouds. It was blowing pretty hard from the south-west, and occasionally a large drop of rain was felt. The roar of the breakers round the shores of the island was incessant. We were conducted quickly and in silence by Morris along a path that led us to the north-east extremity of Innismore, where one of the highest cliffs, of a strange and fantastic form, and conspicuous in daylight from the mainland, ran out some way into the sea. On the top of this cliff there was a level space of rock, near the centre of which a large fire was blazing. There was quite a crowd of the islanders gathered round the fire; men and women, young and old, were there. And to judge from the expression of their faces, something of interest was going forward. All eyes were turned on us as we arrived on the spot, and a murmur of voices arose from the assembly. But this was at once checked by a few words in Irish from Morris; and from that moment the people seemed hardly to notice our presence. All looks were directed across the sea towards the mainland, where a single light could be seen in the darkness, apparently upon the shore. As we made our way to the place to which Morris conducted us, we passed some men standing by a pile of fuel, which they seemed just about to light. A moment afterwards they had done so, and the flame shot up brightly into the dark sky. Morris, who stood close to us, whispered: 'Look well now across to the mainland till you see their second fire.'

A few minutes passed by, and still we saw nothing except the solitary light on the distant shore; yet all the people around us were watching intently. At first not a word was heard; then here and there some short sentences in Irish were uttered, becoming as time passed more frequent and audible. I glanced at Major Barrett's face; it shewed traces of displeasure and contempt; but influenced by the evident suspense of all the people present, he too was gazing out into the darkness. Suddenly an exclamation broke from the crowd. I looked across the water, and there, beside the first, was a second but brighter light. From this moment not a word was spoken by any of those about us. They stood in silent waiting, and with their heads uncovered. Just in front of where we were standing was a block of gray granite about three feet square, a foot high, and flat upon the top. As the second light on the mainland appeared, Morris pointed to the block and said: 'You and the lady should stand up there.'

I helped Clara up upon the stone, and placed

myself beside her; and taking off my hat as all had done except Major Barrett, we stood watching the fires on the far-off shore. Suddenly the second of them shot up with great brightness. I had at that moment taken my cousin's hand in mine, and the eyes of a good many in the crowd were turned in our direction. Major Barrett following their glances, and seeing, I suppose, what I had done, stopped quickly towards us, saying: 'We have had enough of this foolery. Come down sir, and let Miss Vance return. She is in my keeping, remember.' With these words he stretched out his hand—whether to help my cousin to descend or for some other purpose, I do not know; but Morris had quickly placed himself between Major Barrett and the place where we were standing, and there he stood, his head bare, and the firelight shining upon his white locks and venerable countenance.

'Out of my way, you fool!' the Major exclaimed.

Morris made no reply and no movement, except to motion him back with his slightly raised and open hand. The next moment the old man was felled to the ground.

But before Major Barrett had time to follow up the cowardly act, he was seized and held firmly by two young fishermen. No one else spoke or moved until the bright flame suddenly died away, and then the whole assembly knelt down, and remained kneeling until the second of the two lights on the mainland went out altogether. Then all rose up. And the strange performance in which we had taken part, whatever its object or meaning might be, was at an end.

The men who had laid hold of Major Barrett now released him, and raised Morris from the ground. He had been stunned by the blow, but not seriously injured, and in a few minutes he had recovered sufficiently to return with us to the lighthouse. If Major Barrett was in bad humour before, his temper certainly was not improved by what had just passed. He made a lame apology to Clara, and offered money to Morris, which was at once scornfully declined, and then he avoided all mention of the subject; and we returned in silence to the lighthouse, where a tolerably comfortable room had been provided for Clara.

By the next morning the weather had changed again almost as rapidly and completely as on the previous day. The sky was clear of clouds; the sea was still in motion, but was fast subsiding; and the wind had died away altogether. As there was no prospect of the yachts being able to come for us, I found Morris, and arranged with him that a boat from the island should take us across to the mainland. As soon, therefore, as the sea had gone down sufficiently, one of the fishing-boats was drawn down the stony beach and launched; and we having made a hurried breakfast at the lighthouse, with some difficulty embarked, and with Morris at the helm and a stout crew of four young fishermen, were rapidly taken across the Sound towards the little village of Dunkel, the nearest point at which we could land, and where we hoped to find a vehicle to take us to the castle. The distance we had to row was seven miles, and in about an hour and a half we approached our landing-place. As we came near the jetty, we could see that a number of persons were collected on it,

evidently awaiting the arrival of our boat. As soon as we were within speaking distance, some questions in Irish were eagerly put to Morris, to which he replied in the same language; and when we landed and went in search of a conveyance, we left the crowd still interrogating our boatmen, and listening to their apparently unsatisfactory replies.

I had been very anxious to obtain another opportunity of speaking to Clara alone. There were still some details of our scheme which had not been decided on between us, and which the presence of Major Barrett had prevented us from arranging; but we had been quite unable to free ourselves from his company. And so we reached Killalla Castle without my having been able to say another word in private to Clara.

We had left Innismore soon after sunrise, and on arriving at the castle it still wanted a little of nine o'clock; so we went to our rooms, and in this way it came about that Major Barrett contrived to see Mrs Vance before we all met in the breakfast parlour. What passed between them of course I am unable to say; but they evidently thought it best to make as light as possible of the, to them, annoying events of the day before. I had succeeded—I suppose they thought—in speaking to Miss Vance in private, and that could not now be helped; very soon I should have to join my regiment; the thing would not occur again; and only harm would be done by seeming to attach undue importance to what had happened. And so at breakfast, beyond inquiries as to what we had done, how we had so suddenly disappeared, why we had not returned, and the like, and a few reproaches for having broken up the party and caused so much anxiety, little was said. Major Barrett for his own reasons, and we for ours, were unwilling to say more than necessary about our doings on the island.

Before the day was over, however, our adventures of the previous day were brought up again most unexpectedly, and with somewhat startling effect. It happened that on that evening some guests were dining with us—the Stubbes of Ballysubbs; Sir Loftus Haw, one of our county members, and his daughters; Dr Rumble from the neighbouring town; the clergyman of the parish, and some others. It was Dr Rumble, a kind old man, but rather fond of gossip, who gave an unexpected turn to the conversation. Hearing some one opposite him speak of the caves of Innismore and of our trip there yesterday, he said: 'What a pity you did not stay the night upon the island; you would then have seen a strange sight, and one you might live twenty years without having another opportunity of witnessing. They had an open-air wedding on Innismore last night.'

'Oh, impossible,' exclaimed several of the party at once. 'Why, Miss Vance and Harry and Major Barrett were on the island all night, and they saw no wedding.'

'No,' said Major Barrett; 'Miss Vance and I can bear witness that there was no wedding on Innismore yesterday. The people were all engaged about some other rather uninteresting ceremony, which we went to see, and of which we could not learn the meaning: a couple of fires lit, and a crowd of people round them, with their hats off, and kneeling; and we saw what appeared to be answering signals on the mainland. But there

was no bride or groom or rejoicings, or anything like a marriage.'

'Well, to think of that!' cried out Dr Rumble in his jovial hearty voice, delighted to have caught the ear of the company, for every one was now listening to him. 'Why, I declare that Miss Vance and Major Barrett have been present at a wedding and never found it out. Those fires were the very thing I am telling you of. When there is a case of absolute necessity, and when for any reason the marriage cannot be delayed, and it is too rough for the priest to go out to the island, they light a fire on Torr Cliff; and when the couple are ready, a second fire is lighted; and when the priest commences the ceremony on the mainland, a second fire is lit on this side; and then as the priest pronounces them man and wife, a brighter flame suddenly shoots up. The happy pair meanwhile—did no one point them out to you?—standing hand in hand on a block of granite, I believe between the fires; the ring of course'—

At this moment Major Barrett, his face contorted with rage, started to his feet. 'Zounds! Mrs Vance,' he said, his voice trembling with excitement, 'this is some villainy on the part of that scoundrel there,' pointing towards me. 'It was he and your daughter who stood hand in hand last night on that stone between the fires, and went through a piece of mummery that none but idiots will call a marriage. It would have been well, Mrs Vance, had you taken my advice, and refused to let him come here at all; and now, if you will allow me, I shall have at once removed from your house a person that has shewn himself unfit to continue a moment longer in it; and horse-whipped if he should venture to enter it again.'

I need not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Poor Clara had fainted, and for a few minutes all our efforts were directed to restoring her. Then I, not having been taken by surprise, and able fortunately to remain collected, when order was a little restored, begged all present to hear my account of the affair. This they were very willing to do; so—premising that Major Barrett might have an opportunity of horse-whipping me, and welcome, provided he could find himself able to do so—I told them as shortly as I could of my long attachment to my cousin, of the means that had been adopted, as I believed, to separate us, and of the difficulty I had had in obtaining an opportunity of inquiring the nature of Miss Vance's feelings towards myself. And I concluded by stating my conviction that had my kind old uncle lived, he would not have been unfavourable to my suit, and, under the circumstances, would not have found it hard to pardon the step we had taken, a step which would never have been necessary had he lived.

The party, as was natural, broke up at once, but not before those who knew my uncle best had shewn a disposition to side with me in the matter.

The first thing next morning, Mrs Vance sent for Father Dugan the parish priest, a kind old man, who had been a warm friend of my uncle. I saw him as he left the castle after the interview, and there was a merry look in his eye as he warmly grasped my hand, though he gravely shook his head and said: 'O Master Harry! you never thought last night, I daresay, of the trouble you'd be getting me into.' He had refused however, as

I learned from him, to hear of any doubt as to the validity of the marriage. It was another question, he admitted, what the authorities might have to say to him for having celebrated it. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'not a good marriage? Then I'd like to know what's to become of old Biddy Maguire, who's a grandmother now? and of Dennis and Mary Mulloy, whom I married when they were wearied out waiting the winter that no one could get to the island? And there's poor Lucy Morris, whose heart would have just broken if I had not married her to Manus before he died, poor fellow. No, no! I am in no doubt about your marriage, Master Harry; but I am in great doubt about the necessity for it. And that fire was not to be lit except in case of urgent necessity; and the boys out there know that, and I think they won't be so glad to see me the next time I visit the island.'

Whether Mrs Vance had been convinced by Father Dugan's arguments, or that she and Major Barrett now saw that things had gone too far for their plans to succeed, I cannot say; but Major Barrett having written me a short apology for his violent language, left the castle. Mrs Vance, with as good a grace as possible, gave her consent to a union which it was too late to oppose. I was fortunately able to effect an exchange into a regiment not going abroad; and to set all question at rest, the marriage ceremony was in due course celebrated in the parish church; though Clara and I and Father Dugan and Morris—whom, need I say, I rewarded handsomely—have always considered our wedding to date from That Day on Innismore.

'HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.'

THE above dictum is frequently expressed, but without much consideration of the degree of truth contained in it. The supposition or belief is that past events are likely to recur, to revolve as it were in circles or orbits, so as to come round again into view after a greater or smaller lapse of time. It may however be confidently stated that such a repetition is neither probable nor possible unless all the accompanying and surrounding circumstances are similar, all the factors in the sum-total analogous in character and equal in amount. Such a complete harmony of conditions is scarcely conceivable. We shall endeavour to shew that resemblances do occasionally present themselves, which, to say the least, are remarkable, and calculated to tempt persons into a belief that history does repeat itself; some of the salient features are similar, and no note taken of those which are dissimilar.

At the close of the Franco-German War of 1870-1, when France was pressed down with such an agony of tribulation, attention was drawn to a series of events dating more than five centuries earlier, involving many of the same kinds of disaster to the same nation. Epitomes of the two clusters of events were placed in parallel columns, for facility of comparison:

FRANCE, 1356.

Defeat of the French at Poitiers.
King John of France taken prisoner.

FRANCE, 1870-1.

Defeat of the French at Sedan.
Emperor of the French taken prisoner.

Paris armed by a government formed of the prévôt and échevins of the city, deputies in the States-general.

The Milices Bourgeoises organised.

Peace made with England, but Paris remaining armed and defiant.

The French army marches against Paris.

The Parisians seize all the artillery in the city. They offer to treat, but are refused.

They appeal to the other towns of France, which however will not rise.

The States-general meet at Compiègne.

Two nobles are massacred by the Paris mob.

Sorties resulting in failure are made from Paris.

Paris taken by the army, due in part to dissensions among the Paris mob.

Paris armed by a government formed of the deputies of the city in the Corps Législatif.

The National Guard organised.

Peace made with Germany, but Paris remaining armed and defiant.

The French army marches against Paris.

The Parisians seize all the artillery in the city. They offer to treat, but are refused.

They appeal to the other towns of France, which however will not rise.

The Assembly meets at Versailles.

Two generals are massacred by the Paris mob.

Sorties resulting in failure are made from Paris.

Paris taken by the army, due in part to dissensions among the Paris mob.

that she might possibly have another husband or son at a future time, but not another brother, her father and mother being aged people. Robert of Normandy and William Rufus besieged their brother Henry at St Michael's, and reduced him to great privation. Robert, taking compassion, sent supplies of water and wine to the beleaguered Prince. William rebuked what he called ill-timed generosity. Robert justified himself thus: 'Shall I suffer my brother to die of thirst? Where shall we find another when he is dead?' Edward I., we are told by Hume, on hearing of the death of his father and his infant son, said that the death of a son was a loss which he might hope to repair, whereas the death of a father is of course irreparable. Sir Walter Scott, in the *Antiquary*, quotes a scrap of an old ballad typifying the same kind of sentiment:

He turned him right and round again,

Said: 'Scorn na at my mither;

Light loves I may get mony a aue,

But Minnie ne'er anither.'

Nor do recent times leave us without evidence in the same direction. Miss Rogers, in her *Domestic Life in Palestine*, gives in English a story which was narrated to her by a native gentleman. Ibrahim Pacha, son of Mehemet Ali, raised an army in Palestine in augmentation of the Egypto-Syrian forces; and in so doing, stripped many a household of its bread-winner. One day a woman solicited an interview with Ibrahim at Akka. This being granted, she said: 'O my lord, look with pity on thy servant, and hear my prayer. A little while ago there were three men in my house—my husband, my brother, and my eldest son; but now, behold they have been carried away to serve in your army, and I am left with my little ones without a protector. I pray you grant liberty to one of these men, that he may remain at home.' Ibrahim, taking compassion on her, asked which of the three she would prefer to see liberated. She replied: 'My lord, give me my brother.' 'How is this, woman?' do you prefer a brother to a husband or a son?' The woman, who was distinguished for her wit and readiness of speech, replied as follows:

'If it be God's will that my husband perish in your service,

I am still a woman, and God may lead me to another husband;

If on the battle-field my first-born son should fall,

I have still my younger ones, who in God's time

may be like unto him;

But oh! my lord, if my brother should be slain,

I am without remedy, for my father is dead, and

my mother aged;

And where should I look for another brother?'

Ibrahim Pacha was so much pleased with this ingenious line of argument, and probably with the versified form which it assumed, that he released from military service all the three men; enjoining on the woman silence as to the circumstances, lest other women should raise a similar plea. The real facts were not publicly known till Ibrahim's departure from Akka, after the overthrow of the Egyptian government in Syria in 1840.

Literary coincidences, historical in regard to being presented at different periods, are sometimes so strange as to be almost incredible.

It would not be easy to find two historical narratives with more similarity among the incidents than these. Many phenomena, it has often been remarked, in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte bore considerable resemblance to those experienced or produced by Oliver Cromwell. History may be considered to have repeated itself here; but as before mentioned, only in such incidents as were surrounded by analogous circumstances.

If history sometimes seems to repeat itself, does human thought do the like? Do the same ideas pass through the minds of two persons unknown to each other? This is a more subtle problem, for it touches the mysteries of mental action, psychological manifestation. What are called 'undesigned coincidences' among poets are so numerous that no one can count them; sometimes bringing a charge of plagiarism against the later of two writers—sometimes attributing to him a forgetfulness that he had ever read the passage adverted to; sometimes inducing a belief that two minds have really and honestly hit upon the same idea clothed in nearly the same words.

One particular sentiment, wish, yearning (to give a very interesting example) has multiplied or repeated itself in many curious ways—namely a desire to save the life of a father or a brother rather than that of a husband or a son. Many recorded instances might be quoted, bearing a common resemblance in this—that the choice is made not because the love or affection is greater, but from the less probability of repairing the loss if loss occur. Sophocles put words into the mouth of Antigone, justifying her conduct in having run the risk of death in order to secure the right of sepulture for her brother; she could not have another brother, because her father was dead. Darius, according to Herodotus, asked the wife of the condemned Intaphernes whether she would that he pardoned her husband, brother, or son. She answered: 'My brother.' When asked the reason for this unexpected choice, she explained

Absence of mind may, like other characteristics, lead two men into exactly the same kind of absurdity; but there is one case in which, if the records are reliable, the absurdity was accompanied by circumstances parallel to a degree of minuteness altogether inexplicable. When the *Spectator* of more than a century and a half ago sketched the character of Will Honeycomb, who was, what is called an absent man, he probably had in his thoughts some real personage; and many readers have been amused at the story of the watch and pebble. But what if there be a story in print almost exactly like it, laid out in London, but at a very different date? Six or seven years ago there appeared a narrative which, though the name of Will Honeycomb was not used, we may conveniently place side by side with an extract from the *Spectator*:

1711.

'My friend Will Honeycomb is one of those sort of men who are often absent in conversation, and what the French call a *rêneur* and a *distrail*. A little before our club time last night we were walking together in Somerset Gardens, where Will had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent virtuoso. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my face towards the west, which Will knowing to be my usual method of asking what's o'clock in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when to my great surprise I saw him squit away his watch a considerable way into the Thames, and with great sedateness put up the pebble he had before found into his pocket.'

What are we to think of this? Have there really been two episodes so wonderfully alike? Will Honeycomb's Club and the Beef-steak Club; Somerset Gardens and the Temple Gardens; seven minutes to spare till club-time in each case; the picking up of a curiously shaped pebble; the intention of shewing this pebble to an eminent virtuoso; the pocketing of the pebble and the flinging away of the watch—the analogy is complete at all points. Too complete indeed. We have been induced to dive a little into this matter, the result of which will serve to illustrate (in a future article) the difficulty of verifying history, of separating the reliable facts of past events from traditions and popular beliefs 'built upon the sand.'

Robert Burns, gifted with so glowing a fancy, and capable of such a command of language in

1872.

'The Rev. G. Harvest, author of several theological works, was a very absent man. A friend and he walking in the Temple Gardens previous to the meeting of the Beef-steak Club in Ivy Lane, Mr Harvest picked up a small pebble of so strange a form that he said he would present it to Lord Bute, who was an eminent virtuoso. After they had walked some time, his friend asked him what o'clock it was; to which he, taking out his watch, answered that they had seven minutes good. Accordingly they took a turn or two more; when, to his friend's astonishment, Mr Harvest threw his watch into the Thames, and with great coolness put the pebble into his pocket.'

giving it expression, nevertheless produced effusions the leading idea of which had in some instances been in print before his time. For instance, he threw into vigorous verse that which another had long before put into vigorous prose. There is to be found the following passage in Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, produced in or about the year 1676: 'A lord! What art thou one of those who esteem men only by the marks of value fortune has set upon 'em, and never by intrinsic worth? But counterfeit honour will never be current with me; I weigh the man, not his tale; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the man better or heavier. Your lord is a London shilling which you bend every way, and defaces the stamp he bears instead of being raised by it.' How intensely is all this given in Burns's well-known song *A Man's a Man for a' that*!

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Ye see yon kirkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stears and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.

If Burns was unaware of the existence of this passage in the *Plain Dealer*, the parallelism furnishes one variety of History repeating itself, a figurative analogy presented to two different minds at widely different periods.

Two real events were associated, by coincidence and by misconception, in a singular way. At Angers, in 1650, a country priest, of notoriously bad character, had a dispute about money matters with the tax-collector of the district; the latter soon after was missing, and strong suspicion fell on the priest. About the same time a man was executed in the same town for highway robbery, and his body gibbeted in chains by the roadside. The friends of the highwayman came one night and tore down his body, in order that they might bury it; but being disturbed, they threw it into a pond near the priest's residence. Shortly after, some men, in dragging the pond for fish, brought up the corpse in their net; and it was immediately said to be the body of the tax-collector. Suspicion now turned so strongly against the priest that he was arrested, tried, convicted, and condemned. He solemnly protested his innocence; but when the day of execution arrived, he admitted that he had murdered the missing man. Nevertheless the body found in the pond was *not* that of the tax-collector, but of the highwayman; the priest, though deserving of punishment, was convicted and executed for a murder which he had not committed—that is, the murder of the man whose body was found in the pond. But where was the tax-gatherer's body? In a pit which the priest had dug in his garden. There were thus two dead bodies, one murdered and the other gibbeted, near the priest's house at one time; he knew of one, the highwayman's friends knew of the other; and

hence this remarkable coincidence of complicated mistakes.

A little consideration will thus shew that if 'History repeats itself,' such a result can only follow just in the same degree that the surrounding circumstances are analogous; and that the remaining examples belong to the class of accidental coincidences. Science, as well as the active affairs of life, not unfrequently illustrates the same principle. If two *savants* hit upon the same discovery at or about the same time, each without knowing of the other's proceedings, we may safely infer that the surroundings were similar, the soil just in the proper state for growing that particular crop, the mental furniture of the two men nearly alike. Two mathematical astronomers of profound acquirements, for instance, M. Leverrier in France and Mr Adams in England, were engaged at the same time, unknown to each other, in elaborating a large mass of calculations which led to the discovery of the planet Neptune. Both discovered the distant stranger, and both received from astronomers the honours of discoverer. It was not merely a fortuitous coincidence. Already a surmise had been formed that some unknown planet *might* possibly cause certain irregularities which had been noticed in the orbital movements of Uranus; this idea or surmise set two men to work on the same problem at the same time, and saw the same result simultaneously achieved. Examples of this, both in discovery and in invention, are by no means uncommon.

CRACK-NUT SUNDAY.

It is well known that in the olden times many holiday diversions, and even occasionally fairs, were held within the precincts of our parish churches. For instance, in the registers at Winchester there is to be seen a copy of a mandate from William of Wykeham, which forbids juggling, the performance of loose dances, ballad-singing, the exhibiting of profane shows and spectacles, and the celebration of other games, in the church and even in the churchyard of Kingston-on-Thames, on pain of excommunication. It would appear however, that even this strong measure did not prevent the origin, or at all events the practice, of another ancient custom, of which little or nothing is known except that it is thought to have been peculiar to Kingston, but which was carried on in the church itself, even during the time of divine service, down to the end of the last century, if not to the beginning of this. The congregation, strange as it may sound, used to crack nuts during service on the Sunday next before the eve of St Michael's Day. Hence that Sunday was called 'Crack-nut Sunday.' The custom was not restrained or confined to the younger branches of the congregation, but was practised alike by young and old; and it is on record that the noise caused by the cracking was often so loud and so powerful as to oblige the minister to break off for a time his reading or his sermon until silence was restored.

The above custom is thought by one or two antiquaries to have been connected in some way or other with the choosing of bailiffs and other members of the corporate body on Michaelmas Day, and with the usual feast which attended that proceeding. Readers of Goldsmith how-

ever, will not perhaps have forgotten a passage in the fourth chapter of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, in which the good vicar, speaking of his parishioners, says: 'They kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true-love-knots on St Valentine's morning, ate pancakes at Shrove-tide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously *cracked nuts* on Michaelmas Eve.' It would be curious to learn whether this custom prevailed in other parts of the country, or whether Oliver Goldsmith made acquaintance with it in his wanderings through the south-west suburbs of London.

LONGING FOR SPRING-TIME.

HASTE, hoary Winter! Loose thy weary chain
From the dull heavens and the deadened earth,
That the soft bloom of flowers, the gladsome birth
Of blossom Spring may visit us again.

No feathery leaflets flutter on the lime;
No flower-buds bursting, gem the sward beneath;
No song-birds warble with melodious breath,
As in the joyous flush of summer-time.

Thy touch hath chilled the greenness from the bough,
Robbed the still forest of its pleasing shade;
Thy wild breath swept the flowers from the glade;
And birds have fled to balmy regions now.

Then haste thee, in thine ice-wheeled car, away
To the ice-carven deserts of the North,
That the Queen-maiden Spring may venture forth,
And gladden hill and meadow with her sway.

In her soft hands a beaker brimmed with buds;
On her soft lips a burst of youthful song;
The sunshine in her shadeless eyes among
The sleeping boughs, shall quicken all the woods.

Then shall the joyous merle amid sprays
Of pink-flushed hawthorn join the robin's gloe,
And the glad thrush sing softly from the tree,
Filling the clear air with his loveful lays;

Then shall the stream make gentle murmuring,
In amber light between new-blossomed trees,
And all the butterflies and golden bees
Winnow the warm air in the wake of Spring.

Along the green bank, on the velvet sod,
All bright with flowers, my daily walk shall be;
And these shall turn my thankful heart to thee,
Their painter and their maker, who art God.

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LOTTERY RECOLLECTIONS.

We are old enough to remember the State Lotteries in all their glory in the early part of the present century, when Bish, Webb, and other contractors advertised their Lucky Offices in every newspaper, and spread the walls with glaring red posting-bills all over the country. Like the Customs or Excise, the Lottery was a cherished national institution. Established under the authority of parliament, it was a means of augmenting the public revenue. The money realised by it usually amounted to from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand pounds per annum, according to the sum offered by the contractors, who for the sake of a handsome profit undertook all the costly details and all the ignominy of the business. It was a pitiful way of raising funds by government; but it was of a piece with a number of other debasing practices that did not excite any particular horror, such as duelling, bull-baiting, matches for rat-killing by dogs, and prize-fighting. Our chief intimacy with the Lottery system was during the Regency of George, Prince of Wales, when fashionable morals were not of a very choice description, and much that was traditional, however bad, passed without challenge. It is true things were beginning to mend, but it was very slowly.

The State Lotteries which had thus attained to grand dimensions as a financial resource were not an English invention. They were introduced from Italy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as an expedient to raise funds for public works, such as bridges, harbours, and fortifications, for which at that period there were no regular means of construction. In the Italian cities, lottery-gambling had long been cultivated for financial reasons, and it was hoped that the practice would become equally available in England. There were, however, considerable difficulties at the outset. The thing did not commend itself to English commonsense. The first lottery attempted was in 1567—exactly the year when Scotland was thrown into a ferment by the murder of Darnley, and the

marriage of Mary Queen of Scots to Bothwell. Elizabeth's ministers tried hard to puff off the project. They described it as 'a very rich Lottery-general of money, plate, and certain sorts of merchandise.' The largest prize was to be five thousand pounds, of which three thousand pounds were to be paid in cash, seven hundred pounds in plate, and the remainder in 'good tapestry meet for hangings and other covertures, and certain sorts of good linen cloth.' A prize of five thousand pounds was an immense temptation for a man to try his luck, for it was equal at least to thirty thousand pounds in the present day, yet it does not seem to have stimulated avarice to the extent that had been expected. The chances were desperately against getting the big prize. The tickets, or 'lots,' as they were called, were four hundred thousand in number, at ten shillings each; but many of them were divided into halves or quarters, or lesser subdivisions for convenience of the poorer classes. To encourage people to take tickets, the prizes were exhibited at the house of the Queen's goldsmith, in Cheapside; and a wood-cut was appended to Her Majesty's proclamation on the subject, shewing a tempting display of gold and silver plate.

It is interesting to note the exceeding reluctance to buy tickets, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the ministers of the crown, backed by absolutely scolding proclamations from Her Majesty. The Lord Mayor of London and the justices of several counties were reprimanded for not exerting themselves sufficiently to encourage the Lottery-general, and it was insisted that the principal man in each parish should induce 'the people as much as possible to lay in their monies into lots.' This characteristic method of royal dragooning to encourage gambling in opposition to general desire, is a very striking commencement for a history of the lottery system. The drawing of the tickets for this magnificent affair began on the 11th January 1568-9, in a temporary building erected at the west end of old St Paul's Cathedral, and continued until the following May. So much for the first State Lottery. Its intro-

duction to public favour was evidently against the grain; a circumstance reflecting much credit on the English mental calibre, which had been strengthened by the Reformation a generation earlier, and was not as yet perverted by the mad pranks of the Stuarts.

In 1612, nine years after the accession of James I., a fresh attempt was made to get up a State Lottery. Its professed object was to favour the plantation of colonies in Virginia. The drawing took place as formerly at the west end of St Paul's. It could not have been very alluring, for the highest prize was only 'four thousand crowns in fair plate.' Charles I. projected a lottery to defray the expenses of conveying water to London; and during the Commonwealth there was a lottery for lands in Ireland. These were comparatively modest undertakings. The mania for lotteries did not break out till after the Restoration, when they were started to assist the loyalists who had suffered in the Civil War. At the same time every kind of gambling was so freely carried on that much money was lost and won. A story is told of a Colonel Thomas Panton, who in one night won ten thousand pounds, which he had the good sense to invest in the lands that now form the site of Panton Street, Haymarket. Satisfied with his gains, he never handled cards or dice afterwards. This was a rare case of self-command. In the frenzy of the period, the whole nation seems to have been inoculated with the spirit of gambling; for all sorts of lotteries large and small sprung into existence. 'The Royal Oak Lottery' was that which came forth with the greatest élat, and was continued till the end of the century. One of the most audacious schemes was a lottery for which the price to be paid for a ticket was only a single penny, and the only prize was a thousand pounds. The hope of getting a thousand pounds for a penny drove the humbler classes frantic, and they rushed in crowds with their small means to the shops of dealers in tickets.

Gambling, like every other vice, needs only a beginning. The frenzied desire to risk money in lotteries resulted in the South Sea bubble and similarly mad speculations in the early part of the eighteenth century. The older essayists and novelists relate a number of amusing incidents illustrative of the rage for buying lottery tickets. Henry Fielding ridiculed the public madness in a farce produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1731, the scene being laid in a lottery office, and the action of the drama descriptive of the wiles of office-keepers and the credulity of their victims. A whimsical pamphlet was also published about the same time, purporting to be a prospectus of a 'lottery for ladies'; by which they were to obtain as chief prize, a husband and coach-and-six for five pounds; such being the price of each share. Husbands of inferior grade in purse and person, were put forth as second, third, and fourth rate prizes; and a lottery for wives was soon advertised on a similar plan. This was legitimate satire, as so large a variety of lotteries were started, and in spite of reason or ridicule, continued to be patronised by a credulous public. Sometimes the lotteries were turned to purposes of public utility. Almost every year from the reign of Queen Anne, a lottery was sanctioned by parliament for some public purpose. For example, in

1736, an Act was passed for building a bridge at Westminster, for at that time London Bridge was the only communication by roadway across the Thames within the bounds of the metropolis. The lottery consisted of one hundred and twenty-five thousand tickets at five pounds each. This lottery was so far successful, that parliament sanctioned others in succession till Westminster Bridge was completed.

Such were the beginnings of the State Lotteries. At first, they were set up for useful public purposes, at a time when rates were hardly thought of. In 1780, they had become mere engines of voluntary taxation to help out the annual supplies. The matter was confided to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who on each occasion invited five or six members of the Stock Exchange to meet him, and whom he may be supposed to have addressed as follows: 'Gentlemen, I propose a new lottery for your consideration. It is to consist of twenty thousand tickets, for which I engage to pay ten pounds each, on an average, in prizes, or two hundred thousand pounds altogether. What do you bid per ticket?' In the competition that ensued, the price realised was usually about fifteen pounds per ticket; the purchaser, or it might be two purchasers united, taking the whole lot. The price at which these contractors disposed of the tickets was from about twenty-one to twenty-five pounds, according as they were sold whole or in divisions. The price of a sixteenth was generally one pound eleven shillings and sixpence. The result financially was that, on paying the prizes, to the aggregate amount of two hundred thousand pounds, government had a hundred thousand pounds over. The contractors had considerably more, but they paid nearly the whole expenses, and incurred all the risks of the undertaking. Two lotteries of this kind per annum would thus recruit the Treasury with the sum of two hundred thousand pounds.

Few bought whole tickets, halves, quarters, or eighths. From all we saw or heard, fully seventy-five per cent. of the twenty thousand tickets were divided and sold as sixteenths, which prodigiously augmented the number of those taking risks. The lottery might be compared to a huge gaming-table surrounded by three hundred thousand players laying down stakes from a guinea and a half to twenty guineas—or in plain terms, were by mutual agreement trying to pick each other's pockets. Sometimes the lottery consisted of thirty thousand tickets, with a corresponding advantage to the revenue, and an increase to half a million in the number of persons concerned as purchasers.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had nothing to do with the 'scheme' on which the lottery was devised. That was managed by the contractors. The construction of a scheme that would secure general approbation was a matter of more delicacy than the dressing up of a draper's window with a captivating array of goods at temptingly low prices. The public always waited impatiently to get a copy of the scheme, which was in the form of a small hand-bill. All the lottery agents in the kingdom were besieged for early copies. Ordinarily, the highest prizes were for twenty thousand pounds, with lesser prizes down to ten, or even five pounds. The blanks were overwhelming in number; but any mention of them was kept out

of the scheme. To the best of our recollection, no doubt was ever cast on the honesty of the proceedings. Discreditable as being a source of national demoralisation, the lottery was conducted with rigorous accuracy. The tickets, of whatever denomination, duly registered, consisted of slips resembling bank cheques, printed partly in red ink, signed on behalf of a contractor, with the number written in bold black figures. On the appointed day the drawings took place publicly at Cooper's Hall, Basinghall Street, under official superintendence, with clerks to note down the fate of each number as it was drawn. There were two circular boxes turned with handles, and called wheels. Into one wheel, billets notifying the numbers were put; and in the other were the prizes and blanks. The drawers were two Blue-coat boys. When the first boy drew a number, the boy at the other wheel drew a prize or blank, as it happened, and that determined its fate. The record of the drawings was printed and circulated for general information.

The printed statement was everywhere waited for with intense anxiety. The weal or woe of families, the hopes of thousands, depended on it. How eagerly the holders of tickets looked down the columns of figures to discover whether they had lost or won! In London, the statement was soon ready for perusal; but in the provinces, owing to the tedious means of communication, days were spent in the agony of anticipation. An hour or two by telegraph would now make known a man's good or bad fortune; but in those days there were no telegraphs. As an apprentice to a bookseller in Edinburgh, who acted as lottery agent to Webb, the present writer had occasion to see a good deal behind the scenes—to note the exultation of prize-holders, and the dull despair of those among the struggling classes who had imperilled their all on a sixteenth, and lost. Our employer was a precise person of saturnine disposition, without any saliency in ordinary business. In the lottery department that paid pretty well, and in which he was expected to shew spirit, he displayed unwonted animation, and with a faint smile sometimes ventured on a degree of persuasive jocularly. When a plain countryman called to see the scheme, as having some irresolute thoughts of a sixteenth, he would enter into conversation in this wise. 'The scheme seems very tempting, two twenty thousand pound prizes; but the chances are terribly against winning; it is like throwing away money for nothing. What is your opinion?' With a graceful inclination of the head: 'I cannot advise you, sir, one way or other. But look at these sixteenths I hold in my hand. For anything I know, one of them may be the sixteenth of a twenty thousand pound prize, which would realise, twelve hundred and fifty pounds to the lucky holder; and that sum I should instantly lay down in cash. You see, therefore, although there is no absolute certainty of winning, you put yourself in the way of fortune.' This safe line of argument was invariably successful. A sixteenth was selected and paid for. It was a strictly ready-money business. No credit on any account.

In these experiences, a queer, whimsical set of people came under notice. Some would only buy odd numbers, such as 17,359; some eagerly sought for numbers which they had dreamt of as being

prizes; some brought children to select a ticket from the number offered—a degree of weakness which was paralleled by those who superstitiously brought the seventh son of a seventh son to make the selection for them; some more whimsical still, would purchase only at the last moment what everybody had rejected. Occasionally there was a lottery which embraced two drawings with an interval of several weeks between them, in which case there was a furious advertising to the effect that there were 'twenty thousand pounds still in the wheel.' In instances of this kind, many who got a prize of small amount by the first drawing, paid the difference, and purchased a sixteenth for the second drawing; the final result being generally a double loss. The greater number of persons who threw away their money belonged to the middle and sub-middle classes, including tradesmen who were in struggling circumstances, butchers in the market, waiters in hotels, gentlemen's servants, hackney-coachmen, lodging-house keepers, and shopmen. It was sorrowful to observe how many individuals with little to spare scraped together money to risk in this species of gambling. Two or three instances occurred within our knowledge of persons getting sixteenths of the twenty thousand pound prizes, but with no good result to themselves or families.

To keep up the excitement, one lottery followed fast on the heels of another. Nothing was left undone in the shape of puffing to recommend 'lucky offices' to attention. When a dealer happened to sell a ticket which turned up a large prize, he indulged in the most unmeasured exultation. His was the true 'lucky office,' where prizes might be confidently reckoned on. Contractors vied with each other in the grandeur of their placards, and the seductive ingenuity of their advertisements. The New Year, Twelfth Night, and Valentine's Day were seized on as appropriate opportunities for insinuating puffs suitable to the season. Bish, who aspired to be the prince of lottery contractors, had some amusing devices for keeping people in mind as to the importance of buying tickets. At the New Year, he issued gratuitously small Diaries, in one of the pages of which you saw in print: 'Paid for my share,' and in another page farther on: 'Received as amount of my share.' At Twelfth Night, he dispersed packets of cards with droll wood-engravings representing characters and scenes of doggerel verse. One of these cards shewed the figure of Moll Flaggon, dressed in a man's hat and soldier's coat, as seen in Burgoyne's opera of the 'Lord of the Manor,' dancing like a walcop, and singing (if memory serves us) the following lines:

'Come on, my soul;
Post your col,*
For I must beg or borrow;
Come my dear,
Never fear
Future care or sorrow;
The Lottery try,
A prize you'll buy,
Then neither beg nor borrow.'

That such ribaldry should have been profusely circulated in order to dispose of tickets, is enough

* Post the column of your household expenses, to see if you can give or lend me money.—Ed.

to shew the unwholesomeness of feeling incidental to the lottery system. Whatever was the mischief socially and morally produced by the State Lottery, it was immensely aggravated by the spirit of gambling which it evoked. As comparatively few persons could buy a sixteenth, there sprung up a trade among a mean order of brokers of insuring numbers. This was in effect betting. In return for, say, a shilling, the sum of one pound would be promised if a specified number turned up a prize. At one time when the mania was at its height, the insurance-office keepers employed men to canvass for customers all over London, chiefly among domestic servants. From carrying a red morocco pocket-book in their hand wherein to inscribe the names of insurers, they became known as 'morocco-men.' It has been stated on credible authority that in 1800, on an average each servant in the metropolis spent annually as much as twenty-five shillings in this vile practice of lottery insurance; the sum-total so expended for a year by the wage-earning classes generally being estimated at half a million sterling. The disorders—suicides, robberies, pilferings, brawls, fighting, and cheating—caused by these 'Little Goes,' as the insurance practices were familiarly termed, were so clamant, that in 1802, an Act of parliament, 42 George III. cap. 119, was passed for their suppression. The preamble of the Act refers to the great sums of money 'fraudulently obtained from servants, children, and unwary persons, to the great impoverishment and utter ruin of many families.' The penalty for carrying on Little Goes, or any other lottery whatsoever not authorised by parliament, was a fine of five hundred pounds; the offender to be treated as a rogue and vagabond.

Subsequently to 1802, Little Goes maintained only a clandestine existence, like the betting-houses in connection with horse-races in the present day. At length, the State Lottery, the parent of these depravities, wore itself out of date. By the more thoughtful part of the community, it could no longer be tolerated. Government became ashamed of it, and saw that other means must be adopted to help the revenue. Proposals to put it down encountered opposition in various quarters. The country, it was said, would go to ruin if the State lotteries were abolished.

The State Lottery required no formal abolition. It would die of itself, if not kept alive by fresh acts of the legislature. The plan adopted was this. In 1823, an Act of parliament was passed authorising a lottery to consist of sixty thousand tickets, which might be divided into three lotteries. This was the Act 4 George IV. cap. 60, a most elaborate statute, extending over twenty-two quarto pages of print. Three years elapsed before the last of the three lotteries vanished. When the day arrived for the final drawing, a sense of sorrow pervaded the habitual purchasers of tickets. Amidst the howls of contractors and agents, and the disconsolate lamentations of the whole tribe of bill-stickers and lottery-board carriers, the last State Lottery was drawn on the 18th October 1826. Instead of evil ensuing, the relinquishment of this stupendous system of gaming was in all respects salutary. There disappeared not only a bad example, but a constant temptation to mis-expenditure of means.

The spirit of gambling did not immediately depart. Raffles became common. If a man wanted money, he raffled his watch. At watering-places, such as Margate, visitors were attracted to shops where they raffled for money to be laid out in jewellery or other articles. At every fair and race there was a roulette-table, even though contrary to law. The people of Glasgow went beyond these small enterprises. To provide for the liquidation of claims in connection with certain street improvements, extending from the Green to the Trongate, they got up three lotteries in succession. The last of them was stopped as illegal, and was only suffered to proceed under the authority of an Act of parliament, passed 28th July 1834, on condition that it should be the last permitted to be drawn. In 1836, a public Act was passed against all illegal lotteries, and the advertising of foreign lotteries in British newspapers. The frequent repetition of Acts of this kind curiously illustrates the extreme difficulty experienced in quelling the spirit of gambling. In spite of every denunciation, lotteries in the form of raffles continued to flourish, either through the apathy of local authorities or their reluctance to interfere. In recent times there has scarcely been a new church or chapel built for which funds were not eked out by a bazaar, fortified by a raffle—the clergymen immediately concerned offering no objections to the drawing by lot, and usually rivalling the young ladies in actively canvassing for the sale of tickets.

One would not like to speak severely of these bazaar raffles; yielding some little amusement, they were not promoted for private gain. The purchasing of tickets was only another way of giving a charitable contribution. Unfortunately the presumption is that they fell under the essential characteristic of a lottery, which the statute defines as the distribution of prizes, whether of goods or money, by chance. Certainly, in a moral point of view, they were no worse than the Art Unions which were established, under peculiar safeguards, for the promotion of the fine arts, by an Act of parliament in 1846. In judging of questions of this kind, the mere notion that there can be nothing wrong in gambling if any good object is effected, will scarcely answer; otherwise M. Blanc, the keeper of the *rouge-et-noir* tables at Monaco, who is said to have inherited two millions sterling from his worthy father, might plead that out of his gains he is at the entire cost of an excellent public reading-room, an admired band of music, and beautiful walks and gardens overlooking the Mediterranean, open to everybody.

We are here brought back to that terrible catastrophe, the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, by which hundreds of unfortunate shareholders were plunged into ruin, and hundreds of depositors were meanwhile deprived of the money they had confided to that fraudulent concern. With the benevolent view of meliorating the disaster, certain individuals, chiefly connected with Glasgow, conceived the idea of a lottery to raise the sum of six millions, of which three millions were to be appropriated as prizes, minus expenses, and the other three devoted to the special object in view. A wilder financial enterprise has not been proposed in modern times. Lotteries are illegal; this one could not have

been brought into practical operation without an Act of parliament, and that no one could reasonably expect. There were other difficulties. Where was the vast organisation of contractors and agents to carry out the intricate details? Where were the purchasers to be found for six millions' worth of tickets? Above all, where was the trusted official guarantee for the payment of three millions of prizes? The success of the State Lottery depended primarily on the fact that the government was responsible for the payment of the stipulated amount in prizes; and that every prize was equivalent to a draft on the Treasury, which would be cashed by any banker. Among the projectors of the Glasgow lottery there appears to have been a reliance on foreign agency; but advertisement of any foreign lottery in Great Britain is forbidden by statute. Altogether, the enterprise was very like an attempt at fighting impossibilities.

As the projected lottery was stopped by a communication from the crown authorities on the ground of illegality, the present reference to it may seem like slaying the slain. The thing, however, ought not to pass into oblivion without remark. Independently of the practical objections enumerated, there were its demoralising tendencies, which seem to have escaped the foresight of its projectors, and are apparently not kept in view by persons who entertain a lingering approval of the undertaking. Considered in the light of experience, the lottery would to an alarming degree have revived the gambling mania which the legislature endeavoured to stamp out half a century ago. The elements of that mania still exist in the hosts of betting-men at race-courses, who if an opportunity offered, would gladly restore the worst features of the old lottery system, and produce a state of things which all the preaching power in the country would probably fail to counteract. And to think of this having emanated from Glasgow! Surely that city, so remarkable for its commercial development, has suffered sufficiently by its bank frauds to be discredited as the author of another lottery, which in its dimensions was to transcend all previous experience. The very proposition subjected the moral and religious character of Scotland to a storm of obloquy and ridicule. The English press was shocked at an attempt so contrary to the boasted intelligence of the age, so unlike what might be expected from sober-minded Scotchmen. It is to be hoped that no one blinded by an eager philanthropy will do anything to renew an effort so deplorable in its prospective results.

We would willingly here stop, but are reminded that the closing of the raffle system invites some attention. Here again, Glasgow strangely figures in the annals of financial ingenuity. In that city there latterly grew up among shopkeepers a practice of selling goods by raffles, pleasantly described as 'Enterprise Sales.' Crowds of people were collected, small sums were paid, and the drawings were by lot or chance. These sales were in reality lotteries, and contrary to law; but the local magistracy having some difficulty in dealing with them, the matter was taken up by the Lord Advocate on behalf of the crown. The case of three individuals concerned came before the Court of Session early in February, and was decided by Lord Curriehill. The judg-

ment was conclusive against the defendants, who were each fined in the prescribed penalty of fifty pounds; but in consideration of their ignorance of the statute, and the length of time they had been tolerated, his Lordship suggested that the Treasury might possibly mitigate the fine. Following on the decision, a number of 'Enterprise Sales' initiative of those in Glasgow, immediately collapsed. Here, then, these petty lotteries or raffles, whether carried on by tradesmen in the way of business, or to meet casual necessities, have, like the great lotteries of a vast era, been at length judicially discouraged. All that remains, as far as we can see, is to check in a manner equally peremptory the clandestine sale of tickets for Hamburg, Austrian, French, or other foreign lotteries, occasionally a plague to the community. w. c.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XV.—TO THE RESCUE.

'TERRIBLE night, neighbour!'

'Terrible night it be!'

The speakers were a white-coated shepherd, whose dogs and he had enough to do to hurry the belated flock along the moorland road; and a carter trudging homewards beside his fore-horse, whose tangled mane tossed wildly in the gale. Then both men stood still for a moment, not to converse, but, as it seemed, to let their eyes by a common impulse turn to the leaden-coloured expanse of sea, streaked with angry whiteness, that was yet dimly discernible beneath the driving rack of storm-clouds; and as they did so, the shepherd said, as earnestly as ever he had spoken when joining in the responses in church: 'The Lord be merciful to all poor creatures at sea!'

Shepherd and carter were right. A terrible night it was, the wind rising, the rain and hail rushing down in arrowy showers, and then ceasing, as if the might of the gale were too much even for them, and the far-off roll of thunder audible amidst the nearer, hoarser roar of the great sea, now fully aroused, and clamorous as some monster eager for its prey. The wild white birds that glean their living from the sea had scented danger hours ago, and flown, screaming, far inland for shelter. The storm-drum was hoisted at every station where the Admiralty had control; and the telegraphic wire had long since begun to flash warnings to harbour-master and dock superintendent throughout the coast-line, that mischief was to be looked for, and vessels were best in safe anchorage and land-locked places on such a night as threatened to pass over our shores.

But if the gathering night, and the blackening sky, and the howl of the gale, seemed dreadful enough to those dwellers on dry land who ran no risk save of an unroofed cow-shed or cottage-thatch blown away, doubly formidable did they appear to those who, living in Treport, heard the spray rattle against their windows, and shuddered even at their firesides as they listened to the shriek of the wind as it gained strength. What waves were those that beat upon the beach, seeming to shake the very earth with the weight and fury of their assault! Even in the sheltered quay-pool the water was rough, boats bobbing up and down cork-like, and larger craft straining at chain and hawser, like high-mettled horses fretting

against the curb. It was one of those rare nights on which, in exposed towns on the sea-coast, there is but scanty sleep for any one, so vivid and so immediate is the sympathy between those safe ashore and those in sore peril at sea.

'Where's the Captain of the steamer? Oh, here he is!' said the officer in charge of the coast-guard station, elbowing his way through the throng of loungers at the street end. 'Well, Captain Ashton, there's work for you and your tug; that is, if you can venture to tow out the life-boat in such weather, and if the men will man her. There's a big, full-rigged vessel, homeward-bound, in distress near the Head. The officer at the coast-guard station there has sent the news by a mounted messenger. Something wrong on board of her; for they've only fired one gun, and twice burned a Bengal-light, and yet she seems quite unmanageable. They expect her to strike on the Spur Reef.'

Hugh Ashton was ready enough, and so was the steamer. The *Western Maid* had been lying all day, with fires burning and crew on board, in expectation of some such summons as this; and now it had come. There was a stir on the quay, and in especial a bustle about the boat-house where the life-boat was kept. She was dragged out and launched; there were plenty of muscular arms ready to help in that; and the men who were to row her mustered, in their cork jackets, to answer to their names, as willingly as ever they had gathered for pilchard-fishing. They were not to go on board her, though, until it was certain that their thus risking valuable lives would be of use, so they too passed over the steamer's gang-way.

There was some weeping and some shrill remonstrance among women who had mingled with the crowd. We cannot all be heroes, and especially heroines, and perhaps the most painful part is that assigned to those who stay at home, in an agony of suspense, while the dear ones are away doing battle against storm or enemy. It certainly was as naughty a night to swim in as ever English shores have known, from the time when Shakspeare wrote till now; and the very thunder of the surf, as the Atlantic tide rose in angry majesty, had in its diapason something of menace. The spray broke high, in glistening columns or heavy sheets, over the pier-head.

'Ready, now? No hurry, lads! Stand by, to cast off moorings,' called out Hugh Ashton from his deck.

'Fair-weather Captain, is he, now?' whispered Big Ned the Devonshire man, in the ear of Salem Jackson, as he pointed to where Hugh stood, with bright watchful eyes and calm resolute face.

Salem Jackson, who looked paler than usual, and seemed but ill at ease, in spite of the glass of rum so lately swallowed at the *Mariner's Joy*, responded by an inarticulate snarl. Just before the moorings were cast off, 'Nezer the dwarf, followed by Neptune, came bustling over the gang-way.

'Take the dog!' exclaimed the dwarf eagerly; 'take him, Cap. You don't know—how should ye—what Nep's worth in a sea. I'd go with ye, but that I'm not straight-backed. But Nep's as good as a gold guinea.'

And Hugh, smiling good-naturedly, allowed the four-footed volunteer, who had taken an unusual

fancy to himself personally, to accompany the expedition.

'Now for it!' There was a rush to the pier-head, in spite of the spray, to see the steamer fight her way over the bar, where the waves leaped and roared like lions. It was no child's play that struggle with the surf; but there were two pair of stout hands at the wheel, and the engines worked their best, so that although for a moment the *Western Maid*, reeling and deluged fore and aft, was all but hidden by wave-crests and broken water, she burst the barrier, and fought her way, slowly and sturdily, out to sea. A hearty hurrah from the lookers-on greeted this first victory in the elemental strife; and it was felt that, come what might, Hugh Ashton had fairly won his spurs and earned his reputation as a bold and skilful seaman. Whether he could bring efficient aid to those in distress, was quite another affair.

This was no holiday voyage. The quick jerking motion of the engines, and the quivering of the timbers under repeated buffets from the heavy sea, told that the gallant little tug was doing all that wood and iron and steam could do in that life-and-death encounter with Nature in her wrath. Drenched with the driving spray and pelting rain, the men bent over the bulwarks and shaded their eyes to see the farther through the scud and the dark night; while by Hugh's skill and forethought alone was the life-boat astern kept from being dashed to splinters against the steamer's counter. A third sailor was soon wanted at the helm, so great was the force of wind and sea. Before the *Western Maid* had well gained an offing, there arose a murmur among some of the crew, of which Long Michael the mate shrewdly suspected Salem Jackson to be the originator, of: 'Put back! put back! It can't be done!'

'Who is it that says it can't be done?' called out Hugh, in clear ringing tones of command. 'I say it can, and it shall! Silence there—and steady, lads! Helm hard a port, and set the storm-jib forward, will you! She rides easier now.'

There was no more talk of putting back. Indeed, to retreat was almost as dangerous as to advance; and the steamer, once clear of the tremendous surf that beat upon the coast, as if maddened by opposition to its might, really did bound more lightly over the huge black waves that rose in endless succession as though to overwhelm her.

'There she be, Cap. Heaven have mércy on those on board her!' exclaimed Michael the mate, as holding by shroud and bulwark, for to keep one's footing on that soaked and heeling deck was, even for a sailor, difficult, he crept up to Hugh's side. 'Go to pieces she must, in ten minutes' time or so.' And indeed it appeared as if the honest Cornishman's prediction would soon be realised. There was the doomed ship, with broken masts and disordered rigging, careening over beneath the force of the merciless billows that broke in thunder over her huge hull. She fired no guns, and made none of the signals usual to a vessel in such dire distress, but floundered helplessly on, like a wounded whale in some shallow of the Greenland coast, to where destruction awaited her.

Full ahead, the foam and froth and hissing jets of spray betraying its presence, was the *Spur Reef*. The low rocks, black and cruel, like the

jagged teeth of some half-sunken monster of the deep, could just be made out through the gloom of the wild night. The ship's torn sails were flapping like the wings of a hurt sea-bird, and she rolled and staggered as she ploughed her fated way towards the rocks. Then, with a crash, she struck upon the reef, and instantly the waters leaped over her, so that she was hidden for the time in foam and scud; but when again a glimpse of her was obtained, a blue-light was observed to be burning on board her.

'Not many on her deck!' said half-a-dozen voices at once on board the *Western Maid*. But there was not much time for talking, since the life-boat must be used now or never; and to get her manned and started without fatal accident in such a sea, and with the steamer pitching and rolling as she did, like a maddened thing, required the nicest seamanship and the best exertions of all who shared in the work. There was no flinching thought, and one by one the trained oarsmen dropped into their places. 'Together, and with a will!' shouted the cockswain, grasping the tiller-ropes; and off went the life-boat on her short but difficult trip. It was a fearful sight to see that boat tossing on the feathery crest of a giant wave, like a withered leaf driven by the wintry wind, and then to watch her sink, as into a black ravine, into the deep trough of the raving raging sea. Again and again she faced the surges, and again and again, beaten and baffled, she was swung round and driven back. Then two of the oars snapped suddenly; the life-boat broached to, capsize, flinging the rowers out into the angry water, and floated helpless.

There was a loud outcry among those on board the tug, echoed from the wrecked ship; but luckily the steamer was near, the life-boat men had their cork jackets to keep them afloat, and there were lines enough in readiness on board the *Western Maid*, so that, thanks to noosed ropes and deft hands, the crew of the boat were rapidly dragged on board, and the buoyant little craft itself scoured.

'Those poor souls yonder,' said the old cockswain of the life-boat, as he pointed to the despairing group visible above the black bulwarks of the stranded ship, 'we're helpless to help them, Cap'n. You may!'

'Steam can do it,' was Hugh's cheerful response. 'Go on ahead there!' And, fighting through the wrath of the tempest, the *Western Maid* approached the wreck.

CANINE ANECDOTES.

THE following is a touching incident in the life of a collie dog. Some time ago, the late Mr H— possessed a collie shepherd dog, which was very clever at its duty until it had a litter, one of which was spared to it. After this all the poor animal's affections seemed to be centred in her puppy, for she refused, or did most unwillingly, the work she had to do, which so vexed her master that he cruelly drowned the puppy before the mother's eyes, covering the bucket in which he left the body with a sack. He then went round the fields followed by the old dog, who from that moment resumed her former usefulness. On Mr H—'s return, after having had

his tea in the evening, he bethought himself of the bucket, and went to fetch it to empty the contents into a hole he had made in the manure heap; he found the bucket, covered as he had left it, but on pouring out the contents there was nothing but water. He questioned his wife and her niece, but neither knew anything about it.

The next morning Mrs H— was struck with the piteous expression of the poor animal's face, and she said to her: 'Scottie, tell me where you have taken your puppy!' The dog immediately ran off a distance of quite a hundred yards to the kitchen-garden, jumped the fence and went direct to the farther end of the garden, to a spot situated between two rows of beans; there, where the earth had been apparently recently moved, she sat and as it were wept. Mrs H— went again into the house, and without mentioning what had occurred, said to her niece: 'Ask Scottie what she has done with her puppy.' The question was put, and again the poor creature went through the same performance. These circumstances were mentioned to Mr H—, who pool-pooled the idea of there being anything out of the common; but to satisfy his wife, went to the spot, and dug down a distance of three feet, and there sure enough had the faithful, fond mother carried and buried her little one.

Here is another interesting narrative of a collie:

'It is many years ago since I made the acquaintance of Wanderer, a very fine collie, and the subject of the present sketch. He lived at a small farm, was the constant companion of his master, the young farmer, and enjoyed the daily walk to the post with his mistress, the orphan sister of Mr B—. I sometimes visited Miss B— at the farm, and on all occasions was attracted to Wanderer by the singular gentleness, sagacity, and quiet humour I noticed in his conduct. Nothing delighted the handsome creature so much as a plunge into the little duck-pond in front of the house. He would sail round and round, pretending to be utterly unconscious of the presence of forty or fifty fat ducks, who screamed and quacked wildly at his appearance among them. He meantime calmly dived under the water or darted into their very midst, feigning sometimes to be in pursuit of one particular bird, and looking at us with a waggish expression all the time. He went with his master all over the fields, and lay at his feet in his own particular sanctum, watching his movements in that sagacious way which was so completely his own. When the home at the little farm was broken up, Wanderer went with his master to a little sea-side cottage, where his canine affection no doubt soothed many a lonely hour. During his master's last brief illness Wanderer lay at his bed-side watching jealously every one who went out and in, and casting anxious eyes of affection on the poor invalid. Wanderer's eyes by the way were the most lovely in expression I ever saw, either in human being or dog—they were a dark hazel, soft lustrous and plaintive.

'After his master's death Wanderer still lay in the solitary death-chamber, like an affectionate sentinel, and those who came in to render the last offices to the deceased, did not care to turn the faithful creature out, but left him—not

liking the look in the usually gentle eyes. On the funeral day Wanderer seemed to comprehend that it really *was* necessary to allow his master to be removed, and silently rising from the side of the bed he went out to the outer door, and joined the small company of mourners. Following the hearse as closely as possible, the creature, with a look of solemn intelligence, witnessed his dead master deposited in his last resting-place, stood till the little group had dispersed, then quietly laid himself down near the grave and watched the final arrangement of the turf over it. Rising when the gravediggers had completed their work, he once more turned as if to see that all was right, and returned to the cottage. Here he partook of food, and lay down by the kitchen fire all night. Next morning, after his usual breakfast of porridge, he again took his way to the grave and lay there placidly till evening, when he once more returned home. The faithful Wanderer went through the same routine for several days, when, knowing that the dear dog would be homeless, we sent for him, determined that henceforth his home should be with us.

'Dear old fellow! I remember the day he came to us. He was soon our devoted friend and follower, going with us in all our walks, and gaining the love of all in the house by his affectionate, intelligent conduct. We had a companion for him in the shape of Spot, a white bull-terrier of extraordinary ugliness and faithfulness, and after a very few jealous tussles the two dogs became fast friends for life. In future Wanderer seemed to assume and retain a superiority over Spot, who, to do him justice, always treated his handsome friend with extraordinary attention, as the following anecdote will shew. One day both dogs went with us for a walk, and during our ramble in the neighbourhood of a wood, Spot caught a small rabbit, which he killed and carried home in his mouth, without any apparent wish to eat it. When we arrived at our own gate, great was our astonishment to see Spot march demurely forward to Wanderer, lay the rabbit at his feet and retire humbly to a little distance. The collie bit the rabbit into two portions, which gave us reason to suppose that he intended to reward his companion with a share; this however, was not to be, for somewhat to our surprise he swallowed first the one then the other with perfect coolness, Spot watching him admiringly from a little way off, and not shewing any signs of ill-will or impatience. I am sorry to say that Wanderer was *slightly* greedy in his way of eating, and generally contrived to have the lion's share of food. No one could confer a greater delight upon Wanderer than by giving him peppermint-drops or lumps of white sugar, but this was before his teeth began to fail.

'Some time ago one of the children fell ill, and was confined to bed for some time. The good Wanderer came regularly to the window of the sick-room, and received scraps from it, and even in all the frost and cold of the late severe winter he trotted about in front of the house, often lying placidly on the top of the snow, and always looking at the window with eyes of intelligence and affection.

'One day I had just been remarking to my children that Wanderer was looking uncommonly well, and seemed to have taken a new lease of

life, when to my utter amazement and consternation, my son told me to desire the cook to stop making further supplies of porridge for the collie. I asked why, whereupon he placidly informed me that "Wanderer was away!" I naturally asked "Where?" believing in a moment of aberration that the old dog had been sent off somewhere. My horror and indignation were great when I learned that the dear, wise, faithful creature had been "put out of existence," poisoned by the groom, because that functionary thought "that life was just a burden to the beast." I am not the least ashamed to say that I behaved like a child, went forth into the quiet of my own room, and wept bitterly. To think of all the love, yea, devotion, of a noble canine existence being so basely quenched all in a moment. "And he trusted the very man that administered the poison!" I thought bitterly. Well, it was "only a dog," yet I cannot tell how much I miss the kindly bark of welcome which was ever ready for me.

"I should like," said a little girl to me, when told of Wanderer's death, "to see all good, faithful animals rewarded in this world by being kept in comfort till the day of their natural death, and in a future state by being allowed to meet again their old masters and mistresses, and live happily ever after."

Some dogs, in their love and affection for their masters, have at times equalled human beings in their constancy, and even surpassed them in the marvellous intelligence with which they foresee and avert approaching danger. The following example, related to us by one of the ladies of the story, may prove interesting.

Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accompanied by their little dog, named Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered, as indeed he was, their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt 'quite happy when Jack was with them; he was sure no harm could come to them.'

The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go farther than they ought however, and by the time they turned the dusk had fallen, and they were afraid they would be late for tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut through a wood with which they were well acquainted, having often gathered blackberries in it on a summer afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it.

'All the same I am rather afraid,' said Dora, the younger of the two; 'there have been several robberies in the neighbourhood, and I saw some very odd-looking men pass our door to-day; besides, I am wearing my new watch which papa gave me on my birth-day.'

'O nonsense!' her sister replied. 'It is nearly six o'clock now; and we shall be late. Be sure no one will wish to harm us.'

'I wish I were as certain as you are. But what's the matter with Jack?'

Just as she had said this, Jack advanced towards them, and planting himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined.

'That is odd,' said Dora. 'I never remember him doing that before.'

The other girl derided her fears, and attempted to pass the dog; but he caught her dress in his teeth, and held her so firmly that she hardly dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last seeing how determined he was to prevent their further progress, she gave up trying.

'Well, well, you stupid little brute!' she said angrily, 'I suppose we must go all that long way round.'

So the two sisters abandoned the idea of taking the short path through the wood, and went home by the safe high-road. When they arrived, how grateful, how unutterably thankful did they feel to the little protector, whose intelligence had been so far superior to theirs, and had saved them despite themselves. A man had been found in the wood shortly after they had left it, murdered and robbed; it was conjectured by the tramps who had passed through the village in the morning. Thus Jack had preserved his mistresses from meeting perhaps a similar fate. Their gratitude it is needless to add was profound towards their little four-footed protector, who we are glad to hear lived to a good old age.

The last anecdote we shall offer is not by any means a new one, but as many of our readers may be unacquainted with it, we give it as an extraordinary and touching example of canine devotedness. A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, on purpose to receive it. His dog accompanied him; and after he had settled his affairs, his master fastened his bag of money to his saddle and rode off homewards. The dog leaped and barked around him joyfully. Having ridden some way, the merchant paused to partake of refreshments, and having dismounted, he sat under the shade of a tree and enjoyed his lunch. On remounting however, he forgot to take up the bag of money which he had laid on the grass, and rode off without it.

The dog, who perceived his forgetfulness, tried to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to carry. He then ran after his master, and endeavoured to inform him of his loss by crying and howling lamentably. The merchant could not conceive what had happened to the dog, and so continued his course; but when the poor animal, despairing of attracting his attention, began to bite the horse's heels in order to try and stop it, he grew alarmed, and supposing he had gone mad, in crossing a brook he looked to see if the dog would drink. The faithful creature was however, too intent on his master's business; he bit and barked more than ever. The merchant was horrified. He was sure the dog was mad. Much as he loved and valued the creature, yet he could not allow him to live in these circumstances; so he drew a pistol from his breast and fired at his faithful servant. His aim was too sure; the poor dog fell wounded, and the merchant spurred on his horse with heart full of sorrow. Still he never thought of the money; he only tried to console himself by repeating: 'The dog was mad. But I had rather lose my money than my dog, all the same,' he said to himself, and stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was gone.

In that instant his eyes were opened, and he knew that he had sacrificed his sagacious friend to his rashness and folly. Instantly he turned his horse, and at full gallop made his way to the place where he had lunched. He passed with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted, and perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded. He was oppressed, distracted. But in vain he looked for his dog; he was not to be seen on the road.

At last he arrived at the spot where he had left his bag of money, and cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. All bloody as he was, he had crawled to the forgotten bag, and lay there writhing beside it—slowly dying. When he saw his master, he tried to rise; but his strength was gone—he could only wag his tail in token of gratified recognition. The vital tide was ebbing, and the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for even a few minutes. He tried to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his beloved master, and closed his eyes on him for ever.

We cannot conclude this anecdote of a noble dog without quoting these beautiful lines from the *Gleaner*:

Of all the boasted conquests Man has made
By flood or field, the gentlest and the best
Is in the dog, the generous dog, displayed;
For ah! what virtues glow within his breast!

Through life the same, through sunshine and in storm;

At once his lord's protector and his guide;
Shapes to his wishes, to his wants conform;
His slave, his friend, his pastime, and his pride!

UNDER A CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Mrs CYRIL STAUNTON was a widow; her dress denoted that; and she bore upon her calm but somewhat stern countenance an expression of fixed melancholy, which involuntarily impressed people with the conviction that she had suffered more than ordinary grief. Riversdale, which was the name of the country town near which she had come to live, had a certain society and very exclusive set of its own. There were several county families, and lesser lights as well; and the advent of a new neighbour had caused not a little curiosity and speculation. She had taken a small but pretty house yeleft the Cottage, on the outskirts of the town, situated in well laid out though limited grounds of its own. And as it was discovered that the late Mr Cyril Staunton had belonged to a very old Northumberland family, and that she herself was the daughter of a deceased Scottish Baronet, her antecedents were sufficiently satisfactory to admit her into the 'Upper Ten' of Riversdale society; besides which, her means, notwithstanding the unpretending way in which she lived, were evidently ample; and though she seldom relaxed from her gravity and coldness of demeanour, there was a bright element in her house which more than made up for the

chilling manner of its mistress, and that bright element was—a daughter.

This daughter, Maude, was as sweet and charming as her mother was cold and severe. They had been settled at Riversdale for little over a year; and latterly, in compliance with the wish of several of their new friends, Mrs Staunton had permitted Maude to participate in the not very brilliant festivities which the place afforded. Miss Staunton was just eighteen, and never before having been a sharer in such entertainments, never dreamt of considering them dull, or of wishing for anything beyond them. She was thoroughly satisfied, and danced away with all the joyousness of a fresh, fair, unsophisticated child. Mrs Staunton never accompanied her daughter on these occasions. Her deep mourning would, she said, be singularly inappropriate and out of place. So Maude was invariably intrusted to the chaperonage of a Mrs Herbert, who, not having daughters of her own to dispose of, rather enjoyed the responsibility of the charge of the prettiest and best-dressed girl in the room, which Miss Staunton by general consent was soon acknowledged to be; and Maude herself was not blind to the fact that admiration and attention awaited her wherever she went. She could not help knowing it. It was very pleasant to her; and the pleasure it gave shewed itself on every feature of her expressive face.

There were times however, when Miss Staunton looked sad, times when almost a shadow seemed to rest upon her brightness, dimming it for a few moments, until happier thoughts returning, chased that gloom there might have been away. People noticed that her moods were variable; and her enemies—for even sweet Maude Staunton had enemies—declared her sadness was simply assumed, because she fancied it suited her; whilst her friends accounted for the shade by surmising that some secret care oppressed her. Mrs Staunton could not be a very cheering companion for her, and but seldom were entertainments given at 'The Cottage.' Those however, who were admitted to partake of the widow's hospitality described the ménage as costly and unique. Her plate was of unusual massiveness; and her wine could have borne comparison with even that of Lady Harriet Montfort's celebrated cellar.

This Lady Harriet was the *grande dame* before whom all Riversdale and its surroundings bowed. She was the richest and the proudest woman imaginable; haughty and arrogant to a degree; ruling with no gentle hand those who came as she considered within the limits of her sceptre, and barely tolerating others who really were thoroughly equal by birth and position with her own imperious self. She was an impecunious Earl's only daughter, and at a mature age had married Mr Montfort, an alliance which, although brilliant as far as money went, for he was enormously rich, was considered by the Lady Harriet herself as a grievous *mésalliance*. A Duke would scarcely have been good enough for her fastidious Ladyship. However, the Earl her father, who had come to years of discretion sufficiently to realise that blue blood would not hold its own without something solid to support it, and who had held on, by dint of mortgages, friendly loans, and innumerable other petty shifts, to the skirts of

fashionable life—always needy, always at his wits' end for some new resource, decided that the Montfort thousands were not to be despised; and after some battles-royal in their shabby drawing-room with the Lady Harriet, her consent was gained, and George Montfort's daring proposal to wed her was accepted. What had possessed good honest George to wish to make such a woman his wife, no one could imagine. She did not seem to have a single quality to attract the love of such a warm heart; not a vestige of the softness and gentleness without which a woman can have no charms. But George made a virtue of these notorious shortcomings; her dark handsome face had bewitched him; his happiness depended upon his winning her. So they were married; and he paid the Earl's debts, gave him an allowance, and had made such settlements upon his bride that even she for the time being felt grateful. She was pleased too with Red Court, his splendid estate. The magnificence with which he surrounded her kept her in good-humour until she tired of having nothing to do and nothing to wish for; her ennuï and weariness did not improve her naturally disagreeable temper, which not even the birth of a son and heir tended to soften. Her pet-grievance was her husband's lack of ancestry; for *who were* the Montforts? Proud as their name sounded, their lineage was none of the noblest; and their wealth was owed rather to their own successful efforts than to the lawful heritage derived from a line of predecessors.

Mr Montfort died some ten years after his marriage, which had, as might have been expected, turned out far from happily. His wife's grandeur and haughty airs had been a pain and oppression to him; he had no comfort in his splendid home; no loving word or wisely action ever gladdened his heart. Nothing but his boy, his little Geoffrey, had George Montfort to care for, and upon him he lavished a depth of affection unknown almost to himself. However, death deprived the child of his father's tender love at a very early age; and Lady Harriet shortly afterwards despatched her son to school; no motherly feeling of weakness suggesting that it might have been a comfort to her to have kept him a little longer under her own eye.

Geoffrey was glad to go. Child as he was, he realised the coldness of his mother's heart. His periodical returns home were never joyous seasons to him; there was no freedom, no legitimate enjoyment countenanced at Red Court; in fact it was always a glad day when the time for his departure came. Except for stolen expeditions with the gamekeepers, and exploits on horseback undreamt of by his dignified lady-mother, who prided herself upon upholding the dignity of her son—the grandson of the Earl—the boy's holidays would have been seasons of intolerable dreariness to him.

Geoffrey's school and college days were now over; he had been of age for three years, and was now in full possession of his property—Red Court and five-and-twenty thousand a year; less a jointure of five thousand yearly to the Lady Harriet, who continued as usual at the head of the establishment, where she would remain until Geoffrey married. His future settlement had occupied

much of Lady Harriet's thoughts. His wife was to be of her choosing; that she had determined, and also made up her mind not to be satisfied with any ordinary mortal. Geoffrey's duty was to raise the Montfort name. He should marry, and marry well too. The bitter drop in her cup of having married beneath her should not be in his. Nothing under a Duke's daughter should satisfy the maternal ambitions of her heart.

Geoffrey was fully aware of his mother's desires and views for him. He calmly allowed her to have her own way, as far as laying plans went, inwardly determining however, that when he did marry, if he ever married at all, it should be for love not for lineage. Had George Montfort lived, he would have been proud of his broad-shouldered, handsome son, who was so like himself in everything that was honourable and straightforward. There was nothing wonderful about him; but he was a boy, or a man rather, of whom a parent might well be proud; such a thorough gentleman in every sense of the word, with an Englishman's horror of anything approaching to humbug or deceit; a being as different from his disagreeable mother as it was possible to conceive. One could scarcely fancy him a bitter enemy; but one could easily imagine him a firm friend. His temper was quick, without a shade of sullenness; and in point of generosity he excelled almost to a fault. To hear of a trouble or to be told of a strait, with Geoffrey Montfort was to relieve it forthwith.

The Duke's daughter had been duly selected by Lady Harriet—the Lady Margaret Theophila Fitz-Howard—was very young, not very lovely, nor very fascinating either, but still a Duke's daughter; and as she was coming with her mother Her Grace the Duchess to pay a visit to Red Court, their visit was to be celebrated by a grand ball, to which all the people in the neighbourhood were to be invited. Perhaps it was owing to the fact of Mrs Staunton's good connections, perhaps to a whim for which no one could account, but Lady Harriet had some time previous to the announcement of her ball called at the Cottage. So in due time an invitation arrived for the ball, to which as usual it was arranged that Mrs Herbert should chaperone Maude. Everybody was going to it. It was to be on a scale of extraordinary grandeur; and for a week or two preceding it the local dressmakers who were considered reliable enough to be trusted with the costume, had but a poor time of it as regarded rest and quietness. They were kept working early and late cutting out and contriving all manner of elegances for this wondrous ball. Basket after basket went forth charged with costly contents, bloomy velvets, shimmering silks and satins, delicate tulle, and fragile tulle, over which the intended wearers hung with rapture, or perhaps the reverse when carefully drawn forth for inspection. The solitary hairdresser Riversdale possessed had more engagements for the eventful night than he could possibly fulfil; in fact every one seemed to have some share in the general excitement which the forthcoming ball had called forth.

What would Maude Staunton say? That was queried in more than one dressing-room coterie. She was sure to have something ridiculously grand; so said Miss Beatrice Browning, a tall, dark, handsome girl, who regarded Maude with feelings of unmixt aversion. Before her advent, Miss Brown-

ing had imagined herself the reigning beauty; and her appearance was therefore looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion upon her established rights. Who was Miss Staunton? *What* was she to come to Riversdale and interfere with other people's positions? In the privacy of her own home, Miss Browning did not spare Miss Staunton; but in public, as yet she only stabbed her by very innocent and quietly uttered innuendoes, 'damning with faint praise' in any remarks she made upon one whom she chose to consider in the light of a rival and trespasser upon her own particular territory. Miss Browning had determined to make an impression at the Red Court ball; and feeling certain Miss Staunton would appear in some magnificent attire, resolved to anticipate her own not too ample allowance, and to invest in a dress sufficiently splendid to eclipse and extinguish anything the latter could have thought of. The night had arrived and with it her dress. White satin—what could be handsomer?—blonde lace, crimson roses, gold leaves, pearl ornaments. Surely nothing could surpass such a combination! Her dark hair was elaborated into a wonderful edifice; and her face was lighted up with a smile of unutterable contentment when at last she surveyed herself, dressed for conquest, prior to entering the ball-room, where though dancing had not as yet commenced, already more than half the company were assembled.

The band struck up their preliminary chords just as Miss Browning marched in under the wing of her inoffensive little mother, a meek-eyed matron, attired in the regulation black velvet and white lace shawl adopted by so many British dowagers.

Mr Montfort was leading out the Lady Margaret Theophila Fitz-Howard to open the ball; and there just opposite to him, with her arm resting upon that of a gentleman unknown to Miss Browning, stood Maude Staunton, waiting to take her place in the first quadrille. She was dressed in a simple white tulle, devoid of all colour or ornament; it was exquisitely made in a series of cloudy skirts. In her hand she carried a splendid bouquet of white camellias and narcissus; and a bud of the former resting against its dark shining green leaves nestled amid the massive coils of her fair hair. There was nothing magnificent about her except a glittering diamond star, which she wore suspended from broad black velvet band round her neck; but there was something so fresh, so fair, so simple, yet withal so striking about her, that the charming *ensemble* caused Miss Browning's colour to fade into as great a pallor as if she had seen an apparition. The sweetness of Maude's appearance was still further enhanced by the expression of her face, which at the beginning of the evening chanced to be more than usually sad. She was the belle of the room—grudgingly as some acknowledged it, there was not a doubt of the fact; and no one there more ardently admired her than the host himself, who had never before met her under similar circumstances.

Wise men have acknowledged that it requires neither time nor space to fall in love—that the tender passion may be kindled by a very passing glimpse—our fate sealed for good or for evil by a very brief half-hour. So it was with Geoffrey Montfort and Maude Staunton. The glamour

came over them ; and that evening was one scene of pleasure and triumph to the widow's only daughter ; for even the Lady Margaret Theophila stood sadly neglected, whilst Geoffrey, careless of his mother's fierce regards, again and again selected as his partner the fair Maude Staunton. Mrs Herbert was rejoiced at her charge's conquest. Out of all the numbers who had assembled in those brilliant rooms she alone felt proud and pleased. The general feeling was certainly not friendly. But what cared Geoffrey ? what cared Maude ? They were both young, both impulsive ; the present was all to them ; and when at length the gay scene ended, and under his escort she was placed by Mrs Herbert's side, carefully wrapped up, and the door of the carriage was closed, she leant back flushed and radiant, exclaiming : ' O Mrs Herbert, this has been the happiest evening I ever spent ! I never enjoyed anything so much in my life ! '

Whilst Geoffrey returned to the ball-room to bid adieu to his less appreciative guests, and to ignore the sullen lowering looks of her Ladyship, who would have been more violent in her disapproval had she guessed that her wishes were to have no weight as regarded the Lady Margaret ; for he had determined if ever he married at all, his wife should be Maude Staunton ; and he meant it.

CONVERSATION.

It is frequently remarked that the art of conversation is lost ; that everything is printed nowadays and nothing said ; that such good talkers and good listeners as Dr Johnson and his friends are extinct creatures. We do not think that these laments are justified. It is of course true that the printing-press has in a measure superseded the tongue, but not altogether ; for the living voice of man has a power of charming and influencing that can never be exercised by dead letters. It is true we do not now make a business of conversation and stake our reputation on a *mot*, as did Dr Johnson's contemporaries ; but perhaps this fact increases rather than diminishes the charm of modern talk. It is more simple and natural, less dogmatic and egotistical. In our pleasant chats at afternoon teas and tennis-parties we can well dispense with stilted lectures of the ' Sir, said Dr Johnson ' type. But though we are by no means destitute of conversational powers, there are certain rules as regards talking which are too often neglected in our social intercourse.

The first rule we must observe is to avoid personalities. But this is by no means an easy thing to do ; for the love of personalities is almost universal—a love seen in the child who asks you to tell him a story, meaning thereby somebody's adventure ; a love testified by the interest adults take in reading biographies ; a love gratified by police reports, court news, divorce cases, accounts of accidents, and lists of births, marriages, and deaths ; a love displayed even by conversations in the street, where fragments of dialogue heard in passing shew that mostly between men, and always between women, the personal pronouns

recur every instant. Having this lively interest in our neighbours' affairs, we can with difficulty avoid gossiping about them. But the habit is nevertheless dangerous. It creates enemies, and separates friends. We meet an acquaintance in the street from whom we parted but yesterday on the most friendly terms. We wonder why we are passed by with an infinitesimally small nod of acknowledgment, or perhaps with no recognition at all. If we deem it worth while to investigate the cause of this coldness, we shall generally discover that some one has been biasing the mind of our friend against us. A few rash words will set a family, a neighbourhood, a nation by the ears ; they have often done so. Half the lawsuits and half the wars have been brought about by talking about people instead of about things. ' Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out ; so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth.'

This sort of personal talk is not only wrong but stupid. It is generally indulged in by persons devoid of brains, education, and culture. People who read and think, prefer to talk of ideas and things. They live in a high intellectual atmosphere, where chit-chat about their neighbours' incomes, quarrels, dress, and servants—the little wearisome jealousies of Mr or Mrs A—— in reference to Mr or Mrs B—— does not enter.

The temptation to sin against good-nature and good taste in conversation for the sake of raising a laugh and gaining admiration, is a very strong one in the case of those who have been gifted with wit and humour. But it is the abuse of these noble gifts rather than their use that leads astray. On this point we may quote the following words : ' When wit,' says Sydney Smith, ' is combined with sense and information ; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle ; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it ; who can be witty, and something more than witty ; who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.'

If we would be agreeable and improving companions, we must be good listeners as well as good talkers, and carefully observe certain occasions of silence. ' The occasions of silence,' says Bishop Butler, ' are obvious—namely, when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid ; better either in regard to some particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to conversation of a more agreeable kind ; or better, lastly, with regard to himself.'

Nowhere is there room for the display of good manners so much as in conversation. It is a part of good manners not to talk too much. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is *con* (with), that it means talking *with* another, we should abstain from lecturing, and be as ready to listen as to talk. Our anecdote or sharp reply will keep, or need not find utterance at all ; so we are not under the necessity of interrupting our companion, and voting him by our looks a bore, or at least an interruption to our own much better remarks. But besides the rule, that we should not be impatient to get in our word, that a few brilliant flashes of *silence* should occur in our

conversation, another rule is, not to take for our theme—ourselves. We must remember that, as a rule, we and our concerns can be of no more importance to other men than they and their concerns are to us.

Every one will understand from painful experience what is meant by a bore, though it is not very easy to describe the creature. A bore is a heavy, pompous, meddling person who harps on one string, occupies an undue share of conversation, and says things in ten words which required only two; all the time being evidently convinced that he is making a great impression. 'It is easy,' says Sydney Smith, 'to talk of voracious animals and beasts of prey; but does such a man, who lays waste a whole party of civilised beings by prosing, reflect upon the joys he spoils, and the misery he creates in the course of his life? and that any one who listens to him through politeness, would prefer toothache or earache to his conversation? Does he consider the extreme uneasiness which ensues when the company have discovered a man to be an extremely absurd person, at the same time that it is absolutely impossible to convey to the terrible being, by words or manner, the most distant suspicion of the discovery? And then, who punishes this bore? What sessions and what assizes for him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds, the sheep-stealer disappears, the swindler has been committed to penal servitude. But after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup, still untried, unpunished.'

In all ages, women's conversation has been made a subject for ridicule. They are said to talk too much, to have venomous spiteful tongues, to be addicted to nagging, to disdain argumentation and even sense in their talk. For ourselves we believe that the sins of the tongue are committed about equally by both sexes. Of course women have more talking to do than men have, for social intercourse is mainly indebted to them for its existence. And their desire to please in society may sometimes tempt women to talk too much; if indeed there can be too much of conversation, so sympathetic, humorous, and full of nice distinctions as is that of women whom all agree to call 'charming.' Let not the Cynic, who, if he has himself never said a foolish thing, has perhaps never done a wise one, quote in reference to the conversation of such women, Pope's lines:

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

What are and what are not 'women's rights,' is a point much disputed; but that it is their duty to cultivate the art of conversation, none will question. But as the hearts of women are kind and sympathetic, so have they no excuse for crushing little sensibilities, violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; in a word, for committing those faults which make the conversation of ill-natured people so dispiriting and painful.

The aim of every talker should be never to be long and never to be wrong. And the only way we can approximate to this perfection of sociableness is to cultivate both our heads and

hearts. The conversation of really cultured people is never vulgar and never empty; more than this, it is free from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

'HOVELLING.'

THE pleasant old town of Deal is situated on the east coast of Kent, nearly opposite the centre of the famous Goodwin Sands, which from time immemorial have been the terror of the mariner. The very name rings on the ear like a sort of knell, which seems to carry with it a painful association of shipwreck and death.

Everything, however, is done by that genuine sailors' friend the 'Trinity House,' that ample funds, modern science, and careful forethought can do, as is evidenced by accurate charts of the locality, and by buoying and lighting these dreaded quicksands for the whole ten miles of their reach, in order to warn mariners of their danger. But notwithstanding all these precautions, shipwrecks only too frequently occur on the Goodwins, especially to foreign vessels unused to the peculiarities of these waters, and ignorant of the fact that the services of a pilot are absolutely necessary when passing these dangerous shoals. Nor is it too much to say—indeed it is very well known—that many more lives would be annually sacrificed and ships and property lost, but for that watchful care, skill, and daring, so constantly and unflinchingly exhibited by boatmen belonging to Deal and its immediate neighbours Walmer and Kingsdown. It is to these men and to their peculiar calling that the terms 'hovellers' and 'hovelling' (the derivation of which we shall afterwards explain) are commonly applied. Deal claims the largest share in point of numbers of these brave fellows, as being by far the largest of the three places named.

During the bright days of summer, or whilst fine weather and soft airs continue, a stranger visiting Deal, and unacquainted with the real attributes of these men, would set down the hovellers as a lazy idle set of fellows, who appear to do nothing the livelong day but 'loaf' about the beach, lounging on the capstans, lolling on the boat-stages, or 'shoring up' against the nearest wall, or any projection that will serve as a convenient leaning-post. Dressed in the usual heavy blue clothing, cut sailor-fashion large and easy, and shining hat, which they never seem to change winter or summer, there they sit or loll, hands invariably in pockets, short clay in mouth, smoking, chatting, and joking. Such are the Deal hovellers. That these men are idle for the time being is, doubtless, true enough; but this enforced temporary idleness only serves to bring into greater contrast their daring when afloat. Let a tempestuous hurricane arise, when the sea is lashed into rage and fury; when the waves are running 'mountains high,' and the fearful breakers are plainly visible all along the fatal 'Sands;' when landmen gladly seek the welcome shelter of solid bricks and mortar; when no one remains a moment out of doors, or cares to buffet the fury of the storm any longer than he can possibly help; when the black and angry sky contrasts

strangely with the white and foaming sea—then is the hoveller's opportunity.

Without the smallest hesitation, and fearing neither winds nor waves, dressed in his canvas waterproofs, his 'son-wester' hat tied under his chin, the boatman and his companions assemble on the beach; one of the splendidly built Deal boats is quickly manned by brave and ready hands, and launched through the boiling surf, often at the risk of being swamped, or stove in, at the very outset—a casualty that nothing but the consummate tact and skill exhibited by these men alone prevents—and quickly hoisting their close-reefed lug-sail, whilst sea and spray fly high over the boat, away they go for the 'Sands'; certainly the very last place on earth where any one would willingly find himself during a tempest of wind and rain. But the hovellers dare this extreme danger on the bare chance of falling in with any vessel requiring a pilot, or information, or help of any kind; and it has often happened that a boat's crew of these brave fellows have been out battling with winds and waves for forty-eight hours or more at a stretch, wholly exposed to the severities of the weather—for these boats are not decked—without the smallest return for their courage and labour; for it is labour of the severest kind, to which extreme peril is frequently added. But, on the other hand, it is very well known that many a noble ship and many a valuable life have owed their preservation, from the destructive Goodwins, entirely to the fearless daring of these Deal hovellers.

Many indeed are the touching, but no less truthful tales that are frequently told of some unfortunate ship which had run on these Sands. And the crew, finding their distress signals apparently unheeded, and that every earthly hope of succour had seemingly fled, had calmly resigned themselves to the dreadful, and apparently certain, fate awaiting them; when suddenly, through the deepening gloom, the driving mist, or the blinding snow, there has hove in sight the saving angel in the form of a Deal lugger, manned by eight or ten resolute hearts and strung arms; and a stentorian voice, heard above even the roar of the elements, has hailed them, and bidden them 'hold on,' as help was nigh!

In these praiseworthy efforts to approach an imperilled ship and rescue her crew, the real work of the gallant hovellers may be said to be only beginning; for the great difficulty now to be surmounted is to get sufficiently close to the ship to receive her crew on board the lugger and yet to avoid a violent collision between boat and ship—a circumstance very likely to happen from the extreme violence and agitation of the sea. Should the boat but once hit the ship full end on, even if she escaped, the consequences of such a blow, the next wave would probably wash her on to rover it, to the certain destruction of all hands. The mode of procedure is as follows. When the danger is very great and the sea very high, the sail of the boat is lowered and the anchor dropped considerably to windward of the labouring ship. With consummate judgment and caution, only gained by long experience, the cable is then 'paid out' yard by yard, and the heavy rolling sea is allowed to carry the boat, little by little, towards the vessel, till she is almost alongside. And now not a second is to be lost, and those of the ship's

crew who are able to do so instantly leap into the boat; for if another wave catches her in this position she must be dashed to pieces. Then indeed is a moment of intense anxiety and peril, and all hands haul upon the cable with might and main for dear life until the boat gradually draws away from the wreck. If, however, all are not rescued in the first attempt, the same perilous manœuvre has to be played perhaps several times in succession. Coolly and cautiously the hovellers handle their boat; the cable is again veered out, and again she runs alongside the wreck, until at length the dangerous game is rewarded, and all the crew have been at last got on board. Then all hands again haul on the cable, and the boat, with the rescued crew, ultimately drifts clear of the wreck.

But, as the risk and danger are still most imminent, not a moment must be wasted; the boat's cable is therefore instantly cut with a blow of a hatchet (without which useful tool no hoveller's boat ever goes to sea), and the sail is quickly run up. But although the sufferers are all now safe in the boat, do not suppose that the work is done, or that the danger is yet by any means over; for before the boat can reach the friendly shore, a great and perilous gulf has to be passed, consisting of the terrible breakers of the Sands and the raging waves beyond; so that another fierce and desperate struggle with winds and ocean for seven or eight long and weary miles has to be encountered before the rescued crew and their gallant preservers are landed on Deal beach. Even here, on the very threshold of home, the danger still continues; for the utmost skill and caution must be observed in order to effect a landing, as accidents have occasionally happened from the unskillful beaching of a crowded boat. It will thus be seen that from launching to beaching, from first to last during the whole of this severe elemental battle, lasting probably many hours, these men may be said to carry their lives in their hands; and yet it is both a common and a true saying, that however bad a hoveller may be in all other matters, he will never hesitate a single moment to attempt a rescue when life is in danger, however fearful and unequal the odds may be against him.

Desperate and perilous as the life-boat service is, it is not, after all, so much so as this, for the simple reason that in the one case the boat is expressly built and arranged with every appliance that art, science, and practical experience can suggest, for the work to be undertaken; whereas the boat of the hoveller is the ordinary beach boat, nothing more, and of course destitute of air-boxes or any other contrivance to keep her afloat in case of swamping; but in all other respects as finely built a craft and as admirably fitted for her work as any in the kingdom.

Such then is the modern 'hoveller,' and such is the usual occupation understood by 'hovelling.' When not engaged in the active work of his calling, the hoveller may be frequently seen cruising about the neighbourhood of the Sands, or taking pilots or friends to, or bringing them from, outward-bound ships in the Downs. His services are also secured in taking out anchors and cables to ships in want of such articles; or fishing up and recovering—where possible—anchors and cables which have been abandoned and buoyed; or recovering what he can of ship-

wrecked cargoes, for all of which he claims salvage. He is also servicable in carrying urgent orders or letters to the outward-bound, and many such other occupations, with perhaps a little fishing, or a little 'pleasuring' with visitors in the summer, which, though undoubtedly irregular and fluctuating enough, pays perhaps in the end fairly well; and if the man abstains from the curse of intemperance, and is careful and prudent, as many to their credit are in an eminent degree, a comfortable little home is generally the result. The wife also often helps to bring 'grist to the mill' by working on her own account in a variety of ways, or in keeping a shop, or in letting apartments.

Like all other inhabitants of the coasts opposite or near to France, the hoveller of half a century ago was, as a matter of course, an inveterate smuggler. The trade was then carried on by him with uncommon gusto and address; and it has been said—we know not how truthfully—that more than one fortune has been made, especially during the long war, out of brandy, wine, silk, and lace, the products of 'Fair France,' which had never been subjected to the scrutiny of a British Customs officer. But if the hoveller was in his day an inveterate smuggler, he was not a whit worse than his neighbours in the adjoining counties. The practice seems indeed inherent in all coast-born men when there happens to be the opportunity; and it has always been found one of the most difficult of tasks to make these men comprehend that although they may have fairly bought and paid for goods, the product of a foreign country, they are breaking the laws in trying to evade import duty.

The origin of the term 'hoveller,' as applied to a boatman on these coasts, is somewhat uncertain. It would appear from an ancient record of the period, that King Edward III. appointed certain gentlemen who were to undertake to patrol and guard the coasts of Kent, at that time the great highway into England, especially from France. These gentlemen were each to furnish, from the country lying on or near the coast, a stated number of men-at-arms and 'hobilers,' to form a regular day-watch as well as a night-watch, so that the patrolling of the coast would be thus constantly kept up. This is in all probability the first mention of anything like the establishment of a 'coastguard,' although their object was, of course, not to catch smugglers, but to give timely warning of the approach of a real enemy to our shores. The term 'hobiler' is supposed to be derived from the French word *hobli*, a light quilted surcoat, which was very likely worn by these men over their defensive armour; but other explanations have been given.

Although their services are now no longer needed to guard our coasts, or to resist the invader, still the present race of hovellers are ever ready to rival their forefathers in patient and enduring courage, and in doing battle, not indeed with an enemy of flesh and blood, where life is to be cruelly sacrificed, but with something far more sublimely terrible, where life is to be nobly saved from the ruthless angry sea.

[We would take this opportunity of again urging the necessity of using oil as an aid in rescuing human life. The vocation of the hoveller is just the one in which oil would be invaluable.

He bravely goes forth to the struggling ship, and as has been described, he carries his boat to windward, and with anchor down, he pays out cable till his craft has all but touched the ship. Here surely might be a fitting opportunity for testing the virtues of oil in subduing broken seas; for, as has been now repeatedly urged in these columns, oil or fatty matter when thrown on a wave-tossed sea, converts broken water into smoothly rolling water, and thus prevents what would otherwise be white-crested waves from breaking over the boat or ship. Oil too, as we have also shewn, has the peculiarity of calming the sea to windward, as well as to leeward, of the spot into which it has been cast, a phenomenon which materially enhances its saving virtues. Again we commend the subject to all who are interested in the welfare of our marine community.—ED.]

LESSONS IN COOKERY FOR CHILDREN.

MANUAL dexterity in any art is more readily acquired in youth than in after-life. The trick of handling and skilful manipulation, upon which in a great measure the success of cookery depends, does not come easily to those who have not been accustomed to use their hands from childhood. The science of cookery is better appreciated by older minds; but the practical part should be taught as early as possible. A lady who had formerly some experience of School-board teaching, informs us that the children were required at each demonstration lesson to give up the notes of their last lesson to be corrected. They were catechised continuously, and tasted the dishes cooked. After a time, six or eight of the brightest children were allowed to come down and cook in the second half of the lesson what they had seen the teacher do in the first. The notes of the pupil-teachers were most perfect; but the work of the little girls was the best, a fact which would seem to illustrate our theory. We do not purpose to speak further of the work of the School-board, which has now no connection with South Kensington.

In a former paper on Demonstrations in Cookery we mentioned that a special programme consisting of twenty lessons had been made for the use of schools. The notes of this course of lessons, with the recipes used, are to be found in *The Scholar's Handbook of Household Management and Cookery*, by W. B. Tegetmeier (Macmillan & Co.). These lessons are used for outside demonstrations generally, and are carried out at the School for Cookery at South Kensington in children's practice-classes. Classes for children are not established permanently at that School; but for some time past the Cooke's Company have sent girls there from their ward schools to have practical lessons in plain cookery. The children from Holy Trinity School, West Brompton, have also been sent there by the clergy for the same course of instruction.

In her Report for the year ending 31st March 1878, the Lady Superintendent says: 'With a view to making the instruction as practically useful as possible to the children, we have fitted up

one kitchen with the most ordinary utensils such as every poor woman would be likely to possess. We take twelve children in each class. In this "children's kitchen" there are six stoves, two children at work at each stove. Four of these stoves are small and portable, requiring no fixing; they can be used either open or shut, have a nice oven, and make an excellent ironing stove. They cost about thirty shillings; and it is much to be desired that the people could be induced to take to these stoves in preference to the miserable little grates generally found in their homes. If the clergy would organise stove-clubs as well as coal-clubs, this reformation could, I think, soon be effected. These stoves are not extravagant, and will burn anything in the shape of fuel. They are known in the trade as the Princess, and are manufactured by Smith and Wellstood, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. At present our children's practice-classes are composed only of girls. I hope in time the same opportunity will be given to boys for acquiring instruction, which in many of the vocations of manhood would prove of great service to them. We have had boys at our local demonstration classes, and found them even more apt pupils than the girls, though our branch of instruction is one to which our small pupils as a rule take very kindly.

These practice-classes at the School for Cookery are held twice a week. The children cook for two hours; and a third hour is given to clearing up the kitchen, laying the cloth for dinner, and waiting at table. The work is so arranged that every separate branch, both of the cookery and other operations, is taught to each child by turns. The children dine at the School before leaving, and thus have an opportunity of tasting the dishes they have prepared. They set about their work with a right good will; and two of the most qualified staff-teachers are specially devoted to their instruction.

Demonstrations to children are usually given in turn with other work by teachers who are sent out from the School. Occasionally after a course of demonstrations, practice-classes are held, in which the children cook what they have seen done. Of course no amount of demonstration is of value unless it invariably lead up to actual practice in the art of cookery: children must practise for themselves everything they have been taught. At the same time it is essential that the theory be learned before the practice is attempted, as by that means children will cook more intelligently. They should first have information regarding the various processes and the ingredients used, which cannot well be conveyed to them while they are at work; but like working out a sum in arithmetic which has been set by a teacher, the children should invariably be allowed, if at all practicable, to work out the cookery-lecture with their own hands.

An excellent teacher of our acquaintance, before conducting a practice-class, gathers the children around her and gives them a short lecture. For instance, if the subject of the day be Pastry, she makes her pupils clearly understand the difference between short crust and flaky crust, tells them the kind of fat that may be used, and the proportion which that should bear to the flour in order to make rich crust, plain crust, or crust of medium

richness. It would be well if every teacher were to follow some such plan. Demonstration lessons prepare the ground of the mind for the seed of knowledge we wish to sow. A good cook must pay constant attention to details, and powers of observation and foresight have to be developed in her.

It has been said that 'teaching of the hands is not a thing separate and far apart from the teaching of the head. The education of common things cannot be rightly imparted or received without the exercise of thought and intellect. To be taught to think is the basis of all education. To ask and to be answered, and to be able to tell again the how and the wherefore of the daily material of the daily work of the hands, is a direct and successful exertion of observation and mental power.' Children should always take notes of a demonstration lesson, and questions should be given them to answer next time. The language employed must be simple. There is no cleverness displayed in talking over the heads of one's audience; but adaptability is the highest art. We believe that if the plan of teaching cookery to children is more generally adopted, the next generation will hear far less of that domestic grievance—the scarcity of good cooks.

THE USES OF FERNS.

In the *Fern World*, we are told by the author, Mr F. G. Heath, 'that many species of these beautiful plants are used not only for food and medicine, but for economic purposes. As food, they are chiefly useful to the aboriginal inhabitants of some foreign countries. In the larger of the exotic ferns, the tree-like species, the inner part of the stem, stipes or rhizoma—corresponding to what would be the pith in other plants—and sometimes the whole of the tuberous rhizoma, is eaten generally after being boiled. In India, some of the natives boil the tops of one species of fern, and eat them with shrimp-curry. Amongst ourselves, two of the most beautiful species—the Bracken and the Male Fern—are said to have been sometimes used as ingredients in the manufacture of beer; whilst one foreign species (*Aspidium fragrans*) is actually stated to have been used for making tea. Our native Maidenhair used at one time to furnish a principal ingredient for a sirup called *capillaire*. . . . The root-stock of the Royal Fern (*Osmunda regalis*) was in times gone by, reputed to possess the quality of healing wounds, whether applied to them externally, or taken inwardly in the form of a decoction. Its outward application was considered a specific against bruises or sprains, and good for bones broken or out of joint; and taken inwardly, it was also believed to be good for cholera and for splenic disorders. In some parts of Europe its root-stock is said to be used, after being boiled in water, for the purpose of starching linen. . . . A pleasant and familiar inhabitant of our lanes and woods, the Common Polypody (*Polypodium vulgare*), has had ascribed to it by ancient herbalists, various medicinal qualities, amongst them being the power of curing coughs and asthmatic affections, the dried rhizomas being powdered for the purpose and mixed with honey.'

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A SPRING VISIT TO ISCHL.

ON the banks of the Ischl, in the fertile vale of that name, surrounded by rocks, pine-forests, and snow-capped mountains, and not far from the greater stream of the Traun, stands the Emperor of Austria's white villa, sheltered from winds and intrusive glances by a background of rocky hills and forests, and shut out from the road in front by its own thick belt of plantation. It is a pretty unpretentious house, merely decorated (like most of the houses in Ischl) with long verandas overhung by waving creepers, save that its character of hunting-lodge is proclaimed by the groups of chamais carved in bold relief which fill the pediments, and by the bronze group of dogs held back by the listening huntsman, which stands at the head of the flight of steps leading to the entrance. The smooth-shaven lawns and brilliant ribbon-borders give a charming home-like air to the space immediately surrounding the imperial villa; but it looks what it is, a patch reclaimed from the wild mountain and forest behind. In five minutes you may ascend the well-kept winding paths which lead from the shrubberies, to find yourself in the midst of the beech and pine which clothe every mountain around Ischl to its summit; your progress made easy by steps, wooden bridges, and rustic seats, but all else left in the tender caresses of Nature, with her undergrowth of fern, yellow vetch, lilies, heath, bilberry, and delicate rock-creepers. An occasional clearing will allow you to survey the villa at your feet, and the smiling meadows which slope down from the woods to fill the valley; and above all, in every direction, the snows which crown the rocks; while, in fine weather, a gap to the south reveals the glaciers of the distant Dachstein.

Hitherto Ischl has been chiefly the resort of the Viennese, who, during the short season, import thither the taste, refinement, and gaiety which characterise their capital; but the railway, opened in 1877, now places it in direct communication not only with Vienna and Linz, *via* Wels and Gmunden, but with Grätz the Styrian capital,

and also through Villach with Trieste and Venice; thus opening out a short and easy route from Eastern Austria into Italy, which may prove a formidable rival to the Brenner, and make Ischl more generally known to the bulk of travellers.

During the six weeks in July and August, when the Empress pays her usual visit, the Viennese are glad to escape from the dust and heat of their capital to take the salt baths and waters with which Ischl is handsomely provided. Then every house lets one or more of its rooms; the four large hotels are full to overflowing; horses are summoned from field-work to convey tourists to the many neighbouring points of beauty and interest on the various lakes of the Salzkammergut; chairs and porters are in great request by invalids taking their baths; cafés commanding the noted points of view on the neighbouring hills awake to business after a long slumber; and bands play Strauss's waltzes in the gardens. Then the thick shades of the Promenade which skirts the rapid Traun are no longer given up to washerwomen and their wooden boards; fashionable toilets flit about the dark red *loggias*, and enliven the carved wooden balconies, all wreathed with sprays of Virginian creeper, or embosomed in the thick foliage of the Pfeifstrauch, a favourite creeping *Aristolochia*, whose brown trumpet-flower bears a droll resemblance to the long curved German pipes.

Even when the season is at its height, it is easy to escape at once from the gay crowd into the woods around, and dream away a quiet afternoon in their thick shades, with birds and squirrels for companions, and the murmur of the stream below for music. But it may be that, like some other places, Ischl is most enjoyable in its ordinary condition, in the fine weather of June and September, when there are still stray tourists enough about to prevent it from looking deserted, though all is quiet and restful. We visited it at the end of May, when the beeches were still in their tender greens, and the meadows blue with gentians, or converted into huge pink and blue flower-beds by a delicate blending of forget-me-not and lychnis.

Though the sun shone brilliantly overhead, snow lay in patches among the dark pines that crested every hill, and every stream was a rushing torrent; and we are inclined to think the natives were right when they told us that it was then in its greatest beauty.

When the Emperor and Empress are absent, the park-gates stand open all day, and we found ourselves free to enter unquestioned and wander at will, walking into the greenhouses, watching the planting-out of flower-borders, and sitting in the arbours, and enjoying the grounds as if they were our own, without so much as the formality of giving our names. The only part from which the public is excluded is the private circus, where the Empress trains her favourite horses to perform such tricks as ringing a bell, sitting on a chair, and taking bread from her hand.

This large-hearted trust in their people is characteristic of the imperial family, which throws open the gates of Schönbrunn even when in residence, and makes troops of its subjects welcome to pass through the courtyard and palace itself, on their way to roam through its lovely grounds.

The Emperor usually invites some of his neighbours to share his hunting-parties when he is down at Ischl, and while there, dons the hunting costume of gray and green, which is so becoming to the mountaineer, and which harmonises perfectly with the gray rock and green pine-forest among which he moves. Most of the men wear dark-green stockings, corresponding with the green facings of their gray coats and the green waistcoats, which are occasionally adorned with rows of silver coin as buttons; their costume being completed by a high-crowned green felt hat, at the back of which, in the broad green ribbon, is worn a tuft of feathers or a spike of red flowers. The latter is commonly supplied by the wife or sweetheart, so that if a man appears without this decoration, the neighbours say: 'Ah, look at that poor fellow! He has no one to give him flowers.' It is a pity that this picturesque costume should be confined to the men. The women have nothing remarkable about them but their head-dress, which is more useful than becoming; it consists of a long black silk kerchief, fastened tightly over the head, and knotted behind, where it hangs over the neck in long ends. The old women draw it down over the forehead; while the younger ones arrange it rather more tastefully, allowing the front hair to be seen. This black kerchief is in general use throughout Southern Austria, and may be noticed along the Danube down to Vienna, where it is replaced by a more dainty head-dress of light wool. In hot weather, a white kerchief may take its place, but the black one is always at hand to cover it in case of rain or wind.

We saw an unusual influx of holiday costumes, in consequence of the first market held in Ischl for two hundred years, taking place during our visit; this was due to the new railroad, which we had also to thank for a supply of green peas from the Italian border so early in the year as May. The women brought not only butter and eggs from the mountains, but large bouquets of wild-flowers; the lily of the valley, as the general favourite, was pre-eminent by its abundance, but there were not wanting large masses of Alpine flowers, such as the deep-blue gentian, the brown lady's-slipper, a large rose-coloured primula, and

a tiny azalea which they called Eis-blume (Ice-flower).

A few weeks earlier, and what a gay spring carpet must have covered the woods through which we wandered, where the leaves of hepatica, cyclamen, and Christmas rose now wove a mass of varied greens! We were however in time to see the Solomon's seal nodding its white bells, and Herb Paris raising his head in moist shady nooks; while bright pinks and spikes of deep-blue sage enlivened all the roadside banks, and the air was perfumed by the pansies which clustered at the edge of the fields, and the honeysuckle which covered the hedges. Large strawberry blossoms too everywhere attracted our notice, tantalising us with the prospect of scarlet fruit which we could not stay to see ripened. Vegetation abounded everywhere, even to the stones of the bridges, from whose crevices waved many a delicate plume of fern.

To walk in such woods as surround Ischl is to have a new revelation of the charm and majesty of trees; you enter the solemn silence of the pine-forest, to be awed by the slender dark trunks which surround you on all sides, shutting out the world and even the sky above; shadowy reminiscences of our remote ancestors' worship in their forest temples flit across your mind, mingled with fragments of German poems innumerable, in which the pine-tree plays so prominent a part. Then childhood's dormant fancies come to life again. How natural for the Babes of the Wood to have lost their way in such a place; and here in this lonely little cottage, on which you suddenly come in the midst of the dense trees, the Three Bears must undoubtedly once have lived; nor would you be in the least surprised to see Little Silverlocks pop out from that small window! All is enchantment, all mystery; yet follow that track to the left, cross the little limpid stream, and in ten minutes you will find yourself on the high-road and passing through a group of women hoeing among the corn!

Ischl has many attractions to the sportsman and angler; and any stranger may procure a fishing-ticket and try his luck with the trout and grayling which abound in its streams; though the deer and capercaillie belong exclusively to the Emperor, and may only be shot by those whom he honours by an invitation to join his shooting-parties.

There is a peculiar charm in the frank simplicity of the natives, who hail the advent of foreigners as a compliment to their beautiful scenery, and are ready to oblige and assist them in every way. You have only to inquire about their wild-flowers from the old dame sitting out under her pine balcony, to have a fragrant bunch put into your hand; or admire a gay garden, to have its blossoms culled and pressed on your acceptance by the peasant-woman, glad of the sight of a fresh face and a few friendly words in her retired woodland nook.

The abiding impression left by Ischl, after its clear bracing air, snowy heights, and green waters, is that of wood, which meets the eye everywhere, clothing the mountains, forming the bridges, supplying the gas, roofing the houses, and decorating every cottage with balconies and *persiennes*; at times too, completely cloaking the rivers in the form of stalwart logs, which are floated by the spring torrents along the Ischl, and thence shot

down by troughs and sluices to the Traun, to feed the furnaces of the salt-works at Ebensee.

Ischl may now be reached in three and a half hours from Linz on the Danube, whence a line diverges through Wels and Lambach to Gmunden; a beautiful journey, giving the traveller a glimpse of the delights awaiting him, by the panorama of snow-clad heights and rocky peaks in constant view as he approaches; while it transports him at times through the black shades of pine-wood, or skirts the pellucid waters of the Traun. Gmunden, the bright clean little capital of the Salzkammergut, tempts the traveller by its lovely situation to stay and enjoy the scenery of the finest of the Austrian lakes, whose waters kiss the feet of many a white house nestling in wood and meadow; with a background of rocky crag and snowy peak, where each mountain seems to vie with its neighbour in picturesque variety of outline. If he is not pressed for time, he will not fail here to exchange the train for the steamer, and enjoy the nine miles' sail to the head of the lake; unless indeed he happen to share the views of a native of Ischl, who considered the new line of railway on the right bank of the Traun-See equally fine, 'since there were two magnificent tunnels.'

Both steamer and railroad lead to the same point, Ebensee, a busy little town at the head of the lake, where the brine conveyed in wooden pipes from the mines beyond Ischl is evaporated in the Imperial Boiling Works, and the salt forwarded in long barges down the lake and the river Traun, to supply the rest of the Austrian Empire. From Ebensee the rail follows the river up a narrow valley for half an hour, till it expands into the wide luxuriant vale where Ischl stands at the confluence of her two green streams. There most comfortable quarters may be had in the various large hotels, and notably in the old-established Hotel Kreuz, whose agreeable and attentive landlord is equally remarkable as linguist, sportsman, and traveller. He can shew the ladies where to find wild-flowers, and the gentlemen trout; and if the rain which visits all mountain places should happen to keep his guests prisoners for a morning, they may while away the time pleasantly enough in examining the innumerable views of places he has visited, and trophies of his gun with which the corridors are adorned; or fall back on the well-selected library which he places at their disposal. Those who desiderate the virtues of salt baths and waters, might do worse than spend a month or two at Ischl.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE PURPLE BAG.

HUGH ASHTON, when he undertook to bring the *Western Maid* nearer to the wrecked ship, knew perfectly well that he was entering upon a task of no common difficulty and danger. In front was the Spur Reef, on which the waves burst with a fury that almost illumined the air with the whiteness of the glancing, ghostly spray. Beyond lay an iron-bound coast, on which tall ships unnumbered have laid their bones, while astern shrieked the wind and boomed the sea. The steamer was in a safe position where she lay. The smashing of a paddle-wheel, the snapping of a rudder-chain,

any blunder on the part of the helmsman, might be fatal. But to ground on the Spur Reef was death. No wonder, at such a moment, that there were signs of dissent among the crew.

'Back her! Run for port! As well order our coffins as go on.' Such were the ominous murmurs that reached Hugh's ears.

'It's that blackguard Jackson, always growling,' said Long Michael, aside, to his young commander. 'I've a belaying-pin here, and I'—

'Stop!' rejoined Hugh, laying his hand on the mate's arm. 'Trust me, in case of need, to enforce obedience. Better, though, to avoid bad blood. I'll say a word to the crew.'

He did say a word, and the word was well said. He told them that, as men and sailors, as Christians and Cornishmen, he felt sure of their courage, and sure of their good-will. Perishing fellow-creatures were close at hand. Let them obey orders, and, live or die, they would have done their duty. Every minute was worth a fortune.

The sailors set up a cheer. The crew of a tug are not under man-of-war discipline, and even Navy Jack does not always now exhibit the blind obedience of his predecessors in the old war-time. But seamen who cannot be led by such a leader as was Hugh Ashton must be a sorry ship's company. With two or three exceptions, the sailors of the *Western Maid* were with their young captain heart and soul.

The most notable exception was that of Salem Jackson, a lathy, loosely-hung fellow, who was born in Cornwall certainly, but who had spent his best years in America and on board American ships, and whose nature did not seem to have been improved by travel. He had come home a scoffer, who jeered at the simple chapel-going folks that had never left Treport, and he was what was once known as a 'sea-lawyer,' a man given to argue and speechify—a character hateful anywhere, but doubly detestable on board ship.

'Don't heed him, mates!' bawled Salem Jackson, starting forward; 'he doesn't know the danger, a fresh-water sailor like he, so we'll'—

Down went the mutineer, felled like an ox, and lay patting in the scuppers, the blood trickling down his pale face. There had been no need for Long Michael's belaying-pin. Hugh's strong right hand was competent to read a lesson to the contemners of authority, without extraneous aid.

'Serve him right, the chicken-hearted lubber!' exclaimed the mate; and 'Serve him right!' was the general verdict of the crew. Even Salem Jackson, when he rose, finding himself in a hopeless minority of one, begged pardon sulkily, and stood waiting for orders. Then Hugh Ashton, having got his men in hand, got his vessel in hand too, and with a brisk look-out, and the engines hard at work, pushed on.

The approach to the stranded ship was in itself a daring deed, but not a precaution was neglected that could make the difference between rashness and steady valour. The lead-line was kept continually going, that shoal-water might not be suddenly reached. There were three men at the helm. The call-boy at the hatchway of the engine-room never slackened his attention for an instant. Captain and mate might have been endowed with the gift of ubiquity, so unsparing was the vigilance of both.

'She's breaking up—parting amidships! For

God's sake, help !' came the cry from on board the wrecked vessel.

'We'm help you, never fear !' rang forth the answer from the approaching steamer. There was an ominous creaking and crashing of timbers, and then a rift appeared in the huge black hull, and the waves came leaping and tumbling through the chasm. Very ghastly looked the few faces that peered above the bulwarks of the wreck, in the last gleam of the blue light. But just then a rocket-line flew from the side of the *Western Maid*, and then another; and a feeble cheer from on board the wreck told that the lines had been hauled in and the ropes made fast. The steamer, with safety, could approach no nearer. It was but a perilous bridge that the ropes made, and one across which no woman, and few but strong men trained to the sea, could have passed amidst the jerk and wash of those tumbling, tossing waves. 'Make haste! be quick!' cried the rescuers, as the ship began to part, beam from beam, and fragments of wreck, and bales, and casks mottled the sea foam.

One, two, three, four, five of the small company on board the wrecked vessel, one by one gained the steamer's deck. Of even these, three lost their hold of the rope, and were saved, two by volunteers who with lines round their waists ventured on the plunge, and one by Nezer's dog Neptune, who dashed into the waves as if the adventure were mere sport, and clutched the collar of a drowning man in his strong teeth, holding on till dog and man were lassoed and hauled in. Three others slipped from the rope, and perished close to the shattered ship. Then came the ninth, who hesitated long, until the very planks he trod seemed giving way beneath his feet, and then committed himself, reluctantly, to the swaying rope.

'A landsman—a passenger, no doubt, by the awkward ways of him. Why, the chap has something in his hand that hinders him !' said a sailor.

'Hold the rope with both hands !' shouted Long Michael; 'keep your grip, I say.'

But before the sentence was finished, the unfortunate man, washed from his hold by an enormous wave, was seen struggling with the leaping waters. The distance from the steamer was such, that the boldest swimmers hesitated to make the plunge. Hugh released his grasp on Neptune's collar, and with a short excited bark the brave dog dashed over the gangway. A blue light was now burning at the steamer's bow. Its glare lit up the surface of the sea, and by its light the Newfoundland could be seen, swimming gallantly amidst the foam, and holding on tenaciously to some object submerged beneath the waves. Twice, thrice, a light rope, with a running noose, was thrown, but it fell short. 'Put the line round me;' shouted Hugh, passing the noose beneath his arms; 'and you, lads, be sly to haul in !' And he sprang into the sea, but such was the force and fury of the boiling surf that he was breathless and faint when he, in company with the dog, and the object, whatever it was, which the dog had seized between his teeth, was dragged on board his vessel. Curiosity was excited as to this latter.

'It's a dead child !' said one. 'It's a bundle !' said another. 'It's nabbut a bag, that yon poor chap lost his life for, and no gold in't, noutther, to

judge by the heft !' remarked, in tones of disappointment, a third by-stander. Of those rescued, three were ordinary seamen, foreigners, to judge by their swarthy complexions and the rings in their ears; the fourth was a negro, presumably a ship's cook, who rolled his opal eyes as if in speechless terror; but the fifth was a bright-faced boy of fourteen, whose gold-laced cap and the gilt anchor buttons on his once smart jacket denoted that he was of a higher grade than his companions in misfortune.

'An officer, young gentleman? You can tell me, then, if there is any one left on board.'

'Not a living soul !' answered the lad, briskly. 'We hadn't, by good luck, many passengers, if any luck could be in such a voyage as ours. My name's Gray—Frank Gray—and I'm a midshipman on board the *Waterwitch* there, one of Program's Queensland liners. There's her cargo;' added the boy, pointing to the bales that went floating past. 'You'll have the beach white with as good cotton as ever was shipped from Australia. Ten minutes later, and I couldn't have been here to tell you about it.'

The *Western Maid* had done her work, now, so far as the preserving of life went; and as for the salvage of cargo, that, in so wild a sea, and on the verge of the Spur Reef, was impracticable. There was nothing for it but to put the steamer about, and return to Treport. Fortunately the violence of the gale had somewhat abated, and Long Michael was confident of making the harbour in safety.

The young midshipman of the wrecked vessel, when Hugh was able to quit the deck, told over a glass of steaming spirits and water, in the captain's little cabin, how the calamity occurred.

'You see,' he said, 'the ship was a fine one, nearly new, and well-found; but we had bad luck from the first. We hadn't been three days out before sickness broke out—a bad fever it was—among the steerage passengers. Captain, and first and third officers, with several of the passengers and crew, died of that. Then the second officer, who took charge of her, was drowned, with the boatswain and two more, when our foremast and maintopmast were blown out of her, west of the Scilly Isles. We'd got out of our course, I must tell you, and met weather; and one disaster following on another, the most of the crew broke into the spirit-room, got mad drunk, and took to such boats as hadn't been washed away. I saw the cutter founder before it was a cable's length away, and I suspect the jolly-boat never got ashore either. We were nine, all told, when you came to our aid, Captain Ashton; and my mother will thank you, I know, for my sake, if ever you come New Forest way.'

Hugh's next care was to examine the bag—Neptune's prize. It was of morocco leather, and of a dull purple colour that was very little changed by its immersion in salt water. The handles were of tough black leather, and to one of them was still attached a red silk handkerchief, carefully knotted. The young midshipman of the Queensland liner could tell very little as to the luckless cabin-passenger who had been possessed of it, and whose life might possibly have been saved by his solicitude concerning it. 'He was a quiet, silent sort of customer—not a bad sort of fellow—and his name was Perkins, or Purkiss. I suppose

he was somebody's clerk, but he kept what took him to Anstralia and back again very much to himself.

Treport harbour was safely reached, at last; the steamer snug at her moorings, the crew dismissed to their abodes, and the rescued mariners made as comfortable as circumstances would permit at the Seamen's Home; while Hugh, accompanied by Neptune, young Frank Gray walking at his side, and the purple bag in his hand, made his way through the darkling streets homewards.

(To be continued.)

THE LOST GUN-FITTINGS.

AN AFRICAN HUNTER'S REMINISCENCE.

In the month of March in the year 1868, a party of three of us were 'trekking' into the interior of Africa along the eastern borders of the Kalihari Desert, in pursuit of our perilous occupation, that of elephant-hunters. The water had been extremely scarce for some time, and on the particular occasion of which I write we had inspanned—that is to say yoked our oxen with a view to continuing our journey—about three hours before daybreak, well knowing the task that lay before our jaded and footsore bullocks was no light one, namely to cover a distance of about thirty English miles over hot white loose sand before we could even hope for a chance of finding water. About sundown we arrived in the vicinity of Klip Vley, and proceeded to outspan, or unyoke our oxen, where at least we had plenty of good grass, which was a blessing in itself after seeing none for several days but what the hunters call wildebeste grass, a hard dry grass much resembling that growing along the sea-beaches at home, and which nothing short of starvation will compel cattle to eat.

The work of outspanning proceeded slowly and in silence, for upon each face black and white you could read the question uppermost in the mind of its owner: 'What if the Vley prove to be dry?' and every one seemed anxious to delay as long as possible the moment when he might be brought face to face with the fact that his suspicions had proved a terrible reality. A terrible reality it would have been, for the forty-eight oxen comprising the three spans were no sooner unyoked than they turned towards the wagons, and stood looking as if they would say give us water; their cravings of hunger seemingly unmet whilst smarting under the fiery pang of thirst. Two of us at once went off to inspect the vley, leaving one of our number to see to the camp arrangements necessary for the safety of our cattle and horses, a nocturnal visit from some of the pests of the bush being no more than natural; for should we find water, we knew there would also be game and wild beasts. Where the carcass is, sure enough you find the vulture.

Find water we did, but compressed within a very limited area; from three to four inches deep, reposing upon a rocky bottom—'whence it derived the appellation Klip Vley'—enveloped in a thick verdant mantle, lay a faithful picture of a standing pond. As we were too needful to be

particular, it was hailed by us with delight; and we seemed to breathe more freely after proving its materialism by lying down upon our faces and enjoying a hearty drink.

Leaving some of the Kafirs with the stock by the water, we started in search of something to shoot for supper, and had not proceeded far when a magnificent koodo, a species of antelope, started within fifty yards of us. Both rifles were raised in an instant, although I held fire for a moment, to give my companion the first shot, he being the better and surer marksman of the two. But as he seemed to be in no particular hurry, and our chance of koodo for supper was getting less every second, I delivered both my right and left barrels in quick succession, with the satisfactory result of the animal at once falling to rise no more. I immediately turned to ascertain why my comrade had not fired, when he explained that for some unaccountable reason, the hammer of his rifle had fallen to half-cock, and stuck there. Reloading at once, I proceeded to cut off a quarter of the koodo; and my companion, with the aid of a screw-driver in the hilt of his hunting-knife, to undo the lock of his piece, by way of ascertaining what was amiss, when one of our Kafirs, who had come from the wagons to carry back the spoil, and who had been led to the spot by the reports of the rifle, rushed up in great haste to inform us that he had gone off at first in a wrong direction, and had discovered three ostriches in a clear part of the bush close at hand. The man had one of our light double-barrel Whitworth rifles with him; and my companion snatching it from his hand, we started off in the direction indicated with all possible speed, leaving the native to take back the useless weapon and as much of the game as he could. We got sight of the birds; but after some consideration, decided not to fire at them, as the fast gathering darkness rendered it next to impossible to follow them with success; so without alarming them, we returned to the camp, in the hope of getting a shot at them in the morning.

Supper over, and seeing everything secure for the night, our attention turned upon the damaged rifle; when, to our no small annoyance, we learned that the Kafir had neglected to pick up the hammer and screw which had been left on the ground when we started after the ostriches. Should we fall in finding them, it meant a serious loss to us, as neither carried a spare heavy rifle; and even if we had, I question if our comrade could have been induced to use it, the gun in question being an old-fashioned smooth-bore, carrying a large ball, and which had been the favourite weapon of its owner for over twenty years. According to his idea, the rifle was no improvement in firearms, but rather the reverse. He admitted that they did look more handsome; but he never saw one that could work alongside his clumsy old Sanna; and indeed in the hands of the veteran marksman it seemed transformed into a destroying angel, for in one good season we had sixty male elephants accounted for by it alone.

Early next morning a search was instituted for the missing fittings; but although we found the very spot where they must have been left, even to the impression left by the toe of my companion's boot upon the sand as he had knelt to unscrew the lock, no trace of them could be discovered. One thing which we found however, was the two-toed

footmark of an ostrich on the spot. When the discovery was announced by the third member of our party, I remarked in half-earnest half-jest: 'I'll bet he has swallowed them.'

'Swallowed them?' replied he. 'Why, when on our way up, while bathing in the dam upon Ingleberg's ostrich-farm, one of them bolted my last piece of soap, weighing not less than a pound and a half, as it lay upon the grass while I was in the water.' And as if roused by the memory of his loss, he added: 'If you should leave even your drawn hunting-knife within reach of them, they would bolt it without giving a thought regarding its digestion.'

As there existed a possibility of the Kaffir having picked them up in the first instance, and having dropped them again, and too frightened to acknowledge having done so, we instructed the Kaffirs to make a thorough search; the promise of a horse as a reward to the finder being given as a stimulus to diligence on the part of the natives, and which reward I laughingly declared I would myself claim before sundown. We were confident of falling in with the ostriches we had seen on the previous evening, as we expected them to be still moving about in the vicinity of the water, food in that quarter being at the same time pretty plentiful; so leaving the blacks to pursue their search, we put a Bushman upon the 'spoor' (footprints) of the birds, and commenced the work of running them down. Before two hours passed, we had sighted three birds, which we believed to be the same as seen by us on the previous evening; and after some sharp manoeuvring, we brought down two of them, the third succeeding in making good his escape for the time. As we stepped up to the fallen birds, I drew my hunting-knife and remarked: 'Now for the lost valuables;' to which remark one of my comrades replied: 'The fellow that escaped has got them with him.' The bullet from one of our rifles had passed clean through the side of one of the birds; so my comrades commenced at once to divest him of his plumes, so that there might be as little blood about them as possible; while no such precaution being needed with the other, he having been shot through the neck, from which wound he bled pretty freely without incurring the risk of soiling his feathers, I began my work of dissection with him while my companions were busy with his fellow. Before long, a loud 'Hurrah!' brought them both to my side, to see displayed in my hand a lady's gold ear-ring and the lost hammer and screw!

We returned in triumph to the wagons, and Sanna the old smooth-bore was soon herself again. The Kaffir was also freed from the doubt that clung to him in regard to the loss. But the sight of the ostrich spoor in the morning had convinced me then that an ostrich was the thief. Upon the morning after our arrival in Potchefstroom, to which town we had come down to dispose of the proceeds of a very successful trip, my comrade redeemed his promise of reward to the finder of old Sanna's fittings, by presenting me with as fine a hunter as ever carried a saddle. At first, I thought he was only jesting; but I was soon convinced he meant to take no refusal; so I was compelled to accept the horse; which afterwards did me good service on many an occasion, until one night, when all the white men were absent from the

wagons on the banks of the Zambesi, he had in a fright broken the reins with which he had been but insecurely fastened, escaped into the bush, and was torn down by a lion.

UNDER A CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

MISS STAUNTON'S triumph and subsequent meetings with Mr Montfort had been the last straw that broke, as it were, Miss Browning's back. Her dislike had grown into absolute hatred; which was not lessened, nay rather intensified tenfold, by the frequent sights she had of his well-appointed dogcart as he drove by the Larches, on his way to visit the Stauntons at the Cottage. The former place was Miss Browning's home; and as it was within sight of the latter abode, she was enabled to know exactly what went on in the widow's domain. It was intolerable to her to have to witness the palpable devotion of Geoffrey. The idea of a little upstart, as she termed Maude, appropriating the match of the county. It was too much; and in her views more than one of the female magnates around most fully coincided.

Lady Harriet was furious; openly talking in the most insulting way of the Stauntons, and frequently going so far as to say she would rather see her son dead than give her consent to his making such a marriage. Miss Browning was thereupon emboldened to insert the thin edge of the wedge towards damaging Maude by some innocently made remarks to Lady Harriet as to the mystery that hung over the Stauntons' previous existence; for beyond the bare facts of the widow's good birth and Mr Staunton's family, nothing had transpired; and Miss Browning's sorrowful conviction was that there was 'a something—more than met the eye;' for which poor Maude was more to be pitied than blamed. Whether they had intended it or not, the Stauntons had certainly shewed some reticence relative to their former life; and this circumstance was the best weapon which for a time Miss Browning could contrive wherewith to smite the unsuspecting girl.

As we have already said, it was within Miss Browning's power to watch the doings at the Cottage; and one evening as she was glancing in its direction, her attention was arrested by seeing Maude, dressed in a dark cloak and hat, hurrying along towards a little coppice which divided their grounds from the high-road.

'What could she be going to do? What could be taking her there? Why did she look round so often, as if fearful of being seen?' Miss Browning lost not a moment in bringing her opera-glass to bear upon the retreating figure, which in the clear light of an April evening she could see receding with rapid footsteps. A few seconds more and she would be out of sight—out of the range of the opera-glass. Miss Browning however, was prompt, and equal to the occasion. Down-stairs she ran, not even stopping to snatch

up her hat ; out, over the flower-garden, and over a fence beyond which she could see without being seen. Well rewarded was she for her run. There was Maude, standing now, not alone, but in close conversation with—a man. Miss Browning's innocent heart revolted at the sight ; for the man was a stranger—a tall, dark, shabbily dressed stranger. The glass told her that. Not a gentleman—she felt convinced of that—but a low fellow, on familiar enough terms to seat himself on the grass by Maude's side, and to clasp her hand in his—unrebuked, unreprieved, unrepulsed by the misguided girl.

It was awful. Miss Browning felt quite sick and giddy. But she must not give way. Much might depend upon her seeing this disgraceful drama out ; so she merged her feelings of contempt and abhorrence into a steady determination to remain and watch, which she did, until the wretched pair got up, little dreaming their every movement was being noted ; and after a lengthened embrace—which caused Miss Browning hurriedly to clear the surface of her glass, her duty clearly being to observe it—they parted. Maude sped homewards ; whilst the shabby stranger stood gazing after her until she was out of sight.

Miss Browning heaved a heartfelt sigh, and uttered an expressive ‘Well!’—returning to the house full of her discovery that at last she knew what Miss Maude Staunton was—not fit for any respectable person to associate with.

Alas ! for Maude. Day after day she met the stranger ; and day after day Miss Browning watched, until the duty of the latter became plain : she must denounce her, and save poor deluded Mr Montfort from a declaration which every one said he was only too eager and anxious to make. A word here, and a word there—how soon the evil tidings travelled ! How soon would the fair ship be amongst the breakers, when once the anchor of her purity and safety had been tripped !

Good news it was to Lady Harriet, who, acting on advice, named not her reasons, but in haughty words wrote the widow a curt letter, demanding that she should exercise her authority so far as to forbid Mr Montfort's visits to a house whither his mother objected to his going. Up rose then stern Mrs Staunton, and with frowning brows, turned round upon her daughter, declaring in angry tones that so great an insult never had been offered to her before, and that while she lived, no Montfort should ever again darken her door. Pale and trembling, Maude read the letter, and in vain tried to turn her mother from her purpose ; for in the height of her indignation, Mrs Staunton sat down and wrote to Mr Montfort, who was expected that very afternoon, to say that neither she nor her daughter desired his visits, and that it would be more agreeable to them if in future he remained away.

Lady Harriet coloured red and white by turns when Geoffrey got the black-bordered note, which she rightly guessed came from the outraged Mrs Staunton.

‘This is a civil communication, I must say,’ he exclaimed. ‘I shall find out what it means.’

‘What is it ?’ inquired her Ladyship. ‘Who is it from ?’

‘Read it,’ returned Geoffrey. ‘I shan't be satisfied until I know what prompted that epistle.’

Lady Harriet's eye glanced sharply over the widow's letter ; and then, after a moment's pause, she said slowly : ‘I think I can explain it.’

‘In what way ?’ he demanded.

‘Miss Staunton finds two lovers too fatiguing.’

‘Two what ?’ thundered Geoffrey.

‘Two lovers—or danglers, or admirers, or whatever people in her rank call them,’ repeated Lady Harriet. ‘She is a worthless girl, Geoffrey ; utterly unworthy of your notice ; and I am thankful her mother has had the honesty to disown you. Poor boy, what a laughing-stock they have made of you !’

‘How dare you,’ exclaimed Geoffrey—‘how dare you malign her ? The purest, sweetest girl that ever breathed ! I shall go to Mrs Staunton, and demand the explanation of this myself. She cannot possibly refuse to state her reasons for such an extraordinary proceeding ; and if Maude cares for me sufficiently’—

‘Stop ! impulsive boy,’ cried Lady Harriet. ‘The girl has a lover—a low-bred scoundrel—whom she meets at some rendezvous every evening, to the scandal of half Rivedale.’

‘Do you think I would believe that ?’ he answered fiercely. ‘Not likely. I who could stake my existence upon her honour ! It is false ; and Maude herself shall tell you so this very day.’

“Maude herself !” It has come to “Maude,” has it ? sneered Lady Harriet. ‘I shan't give Miss Staunton the chance of pretending her innocence or explaining away her assignations. She shall not come into this house whilst I am the mistress of it.’

Geoffrey's face grew very dark whilst Lady Harriet spoke ; and very bitter waxed the storm between them, which ended in his starting off for the Cottage, determined to come to a thorough understanding with Miss Staunton, and to demand an explanation of the widow's most extraordinary embargo upon his visits. As he drove rapidly along, he pictured the interview as he hoped it would be—imagining himself very promptly forgiving Mrs Staunton for her rudeness, and bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion with her daughter. He could not doubt what Maude's answer would be to the question he meant to put ; so with a jaunty air he turned the quick curve at the gate leading up the tiny approach to the Cottage, and drew up his chestnut before the pretty porch. The muslin curtains of the drawing-room windows were too closely drawn to admit of any glimpses being caught while he was waiting, reins in hand, for the trim domestic whom his servant's double knock had summoned. It was the usual form of course—the necessary inquiry if Mrs Staunton was at home, to be followed by Mr Montfort's active descent from the dogcart.

Mrs Staunton however, was ‘not at home.’ Miss Staunton also was ‘not at home.’—to Mr Montfort. He quite understood from the deprecating look of the servant that these last three words might with truth have been appended. He knew it just as well as if he had been in the drawing-room and heard Mrs Staunton's severely spoken instructions. But he could not know that Maude was sitting within a few yards of him suffering in silence the anguish that her mother's relentless severity

entailed upon her. What she felt when she heard the retreating wheels, no one may say; it must have caused her very bitter pain, judging from the faded look that now overcast her once bright face.

Her mother's flat had gone forth—she would countenance no defiance of a son against his mother. Her daughter should never be a bone of contention. Such was her resolve; and when Mr Montfort wrote to her, she answered him in a few brief lines, that rendered his visits prohibitory, though she abstained from actually stating it. And Maude knew it was vain to try to move her mother—knew it only too well. Besides, Mr Montfort had never actually proposed to her—never really said he loved her; so what could she do but bear it, as she had borne other things!

Lady Harriet followed up the advantage she had gained by bringing Miss Browning's personal testimony to bear upon Geoffrey. Her statements were made with such apparent sorrow and sympathy for Miss Staunton, yet were so conclusive in their completeness, that Mr Montfort could not doubt them. He was compelled to believe that Maude must have deceived him; that she was unworthy. And to the joy and triumph of his mother, he started for London, there to try to forget the fair face in the gaieties of one of the gayest seasons that had been known for many years.

And Maude? There were other trials coming upon her. She became conscious that, for some painful terrible reason, she had become as it were a pariah in the exclusive set that constituted the society in which she had hitherto moved. Mrs Herbert had gone abroad immediately after the Red Court ball; and when one or two entertainments were given by the Riversdale people—notably one by the Brownings—Miss Staunton was not included in the invitations. She did not regret her exclusion so far as caring for the gaieties went, for she was heart-sick and weary. Her youthful brightness was dimmed, tarnished as it were like her fair name, which a few bitter words had so cruelly destroyed. Happily for herself, she did not guess how much evil really had befallen her. She never thought of taking her grief to her mother, who was too stern and unbending to invite such confidence. But Mrs Staunton noticed the neglect—noticed, and marvelled, and was silently filled with the fiercest indignation, albeit that she was too proud and too reserved to discuss it even with Maude.

So the summer passed slowly away. Such a long lovely summer it was! But how dreary and sad to pale, drooping Maude Staunton! It was autumn, far on towards winter, ere Mrs Herbert returned, the one kind friend who had been absent ever since the grievous troubles had overtaken her former favourite. She had heard nothing of the scandal or of Riversdale gossip. She had come back just in time for one of Lady Harriet's grand entertainments; and in the kindness of her heart she drove over to the Cottage not only to announce her return, but to volunteer to resume her chaperonage of Maude; for of course she was going to it. She started when she beheld the change in the once blooming girl.

'My dearest Maude!' she exclaimed, 'what is the matter with you?' as the latter advanced to meet her.

'Nothing, nothing at all!' was all that could be elicited from the poor girl, whilst she turned her eyes resolutely away from encountering those of her visitor, who were fixed upon her in the most searching inquiry.

The next surprise for Mrs Herbert was to find that no invitation had been sent to the Cottage from Red Court. Still greater was her astonishment to discover that Maude's exclusion was not only from Red Court, but from all the gay doings of which she had once been the brightest ornament.

Maude was glad it was so. She did not care; why should she? and so forth. But despite her bravery and professed indifference, Mrs Herbert saw the struggle she went through in her efforts to maintain her calmness; so she wisely changed the subject; but her resolve was at once made to sift the matter thoroughly, and to discover the real reason for Maude's ostracism. She was a very resolute person, not one to be put off with shuffling or evasive answers. She was so honest and straightforward herself, that when she set out upon her investigation her query was simple and direct, yet no one seemed inclined to venture upon any tangible accusation. 'What is it? What has she done?' The invariable advice she got in answer to her short questions was: 'Go and ask Lady Harriet; she knows.'

So nothing daunted, Mrs Herbert set off to Red Court, where she was graciously received by her Ladyship, who chanced to be in one of her condescending moods. The subject uppermost in the former's mind was soon brought upon the tapis, and all questions answered by Lady Harriet without any hesitation, and couched in terms neither too choice nor too courteous.

Her communication considerably startled Mrs Herbert; but before crediting all she heard, she resolved to see Maude, and tell her frankly what she was charged with. If her explanation was satisfactory, to proceed to Miss Browning, who, from all Lady Harriet had said, had clearly been the means of first circulating the disgraceful story. To be brief. She saw Maude again, in fact she invited her to luncheon, afterwards driving her home; and from the warm motherly kiss she bestowed upon her at parting, it was evident that the interview had settled the question to her entire content. But the secret—for it involved a secret—was to be kept just a little longer; for there was one person still to be dealt with—one person who was to be requested to put her accusations into a definite shape, and that was Beatrice Browning. Mrs Herbert resolved to communicate with her by letter; so she sent her a few lines, telling her how surprised she had been to hear of Miss Staunton's changed position, and saying that as Lady Harriet had given her name as the authority for the scandal, she would like to hear exactly of what Maude had really been guilty.

Wholly unsuspecting that it was friendliness for Maude that had induced Mrs Herbert to write, Miss Browning sat down without a moment's hesitation to indite what she considered was a full, true, and particular account of Miss Staunton's behaviour—of her own 'innocent' discovery of her ascriptions; and the horror which she had experienced on finding that her favours were bestowed not even upon an equal, but upon a

man who evidently belonged to the very lowest orders. He looked like a groom, or a stable-boy—only that he was too old to be the latter—and the former was what she really believed him to be; an idea which had been accepted as fact by Riversdale generally. Latterly, Miss Browning admitted, she had not seen any more meetings; but she had seen enough, and knew enough to make her quite certain that Miss Staunton was not a fit associate for respectable people; and she most solemnly warned Mrs Herbert to beware of so false and deceitful a girl. There was a great deal more in the letter, which, as might have been expected, filled Mrs Herbert with disgust; however, she put it aside quietly, and simply wrote a few notes, inviting one or two people to come to see her on the following day. One of them was Miss Browning. Now, this pattern of propriety had by much toadying and adulation established herself on terms of imperious toleration with Lady Harriet; and it had occurred to her more than once that with skill and patience she might manage to attract the favourable notice of Mr Montfort himself. More unlikely things *had* happened; and it was at all events well worthy of an effort. She was therefore pleasantly surprised on entering Mrs Herbert's pretty drawing-room to see standing on the hearthrug, riding-whip in hand, no less a personage than that eligible *part* of himself; not did her winning smiles which his appearance had evoked vanish, when she received from him the coldest and most distant of inclinations. She turned to Mrs Herbert with a childish effusiveness, which the latter checked at once, saying gravely, in her own straightforward way: 'It was about Miss Staunton that I asked you to call. We are all so interested in her, that I could not rest without sifting the matter thoroughly; and what we want to know from your own lips is just what you saw, and what you told Lady Harriet Montfort.'

'Really, Mrs Herbert,' she exclaimed, 'I am astonished and surprised, and very much vexed.'

'Surely not,' returned Mrs Herbert. 'You have not hesitated to circulate the most terrible stories against Miss Staunton; and my whole anxiety is to have them cleared up and explained away.'

'That they can never be!' cried Miss Browning. 'What I saw, I saw with my own eyes. But it is not for you to question me. I don't see that I am bound to answer you.'

'Nay, Miss Browning; do not look at it in that way. If you object to repeat what you have already said, you will probably be not unwilling to unsay it all; and you will be glad if I can satisfactorily prove how innocent Miss Staunton really is.'

'How can she be innocent?' asked Miss Browning, trying hard to keep her temper, though Red Court was visibly receding from her future hopes. 'How can she be innocent, meeting day after day a common groom, a man whom she ought to have been ashamed to be seen speaking to, not to mention kissing?'

Mr Montfort's firm fingers involuntarily tightened their hold of his whip; but still he maintained a steady silence.

'A groom!' echoed Mrs Herbert. 'No; not quite. Wait for a moment, Miss Browning. Miss Staunton herself shall tell you who it was.—Will you bring Maude here?' she continued, turning

to Mr Montfort, who hastened to obey her request.

'I don't want to see her; I won't see her! I don't care who she met; and I won't stay here to be insulted and brow-beaten!' cried Miss Browning, springing to her feet in a perfect frenzy of mingled fear and rage. She was moving towards the door, evidently determined to effect a rapid exit, when it opened slowly to admit Miss Staunton accompanied by Mr Montfort. The latter, seeing that Miss Browning's intention was to escape, quietly closed and locked the door, and turning towards her as he did so, said: 'You must pardon me, Miss Browning, if an apology is necessary; but it is as much for your own sake as any one else's that you remain quietly to hear the explanation of the scandal which you have been the means of circulating against Miss Staunton; and which but for the prompt energy and kindness of Mrs Herbert, might have clouded her whole life.—Now Maude, tell Miss Browning who it was.'

'My—my brother,' said Maude tremulously. 'It was my dear and only brother.'

'Yes; it was her brother. You see, no one guessed you had a brother, Maude; least of all did Mr Montfort imagine that his old schoolfellow was so nearly related to you,' said Mrs Herbert.—'Now, Miss Browning, you must be quite satisfied; and I am sure you will readily admit that you have wronged and injured Miss Staunton very much.'

'She should have said she had a brother,' replied Miss Browning sullenly. 'How was I to know by instinct? How am I to be sure that it was her brother?'

'If you have any doubts,' put in Geoffrey, 'we shall have the matter publicly explained. It shall be my business to protect the good name of my future wife.'

This was the last blow for Miss Beatrice. She broke forth into violent sobs, which Mrs Herbert had some difficulty in soothing, finally departing in a state of baffled rage impossible to describe.

The revulsion of feeling in Maude's favour was very great, particularly when her engagement to Mr Montfort was made known, and when it was discovered that her doubtful meetings had been made to relieve the pressing wants of one so near and dear to her as her only brother, Harcourt Staunton, who having married a penniless girl, in defiance of his mother, had been cast off by her, and left to struggle as he best could through a combination of poverty and ill health.

Miss Staunton had suffered severely from her total estrangement from her son, and it was the grief that shewed itself so plainly upon her stern features—that was the shade that had so often shadowed Maude's fair face. Harcourt had come to Riversdale; but not being permitted to enter the Cottage, had been compelled to catch what moments he could in his sister's society by stealth, neither of them dreaming how serious a construction would be put upon it by the watcher from the Larches. However, good came out of evil; for before Maude's marriage, a reconciliation was effected between Harcourt and his mother; and through the interest of Geoffrey, an appointment was obtained for him which put an end to the poverty and pinchings from which he had suffered so long. Miss Staunton too, out of her abundance

gave the young couple an allowance, and made herself happy by so doing. Lady Harriet, with greater wisdom than she had ever before shewn, made the best of the inevitable, and received Maude with what graciousness she could assume; and after the wedding, abdicated Red Court, to the joy of every one, who rejoiced to see another and a very different hostess reigning there.

But Maude never quite forgot that terrible summer during which she was under a cloud, and from which her still firm friend Mrs Herbert had rescued her. Perhaps however, the person who had the best reason to remember it was Miss Browning, against whom there was a general feeling of contempt, for the base manner in which she had striven to injure one so innocent as Maude. Her experiences taught her a valuable lesson, nay, more than one lesson. Never to judge others too hastily, however much appearances may be against them; never to pry into the concerns of others or to intermeddle; and last, not least, to put a guard upon that little member the tongue, which so easily can make or mar; for it 'boasteth great things, and behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.'

COWPER'S TELEGRAPHIC PEN.

THIS ingenious contrivance is the most recent electrical novelty, the production of an Englishman, Mr E. A. Cowper of George Street, Westminster. The telephone enables us to transmit our voices to a great distance—in short, to talk very far; and now the telegraphic pen enables us to write to a great distance, just as if our writing arm had been indefinitely extended. There have been so-called writing telegraphs before, such as D'Arli-court's, which by a very complex process makes a copy of a document or drawing at the distant place; but none which permitted the sender simply to take a pen or pencil in his hand, and himself write his message simultaneously at the near and the distant station, so that if the eye could reach to the latter, it would see a similar pen silently tracing out the letters there as he forms them. The new pen is thus the first real writing telegraph.

The question naturally arises: How is it done? All writing consists for the most part of a variously curved line, and Mr Cowper, as an engineer, knew that every point of a curve could be fixed in position by its perpendicular distances from two fixed lines; just as the course of a ship can be determined on the chart by its latitudes and longitudes, no matter how devious the course may be. As one writes, then, the position of the pen can be determined at any instant by lines or lengths measured perpendicular to fixed directions, say to the sides of the paper. As an electrician, Mr Cowper saw that if he could, by the mere act of writing, send currents of electricity always proportional to these lengths, he would obtain a writing telegraph.

In order to effect this, he employs two separate telegraph circuits or lines, one to transmit the up-and-down motions of the pen, and the other to trans-

mit the right-and-left motions; and by combining these two movements, the writing is accomplished. The principle of each of these circuits consists in making that particular motion of the pen, which the circuit in question transmits, say its up-and-down motion, modify the strength of the current flowing in that circuit. This is done by the following device: The pencil which the sender takes in his hand to write the message with, is fitted with an arm, which moves to just the extent that the pencil moves up and down; and this arm is so arranged that it sends the current from the battery into the line through more or less coils of fine wire; that is, *through more or less resistance*. In this way, for the first circuit, the strength of the current flowing in the line varies strictly according to the length of the sheer up-and-down range of the pen. Similarly in the second circuit, by means of another arm on the pencil, perpendicular to the first, the strength of current is varied according to the length of the direct right-and-left range of the pen. It will be understood that there is always a current flowing in each circuit; but its strength is varied proportionally to the up-and-down or sidelong motions of the writing pen.

Now, at the receiving end of the line each current is caused to flow through a coil of wire surrounding a magnetic needle, pivoted on its centre so as to move freely under the action of the current and in proportion to the strength of the current. The needle in fact sways about, following the varying strength of the current. In the first circuit the needle is so placed that its point moves up and down; while in the second circuit the needle is so placed that its point moves sideways. These two elementary motions, in a cross direction to each other, are combined by two connecting arms on the writing pen; and just as the motion of the pencil in writing at the sending station was decomposed into its two elementary straight motions, so are these two simple motions again recomposed at the receiving station, on the pen which reproduces the handwriting. Every detail of the original writing is faithfully rendered by the duplicate pen; and the size of the reproduced copy may be either the same, or larger or smaller than the original, as desired. The duplicate pen is a fine glass siphon drawing off a solution of aniline or coal-tar blue from a small ink-well. The paper is moved by clock-work past the point of the pen, and at a rate which gives well-formed characters. At the sending station the paper is also moved by clock-work, as the writer shapes the letters. By this arrangement of moving paper the writer has merely to form each letter in the same place without shifting the point of his pen along the paper to write the next letter; a plan which confines the actual movement of the pen to a very small compass.

The sending of each letter by Cowper's Pen is a single act, and has thus a decided advantage over the telegraphs in use, in which each letter has to be *spelt* by several distinct signals. It requires no skilled operator to work it, since any one who can write can send a message; and at the receiving end no one need be in

attendance, for the pen delivers its own message. In addition to this, it will be valuable as a confidential telegraph; the handwriting of the sender, or any other understood sign, being recognisable by the recipient of a telegram.

A CHAPTER OF HOAXES.

HOAXES as a rule are hateful things, doing credit to neither the heads nor the hearts of the perpetrators; simply deceptions born of mischief or malice, requiring no wit to devise them, and very little cleverness to execute them successfully. For instance, the following hoax in the shape of a telegram to the Mayor of Cambridge, was perpetrated during the visit of a foreign potentate a few years ago: 'His Imperial Majesty the Shah of Persia desires to visit your university town *en route* from London, by special arriving at Cambridge station about 1.10. Be prepared with escort and reception as far as time allows.' The paltry concocter of the false telegram had not much to plume himself upon, even though the Vice-chancellors of the university, the Mayor and corporation, and the Volunteers were inveigled into a bootless journey to the railway station; and that the population of Cambridge turned out, only to turn home again without catching a glimpse of the Persian dignitary.

Hoaxers are often worse than malicious, and care not what trouble may ensue so long as their private ends are served. A young couple about to be married at the Synagogue in Birmingham were startled by the delivery of a telegram from London running: 'Stop marriage at once. His wife and children have arrived in London, and will come on to Birmingham.' The bride fainted; the bridegroom protested against being summarily provided with a wife and family, but had to make the best of his way, a single man still, through an exasperated crowd, full of sympathy for the wronged girl; whose friends found upon inquiry that they had been duped—probably by a revengeful rival of the man whose happiness had been so unexpectedly deferred.

A more curious and more malignant hoax—for the perpetration of which the author, if discovered, would have been branded with infamy—was practised, apparently 'for the fun of the thing,' upon a Parisian lady whose husband had gone to China on business. One day she received a letter, dated from Old China Street, Canton. 'Madame,' said the writer, 'I have to announce a mournful event. Your husband, taken prisoner by Malay pirates, has been burned alive and his bones calcined to powder. I have been able to procure but a few pinches of this powder, which I inclose.' As she opened the box, a strange idea came into the head of the distracted widow; and sending for some snuff, she mixed the powder with it, piously determined to inhale all that remained of her lost spouse. The first pinch however, brought on such violent bleeding, that a doctor had to be called in; but the lady died in a few hours,

shortly before the arrival of a letter from her husband, proving that the story of his capture and calcination was the cruel invention of some unknown enemy. The reader will peruse the foregoing with 'mingled feelings.'

A French merchant was agreeably surprised by the receipt of an anonymous communication advising him that a box of treasure was buried in his garden, and that the exact whereabouts would be shown him if he agreed to an equal division of the spoil. He jumped at the offer, met his kind informant, and the pair were soon plying spades, their labour being rewarded by the unearthing of a box, full of silver coins. The delighted merchant counted out two piles of eight hundred five-franc pieces, and bade his partner take his share. That worthy, after contemplating his heap for a minute or two, observed it was rather too heavy a load to carry comfortably to the railway station; he would prefer having the amount in gold or notes, if it could be managed. Nothing was easier; a walk up to the house, and the business was settled entirely to his satisfaction and that of the merchant too. Twenty-four hours later, the good man took a very different view of the transaction, for upon examination he discovered there was not one genuine five-franc piece among the sixteen hundred.

It is the business of rogues to trick honest men; sometimes however, the case is reversed. Not long ago some burglars paid a midnight visit to a Hull shopkeeper. The cash-box lay handy. It was heavy too, so heavy that the thieves did not stay to help themselves to aught beside. Next morning the cash-box was found not far from the premises, and its contents in an ash-pit close by, for after all their trouble taken and risk run, the burglars found themselves masters only of a lump of lead, and that their intended victim had been too artful for them.

One of the cleverest hoaxes ever perpetrated, was one invented by Swift, and intended for the public good. He caused to be printed and circulated some 'last words' of a street-robber named Elliston, purporting to be written shortly before his execution, in which the condemned thief was made to say: 'Now as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed; in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or house-breaking, he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it.' We are told the Dean's ruse succeeded so well that street-robberies were for many years after few and far between.

Your plausible rascal is never at a loss, even when his trickery is found out. A needy-looking fellow watching a man selecting a water-melon from a huge pile outside a Detroit grocery store, ejaculated: 'I wish I had five cents to get a small melon; I haven't tasted one for over two years.' The sum was placed in his hand, and the giver had just found a melon to his mind, when he spied the dilapidated one coming out of a drinking-shop hard by. 'I thought you wanted that money to buy a melon,' said he. 'So I did,' was the reply. 'I told you I hadn't tasted melon for over two years; but after reflecting, I found I hadn't tasted whisky for over three. Therefore I gave whisky a shove to catch up with melon, and start off square. Nothing mean about me, sir. Good-bye!'

The swindled individual assuredly would not have agreed with Butler, that the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat, although the poet's axiom holds good in some cases, that is, so long as the deluded one is blissfully ignorant of the deceit. Sir James Mackintosh, invited to sup at Sydney Smith's, took a cousin of his, an ensign in a Highland regiment, with him. On hearing the host's name pronounced, the ensign whispered: 'Is that the great Sir Sudney?' Unable to resist the sudden temptation, Sir James confirmed his relative in his mistake, and contrived to give Sydney a hint of the joke. The wit, appreciating the situation, acted the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fighting his namesake's battles over again, to the edification of the young officer and the amusement of the rest of the party. So delighted with the condescension of the great Sir Sudney was the Highlander, that he insisted upon fetching the piper of his regiment, to regale the unaccustomed ears of the hero with the music of the pipes. Sir James then broke up the party by declaring his hot-blooded cousin would certainly kill him if he discovered how he had been deceived. He nearly did so a few days afterwards; for taking a walk with Mackintosh, whom should they meet but Sydney Smith and his wife! When the lady was introduced, the ensign was rather taken aback, and said in a low voice to Sir James: 'I didn't know Sir Sudney was married!' 'Why, no,' said Mackintosh, as they moved off; 'not exactly married; only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him. Fatima, you know—you understand.' And Fatima actually became Mrs Smith's name among her husband's intimates.

Sydney Smith had an easier part to play than that essayed by an Oxford friend of Augustus Hare. It was at the time when Madame de Staël was the rage. It was bruited abroad that she had arrived in England, and intended to pay a visit to a certain undergraduate who had made her acquaintance in France. That gentleman became an object of universal interest. By-and-by it was announced that Madame had come, and her friend ventured to invite the Vice-chancellor and the heads of the houses to meet the illustrious dame at breakfast. The party assembled, the breakfast went off admirably, all present being charmed by the grace, wit, and brilliant conversation of the heroine of the occasion. It was not till many weeks afterwards that it came out the dame who had won all hearts was not only not Madame de Staël, but no lady at all, merely a counterfeit presentment; admirably made up, and as admir-

ably acted by a clever undergraduate, familiar with French manners and the French tongue.

One summer night some fifty years since, the good people of Bude, or such of them as were out and about, were startled by the news that a mermaid was singing on a rock some distance from the shore; and their own eyes and ears soon verified the report. The next night there was a rush of the population to the beach. They were not disappointed; the mermaid appeared, and flashed the moonbeams about from her hand-mirror. Telescopes were brought in requisition; but she took no heed; braiding her tresses, and trolling forth her melancholy ditty in profound indifference to the excitement she caused. Next night it was the same, and the next, and the next, only the crowds grew greater and the mermaid hoarser. At last she tired of entertaining the multitude gratuitously, and winding up her vocal performance, with something strongly resembling 'God Save the King,' dived off the rock, and was seen no more. Had the deceived people known that their strange visitant was a half-naked student of divinity, whose legs were enveloped in oilskin, and his head covered with plaited seaweed, the chances are that the so-called mermaid's career must have been a short-lived one, and that the Church would have had one member the less.

Just now, Mr Edison is the 'most remarkable man, sir,' in the United States; and our cousins are disposed to believe that nothing is impossible to the genius of Menlo Park. So, when the *New York Graphic* perpetrated a first-of-April joke by announcing that the famous inventor had perfected a machine for making cereal food out of earth, and wine out of water, the Patent Office at Washington was plagued with inquirers wanting to know if such a machine had been patented there. Paper after paper copied the hoaxer's article in dreadful earnest, and the staid and sober *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* in an editorial waxed eloquent upon the bewildering discovery, pointing out what would have been the fate, three hundred years ago, of a man daring to impart articulate speech to a machine, to control a voice which could be heard above the tempest, and to lock up for years, and free at will, the softest notes of a song-bird; and congratulating the electrician that his inventive genius had the liberal atmosphere of the nineteenth century in which to disport itself, and a sympathetic generation to applaud its triumphs. Coming to its Washington telegram concerning the new machine for manufacturing food from inorganic elements, the *Advertiser* declared the story to be credible, and went on: 'We have no idea as to what Mr Edison professes to be able to do with the elements; but certain it is, that whatever he may add to our stock of knowledge concerning the uses of matter, far from being suppressed as heretical, will be welcomed by the world, and rightly regarded as redounding to the glory of the great Regulator of all laws. Civilisation is yet in its infancy. Says Emerson: "There is not a property in nature but a mind is born to seek and find it." Let steady-going people whose breath has been taken away by the pace we seem to be driving at just now, take heart therefore, and be thankful that the genius of true benefactors of the race, like Edison, cannot now be crippled and blighted by superstition and bigotry, as it was when

Galileo was forced to recant the awful heresy that two and two make four.' The Buffalo editor knew what it was to have his breath taken away, when he saw his article reprinted in the *New York Graphic* with the heading, 'They Bite.'

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE way in which gases pass through minute orifices and porous substances has engaged the attention of the ablest chemists during the past fifty years, and the result of many experiments is the discovery that gases have important properties. The explanation of these properties, so far as it has gone, has favoured the existing belief in what is known to chemists as the 'molecular theory.'

But fifty years of experiment have by no means exhausted the subject, and the behaviour of gases under different circumstances will long be a fertile field for investigators. The movements of the radiometer, once attributed to the direct action of light, are now known to be produced by the motion of gaseous molecules. All gases do not pass at the same rate through porous plates; they are affected by differences of pressure and of temperature. Experiments have been made with plates of stucco, of meerschm, and other substances; and as an example of results we mention that 'with hydrogen on both sides of a porous plate, the pressure on the one side being that of the atmosphere, a difference of one hundred and sixty degrees in the temperature on the two sides of the plate secured a permanent difference in the pressure equal to an inch of mercury; the higher pressure being on the hotter side.'

To the ordinary reader this question may appear alike dry and difficult; but to the physicist and chemist it is full of promise, and fraught with singularly interesting results. Professor Osborne Reynolds of Owens College, Manchester, remarks at the conclusion of a paper 'On Certain Dimensional Properties of Matter in the Gaseous State,' which is published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*: 'Although the results of the dimensional properties of gas are so minute that it has required our utmost powers to detect them, it does not follow that the actions which they reveal are of philosophical importance only. It is within extremely small spaces only that the actions become considerable; but then the work of construction in the animal and vegetable worlds, and the work of destruction in the mineral world, are carried on within such spaces. The varying action of the sun must be to cause alternate inspiration and expiration, promoting continual change of air within the interstices of the soil as well as within the tissue of plants. What may be the effect of such changes we do not know; but the changes go on, and we may fairly assume that, in the processes of nature, the dimensional properties of gases play no unimportant part.'

Something further concerning the fall of metallic particles, 'meteoric matter' or 'cosmic dust,' from

the atmosphere has been published in the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*. Certain observers are of opinion that 'it is continually falling in quantities which, in the lapse of ages, must accumulate so as materially to contribute to the matter of the earth's crust.' Mr Ranyard, Secretary of the Society, remarks: 'There can be little doubt that the air up to a great height above the earth's surface is impregnated with dust.' And he suggests that the blue colour of the sky may be caused by dust derived from the fragments of meteors, the smaller particles of which may possibly occupy months or even years in falling to the earth.' There is reason to believe that a portion of this floating dust comes from regions of space beyond the solar system. The planets therefore, on their travel through space with the sun, are more exposed to the falling dust on their northern than on their southern hemispheres, which may account for the preponderance of land in the north, and 'for the fact which has been so frequently pointed out by physical geographers, that the great terrestrial peninsulas all taper towards the southern pole.'

When meteoric masses break up, much occluded gas is thrown out, and the quantity will vary accordingly as the region through which the earth passes is rich or poor in meteors. In the latter case, our atmosphere would decrease in height, and we should have a temperature at the sea-level corresponding to the present temperature of our mountain-tops. In the language of geologists, a glacial epoch would be the result. If, on the other hand, the earth pass through a region rich in meteors containing occluded carbonic acid gas, the atmosphere would increase in depth, and a period like the carboniferous period might ensue, in which a semi-tropical vegetation might again flourish on the coasts of Greenland.' In these speculations thoughtful minds will perhaps find more than a passing entertainment.

One of the objections urged against the electric light is, that in order to subdue its dazzling brilliance nearly one-half of the light must be cut off by screens more or less opaque. It occurred to a Frenchman, that as clouds temper the brightness of the sun, so an imitation of clouds by wadding made of glass fibre would temper the electric light; and by substituting screens of glass wadding he reduces the loss of light to twenty-five per cent., and at the same time gets rid of the shadows thrown by the opaque screens.

The sphygmoscope, as many readers know, is an instrument which records the beats of the pulse, and is very useful in diagnosis. Under a modified form it now appears as the sphygmophone, with which the beats of the pulse or of the heart can be heard at a distance; hence the application of the medical adviser's ear to the patient's breast is no longer necessary. We mentioned some months ago that the telephone had been tried in a surgical operation to ascertain whether stone existed in the bladder; and the sphygmophone may be regarded as a further adaptation. And in imitation of speech, an important advance beyond the phonograph has been

made by Mr W. H. Preece, electrician to the General Post-office. Aided by Mr Stroh, a skilful mechanic, he has invented instruments which analyse and reproduce vowel-sounds with remarkable approximation to the living tones, as was demonstrated at a recent meeting of the Royal Society. The investigation is to be continued, and extended to consonants. Professor Fleeming Jenkin of the Edinburgh University, has been engaged on a similar research, the results of which are to be published in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

There is in the University of Pennsylvania a machine, invented by a citizen of Philadelphia, which will play the game of tit-tat-to, and always win if properly adjusted before starting. It combines all possible variations of the game, and works them out by a cylinder, and a movable carriage which actuate pins, catches, and cranks, and ring a bell on winning the game. Of this machine it is said that 'it has played a large number of games without losing a single one.' Machines have been constructed for playing at chess, but the variations of that game are so numerous that mechanism fails to master them, and they can be worked out only by a living confederate. Hence the tit-tat-to machine has the advantage.

Among the forty subjects on which the Institution of Civil Engineers desires to receive papers to be read at the meetings, are—On any of the uses or properties of iron, or the invention of some new and valuable process relating thereto—the effect of the lapse of time on the strength of materials strained beyond the supposed limit of elasticity—the stresses inducing the failure of iron ships—the best combined system of warming, ventilating, and lighting large buildings—the most suitable materials for, and the different systems of road-making for large towns where the traffic is heavy—the treatment of estuaries, with special reference to tidal capacity—the storage and filtration of water both natural and artificial, and the arrangements for the distribution of water in towns—compressed air as a motive-power—the relative advantages of steam, heated air, gas, water, and electricity as the motive-power in small engines—the disposal and utilisation of slags from various smelting processes—the management of underground waters in mining districts—the application of electricity to lighting purposes, contrasted with the best systems of lighting at present in use—and torpedoes and their influence on naval construction. These examples suffice to indicate the range of subjects; it is a wide one, rich in opportunities for engineering students who combine discretion with real knowledge.

A popular notion prevails that the hardest steel is the most durable; but it appears from accounts of experiments communicated to a meeting of civil engineers, that the contrary is the fact. Remarkable differences in the wear of steel rails laid side by side had been observed on the Great Northern Railway: seven of the rails were taken up and tested, and it was found in one instance that a hard rail had been worn away one-sixteenth of an inch by traffic amounting to five million two hundred and fifty-one thousand tons; while a soft rail for the same amount of wear had withstood eight million four hundred and two thousand tons. In another instance, the total was

fifteen million five hundred and thirty-one thousand tons for the hard rail, and thirty-one million and sixty-one thousand for the soft rail, the wear being the same—namely one-sixteenth of an inch. On analysing this last-mentioned rail it was found to consist of 99·475 per cent. of iron, and very minute quantities of carbon, phosphorus, silicon, manganese, sulphur, and copper.

Dr Dudley, chemist to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, commenting on these and other parallel facts, remarks: 'The indications would seem to be that under the conditions of wear to which a steel rail is subjected—namely rolling friction, unlubricated surfaces, and great weight with small bearing surface, the quality of the metal necessary to most successfully withstand the disintegrating forces is best expressed by the word toughness, and not by hardness.'

Comparative trials have been made of flexible steel and wire hawsers against hemp hawsers and iron chains. The breaking strain of a steel hawser eight inches in circumference is about one hundred and fifty tons, and the weight of one hundred and fifty fathoms is sixty-seven hundredweight. The largest chain used in the naval service weighs four hundred and fifty hundredweight to one hundred and fifty fathoms, comprising nine hundred links, and as each link has a weld, there is liability to nine hundred imperfections, whereas the steel wire hawser is throughout of uniform strength. The weight of a tarred hemp hawser is also much in excess of the steel hawser; hence the superiority of the latter for raising heavy weights from the bottom of the sea, or for ordinary naval purposes, is manifest. One of these steel hawsers tested at Devonport was sufficiently flexible to allow of a turn being taken therewith round a post one foot in diameter.

Dr Schmidt of New Orleans, after much study and observation, has come to the conclusion that the contagion of yellow fever is a poison 'of animal origin, or in other words, is a product of a secreting cell, mainly eliminated by the glands of the skin in a liquid form, to be rapidly converted into a vapour.' The disagreeable odour of yellow fever arises from the poison being a product of a modified or vitiated secretion. The poison having been in active existence ever since it was first known to the civilised world, has travelled from country to country, and may be kept at bay by a strict and properly regulated quarantine. For this a sure knowledge is required of some chemical agent which will destroy the poison without destroying the articles or merchandise which it may be needful to disinfect. The American Public Health Association in a Report recently published state that they have not found a single instance of yellow fever originating in any locality; it has always been imported. When the disease appears in places wide apart, the transmission appears to be wholly due to human intercourse; and the Association are convinced that the only trustworthy means of prevention is isolation. 'Quarantines, they state, 'established with such a degree of surveillance and rigour that absolute non-intercourse is the result, have effectually and without exception protected those quarantined from yellow fever.' In this there appears to be a suggestion for the functionaries who are engaged in investigating the plague.

In a communication made to the *Société de Géographie*, Paris, it is pointed out that the Regulation of Water-courses is a subject which has been too much neglected during the past thirty years, notwithstanding that its relations to geography and agriculture are obvious. Occupied with the making of railways, enterprisers have neglected the water-ways. But the recent appointment of a Commission for the regulation of rivers by the Minister of the Interior, is an indication of a change; and by way of exemplifying the importance of the question, it is shown that the river Durance alone carries down every year to the sea fertilising matters held in suspension equal in value to that of all the artificial manures imported annually into France. Continue this process fifty years, and the slime and ooze poured into the sea will represent the arable lands of a Department. It is obvious therefore that geography and agriculture are largely interested in the regulation of rivers.

The first step to be taken is to hold back the fertilising mud, and form therewith fields and meadows in suitable localities. Unfruitful districts might be enriched by means of canals, from which the muddy water would be distributed at a distance from the rivers. This opens a prospect of important engineering works to intercept the waters and turn them to profit before they reach the low country. Regulate the waters properly in the upper country; barren slopes will be covered with vegetation; dried-up springs will resume their flow, and floods will very rarely occur in the main stream. And in course of time, other changes will take place, and become a subject of scientific study under the term *potamodynamics*, and the surface of a country may be modified while its resources are increased.

Lovers of antiquity will take interest in the announcement that the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's are continuing their endeavour to make the crypt of the cathedral useful for ecclesiastical purposes, and more worthy as the burying-place of illustrious public characters and artists than it used to be. Instead of being a storehouse for old tombs, scaffolding, and other lumber, the greater part is now cleared, the soot of generations has been scraped from the walls, about four thousand feet of the floor is paved with mosaic tesserae in various colours, and of classical design, and the paving of the remainder is but a question of time. In communicating these particulars to the Institute of British Architects, Mr F. C. Penrose stated that the eastern part of the crypt 'has been arranged for divine service, which takes place every morning and every evening at eight . . . on the site of the ancient church of St Faith. And here have been arranged the remains of certain monumental effigies which were rescued from the old cathedral, and which Dugdale's accurate views enable us to identify. They have each been mounted on a simple kind of altar-tomb with the name inscribed.'

One of the arches of the western crypt was blocked by a huge gas-meter. This has been removed to a pit dug on the outside of the building. During the digging of this pit, a portion of the foundations of old St Paul's, the church that stood there before the Great Fire, was discovered. This discovery incited to further explorations, and other fragments were discovered, and more are to

be searched for. 'In carrying out these arrangements, care will be taken, by the express stipulation of the Dean and Chapter, and the no less cordial desire of the City architect, to preserve the old remains, and allow them to be well seen.'

In a recent communication to the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Henry Rawlinson explained his views on some points in the early history of Cyprus. Among the earliest colonists of the island he places the Kittim (Chittim) and Dodaanim of Scripture, both being of Syrian race; and he believes that the expression in Balaam's prophecy, 'And ships shall come from Chittim,' refers to Cyprus. This goes a long way back, for the date usually assigned to that prophecy is the fifteenth century B.C. The second colonisation is supposed to have been Phœnician, and the third Cypriote; 'that is, of the people who introduced the alphabet and language known to us by the Cypriote inscriptions, and who founded that school of art to which belong most of the statues and sculptures that have been excavated from the ruins of cities and temples in various parts of the island.' They probably came from the western part of Asia Minor. And lastly, the fourth colonisation was that of the Greeks proper, about the eighth century B.C. But more than this. There is reason to believe that the elder Sargon, a king of Babylonia, seventeen centuries B.C., after overrunning Syria, crossed the Mediterranean to Cyprus, where, subsequently his son Naramsin was deified, and where a thousand years later the second Sargon set up an image of himself, as is recorded on a monolith found at Larnaca, the ancient Citium. A century later, as is proved by the cuneiform inscriptions, ten kings of Cyprus who were tributary to Assyria, sent artificers to assist in decorating the temples and palaces of Nineveh. In *Amia Khadasta*, the residence of one of those kings, Sir H. Rawlinson finds the Assyrian origin of the name of a city about which there has been of late some discussion. The Greeks abbreviated it to Ammochosta, and the Cypriotes transmuted it into Famagusta, which 'has nothing whatever to do with Fama'ugusti, as has been sometimes supposed.'

A NEW TRAP FOR THIEVES.

Police authorities have, we believe, been in the habit of taking photographs of certain offenders, with the view of making them generally known. The newspapers make us aware that photography is now used in France as a precautionary measure against possible delinquents, and which has been so far successful. The following account of this new trap for catching thieves appears in *Hodgkinson's Investment Guide*. 'The Bank of France would appear to have hit upon an ingenious method of treating doubtful customers. The establishment has for some time past availed itself of photography, and among its officers is a photographic detective, to examine suspicious documents through the medium of a camera, which under some circumstances exercises a sharper vision than the human eye. Where an erasure has been made for instance, the camera detects it at once, let the spot be ever so smoothly rubbed over; while a word or figure that to the eye has been perfectly scratched out, is clearly reproduced in a photograph of the document. If

we are to believe a recent account, the Bank of France has now added to its precaution an invisible studio placed in a gallery behind the cashiers. Hidden behind some heavy curtain is a camera ready for work; and at a signal from any of the cashiers, the photographer proceeds to do his duty by depicting the particular customer who may be standing at the desk. The clerk engages the man's attention, and in a few moments the portrait is taken, and the bank in possession of a photograph which may hereafter prove of value. The camera is then fitted with a fresh sensitive plate, and stands ready for use upon another emergency. How far such an arrangement could be of practical value remains to be seen; but the principal banking establishment in Paris has certainly to thank photography for the discovery of several frauds of late. A photographic laboratory and requisites form part of the institution, and most of the officials themselves have to submit to the process of being photographed, so that the direction may be in possession of their portraits. This practice, it is held, is a deterrent against evil ways, for should any of the clerks be tempted to go astray, they know very well that they leave records of themselves behind. The same system prevails among the Paris police, where every one, from the highest to the lowest, is photographed. The Paris police indeed employ photography to a very great extent nowadays for the detection of crime, and a large photographic establishment is to be found at their headquarters.

THE KHABAR.

Some time ago one of the London daily papers referred to the 'khabar,' as a thing of extreme mystery in India. From all we can learn, the Arabic word khabar signifies news; and as used in India, it means a method of communicating news in some extraordinary manner, which, it is alleged, science fails to unravel. The speed with which the news travels is said to be greater than that of the electric telegraph; but that we take leave to doubt. At anyrate, should you walk through an Indian market-place to view the silks of Cashmere, or stroll into a Turkish bazaar in quest of a serviceable saddle, your hospitable native acquaintance will ask: 'Have you any news of So-and-so, or of such-and-such a place?' Your reply being in the negative, he may probably proceed to tell you what the khabar says on important affairs transpiring at a distance. To your astonishment, you find, after a few days, or even weeks, that your loquacious Hindu, Turkish, Arab, or Persian friend has told you the truth with tolerable correctness.

The Earl of Carnarvon, in his interesting little volume, *Recollections of the Druses of Lebanon*, makes this observation: 'No great moral or religious movement can be confined to the country where it is first born; and through all ages, sometimes by a subtle and almost mysterious agency, the spark of intelligence has flashed along the electric chain by which the nations of the East are darkly bound to each other.' And, in proof of the existence of this potent agency, he relates that during the Sikh War (1845-6) there were cases in which the news of defeat or victory forestalled the arrival of any letters on the subject; and further, that in the late Indian Mutiny the

somewhat exaggerated intelligence of General Windham's repulse at Cawnpore actually reached the Indians of Honduras, and the Maoris of New Zealand, in a manner truly astonishing.

A relative of the writer of the present notice states, that when in Jerusalem during the Crimean War, he often found that the khabar of the bazaars anticipated the ordinary channels of communication by many days, and, generally, with but little departure from accuracy.

Various theories have been adduced to account for the marvellous rapidity with which news is transmitted, or intercommunicated amongst nations who possess neither the electric telegraph nor steam-power. Some even allege that a certain mysterious psychic force is brought to bear between man and man, separated by long distances from each other, in a manner somewhat similar to the revelations we sometimes hear of as given by one relative to another at a distance. But be it as it may, there can be no doubt, that there exists in Eastern countries some means whereby intelligence is conveyed with marvellous celerity, without the aid of either steam or electricity. The subject is worthy of further investigation.

THE SIREN ISLE.

EVERING's purple glory slept
Upon peak and cliff and stream,
And the voiceless wavelet crept
To the shore with lingering gleam.

High above the cedar grove,
Hesper led the starry world,
Shedding the sweet light of love
On a land in slumber furled.

Twilight's weird and mystic veil
Lay on wave and rock and fen,
When we dropt with viewless sail
Into the enchanted sea.

Knew we then the Siren shore
With its fatal melodies;
But the wind no whisper bore
O'er the dark seductive seas.

Gazed we through the gathering shades
Fear-bound, as if on the grave;
But the Siren sister-maids
Saw we not beyond the wave.

It was well no whisper broke
On the silence over all,
That no magic music woke
Weary spirits to intrude.

So we, shrouded in half-light,
Restled silent on the oar,
Till the ebou gulls of night
One bright belt of beauty bore.

'Brother mariners,' I cried,
'Let us fly the treacherous track,
Ere the spell be on the tide,
And the death-song lure us back.'

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LIFE UNDER NEW ASPECTS.

SOME time ago, when conversing with a medical friend, he mentioned with much satisfaction that a certain large prison, professionally under his charge, was the healthiest place of residence he ever knew or heard of. Few of the inmates were ever ill with serious complaints. The annual death-rate among them was almost next to nothing. To make these facts the more surprising, the food given to the prisoners was very plain, though nourishing. Kept at some useful labour, and confined to their cells the greater part of the day, they had only brief outdoor exercise, and that in a limited courtyard. Obligated to go to bed early, they had no amusements. The routine of life was hard and cheerless. One or two books were their only solacement. They were permitted to see and speak to their friends only once in three months. These and other circumstances which contributed to make up the picture, were very sorrowful. The forfeiture of liberty under a penal sentence was evidently a fate at which the human heart revolts, and if it were more seriously thought of, the prisons would not be so full as they are.

Such were the considerations that passed through our mind when hearing of the prison arrangements. But then comes the seemingly incongruous statement, that notwithstanding all the privations which have to be endured, the prison is the healthiest place our friend the doctor is acquainted with. The correctness of his statement cannot be doubted, for it is verified by statistics. How is the phenomenon to be explained? That is an important question, the solution of which concerns everybody. It would be satisfactory to know whether by any peculiar mode of living, or by foresight, one might manage to be as healthy out of as in prison, with a prospect of longevity in the distance.

In dealing with a subject so intricate, it is proper, in the first place, to remember that the inmates of prisons do not fairly represent general society. They are neither very young nor very

old, but are mostly from twenty to forty years of age, or in the prime of life, which is much in their favour. It is from the numerous deaths in infancy and at an advanced age, that the bills of mortality are so greatly swollen. Starting with the advantage of having youth and middle age on their side, prisoners are further indebted to regularity of diet, to an absence of vicious indulgence, to enforced cleanliness, to breathing pure air, to living in a temperature neither too high nor too low, and to an exemption from troubles and accidents to which many among the humbler classes are exposed. In short, except that they are locked up like wild beasts in a menagerie, they are, according to some notions, wonderfully well off, and made more comfortable than they deserve. As a set-off, we are not to overlook depression of spirits; but on the mass of ne'er-do-weels who get into prison, this counts for very little. They cherish the sentiment of hope—the hope of getting out at a specified period, when there will be a renewal of old pranks in skirmishing with the law and the police, intermingled with anticipated revelries with old companions, or let us trust, with, at least in some instances, a resolution to behave better for the future.

Making all due allowances, there is a sense of humiliation in thinking that ordinary human life, in point of health and length of days, falls short of the standard of life in prison. Freedom of will is at a discount. Mankind are placed in the position of children who cannot take care of themselves, and need the constant supervision of doctors and jailers! On the whole, this is very like the truth. It would be a moderate computation to reckon that four-fifths of all who exist are uninstructed. They know little or nothing of the great natural laws which tend to secure health, or produce disease. Obviously, the lower we go in the scale of intelligence, the nearer do we approach the habits of the lower animals. This is particularly observable in the disposition to huddle together. Savages crowd indiscriminately together in huts, like so many pigs, and take little thought of the morrow. It is stated

that the aborigines of Australia have not the slightest idea of saving anything for a future occasion. They gobble up all they can lay their hands on at once. Pigs in the same way never look ahead. They have no future. They swill until they are gorged, and then lie down to sleep.

In the cottages of our peasantry, there is precisely the same piggyish taste for huddling together in a single apartment of men, women, and children, without any sense of indelicacy or fear of contracting disease. There is likewise much the same indifference to the future. Poverty may be put forward as an excuse for crowding night and day into a single room; but we know by personal experience that the giving of extended accommodation in cottages is often thanklessly disregarded, and that in defiance of everything, the ancient practice of huddling together continues. Ignorance and the thriftless misexpenditure of means on vicious indulgences produce similar results in the slums of populous cities.

An incident occurs to recollection. One day—it is now thirteen years since—under the friendly escort of a city missionary, we proceeded on a tour of investigation into the social condition of a somewhat thickly peopled slum. A door on a ground floor was tapped at, and opened by an old woman. The dwelling consisted of a single apartment without a window. The only glimmer of light radiated from a small fire, but did not dispel the darkness. 'How are you all to-day, Mrs Jackson?' asked the missionary. 'We are a' weel; but there's nae at hame but mysel.' 'How many lodgers have you just now?' 'Not many, only five; three men and two women.' 'Where's your daughter, Jenny?' 'Jenny is in the prison; she has this time got sixty days.' 'That's a pity; I am sorry for Jenny.' 'You needna be sorry for Jenny; she likes to gang to the prison; it's a nice change; she'll come back in fine health and spirits.' So ended the colloquy. Jenny evidently went to prison from choice, for sake of change of air and scene. It was equivalent to going to country lodgings in summer, with the additional recommendation of nothing to pay. As regards the horrible den which constituted her maternal home—which we are glad to mention has been swept away—no one of any feeling could look into it without a shudder, and yet it accommodated seven human beings. Where, from whatever cause, indiscriminate huddling in groups is thus maintained, attempts to civilise or to lower the death-rate are alike hopeless. In comparison with this ramshackle state of things, no wonder that the prison, with its stern organisation and discipline, is represented to be quite a palace of propriety and salubrity.

We can conceive the possibility of a distaste of the routine of prison discipline. Many have a rooted dislike to cleanliness. Many entertain a horror of steady employment. Fraudulent bank directors may entertain a peculiar disrelish of

the usually assigned occupation. Fingers that had never performed harder work than that of signing away millions of money which had been confided to their charge, may not take cordially to oakum-picking. Yet, in the worst of human ills there are compensations. While tearing old tarry ropes into shreds there is an opportunity for profitable reflections on the vanity of deceit. The lines of Scott may occur to remembrance—

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.

There is time for pondering on the benignity of retributive justice. Poetic fancies may be indulged. There might be some amusement in composing a new version of the Shakspearean chant of Oberon, 'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows.' By way of mere suggestion, we offer the following stanza as a commencement, which may be adapted to the charming music of Horn as a duet—

I know a bank where the wild fraud blows,
And falsehood blooms sweetly under the rose,
Where daring imposture happily roams,
By the building of kirks and wrecking of homes;
I know a bank,
I know a bank
Where the wild fraud blows.

Oakum-picking possesses some other advantages as an occupation. The tarry pitch yields a grateful perfume. It is good for the system, and not unpleasant to the nostrils. Only think the cell a Pinetum, such as gentlemen spend hundreds of pounds in planting for the sake of the refreshing odour, and the hardship of untwisting bits of old rope vanishes in a dream of the imagination! The prison is more than a palace. It is a temple of Nemesis and Hygieia all in one.

That national education persistently carried out will in time enlighten the masses, elevate their tastes, and lead them to prefer a wholesome to a noxious method of living, may be reasonably expected. We are, however, a long way from that—perhaps two hundred years. Meanwhile, there is the death-rate in several thickly populated towns at twenty-eight to thirty-five per thousand per annum, when if matters were rightly managed, the rate should not be above eighteen, if so much. It is obvious that when ten in the thousand die who might still be living, there is something that needs rectification. At the head of that mysterious something, is the admission of air and light into overcrowded neighbourhoods. Possibly, it may be argued that as regards the metropolis, there is as much air and light as any one can require. We do not deny that in the main London is healthy, as judged from the aggregate death-rate; but this is pretty much on the principle that there is a small death-rate in prisons. The metropolis is the resort of great numbers of young men and women who have flocked thither for employment; while many aged persons have retired to the

country towards the close of their career. Lately, some street improvements, with the erection of airy dwellings, have likewise had a good effect. It is alleged that in the houses constructed in different quarters through the munificence of the late Mr Peabody, which are eagerly rented as soon as ready, the death-rate is one per cent. lower than elsewhere—a very significant fact.

In efforts to improve the salubrity of towns under parliamentary authority, there is usually more than ignorance to contend with. Selfishness, and the real or affected fancy for preserving dens of dirt and darkness, because they are old and of some antiquarian interest, are the moving factors. Selfish motives predominate. The probability of greatly lowering the death-rate by running new and spacious streets through dense blocks of unhealthy courts and alleys which it is scarcely safe to enter, is reckoned of no moment in comparison with the proposed imposition of a penny or twopence per pound on the annual rental. 'Perish health. Let death and indecency revel. Save the pocket.' Such, if analysed, is the burden of the objections complacently entertained. Fortunately, this species of narrow-mindedness is not always successful. In the case of a city which we happen to be best acquainted with, street improvements were effected in spite of the united opposition of the selfish and the capricious, and demagogues to boot, with the happy result of a large reduction in the annual death-rate. Those most vehement in obstruction are now probably ashamed of themselves. Good deeds survive in multiplied blessings. Carping objections to what is permanently beneficial, pass away like the idle wind, and are forgotten. Considerations of this kind ought to nerve those who, looking boldly in advance, project works of public utility.

There is no end of books written by English and French medical men on the preservation of health and attainment of longevity. For the most part, they are not of any practical value. They expatiate on the constituent elements of the body, the chemistry of digestion, the osseous structure, and such-like matters. They strangely miss the main object in their theme, which is to point out a course of living, with mental and bodily conditions that would tend to secure health and the protraction of existence. Does this arise from want of grasp, or from a fear of treading on popular prejudices? On the topic of health, the world stands in need of a writer with the fearlessness of Luther, the acute reasoning of Pascal, and the incisive humour of Molière. The latest learned authority on health and long life bores us with lacteals, azotised substances, albumen, lumbar lymphatics, chyle, the thoracic duct, and similar jargon. A long list is given of persons who lived to be upwards of a hundred years of age. What did these centenarians know of fibrin, the mesenteric glands, and all the rest of it? Some were paupers, many were hard-working people in common life. Most likely not half-a-dozen in the whole lot knew anything about their inside. They lived in a variety of ways. The diet of a woman who lived to be a hundred and seventeen is said to have been butter-

milk and greens—of which we have some doubt. Some were very temperate, and others quite the reverse. One old fellow who reached a hundred and four, drank a pint and a half of London gin daily. An Irishman who lived to be a hundred and eleven, drank plentifully of rum and brandy till the last. With exceptions of that kind to be reckoned wonders in nature, temperance and simplicity of diet were the chief characteristics. Old age had been attained not by any hard and fast rule, but by a number of circumstances, as seen by general experience.

The inquiry is, Can we by any amount of foresight largely increase the ordinary span of life? Always assuming that we have a good constitution to begin with, we answer in the affirmative. In numerous instances, life is prematurely cut off by inherited weakness and ailments, though no doubt at the worst, existence may be protracted under skilful advice and precautions. Passing over this order of cases as not of immediate concern, we take the naturally robust and healthy, and ask what, by foresight, they can do for themselves. M. Flourens, an able French writer, following the ancient physiologists, points out that in youth there is a great deal of force in reserve; and that 'it is the progressive diminution of this fund that constitutes the physiological character of old age.' Whatever, therefore, will help to strengthen this original force, or not unduly impair it, forms a matter of grave consideration. The physical exercises appropriate to youth and early manhood, of course tend to confirm and increase the force at disposal. Advancing in life, the reserve force has often to bear the strain of hard work, indolent food, exposure to extreme climatic changes, along with a number of cares comprehensively expressed in the word 'worry.' 'It is not work, but worry, that kills me,' is pretty frequently uttered with a sigh, which tells a tale of unseen troubles.

Longevity often runs in families. This is easily explained. No human being can detach him or her self from the lives of predecessors. Our own life is only a protraction of the life from which it sprang. Parents disappear when their time comes, and their lives survive in their children. One is sometimes startled to find himself using the same gestures, the same forms of expression, be it smiles or frowns, as his father or mother; so likewise are seen recurrences of resemblance in features, the shape of fingers, nails, toes, and in other particulars. In the family pictures hung up in the halls of the older aristocracy, it is interesting to notice how frequently likenesses cast up after the lapse of two or three generations. Any of us in the present day may be a repetition of his great-grandfather. If there be a Roman nose in the family, it is sure to last for hundreds of years.

Just as we inherit weakness of constitution, we inherit strength; from which arises the suggestion of taking care whom we marry; but we all know that at the marrying time of life nobody is so wise as to take hints of this kind. Hence, society gets into a kind of jumble of healthy and unhealthy; the weakest in the end, however, dying out. Speaking physiologically, nature cares nothing for individuals. It looks to the race, for the preservation of which it makes immense efforts. What we have to do is to assist nature

by such a course of living as will maintain, if not strengthen, the vital force we happened to inherit. That we take to be a primary duty. Long life in a healthy frame through successive generations is a usual consequence.

If the truth be plainly told, the generality of people do not act as if they cared about a long life. They rather seem to try to kill themselves. Look at their way of going on. Many are finished prematurely by coarse and reckless dissipation. Some by getting into a muddle of speculations which they had no business with, ending in debts, difficulties, and heart-breaking misery. Some from love of excitement and fondness for company. Some by preposterously late dinners, sleeplessness, and ruin of the digestive functions. Some from keeping up an over-action of the heart by stimulants, while they are all the time congratulating themselves on being patterns of moderation. Many by overtasking the brain, or protracted mental occupation, from which spring nervous and other disorders. One seldom hears of plain quiet labour killing anybody. The placid man, other things being equal, usually lives longest. He may be complimented on his cleverness who knows how to avoid lines of action which lead to disaster and loss of health—or to put the case more briefly, who knows how to let well alone. In certain circumstances, to do nothing requires a high effort of intelligence.

Till he is fifty or thereabouts, a man may usually in a small way take liberties with his constitution and not be much the worse. At seventy and upwards, what remains of the reserve force in him needs to be carefully husbanded. Of course, to do so, there must be many sacrifices—refusal to join pleasant entertainments, and so on. It is here that the weakness of the wise is not unfrequently demonstrated. The acid night-air in this moist climate of England inflicts a deadly blight on the breathing apparatus of the aged and susceptible, whose fund of vital energy is nearly exhausted. How often does there appear something like the following intimation in the morning journals: 'We regret to announce the death of General So-and-So, at the advanced age of eighty-five. He was in good health till within a few days of his decease, when, having gone out to dinner, he caught a slight cold, that ended in an acute attack of bronchitis, to which he succumbed, notwithstanding the best medical assistance. His loss will be lamented by a wide circle of friends.' Men, and women too, reaching to the age of the lamented General, should exercise stern precautions against the approach of bronchitis, for that is about the most deadly foe they have to encounter.

Flourens is of opinion that everybody with originally good health would by taking reasonable care reach a hundred years of age, or even more. It is agreeable to recognise some verification of this comfortable doctrine in the case of centenarians, who are apparently becoming more common than they used to be. We see in the newspapers notice of the death of the Rev. Dr Ingram, a clergyman in the island of Unst, the most northerly part of the British dominions, at a hundred and three years of age, and who is said to have been hearty to near the last. His father at his death was over a hundred years old. His grandfather reached a hundred and five.

Here in three lives, from father to son, we are historically taken back at least to the seventeenth century. Dr Ingram's grandfather might have seen Charles I., exactly as we see him in effigy on horseback at Charing Cross. How was this marvellous protraction of existence maintained? From all we can learn, it was not by any kind of pampering. Each generation in turn worked pretty hard in the performance of rural duties, lived with great moderation, and in a placid spirit took the world as it came. We daresay if any one from the south were to see the bleak moors and hills of Unst, with the waves lashing on its rocky shores direct from the North Pole, he would be surprised to learn that here a minister of the gospel lived peacefully in decent comfort, always earnestly doing his duty for a poor money requital, and at length tranquilly passing to his rest at within a month of being a hundred and four. How grand the life and death of this venerable centenarian, compared with the disreputable and feverish career of impecunious adventurers, fraudulent bank directors, and the myriads of frivolous beings who have seemingly no sense of duty at all, and who, in the language of the Psalmist, vanish like 'the chaff which winds drive to and fro.'

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN GUILDHALL CHAMBERS.

'THE very finest fellow, that Hugh Ashton—Captain Ashton, you know, mother—that I have met since I've been knocking about the world,' said young Frank Gray, a midshipman in Messrs Grogan's merchant service, and late junior officer of the ill-fated *Watervitch*, from Queensland homeward-bound, with cotton never destined to supply British spindles and jennies with the raw material of our national manufacture. 'It's not only that his pluck and seamanship saved my life; but didn't he take me home to his own lodgings, rig me out afresh, lend me money to bring me here, and treat me, in short, as if I'd been his own brother. I'd like to see the fellow who'd dare to breathe a word against him!' added the boy, with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes he was ashamed of, and all a boy's enthusiasm, when once at home again in his mother's pretty cottage, near the Dorsetshire end of the New Forest. And Mrs Gray laughed, and wept, we may be sure, at these words from her sailor-boy, whose age was fourteen, and his knocking about the world a process that had occupied twenty-one months or so; and while returning him the ten pounds that he had expended on her rescued son, wrote Hugh a grateful letter, telling him that under one roof in Dorsetshire he would ever find friends.

In the meantime, the purple bag which the joint efforts of Hugh and Neptune had saved from the wreck, cost the former more trouble than he had at first anticipated. There being no outward indication as to the address of its owner, his heirs, administrators, or assigns—to borrow a legal formula from the frequent study of which few of us can have been absolutely free—Hugh was compelled to force the lock, which was of a curious construction, and not easily broken open. The bag proved to contain nothing but a packet, which might be conjectured to consist of valuable

documents, most carefully wrapped in oiled silk, for the exclusion of water. This outer covering being removed, a stout paper envelope next appeared, sealed with five seals bearing the initials J. P., and addressed in a clerkly hand: 'ARTHUR WADMORE DICKER, Esq., 11 Guildhall Chambers, Poultry, London, E.C.;' while underneath was written: 'In case of accident, the finder is earnestly requested to forward this, as above.' There seemed to Hugh to be something almost touching in these words, traced as they were by the hand of one who had perished, before his very eyes, in the strict execution of what he regarded as a sacred trust.

A letter penned by Hugh to Arthur Wadmore Dicker, Esquire, had produced a speedy reply, signed 'Yours cordially, in haste, A. W. DICKER,' and dated from Guildhall Chambers, London, E.C. In this communication Mr Dicker expressed himself as under no trifling weight of obligation to Captain Ashton for the recovery and safe care of certain important papers which, there could be little doubt, must have been on board the unlucky ship *Waterwitch*. Would Captain Ashton add to that obligation by himself kindly undertaking to convey the papers to London and to place them in Mr Dicker's own hands? Between the hours of 11 a.m. and 12.30, Mr Dicker would be glad personally to receive Captain Ashton, on a particular day specified, could Captain Ashton make it convenient to call. And as a matter of course, the expenses of Captain Ashton's journey would be defrayed. A hasty postscript requested that Hugh would telegraph in reply.

'Time is money, really money, as I have heard, with some of these City men,' said Hugh, smiling, to himself as he finished the perusal of Mr Dicker's letter; 'and I make no doubt that my unknown correspondent is one of them.' However, he had himself just then, thanks to the necessity for some repairs to crank and boilers in the engine-room of the *Western Maid*, ample leisure, so he duly telegraphed his reply as requested, and at the appointed time found his way to No. 11 Guildhall Chambers.

It is impossible anywhere, but in London most of all, to judge of the calibre of a man's business by the aspect of the locality in which it is transacted. There are City-magnates whose names are mentioned with honour on the Exchange of every continental town from Amsterdam to Vienna, who nevertheless conduct their world-wide dealings in mean little dens and amidst poverty-stricken surroundings. So are there gorgeous establishments all plate-glass, French-polish, gilding, and mahogany, quite as fine and about as respectable as a gin-palace. It is not up the wide marble staircase, flanked by double gilt lamps, upborne by colossal Caryatides, of the Megalotherion Credit Company, that wealthy financiers, the kings of the money-market, habitually pass with creaking tread. Those princely stairs, that majestic entrance, those rich liveries, and the solemn hush that prevails within the stately premises of the brand-new Company, are all, in the eyes of prudent men, substantial advertisements to be paid for, soon or late, with the cash of the confiding shareholders, of whose bones the astute directors intend (figuratively) to make their bread.

Mr Dicker's place of business was neither

squalid, as are those of some commercial grandees of the old school, nor was it meretricious in its splendour. Ample and commodious it certainly was, and it had an air suggestive of solid wealth, orderly arrangements, and great affairs conducted with as much promptitude and as little hurry as the feverish spirit of modern trade allows. There were many applicants for an interview waiting in the different anterooms, not a few of whom eyed Hugh Ashton with a sort of resentful envy as, having sent in his name, he was, after only quarters of an hour's delay, ushered into the great man's presence.

The great man gave Hugh Ashton his hand to shake; or more accurately, he gave him part of it, say two fingers and the tip of the thumb. In any case it was intended as a compliment, and one which Mr Dicker seldom paid to men of Hugh's financial mark. In Mr Dicker's table of precedence, Hugh Ashton, and such as Hugh, were set down at zero. They were to be spoken to if needed per proxy of a clerk, or perhaps by a chief-clerk. But as for shaking hands with the captains of tug-steamers, that was absurd. Mr Dicker's manual accolades were for the tritons of the money market, for 'warm men' on 'Change, and for what he was fond of designating as 'sprigs of nobility,' and whom he entertained with royal hospitality at his Hyde Park mansion or his Twickenham villa. But Hugh had rendered an unusual service, and therefore received a welcome at 11 Guildhall Chambers, which, had he known the ways of the place better, ought to have astonished him.

'Upon my word, Mr—to be sure, Captain Ashton, I am very much obliged to you, deeply, in fact your debtor,' said the merchant-prince blandly, leaning back in his beehive chair, and looking first at Hugh, and then at the cheque-book that lay open beside him on a table heaped with letters and deeds and papers miscellaneous. 'Your gallant conduct—Will you allow me! And as he spoke he took the bag which Hugh offered him, drew forth the packet of papers, and satisfied himself that the seals were intact. 'Upon my word, Mr—yes, Captain Acres—Eyre—Ashton, I am monstrously obliged to you,' said the great man. It was one of Mr Dicker's little acquired affectations not to be able to treasure in his retentive memory the names of the humbly born. He had learned the trick late in life, not from the young fellows of quality who sat at his dinners and flirted at his garden-parties, but from certain middle-aged Lady Maries and Lady Floras who frequented Mrs Dicker's costly entertainments, and who made it a point to mangle any name not registered by Debrett.

'Monstrously obliged to you indeed,' repeated Mr Dicker. George the Magnificent, and Colonel Hauger, and Long Pole Wallisley, associates of the First Gentleman in Europe, used to say 'monstrously' in days when Mr Dicker was a boy just placed in a Cheapside warehouse, at a weekly salary of three half-crowns; and he clung to the old phrase, which had filtered down through various strata of society before it reached the Industrious Apprentice, now elderly, and almost old, but at the zenith of prosperity. Hugh said, simply, that he had done no more than his duty.

Something in his voice or in his mien made

Mr Dicker look at him more closely than he had done before. 'Bless my soul!' exclaimed the self-made man; 'why, you are a gentleman, Captain Ashton. I had no idea.'—

An expression, half of humour, half of pain, flitted across Hugh's handsome face as he heard these words, almost identical with those which old Captain Trawl had used on first seeing him at his own door in Treport.

'No gentleman, sir!' he said quietly; 'a colonist and a sailor I have been; and a little while ago I was a poor fisherman and owner of hired pleasure-boats, beside a Welsh lake. It was a great promotion for me when, quite recently, I was set to command a steam-tug.'

Mr Dicker, who piqued himself on his infallibility, looked a little annoyed; but the cloud cleared quickly from his furrowed brow as he said: 'Well Captain, we may at least understand one another, the rather,' with a glance at the clock, ticking inexorably opposite, 'that I have numerous appointments, and that my time is not my own. I was very much vexed and grieved, quite upset, I assure you, when I heard of the loss of the *Waterwitch*. Grogan and Company always insure, of course, so there's not a penny of loss; but then the lives! Poor Purkiss! I have lost the most faithful servant, sir, and one who was in my employment for eight-and-twenty years—eight—and twenty. Poor Purkiss—not married—no; but two dependent sisters—for whom, as I have already notified, provision will be made. Well, well! It does not do for men of business to indulge in sentiment; but I am sorry, Captain Ashton, that my excellent clerk should have died as you describe, a victim to his duty. You believe me, I am sure!'

There was a little unaccustomed hoarseness in Mr Dicker's pompous voice, a little unwonted moisture about Mr Dicker's cold eyes, and Hugh did believe in the reality of the merchant's sorrow for his faithful clerk.

'Ah, well,' pursued Mr Dicker, rattling his massive watch-chain, 'Time—and tide—here a second glance at the office clock—wait for no man. Captain, the papers you have saved at no light risk, and so honourably restored to me, are of great value, very great value. That poor Purkiss did so well for me, out in Queensland there! If he had but come home by mail-steamer instead of that unlucky sailing-ship; but it's too late now—How can I acknowledge the obligation?' he added, looking very hard at his cheque-book, and then very hard at Hugh. He saw no answering smirk, no coy delight, such as rich men sometimes behold in the countenances of poor ones when they are about to write an order on the banker.

'You tell me you are not a gentleman, but I'll be hanged if I like to offer you money!' blurted out the merchant-prince.

'I had rather not, thank you, sir, accept anything beyond the price of my return ticket,' answered Hugh. 'Money honestly earned, I have no false shame in taking, but'—

Just then a bell rang, and a head was popped in: 'Sir Peter is come, please, sir, and Mr Joseph Bullion, by appointment.'

'I must say good-bye!' exclaimed the great man, giving Hugh his whole hand this time to shake. 'But—but you're a fine lad, and I like

you; and if ever you want a friend in need—I'm a railway director, and what not; this is no idle compliment, mind—you come here, and ask for Arthur Wadmore Dicker!'

TENT-LIFE IN PALESTINE.

In their habits of thought and action the peasantry of Palestine still remain essentially what they were in the earliest ages of our world's history; hence to travel in the East seems to lift the veil which Time has dropped over the dead centuries, and to live again a life full of the charm with which antiquity envelops the past. The traveller riding up from the coast to Jerusalem still passes ancient villages like Bethphage and Bethany perched on the breezy hill-sides; he still sees flocks of sheep, goats, and small red cattle tended by herd-boys such as David might have been; he still passes groups of blue-robed women who with reddish-brown jars on their heads loiter beside the wells in the shade of the gray-olive trees, and draw water and chatter and gossip and quarrel as Rebecca and her companions did in the days of Abraham.

Determined to proceed with the survey of Western Palestine, the Exploration Committee appointed Captain Stewart, R.E., as leader of the expedition; that officer however, having unfortunately become invalided ere the work was well begun, was succeeded by Lieutenant Conder, R.E., who has recorded his observations in the interesting volumes, *Tent Work in Palestine* (Bentley & Son, London). Upon landing in Syria for the purpose of pursuing his investigations, Lieutenant Conder found the survey camp pitched beside a beautiful fountain in Samaria. It consisted of four tents, one of which was used as a kitchen, and had quite a little flock of live-stock around it, comprising horses, mules, dogs, and a pet gazelle. A small village called Sebastieh now represents Samaria; the magnificent city of Herod the Great; and of its beautiful buildings but one small portion remains, a colonnade to the west of the village. During the months of July and August, the party remained in the neighbourhood of Samaria, and while there, the head of a wealthy native family named Jeba, invited Lieutenant Conder and a friend to dinner. 'We found the sheik's reception-room,' he says, 'well built and new; the upper floor had a raised dais carpeted and furnished with pillows, and on this we were requested to sit.' The host, dressed in a long white robe, now appeared, and removing his slippers, stepped upon the dais, where he tapped his breast, lips, and head, and frequently repeated: 'How is your health? How is Your Excellency?' Water was then poured over their hands from a brass ewer; and the requirements of etiquette being thus fulfilled, dinner was immediately served. It consisted of twelve dishes, of which the first were lentils, tomatoes, and vegetable marrows stuffed with rice. Then came *leben*, bowls of sour thickened milk; followed by three huge dishes of rice and meat; and lastly the crowning glory of the feast, what the visitors supposed to be a kid dressed whole. It was exquisitely tender and juicy, and they ate

of it with much appetite, little suspecting that it was, what it afterwards turned out to be, their own pet gazelle. No water was placed on the board; but a slave stood near with a huge green goblet, from which each guest drank in succession, each man as he put the water to his lips turning to his next neighbour and saying: 'Digestion; whereupon the other gravely rejoined: 'The Lord increase your digestion,' a pious prayer not altogether uncalled for under the circumstances. Pipes, coffee, and cigarettes concluded the feast.

In August the tents were struck, and camels had to be procured to carry the baggage. Having at last got under weigh, the picturesque procession in a long string filed down the chalky road to the new camp beside the ancient Engannin, the spring of gardens, a lovely spot still, with vineyards and fruit-gardens and patches of palms. The heat now became so great that they felt as if the loose basaltic soil scorched their feet even through the soles of their boots; portions of the skin of their faces came off, and the constantly recurring mirage rendered the taking of observations almost impossible. Among the sites examined in this neighbourhood were the village of Nain, the cave of Endor, the fountain beside Jezreel where Saul pitched, and the brook Kishon the scene of Sisera's overthrow. From this camp they rode one day to Nazareth, which they found a flourishing town, containing the sacred places of no fewer than six sects. 'The people of this town,' says Lieutenant Conder, 'are remarkable for the gay colouring of their dresses, and the Christian women for their beauty; many a charming bit of colour, many a shapely figure set off by a picturesque costume, many a dark eye and ruddy cheek have I seen in the streets or by the spring.'

Towards the end of summer and in autumn, Palestine presents a withered, parched, inconceivably desolate appearance; but with the first rain, which fell immediately after the camp was moved to the vicinity of Nazareth, the waste face of the desert began to bud and blossom into beauty, and quite a crowd of flowers appeared. Crocuses, narcissus, squills, lilies, and red anemones enamelled the turf, which glowed with a tint of the richest green. Birds also began to be visible, the yellow wagtail, the blue roller-bird, and the boomer, a small species of owl; while from the thickets sounded the tender plaint of the turtle-dove.

The natives of Nazareth are very quarrelsome, and the troubles arising from this source were so manifold that the survey party made all the haste they could to leave it for the village of Sheik Abreik, where they were not only left in peace, but found as much game as they could shoot—woodcock, quail, red-legged partridges, lapwing, snipe, and a small species of bustard. They found that some of the Nazareth villages and the northern half of the great plain extending to seventy square miles, have been bought by a Greek banker, who paid only twenty thousand pounds for this huge slice of land; and the increased productiveness and superior cultivation of his property shew what might be made of the country under more favourable circumstances. Towards the middle of December the weather became stormy, and the camp was broken up for the season, the survey-party finding refuge

in the German colony of Haifa at the base of Carmel.

Carmel is not so much one, as a triangular block of mountains with valleys running up between them thickly clothed with wood, and abounding in game, such as wild pigs, gazelles, fallow deer, hunting-leopards, and partridges and other birds. The view from the summit is very fine. At the end of one of the ridges, five hundred feet above the sea, stands a Carmelite convent; there are also on the slopes of the hill two Druse villages and the ruins of a synagogue. Haifa is a walled and well-built town with gay bazaars, while west of it along the shore stretch extensive and magnificent ruins which belonged to an ancient city of the same name. After the winter storms the beach at the bay of Haifa is often found strewn with shells of the *Murex trunculus*, from which in ancient times the costly Tyrian purple was extracted. Under the cliffs of Carmel the Kishon pours its waters into the plain of Acro, through a narrow gorge clothed with thickets of laurestines, and flows to the sea through long dunes of sand, which are fringed with palms and covered with semi-aquatic plants with thick glossy leaves.

Acro, where anciently the flag of Richard Cour de Lion floated, and which was taken by the British in 1840, they found to be a poor irregularly built town. Much more interesting was the survey of Athlit, also a Crusading fortress. The ruins which are in the Gothic style of architecture, are magnificent, and well worthy of the great order of Knights Templars by whom they were built. The exploring party were now in the plain of Sharon, a district rarely visited by travellers, and the few inhabitants, unsophisticated by intercourse with Europeans, were found to be savage and lawless in the extreme. Robbery was the business of their lives, and to robbery they generally added murder. One day Lieutenant Conder entered an ancient Jewish sepulchre for the purpose of exploring it, when he found to his horror the bodies of six murdered persons lying on the floor in different directions. The rose of Sharon he supposes to be the white narcissus, which in early spring clothes the plain with beauty. Lying low amid the broad white dunes of rolling sand at the extremity of the plain, they found all that is left of the magnificent city which Herod built in honour of Cæsar Augustus, and called Cesarea. Some fragments of its gigantic mole still remain, and of its stone theatre and hippodrome; and along the mole projecting into the sea, the dismantled towers of the Crusading fortress which was erected on its ruins. Around these lonely memorials of long-vanished splendour stretch in spring, acres upon acres of the yellow marigold, a noxious flower to travellers, for it was found to occasion a very bad form of hay-fever. Early in April the patches of corn were ripening under the scattered oaks, and the shaggy brown buffaloes were wallowing in the muddy marshes; and on the shoals in Crocodile liver the long brown reptiles which give it its name might be seen basking in the sun.

In the beginning of April the camp was moved to the edge of the hills, and here they had an invitation to dinner from the Emir of the Howarith Arabs, whose tents were pitched in the plain below. They accepted the invitation, and found a large party assembled to meet them,

very polite and quiet in manner. At 1 P.M. dinner was served in a large wooden bowl four feet in diameter. The substratum of the feast was composed of bread and vegetables, above which was piled rice and roast-lamb cut into small pieces, while over all was poured an ample libation of melted butter. Three brass spoons were courteously proffered to the English guests; but as they were no longer strangers in the country, they boldly thrust their right hands into the savoury mess, and made a comfortable meal.

Then came May. The corn was reaped, the flowers were gone, and the treeless plain was again a withered desert scorched with the fiery heat of the sun, which made the survey party thankful to march south into a wild hilly country where there were pleasant olive groves. The natives of this region had never seen an Englishman, and the ruins around owed their dilapidation rather to the destructive influences of the weather than to the hand of man. They were now completely worn out by the heat of the sun and the fatigues of the campaign, and resolved to take a few weeks of relaxation in a cool retreat in the mountains above Damascus.

Emerging from a rugged gorge in a chain of barren hills, the traveller suddenly sees beneath his feet a cool delicious paradise of murmuring waters and shady groves, through whose masses of dusky foliage rise the white minarets and domes of this ancient city. The architecture is not striking, for with the exception of the public buildings and a few private dwellings, Damascus is built of mud; and yet it gives to the stranger an impression of imposing grandeur from the magnificence and beauty of its interiors. The houses are built round courts, which are pleasant shady arcades of overarching boughs and trellised vines; the walls are covered with arabesques; the floors are of tessellated marble; marble columns support the roofs of carved wood which run along one side; and water gleams and sparkles all around, gushing from fountains of marble or alabaster. The shady narrow streets and gay bazaars forcibly recall to the stranger the imagery of the *Arabian Nights*. Here, unlike Cairo and Jerusalem, although there is variety enough in the loungers and passers by, there is no Frank admixture in the crowd, no undignified hurry, no bustling eager tread imported from the busy West. All is oriental, from the Moslem lady who shuffles past in yellow slippers, to the shawled Bedouin who eyes with stealthy glance the portly Kadi in long striped robe and huge white turban; while the gaunt Softa, most fanatical of the followers of the Prophet, scowls upon the unveiled Maronite woman, as she crouches in an angle of the wall to avoid the huge camel, who with his swinging load of firewood sweeps the narrow lane.

Bludán was the name of the sanatorium in the hills to which they were bound, a cool delightful spot, from which they made excursions to Baalbec, a chaos of colossal columns and broken porticoes; and to Hermon, which Lieutenant Conder considers to be the Mount of the Transfiguration.

In the end of September they went into camp again at Bethlehem, which is now one of the most flourishing towns in Palestine. It has five thousand inhabitants who are all Christians, and whose

enterprise and energy in trade shew the difference between the religion of hope and progress and the deadening benumbing influence of the fatalistic Mussulman creed. The olive harvest had begun in the environs of the busy little town, and picturesque groups of gaily-dressed women were hard at work in the olive orchards, their babies being slung up the while in small hammocks between the trees. In the beginning of November the travellers left Bethlehem, and entered the barren wilderness which stretches away on the west beyond the Dead Sea; their first desert camp being pitched beside the Greek monastery of Mar Saba, a spot dreary and desolate almost beyond the power of language to describe. Its inmates are Greek monks exiled for crimes or heresy, and Lieutenant Conder scarcely knew which had the more hopeless and fossilised appearance, the ghastly desert outside, or these living men within, slowly withering away—a dreary death in life.

From this stony wilderness they marched to Jerusalem, the great centre of interest in Palestine; but while admitting its many fascinations from an antiquarian point of view, our author solemnly avers it to be in his opinion 'a very ugly city.' On two occasions during Easter he was present in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and saw the pretended miracle of the Holy Fire, which the ignorant Syrian and Russian peasants believe to descend from heaven. The church, which is a large building, is crowded on these occasions with pilgrims, and the scene is peculiarly striking from the varied nationality and dress of the worshippers, and from the wild and intense emotion which many of them exhibit. During his stay in Jerusalem Lieutenant Conder prepared a map, shewing as accurately as possible the lie of the natural rock within the city walls (Modern Jerusalem being built, as Captain Warren and others have shewn, over the accumulated rubbish of the ancient city). By this and by certain other investigations he was able to demonstrate that the conformation of the ground is not radically different now from what it was in ancient times; and he was also led to reject the sites of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary as not genuine. In the middle of November they left Jerusalem for Jericho, which is represented by a modern mud-built village called Eriha. From this camp they endeavoured to fix the site of the wicked cities of the plain, and found a spot still known as Wady Amriyeh, a word radically the same as the Hebrew Gomorrah. They were equally fortunate with Admah and Zeboim, but found no trace of Sodom, which the neighbouring Moslems believe to be entombed beneath the sullen waters of the Sea of Lot, which is the term they apply to the Dead Sea.

The valley of the Jordan to which they next turned their attention is one of the most remarkable features of Palestine. Along its whole course it teams with wild life, its furred and feathered denizens finding refuge in the cane and tamarisk brakes, the willow thickets, and the tall papyrus marshes through which the river flows. Various theories have been started to account for the extreme depression of the lower portion of the Jordan valley and of the Dead Sea. Lieutenant Conder, after a careful examination, refers it to volcanic and earthquake action, but considers that the sea has had its present limits from a period

not prior to the creation of man. It was early spring when they finished the survey of the Jordan valley, and the wide glaring wastes of white chalk-land were covered deep with luxuriant pasturage, and were bright with patches of brilliant flowers, over which the lovely little sunbirds peculiar to the district hovered like living jewels. The weather was still occasionally stormy and cold, with bitter showers of sleet and hail; and rheumatism and hay-fever attacked the much-enduring survey party. Among the many Biblical sites which they were able to identify was Bethabara, the scene of our Lord's baptism, a place about which there has been much dispute. Lieutenant Conder places it at one of the many fords of the Jordan, just above its junction with the Jald. During this campaign their commissariat was not so well supplied as usual: often after a hard day's work they could get nothing to eat but eggs and bread; and when meat was procurable, it was too often some patriarchal goat, whose ancient bones were scarcely worth the picking. Insufficient food combined with rheumatism and cough at length reduced the gallant explorer so much that he was obliged to return to England; and during his absence Mr Drake, his second in command, had another attack of fever, and succumbed to it.

In September 1874, Lieutenant Conder returned to Palestine and resumed camp-life, the tents of the survey party being pitched near Hebron. Here they examined the cave of Machpelah and the massive wall which surrounds it. Like many Biblical and Christian sites it is a sacred shrine of the Moslems, who guard it most jealously. The oak of Mamre ('oak of rest') is still shown standing among the vineyards north-west of Hebron; it has branches fifty feet long. A wide district of open wolds and arable land, dry and treeless, but rich in flocks and herds, runs north and west of Hebron, and forms the scene of many of David's wanderings. It was now autumn, and these lands, which are stretches of beautiful pasture in spring, were now a desolate desert. The weather too, began to get stormy and broken; rheumatism, the *déte noire* of tent-life in a variable climate, attacked even the horses, and the party were forced to return to Jerusalem.

In the beginning of March they moved to the warm spring of Engedi, the water of which is eighty-three degrees Fahr. They were here in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, on whose desolate shores they sometimes found the pickled bodies of fish from the Jordan. From this camp they visited the magnificent ruins of the fortress of Masada, so graphically described by Josephus. In the beginning of March the desert survey was finished amid frightful weather, and then a good time awaited them and pleasant spring sunshine; while they made the survey of Philistia and Shephelah. Here they found and identified the sites of all the ancient cities of the Philistines—Gath, Ascalon, Gaza, Ekron, and Ashdod, and then went on to Galilee.

An interesting chapter treats of the origin of the present Syrian peasantry, whom Lieutenant Conder considers to be the descendants of the ancient Canaanites whom the Israelites were unable to drive out. They are a people who have many virtues; they are patient, docile, sober, quick, intelligent, and brave; but they are igno-

rant, immoral, and given over to the most shameful untruthfulness. They have a proverb, 'that a lie is the salt of a man,' and yet their moral perceptions are not so blunted but that they can admire honesty and truthfulness in others; for to the oaths in use in patriarchal times they have now added another, and swear when they are striking a bargain, 'by the word of the English.' Their houses are built of mud or of sun-dried bricks; and a peasant in comfortable circumstances has a carpet for the raised platform at one end of his house, and warm suitable clothing for himself and his household. His food is simple; he never tastes meat except at a feast, but lives upon unleavened bread which he dips in oil, or conserved made of grapes; to this he adds rice, olives, clarified butter, eggs, melons, and cucumbers, and in a time of scarcity mallows are eaten stewed in oil or sour milk. Many diseases, such as dysentery, ophthalmia, fever, and liver complaints, afflict the peasantry. Leprosy, which was common in Biblical and Crusading times, is common still, and is as incurable now as it was then. The lepers who cluster about the outskirts of the towns and villages, and hoarsely demand charity from the passers-by, present a most ghastly and affecting spectacle.

Barley and wheat are the ordinary spring crops, succeeded by sesame, Indian corn, melons, tobacco, and cotton; in winter, beans, lentils, chick-peas, and other vegetables are grown. Indigo is found wild, and the list of fruits comprises olives, grapes, pomegranates, apricots, walnuts, plums, apples, mulberries, pears, quinces, oranges, lemons, and bananas. Sheep, oxen, goats, horses, and camels are the domestic animals; all except the last being small.

Numerous tribes of Bedouins wander over Palestine, pitching their tents in the sheltered valleys in winter, and on the breezy uplands in summer. They have numerous flocks and herds, and the life of Abraham and his immediate successors is faithfully depicted in the tent of an Arab emir of the present day.

AUNT BARBARA'S PRESENT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the end of June 18—, Mr Forrester's house in Grosvenor Place was the scene of much excitement with preparations for the approaching marriage of his eldest daughter. This event was regarded by the family as one of more than usual importance, as Margaret or Meta, the pet name of the pretty little bride-elect, now in her twentieth year, was the first daughter of the house who had lived to be married, for more than a generation; indeed the first who had survived her childhood, with the exception of Mr Forrester's only sister, who was a confirmed old maid. This lady, who was known to a numerous circle as 'Aunt Barbara,' had many peculiarities; but she had never made a pretence of being a day younger than she was, and now honestly confessed to her sixty years, wore her own white hair, and candidly owned that she had never received an offer of marriage in her life—always adding that she should not have accepted it if she had.

It was the custom of Miss Forrester, senior, to spend two months of the 'season' at her brother's house; and she was now, somewhat against her inclination, extending her visit to be present at the approaching wedding. Now, as she was wealthy, and tolerably liberal in her expenditure, it was certainly natural that the youthful bride and her only sister—a bright lively girl three years younger than herself—should speculate upon the nature of the present which they felt sure must be forthcoming, to add to those already received from every other relation and friend of the family. Dora, the younger sister, was the more interested of the two, and expressed her opinion that either some gift more costly than any yet received was being prepared, or that Aunt Barbara would present a handsome sum of money on the occasion.

One morning when the sisters were sitting together in the pretty morning-room which was appropriated to their special use, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of Miss Forrester's prim maid, who said: 'My mistress wishes to see Miss Meta in her dressing-room.' Then making a demure courtesy, withdrew.

'Now for it at last!' exclaimed Dora. 'Do you think Meta, I may go too?'

'I think not,' was the reply. 'You know how particular Aunt Barbara is, and she did not mention you, dear.'

On obeying that lady's summons, her niece found her sitting bolt upright in a high-backed chair, instead of the luxurious one which had been provided for her. She rose as Meta entered, and giving her a hard kiss, presented her with a purse—not an ugly brown leather one, as Dora had laughingly predicted, but a very elegant affair of her own knitting. 'There, child!' she said. 'You will find fifty pounds in it to buy a dressing-case. I have ascertained that no one else has given you one; and as I wish my gift to be really useful, I wish you to choose one which will contain all your trinkets.'

'A thousand thanks, dear aunt. But will not fifty pounds be too much to spend upon a dressing-case?'

'Not at all, child! As "Lady Davenant," you will require a handsome one; and as you have so many ornaments, a strong jewel-case is perhaps just the sort of thing you ought to have.'

Meta promised very readily to attend to her wishes; and retiring with her new acquisition, hastened to tell her expectant sister the result of her interview with Aunt Barbara.

Dora was delighted, and for a singular reason. 'I am so glad,' she exclaimed, 'that she has only given you fifty pounds, instead of the five hundred which *entre nous* it ought to have been, as now we can have the pleasure of spending it ourselves, and the sooner the better; so pray let us go this afternoon.'

'But we may not go alone,' urged Meta; 'and mamma has the carriage too.'

'Oh, I will find an escort,' replied Dora. 'I have been longing to go out all the morning.'

It was accordingly arranged that their own maid should accompany them; and without informing any one else of their intentions, they desired her, as soon as they were well out of sight of the house, to call a cab; and then, probably for the first time in their lives, were thus taken to Regent Street. They alighted at the Circus, and greatly enjoyed their walk, gazing at every gay window till they arrived at the splendid emporium which was to be honoured with their patronage. Here the sisters were conducted into a spacious room, where such articles as they required were displayed in apparently endless profusion. The obsequious shopman brought forward specimens of from ten to twenty pounds value, which no doubt he thought good enough for pedestrians unattended even by a footman; but he was told that something more costly was required; and at last, having with unwearied patience shewn many more, Meta suddenly caught sight of a large and elegant casket standing quite apart from all the others. 'That with the painting on the lid,' exclaimed the young lady, 'is the most likely to suit me, if not too expensive. I cannot go beyond fifty pounds.'

'I do not think it is, madam,' was the answer. 'We can take rather less than the sum you name, for that. The price is only forty-five pounds.'

'How is that?' said Dora. 'It appears to me to be the handsomest jewel-case in the room.'

'Well ladies,' explained the shopman, 'that casket was intrusted to us by a lady who wishes to dispose of it, and was never made for less than a hundred guineas; but as I have said, she will be satisfied with less than half, as for an article not entirely new, including our commission.'

'Oh, pray let her have the sum intact,' exclaimed impetuous Dora. 'I am sure my sister will willingly give fifty pounds for such a beauty.'

'Yes, certainly, if on examination I find it perfect in every part; as you know Dora, Aunt Barbara would be greatly annoyed if she should discover in it any trace of former use.'

So the sisters sat down to examine the casket. No flaw was to be seen. The jewel-drawers were lined with spotless white satin; the silver-gilt fittings perfect; the richly-cut scent-bottles retained a faint odour of some delicious perfume; but no other part of the beautiful box appeared to have been used.

'To what address shall I have the pleasure of sending it?' asked the shopman, after a due examination of Aunt Barbara's notes.

'Don't have it sent,' whispered Dora. 'Lucy can manage to find a cab, I daresay;' for which the maid was accordingly despatched. The casket was at once packed, and the shopman placed it opposite to the young ladies. When they were seated, he asked what address he should give the driver. 'Hyde Park Corner,' said Dora quickly. 'We will give him further orders.'

As they drove off, Meta asked her sister why she had not given the address in full.

'Because he looked so curious about us,' was

her reply. 'I enjoyed disappointing the man; though I am dying of curiosity myself to know the history of Aunt Barbara's present.'

This little freak of Dora's was the cause of much perplexity afterwards.

When the girls reached home, they determined to dress for dinner at once, and then wait for Aunt Barbara in the drawing-room, where she invariably made her appearance just half an hour before the dinner-bell rang. They then placed their elegant purchase on a table ready for her inspection. Presently the rustle of her stiff silk dress was heard in the corridor, and she swept into the room followed by her maid, whose daily duty it was to place her mistress's chair and footstool in readiness for her.

'Aunt Barbara,' exclaimed Meta, 'do not sit down till you have seen your beautiful present. I am so anxious to hear what you think of my selection.'

'Think! my dear child,' she gravely answered. 'I think you have been very extravagant; for this painting on the lid is on *Sèvres* china, and is alone worth the money I gave you.'

Much pleased with her bargain, Meta told its history as far as she knew it. Mrs Forrester then came in from her drive, and pronounced the same judgment on the painting, which was an exquisite portrait of Louise de la Vallière. All agreed that it was provoking to know so little about it, excepting Aunt Barbara, who pretended not to care; but she was quite as curious as the rest.

The following day brought Sir Percival Davenant, who had been inspecting some improvements at his country-house for the reception of his young bride. He was of course told of her purchase, and his opinion required. He greatly admired the painting, and then set himself to examine the interior of the lid with considerable minuteness. 'I am trying,' he remarked, 'to discover some secret spring, as I am sure these ivory panels must open, though the workmanship is so perfect that no join can be discerned.' He passed his finger carefully all round till one part yielded to the pressure and the door flew open; and in one corner of the space thus revealed was a small piece of yellow paper, on which were a few lines written in faded ink. This proved to be a marriage certificate.

'This is quite romantic!' exclaimed Dora. 'But seriously, Percival, is it not a dreadful thing to lose one!'

He smiled at her question, and told her that generally it was not difficult to obtain a copy of such a document. 'But this,' he explained, 'I see attests a Gretna Green marriage, and might be difficult if not impossible to replace, as such marriages are not now allowed to take place.'

'Then,' said Dora, 'we ought certainly to do our best to discover the lady to whom it belongs, and relieve her mind by restoring it.'

'At the same time relieving your own by satisfying your curiosity,' observed Sir Percival laughing.

Of course the certificate was duly examined by every member of the family, and was the subject of all sorts of conjectures. But the next few days brought so many occupations to distract their attention from it, that the little document being restored to its hiding-place, was scarcely alluded to again before the wedding, and was for a time for-

gotten. Indeed the sisters thought so much of their approaching separation, that they made no attempt at that time to discover the owner of the marriage certificate.

On the 30th of July Sir Percival Davenant and Meta Forrester were married under the happiest auspices; friends on both sides approving; the young couple themselves devotedly attached to each other. When all was over, the home-party was broken up; Mr and Mrs Forrester with Dora left to pay a round of long-promised visits, Aunt Barbara to return to her pleasant country-house. Two months later, the bridal tour being over, Dora joined the newly married pair at Davenant Court, their beautiful home in the Isle of Wight, where the sisters were once more happy in each other's society.

One morning towards the end of October, Sir Percival Davenant was as usual looking over the *Times* at the breakfast-table, occasionally reading aloud anything he thought likely to interest his companions, when he suddenly exclaimed: 'Here Dora, is something especially interesting for you. Can you guess what it is?'

'Yes; O yes, Percival!' she quickly answered. 'Some paragraph relating to that certificate, I am sure. Do make haste and read it.'

There was indeed a very conspicuous advertisement, leaving no doubt of its identity, and offering a very handsome reward for its recovery. All communications to be addressed to a Mr Kelly, Solicitor, Bedford Row.

'O Percival!' exclaimed Dora, 'do let us take it ourselves. We shall never hear any more about it if it is sent to town.'

But her brother-in-law thought the paper of so much importance that it should be sent immediately, and he could not just then leave home.

'Surely,' urged Dora, 'Meta is old enough to go with me without you. She is now a matron, you know; and her new maid looks old enough to be her mother; so we shall be quite safe, dear Percy.'

After much hesitation, he was obliged to give way to his sister's arguments and his young wife's unexpressed wish. The consequence was that, to the great surprise of their parents, the sisters arrived at Grosvenor Place by dinner-time the same day. The following morning the carriage was at the door immediately after breakfast to convey them to the solicitor's chambers, where they fortunately found him in. He was a very solemn personage; but with all his professional reticence, he could not conceal his intense satisfaction at the good tidings they had brought.

'Of course,' he remarked, 'I may not hint at the terms offered in the advertisement to you ladies; but if I can do anything to serve you, or make myself useful in any way, pray command me. You have rendered a most important service to a young lady for whom I have the greatest respect, and whose fortune and reputation were both in jeopardy by the loss of her marriage lines.'

'In that case, Mr Kelly,' said Lady Davenant, 'we will ask you a favour. May we have the pleasure of restoring them to her ourselves?'

'I will give you her address with much pleasure,' he replied, 'as I am sure she will be delighted to thank you personally. In the meantime, I will endeavour to see her husband, who will be still more rejoiced, if possible, to hear of

this, as he was in some measure to blame for the loss of the certificate.'

Mr Kelly then wrote a few lines of introduction, and addressed his note to Mrs Mortimer, No. —, Stafford Place, Pinlicko; that snug little nest of houses so near the Palace and the Park, yet hidden from both behind the main road.

During the drive Dora gave way to the excitement she had with difficulty restrained in the lawyer's office, and chattered incessantly to her sister on the subject of their adventure till the carriage stopped at the house. A neat little maid received their cards and conducted them up-stairs to a small but pretty room on the first-floor, in which a grand-pianoforte and a harp left little space for other furniture. Folding-doors, communicating with a still smaller apartment, were open, disclosing amid other signs of more domestic occupation, an infant's pretty berceausette, into which Meta could not refrain from peeping; but it was unoccupied. She had scarcely resumed her seat when a young lady in deep mourning entered the room, and very gracefully introduced herself as Mrs Mortimer. Tall and fair, with finely cut features, and a profusion of rich golden hair falling round her face and throat in the becoming ringlets which fashion has since banished so inexorably, her appearance was extremely prepossessing. Her countenance was very sad; her complexion white as alabaster, till she saw Mr Kelly's writing; then flushing to crimson with the emotion it excited, her trembling fingers could scarcely open the note presented to her by Lady Davenant, who hastened to her relief by telling her its contents. 'It is your lost certificate,' she explained.

For some moments Mrs Mortimer was unable to speak; but her lovely blue eyes were raised with an expression of the most intense gratitude to heaven, and she thus looked—as the sisters afterwards remarked—exactly like the beautiful portrait on the casket of Louise de la Vallière. When Mrs Mortimer had recovered her composure, she could scarcely find words to express her thankful feelings to her visitors. 'You can have no idea,' she said, 'how much I am indebted to you, and how I wish I could in any way repay you.'

'You can,' replied Lady Davenant with some hesitation, 'if you will indulge my sister and myself with the account of your loss, which cannot fail to be interesting to us.'

'I shall be delighted to tell you all particulars,' she eagerly replied, 'if you will excuse me till I have seen my husband.'

'Mr Mortimer knows all by this time,' said Dora, 'from Mr Kelly, and will soon be with you, dear Mrs Mortimer, so'—

'Still,' interrupted Meta, 'I can so well understand that you will wish to meet him alone; but I hope to-morrow you will allow me to fetch you to spend a few hours with us at Grosvenor Place, where my father and mother will be delighted to see you, and then we may perhaps claim your promise.'

The invitation was as cordially accepted as given, and the young ladies rose to take leave. As they were leaving the house, Mrs Mortimer's children arrived from their walk in the Park. Meta took the lovely but fragile-looking infant

in her arms, while Dora nearly smothered his little sister with kisses, a process to which this miniature of her beautiful mother seemed to be quite accustomed. After lingering for a few minutes with the engugging little ones, the sisters returned home to Grosvenor Place in triumph at the success of their expedition.

WHIMSICALITIES.

THERE are few people who have not some particular trait more strongly developed in them than in their fellow-beings. Characters are not like candles, shaped in certain-sized moulds. They have all their differing personalities, their private little foibles. Through the woof of our mental or moral texture runs a thread of originality which renders the pattern of each distinctive and inimitable. No two are alike. The mark that is so apparent in one may be lacking in the next, but in its place is visible an impress of another kind. What one man treasures, may be to his neighbour rubbish fit only for the dust-hole. It is curious to observe the eccentric forms which the individualities of many take. The strongest minded have oftentimes a vein of superstition hidden away behind their iron nerves. The most practical and hard-headed blush in conscious knowledge of a soft spot of romantic sentiment. An intellect high in attainments and rich in culture may touch the level of commonplace by means of a simple almost childish idiosyncrasy. The following examples will serve as illustrations of the foregoing remarks.

Mr R—— is a thorough man of business, prompt, exact, and punctual, yet possessing a heart that beats with generous sympathy, and a hand that knows how to give liberally. His donations to charities are munificent; and many a care-burdened soul, many a troubled mind owes to him a gratitude too deep for utterance. His peculiarity—which however, leans greatly to the side of a virtue—consists in an economical regard for string and paper. He positively winces as though from bodily pain when he sees a thoughtless urchin pull out his knife in order to solve the Gordian knot. No string must be cut. It must be carefully untied. He is politeness itself to fellow-passengers in railway carriages if he perceives them angrily tugging at the entangled ligature of parcel or packet. He blandly proffers his own assistance to aid in the unravelment, and smiling satisfaction beams from his kindly countenance as the obstinate knots yield to the touch of his patient fingers. His pockets contain an odd assortment of twine of every length, quality, and description. Any piece that has been discarded and cast aside, he instantly secures and adds to his hoard. Equally great is his respect for paper. He tears off the unsold half-sheets of letters sent to him, and uses them for his own private correspondence; and is equally careful concerning the brown paper he receives as a cover to parcels. While liberal in many matters, he thus shows his prudently economic habits.

My friend B— now exhibits a peculiarity of a totally different type. He is a hale hearty old fellow of sixty odd years; and his strength and vigour he attributes to the constant and copious use of cold water. 'See the fruits of it!' he exclaims, baring his muscular arm. 'All my life I've drunk it and bathed in it; and there's not a sounder constitution than mine in all the three kingdoms.' He has never had an illness; he has never had to pay a doctor's bill for himself. Rheumatism, gout, and neuralgia are maladies to him unknown. He once had a slight, a very slight cold, which he ascribes to an unwise infraction of his favourite principle. Being over-persuaded by his wife's fears, he, one intensely frosty January morning, took his matutinal douche somewhat tepid. 'And the result of that foolish act sir,' he said irefully to me, when I consoled him with him on the unprecedented misfortune of a sneeze, 'is this confounded influenza. No sir; no; no more warm baths for me. It was the first, and it shall be the last. I stick to my old colours closer than ever.' And he does too, and carries his theory so thoroughly into practice, that when staying at a small inn in the country his daily plunge was taken in an ice-bound stream; he having first to go through the preliminary operation of breaking the ice. He endeavours earnestly but unsuccessfully to make a convert of me. I candidly admit the truth and force of his arguments. I honestly admire him as a sample of the excellence of his doctrine; but I greatly fear that my nature is not sufficiently Spartan to allow me to become a worthy and creditable disciple.

There's J— again is never happy unless he is dosing himself. He is neither more nor less than a species of animated medicine-chest. He goes through a regular course of drug-taking. So many pills before going to bed, so many after getting up, so many before, so many after meals. When dinner is finished out comes a large pill-box, in the contents of which all his guests are asked to participate. Then he has especially potent draughts and particularly recommended drops to be taken at certain intervals. Every day he makes a careful examination of himself—takes note of the action of his pulse, observes the colour of his tongue, and closely scans the appearance of his eyes. Should the state of these organs prove unsatisfactory, there ensues an *extra*-ordinary absorption of doctor's stuff. Really, to see one man heroically swallowing so many nauseous compounds, gives one uneasy qualms of conscience, and provokes the inward query, whether an offer to assist in the task is not an obligation entailed by friendship.

Mrs L— is a charming woman, moderately young, and sufficiently attractive. But she is in a state of complete comfort only when her house is undergoing a putting in order. A spring cleaning sees her in her glory. Then her little idiosyncrasy has a fair field for expansion; and the amount of actual labour as well as vigilant superintendence which she succeeds in accomplishing would render a less energetic person limp and useless for a month. She does not however, confine her exertions to one particular season; the smallest pretext is seized upon as a sufficient excuse for a vigorous battle with ever-encroaching dust and

ever-invading dirt; and floors are uncovered, windows undraped, and sweeping, scrubbing, rubbing, and polishing are the *mots-d'ordre* of the day. Her carpets are worn out less from hard wear than hard brushing. A duster is to her hands a more familiar implement of industry than a needle. Cleanliness that is spotless, brightness that is dazzling, distinguish every corner and every article over which she exercises control.

A very worthy individual is my neighbour L—, and with sound enough views on most matters; but his common-sense utterly deserts him when it encounters the subject of taxes. Government, the army, the navy, the police force, and various other expensive institutions of the British empire, which have to be supported by a levy on the nation, are to most people facts plain and palpable. None the less however, do they fail to reconcile him to the frequently recurring demands of the collectors of taxes and rates. After a fashion of his own, he is a loyal subject, and would make an annual free-will offering of a hundred pound cheque to his sovereign did he think the royal exchequer required enriching. But to be *compelled* to disburse a tenth part of that sum provokes him to unwonted demonstrations of ill-nature. His unreasonableness is quite amusing.

A fancy for buying useless nick-nacks characterises Miss M—. She has a large collection of painted cardboard boxes, pretty to look at, but of no earthly good. Her dressing-table is crowded with an assortment of china trays for holding hair-pins and trinkets. Her work-basket is filled with odd-shaped needle-books and pin-cushions, carved spoons for silks, and an overflowing abundance of every sort of needle-work instrument. Happily she has means that allow her to indulge her whim. Nevertheless, it seems a pity to waste money on the accumulation of such unnecessary trifles.

I happened to know a worthy little man now deceased, whose hobby was the drinking of toasts laudatory of persons present at any of his small dinner-parties. On one occasion, where the company consisted only of himself and two of his acquaintances, he stood up and begged leave to propose a toast, beginning with the words: 'There is a gentleman present,' and so carrying on for a quarter of an hour in fulsome flattery of this distinguished personage, without mentioning his name until the very last, and ending with a proposal for all the honours. This passion for laudatory toasting of individuals is carried to extravagant lengths in various country towns. I have heard of one town in particular where the rule seems to be laid down, that all the guests on festive occasions shall eloquently flatter each other in turn. Technically, this is called 'buttering.' Every man going to an evening entertainment of a society or club must be prepared to give and take a good deal of butter. Perhaps there is not much wrong in this ridiculous practice. The butter is valued at what it is worth. It is not real, but sham butter, or what the grocers would call *butterine*.

Such are the few instances we have selected. They can be multiplied and added to *ad infinitum*. A closer observation of ourselves and our fellow-beings will furnish further proofs that one and all

we are folks with fads—with some sort of odd idiosyncrasy; and a knowledge of the fact should lead us to take a charitable view of our neighbours and their habits.

LOST AND FOUND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

UNDER this heading we have given at different times in this *Journal* a selection of stories relating to the loss and subsequent recovery of various articles. As we believe these were well received by a wide circle of readers, we have pleasure in giving a fresh selection, gathered from materials kindly furnished by correspondents in different quarters of the world, and placed at our disposal for this purpose.

The two stories which immediately follow are banking incidents, communicated by an English gentleman now resident in Canada, and may have a special interest at the present time.

My father was a brewer in a very large way of business in Newport, Isle of Wight, and of course a man particularly well known in that small country town. The events now related happened soon after the old French war, and long before the establishment of railways, money-order post-offices, the telegraph, and other modern conveniences. Communication by mail was then under a very heavy rate of postage; and all communications and packages of above a certain weight had to be sent as 'parcels' by the coaches. Hence bankers, goldsmiths, and others who were in the habit of sending valuable packages, when they could not find a responsible person willing to take charge of such articles, sent such parcels by private hand in the luggage of passengers, rather than go to the expense of carriage and run the risk of loss by the guard.

My father had repeatedly carried bankers' parcels containing large sums from Newport to London, and brought back similar parcels in return; but fearing any further responsibility, he at length declined all such future commissions, except those from his own bankers, and these he could not well refuse. His business called him a good deal to London; and as he was methodical and orderly, he got his full address engraved on a heavy brass plate, which was firmly riveted to the end of his black leathern portmanteau. This was in the days of Bank of England one-pound notes and other paper-money, and these securities answered instead of specie with the country banks; so that there was a constant passage and exchange of money-parcels between the country banks and their London agencies. On the occasion in question, a money-parcel had been duly taken to London and delivered; and the recipients inquired when the party (my father) was to return, in order that they might remit the usual reply-parcel. The answer was that his stay was uncertain, and he begged that the bankers would if possible find another messenger. But just as my father had all his luggage packed except the black leathern portmanteau, a clerk arrived from the banking-house with an ominously large parcel, whose square foldings of strong paper and well-sealed string-bands conveyed the unpleasant

idea that it was one of more than ordinary value. At first the parcel was altogether declined; and it was not until the clerk had assured the intended carrier that it had already been advised to the Newport bankers as sent by him, that it was accepted, and thrust into the portmanteau. Meantime the coach was delayed, the coachman and guard remonstrating loudly; and my father was finally hurried into the inside of the coach, having in the first place desired the 'boots' of the inn to deposit the portmanteau in the boot of the coach, which being under the feet of the coachman, was considered the safest place.

The coach arrived at Portsmouth, whence the sailing-packets transferred the passengers to the Isle of Wight across the Solent. There were at that time no steamboats; and when the wind and tide were contrary, the passage, although only of five miles, often took from two to three hours to accomplish. Great indeed was the dismay when on unloading the coach the black leathern portmanteau could not be found. The coachman and guard were strictly interrogated, but to no purpose. All that could be ascertained with certainty from the coachman and the box-seat passenger—both of whom were beyond suspicion—was that either one or other of them had had their feet on the cover of the boot the whole night, and that no single article had been removed, nor had the boot been once opened.

Clearly then, the only thing to be done was to write to the London bankers and to the inn-keeper, with a strict charge to find out from the 'boots' what he had done with the portmanteau, and to await events. On examination, the 'boots' declared that he had put the gentleman's portmanteau into the coach as he had done many times before, and that he had at the same time attended to the rest of the luggage. The reply of the London bankers was, that every inquiry possible had been made without discovery, and that the parcel contained ten thousand pounds of Bank of England notes, payment of which they had stopped.

This was a pleasant story to go to the country bank with, and as it was not a very large concern, the loss (should loss occur) would be almost ruinous. My father met the partners and stated the facts. Some proposed advertising; but as the name and address in full was on the portmanteau, and as the owner was so well known as a public man, it was thought best to wait and see what might turn up; all parties acquainted with the facts being strictly charged in the meantime to keep the matter absolutely secret, and that nothing whatever should be said outside. In spite of all this, my father felt that he was in a most disagreeable position, especially when the rumour went round every gossiping tea-table in the town that Mr — had been intrusted with a parcel containing ten thousand pounds, which not being accountable for, he had made away with.

Things went on in this way for some weeks, when one night after all had retired, my father was startled by a violent knocking at the front door; and on his opening his bedroom window, which was almost directly above the door, and hailing the intruder, he was answered by the welcome shout: 'Is that you, Mr —? and have you lost a portmanteau? I have one here in my hand with your name on it; and as the tide will

only serve half an hour longer, and my vessel must soon be under weigh, I ventured to knock you up.'

'Have you any one with you?' inquired my father.

'Yes,' replied the man, who was the master of a coasting schooner; 'my cabin-boy.'

'Well, tell him,' said my father, 'to go back to the schooner, and let the hands take her down the river, and wait for you at Cowes. You shall join her to-morrow. Meantime, I will pay all charges.'

'Very well,' said the captain. 'Come down and take in the portmanteau, and I will see you in the morning.'

'No; that will not do at all,' was the reply. 'You must come with me at once; and don't let that portmanteau out of your hand for a minute,—it is of more value than you think; and I will be down directly.'

He dressed and came down, and took the captain and his land away to the banker's house; knocked up all hands, and sent out for the other partners, before he would allow a word of explanation to be said. When all were assembled—'Now,' said my father to the captain, 'tell these gentlemen just how you became possessed of the portmanteau; and by all means assure them that my hands have never touched it since it came into your possession;' which the captain at once assured them was the case.

The captain's story was, that while lying in the Thames at London waiting for a return coasting freight, he had visited all the warehouses where he was likely to find any goods for the Isle of Wight, when one of the warehousemen said: 'Isle of Wight—do you know the place, and also Newport?' The captain replied that he knew both, and almost every man in the town. 'Well then, you may know this man,' and the black leathern portmanteau was produced. 'O yes,' said the captain, 'I know him well, and have goods for him on board the schooner. I will take charge, and pay anything there may be for warehousing.' The warehouseman made a small charge; said he did not know how the trunk came there, but that he was glad to be rid of it; and the captain carried it off; and in due time it arrived at its proper destination, as described.

'Now,' said my father to the senior partner, 'take this key, and open the trunk. I do not know whether the parcel is there or not; all I know is that I put it there, but under protest at the time.'

The portmanteau was opened, and the parcel found with all its souls intact. The captain was dismissed for the night with a charge to call at the bank the next day; and my father returned to his bed the happiest man in the world.

The next day, in pure self-defence the story had to be told all round the town, so as to silence the gossipers. The captain called at the bank the next day, and received as a reward a sum beyond his expectations, and which found the schooner a new suit of sails.

How the portmanteau came to be transferred from the boat of the coach to the warehouse, was never explained; which I consider not the least curious feature of the story. No one seemed to know anything about it, nor indeed were many inquiries made.

Not long after the foregoing affair happened, the senior partner of the bank in question died, and the surviving partners determined to close the concern whilst the debts due to it were good, and to retire. When such an object is in view, all the existing notes in circulation have to be paid in gold as they are returned, and the debts due to the bank have to be collected or compromised, or otherwise settled. My father had been left executor to the deceased partner; and as he (the executor) was an excellent man of business, he was both necessarily and otherwise greatly consulted in the matter of 'winding up.' The closing had taken place at a most favourable time; and at length the only business, to be completed was the redemption of the notes, for which, until they all came in, the office had to be kept open. At first they came in quickly enough, then more and more slowly; and at length the surviving partners insisted on writing off the whole outstanding claims to 'profit and loss,' and retiring altogether; but to this my father would by no means consent; he said he did not believe in 'lost bank-notes,' for even in case of a fire the owners would save their money.

During all this time some years passed, and still the notes dropped in now and then. At length the final list of the missing notes was made out, and there were many that bid fair never to make their appearance. But there was one sum of upwards of two hundred pounds, which had been paid out about fifteen or twenty years before, entirely unaccounted for. The notes were of large amounts; the numbers were consecutive; they had all evidently been paid to one person, and had never reappeared. My father consented that if these notes could be accounted for, he would close up at once; but in the meantime they would wait some time. This had not been decided more than a few weeks, when one day my father was hastily summoned to the bank, as the missing sum of upwards of two hundred pounds had appeared. The notes were payable 'to bearer,' and of course must have been legally at once paid; but all concerned felt a curiosity to inquire where the absentees could have been for nearly twenty years. The presenter of the notes was a respectable farmer's widow; and on being civilly questioned, after some little hesitation stated as follows:

'My poor husband, — of —, was killed about twenty years ago. His horse fell with him on his journey home in the night, and the poor man's neck was broken, and he must have died instantly. He was brought in, in his riding dress, and taken to his bedroom; and all hope being gone, he was prepared for the grave. His dress was, as usual with the better sort of farmers, a hunting-coat, leather breeches, and boots. The breeches were new, and I put them away, hanging them up in a wardrobe in the attic storeroom, as I could not bear to see them. I had searched the pockets, as I thought; and we found some loose money, and also his watch, so that he had not been robbed; and this prevented a closer search. So the matter remained, until a short time ago, my eldest son, having grown to man's estate, discovered the leather breeches; and as they had never been worn half-a-dozen times, and were to all intents as good as new and very handsomely made, I

consented to their appropriation. But something seemed to urge me to search the pockets, which I did; and in what was known in that article of dress as the "secret fob-pocket," I found this bundle of notes. I was very glad to do so, both for the value (for we are not so well off as we used to be), and also that it relieved my husband's memory from a suspicion of gambling; for on inquiring into his affairs, it was found that he had on the day of his death drawn a large sum from the bank, which could not be, and never was accounted for until the present time. But this discovery has happily relieved his memory from the only stain which was on it.

Of course the notes were at once exchanged for gold, and the poor woman congratulated. This enabled the bank accounts to be closed. But on making up the final balance, every one was astonished at the small sum (comparatively) of missing notes; which shews how few bank-notes are really destroyed while in actual circulation.

The late Bishop of L—— was entertaining a party of guests at his house, when he was called away to see a sick friend residing in some neighbouring hamlet. The interview being over, the Bishop looked at his watch and found that he must take a short cut through the fields instead of the usual road, to enable him to get home in time for dinner. On his arrival he found that his watch was missing. Although much annoyed, he said nothing about the matter. On the following day he was again sent for to see his friend, and again had to return through the fields. Whilst getting through a gap in the hedge, to his surprise he found his watch suspended by a twig. At dinner he told the story to his guests. One of them asked: 'And was the watch going, my Lord?' To which he wittily replied: 'Yes, but my only surprise sir, was to find that it wasn't gone.'

The late W. W——, M.P. for London, whilst staying in Kent at the house of an old friend, lost his watch and seals, it was supposed in some part of the demesne. Nothing could be heard of them. Six months afterwards he was again, at Christmas time, a guest, and observing something glisten amongst the logs and brushwood—used instead of coals in the dining-room—found his long-lost property. The strange part of the story is that the labourers who collected the brushwood should have missed seeing the watch and seals.

Instances of rings having been lost and recovered from fish that had swallowed them, have been already quoted by us: here is another.

In the year 1559, as Mr Anderson, a merchant and alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was leaning over the bridge at that place and handling his ring, it fell into the river. Some time afterwards his servant bought in the market a salmon, in which, on being cut open, the lost ring was found, and most unexpectedly restored to its owner. The ring, in recognition of the singular incident, had a fish engraved under the signet; and for a long period of years it remained in possession of the descendants of Mr Anderson.

The following story relates to the finding of a lost dog under most exceptional circumstances, and comes to us from a member of the London Missionary Society, stationed at Antananarivo, in the

island of Madagascar. 'I had occasion during the year 1877 to leave the capital of this island on an exploratory journey to some uncivilised tribes inhabiting the south-western parts of the island. Much of the country I passed through has been traversed by no other European, and I nearly lost my life in the attempt to open up communication with the coast. As I am a very sound sleeper and had to sleep in a tent, I took with me as a companion my little dog Gip. He is not handsome, would have been dear at a shilling, and suffers from partial paralysis of the hind-legs. He is however, an affectionate little creature, and we became quite attached to each other as we went along week after week. He was a little over a year old when we started, and *he had never been five miles from home before.* We proceeded due south for nearly a month, and then turned west through some very wild parts, and across an uninhabited tract of country fifty miles broad. When more than three hundred miles from the capital "as the crow flies," and perhaps four hundred by road, I lost the dog, on Monday morning, August 27, 1877. As my course lay much farther south, I could not return to seek for him, and none of my men were bold enough to make the attempt among such wild people. I gave him up for lost.

'About a month after, I passed through the town again, on the return journey; but I could hear nothing of Gip. I arrived in Antananarivo on Thursday October 18th, and there, to my intense surprise and gratification, I found the little creature alive and well! How he found his way home is more than I can imagine. My wife tells me that he arrived in the capital at 10 p.m. on the night of October 3d. He was a mere skeleton; and our great house-dog, with which he had been on the most friendly terms for a year before, positively did not know him, and drove him out of the yard. The servants called for a hatchet to kill him, imagining him to be a mad dog, when fortunately by his howling and whining, he made himself known. How he got food for the more than five weeks in such a country, is to me a marvel; and it seems incredible that he could have found his way for four hundred miles—a road, or rather track he had only once traversed before, having also to run the gantlet of the numerous curs infesting nearly every town on the road. He is now alive and well, and has quite recovered from the privations of his long dreary journey.'

THE BUTTERFLY—AN ALLEGORY.

FROM THE FERGUS OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Born with the spring, to die when droops the rose,
By zephyrs wafted through the lucid air,
The young flower's breast thy couch of brief repose,
Thou coy Bacchant of all that's sweet and fair—
Spurning the earth with wings of wondrous hue,
To mingle with the everlasting blue.
Lo! such the butterfly's enchanting fate!
How like Desire that restless roams below;
Finds here no fount whence joys enduring flow,
And soars to heaven its longings there to sate!

ALEXANDER LOGIE.

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IDEAS ABOUT OLD MAIDS.

BY A LADY.

I BEG leave to observe that I am not an Old Maid, and therefore do not write from prejudiced views or *esprit de corps*. But I have lived long enough to remember many a possible old maid when in the bloom of her 'sweet seventeen,' and to have noticed the subtle transformations effected by the finger of Time. Were it not that with a certain order of minds truth is readily sacrificed for the sake of a joke, I should find it difficult to imagine how the vulgar idea of an old maid became established as the artistic, theatrical, and even literary type. If we take up an illustrated book or newspaper, especially where the designs are intended to be humorous, and a spinster of a certain age has to be depicted, we see her as a matter of course gaunt and hideous, sour-looking and ill-dressed, and almost certainly with 'spectacles on nose.' In fiction and the drama, if poor she is described as envious and spiteful; if rich as the easy prey of designing flatterers—unloved except by feline favorites, the laughing-stock of the young, the neglected by the world.

But if we look into families, into the real human life which is throbbing all around us, it is a far different picture which presents itself. The old maid is not unfrequently one of the noblest figures in the family group. She is generally a personage who makes sacrifices for others; if rich she is often a Lady Bountiful in even a better sense than that commonly understood by the term; and if poor and what is called dependent, she is pretty sure to be the indefatigable good angel of the family. We have known some estimable maiden ladies of this type; their age crowning them with glory. How frequently is the old maid the ever tender nurse in sickness, the careful housekeeper if need be, the alternate instructress and playmate of the children, the wise counsellor of the young, and the trusted *confidante* of the old. There is generally a very sweet humility about the genuine old maid; and

by genuine I mean one who has accepted her position as definite and absolute. She knows herself to be in a certain sense of less account than wives and mothers; and if thoughtless and unsympathetic people occasionally make her feel that they are of the same opinion, she bows to their judgment. She does not even resent the half-contemptuous pity which is sometimes made apparent by those who take it for granted that she laments her destiny, and would have had it otherwise if she could. Here and there probably there may be a case where such pity is deserved, but with a large proportion of single women it is far different.

If we knew the heart-histories of many old maids we should find them characterised by the purest pathos and a life's most elevating discipline. Often does a woman remain single because she is faithful to an ideal. Perhaps some happy dream of girlhood was broken by death or estrangement—perhaps she has never met the man who fully realised her aspirations, and whom in perfect fealty she could feel herself able to love, honour, and obey. Whatever men may think on the subject, that last word 'obey' has a grave meaning to thoughtful women, who, conscious of a 'soul of their own,' are a little terrified at all obedience may involve. Other women there are of gentle and more yielding natures who have formed an ideal which in real life is never approximately reached, though this class only desire to find the idol worthy of their adoration and obedience. At any rate the woman who remains single rather than make a 'half-hearted' marriage, is worthy of all honour.

But there is worse than half-heartedness to apprehend. The newspapers almost daily report cases of neglect, and even savage cruelty of husbands towards their wives. These sorrowful cases are not confined to the humbler sections of society. Judicial inquiry shows that they occur in what are termed the higher and respectable circles. Can we wonder, then, that women of a delicate turn of mind, and who are not positively dependent on matrimony for a subsistence, are

apt to shrink from incurring a risk, and ultimately to reject a married life should circumstances offer? If they be wrong in their determination, let men and the law together bear the discredit.

Let us also consider the number of 'single women of a certain age,' who are filling positions of high responsibility and important trust. Look at the multitude of school-mistresses and teachers of various denominations who are in many cases the mainstay of venerable parents, and not unfrequently of orphaned nephews and nieces. Authors and artists also of note have been and are of the sisterhood; and coming lower down in the social scale, how commonly is the most valued domestic servant unmarried. How pleasing to witness cases of noble integrity and self-sacrifice in female domestics, who from attachment to their old mistresses, prefer to remain celibates for life. As faithful housekeepers, nurses, assistants in various capacities, they pass not only a blameless but an honourable existence. Several instances of this kind have fallen within our knowledge; and it is gratifying to see by obituaries, how the loss of these aged and faithful ministers to domestic comfort is truly mourned by their friendly employers.

In these days it is an acknowledged fact that there are far more women than men in the country; also there has arisen within the last thirty or forty years a great change in public opinion with regard to the dependence and independence of women, and both these circumstances ought to sweep away—as one wiper writing from a slate—the false and malignant type of the Old Maid. A generation back, in what may be called the upper middle class, it was taken as a matter of course that the women of a family were to be supported by the men. When a daughter was portionless or nearly so, a dying father would leave her as a legacy to his sons, with full persuasion that she would be duly cared for; and the families of professional men were reduced from comfort to penury by the death of the bread-winner just as often then as they are now. But it was only in cases where there was exceptional energy of character that the 'young lady' or the 'single woman of a certain age' thought herself other than hardly used, if not slightly disgraced, if she had to exert herself for a maintenance.

Happily public opinion on such matters is now greatly improved. All right-minded people applaud single women who make honourable careers for themselves, who 'find their work and do it.' And there is plenty of woman's work to be found waiting to be done, work that is essentially feminine and suited to her powers. We are not speaking now of wives and mothers whose first duties are in the home sphere, but of single women who are too conscious of their capacities to sit with folded hands and be as the lilies that 'toil not, neither do they spin.' Nowadays rich women of energetic character are often among the busiest of mortals, and these women have the keenest sympathy with, and admiration for, their more forlorn sisters who toil perhaps primarily for independence, but who also love their work and execute it conscientiously. In fact every such woman not only elevates herself, but by insensibly raising public opinion benefits her sex.

To despise an old maid was always a mean stupidity; and now it is really an absurdity. It would be indiscreet and invidious to mention the names of the living, but every thoughtful reader will recall the Old Maids who are prominently before the world as wise benefactors and teachers, helpers of the weak, and pioneers of progress in many directions. If unmarried women, as some think, occasionally bring a degree of ridicule on their sex by a fussy forwardness to assume the political position of men, such are merely exceptional cases; and it may be questioned whether the blame for these eccentricities is not frequently more due to the crochets of politicians trying to make capital than to any deliberate feminine intention. All sensible women know how to make themselves respected and useful without trenching on duties that would only bring embarrassment.

Literature in the present and the past owes much to unmarried ladies. Of the dead, we may only mention Hannah More and Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth and Mary Russell Mitford, as old maids the world delighted to honour, and whose happy influence has extended far beyond their own generation.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MAN PROPOSES.

SIR LUCIUS LARPERT had made up what he took to be his mind. It might well be believed that, for purely rational purposes, such persons as Sir Lucius have no minds at all. They do not reason. To them the faculty of concrete thinking appears to be as much denied as the power of flying. But in a halting and irregular fashion they do think a little, and feel a good deal, and the insolvent baronet had weighed the *pros* and *cons*, so far as his limited scope of mental vision could take them in, and he had made up his mind that he would marry Maud. Yes; he would marry her, and at once, or at least as soon as milliners and lawyers would allow, and there would be an end of it.

Personally, Sir Lucius very much preferred his 'bachelor freedom.' Plenty of money, a few years more of London, of Norway yachting, or grouse-shooting, trips to Paris, and scampers to Italy, with the run of certain celebrated country-houses within the confines of Britain, constituted an earthly elysium that he was loath to lose. But then, as he argued with himself, beggars, even with a handle to their names, cannot be choosers. Married life was slow, of course; but then in this case the chains would be plated with gold. Old Lord Penrith might be expected to do something very handsome for the favourite niece whom all believed to be the destined heiress of his large estates. And then, the Dowager! Could it be possible that he, Lucius Larpernt, should by the simple process of placing a golden circlet on a slender girlish finger, become an eldest son in property as well as in bare fact? Sir Lucius thought so, and was prepared to act upon his conviction. With this intent he sought Maud.

Now, girls are so often accused of angling for men—accusations not perhaps invariably calumnious—that when a man plays the part of angler his strategy has at least the merit of surprise.

Maud was surprised when her cousin, whose preference of late for her society she had attributed in part to cousinly regard, and in part also to the fact that Llosthnel Court was but a dull country-house in a dull neighbourhood, came to her and said: 'It's no use mincing matters. If it wasn't for your sake, Maud, what on earth do you imagine could keep a man in such a dungeon as this house of my mother's here? Or what could he find to do, unless indeed he jumped over the cliff, and made an end of it?'

'I am afraid you do find it a little dull,' answered Maud, with innocent hypocrisy. She began to be afraid that her kinsman meant to say something—something that would necessitate a serious answer—and she thought no harm if, by that verbal fencing in which the daughters of Eve excel, she could prevent the dreaded word from being spoken. A proposal from Sir Lucius was the very last thing in the world that she wished to hear. But Sir Lucius did not intend to allow himself to be put off by young lady-like parries of this sort.

'Dull!' he said. 'If it wasn't for you, Maud, I'd cut my throat, or ship on board the first vessel bound for anywhere, that would take a good-for-nothing like myself before the mast; I would indeed!'

It was not a happy hit. Something of a smile flickered about the corners of Maud's pretty mouth as she pictured to herself the skipper who should be injudicious enough to take this white-handed selfish Sybarite as a sailor on board his ship; and it may be that the contrast between the baronet's feline nature and Hugh's simple manliness suggested itself as an echo of the words. The baronet saw the smile, and it nettled him.

'Upon my word, Maud,' he said, 'you are hard upon a fellow. I do feel as if you owed me something for keeping me here all this time.'

'I—I keep you here! I do not understand,' faltered Maud. *It was coming then.* She could not prevent it now. In the whirl and turmoil of London society it is hard to fan a declaration into flame, and easy to snuff it out; but at Llosthnel Court things were different.

'Come, dearest,' said Sir Lucius, trying to take Maud's hand, 'there ought to be no nonsense between us two. You must know; you can't help seeing how fond I am of you, or'—

'Cousin, you are laughing at me, or you are very much mistaken,' interrupted Maud, drawing back her hand.

'Laughing, hey?' said the baronet, in an injured tone. 'To me, at any rate, my dear, it is no laughing matter. Here have I been moping'—

'Upon my word, Cousin Lucius, you are very polite to tell me how weary you are of my society,' said Maud, trying to turn the affair into a jest.

'No; but of everything except your society, Maud, love,' said Sir Lucius, coming nearer, and speaking in the most insinuating tone that his practised voice could command. 'I'm no great speech-maker, I know, and fine language is not much in fashion nowadays; but if you like it, Maud, I'll go down on one knee, as they do on the stage, to tell you how much I love you, and how I long to call you my wife.'

He was a handsome young fellow, in his way, this impetuous baronet, and had a pleasant smile, and fine eyes, that shone pleasantly too,

when the lurking devil that harboured there kept hidden for a while; but his fascinations of look and manner, and the plausible accents of his voice, were thrown away upon Maud Stanhope.

'Cousin Lucius,' said she, gently but firmly, 'I am sorry to give you pain by my refusal, but I have no choice—you have left me no choice—but to answer your proposal plainly, and I must say "No" at once. It is better that there should be an end of such an idea for ever.'

'You don't mean it, Maud?' said Sir Lucius, half incredulous. 'You only say it to tease me, or because it is pretty and misssyish to say "No" before you say "Yes."'

'There is nothing misssyish about me, if the word implies insincerity or affectation, cousin, as I think you ought to know,' answered Maud with perfect steadiness; 'and I do mean what I said just now, I assure you.'

'Come, come, my love, this is too bad!' exclaimed Sir Lucius, not only startled and annoyed, but reproachful too. 'You know we two were always meant to come together; that all the family planned it—even before my first somewhat unfortunate alliance—and had counted upon our marrying as an event quite certain to come off some day. I've always felt myself that you and no one else belonged to me, Maud dear.'

It was not altogether a judicious speech. It may not be quite politic for a suitor to tell a high-spirited maiden that she has really no choice in the matter, and that her acceptance of him is, for family reasons, a foregone conclusion. Maud's colour rose, and her tone was cold, and almost sarcastic, as she replied: 'Either you are under a delusion, Lucius, or some one has been kinder and more thoughtful on my behalf than I knew of, since it seems that my destiny has been decided without my being consulted on the subject. I, at any rate, do not at all feel as if I belonged to you; and if you please, you will consider the answer which I was compelled to give you just now as a final one.' As she spoke she rose from her chair.

'You are angry with me, Maud,' said the baronet, bitterly; 'but, on my word, it is I'—

'No; not angry,' she said, interrupting him; but as she spoke, she was gone.

Sir Lucius looked after the girl until the door closed, an ugly frown upon his face. 'I'll bring you to your senses yet, my lady!' he muttered between his sharp white teeth as he ground them together. He sat still for a few moments, and then rising in his turn, went straight to the Dowager's study. Lady Larpeton, who was going through the neatly arranged columns of an account-book, pen in hand, laid down the pen as she saw the unusual signs of agitation on her son's face. 'Anything wrong, Lucius?' she asked.

'Yes, there is,' returned the baronet, throwing himself into a chair, and irritably tossing back the dark hair from his forehead. 'Maud has treated me ill, mother—confoundedly ill. It's no secret, I believe, that I care very much about her, and that sort of thing. Well, I have told her to be my wife, and she has given me my dismissal, by Jove! as if I'd been a lackey.'

'You should not take "No" for an answer so easily,' said the Dowager, knitting her brows.

'Not such a fool as that,' returned the baronet. 'The more I pressed her though, the more she got

on her high-horse, until at last she swept out of the room like a tragedy queen. I feel it, I can tell you. And it's a shame, mother, an intolerable shame !'

Sir Lucius not merely spoke in the tone of an injured man, but he really did feel a sense of injury. In the set he lived with, marrying was seldom spoken of except as an act of self-sacrifice, on the man's part at least, which was to be classed as generous or foolish according to circumstances. And he did feel as if, in proposing to Maud so recently, he had done a very handsome and indeed chivalrous thing, which deserved a becoming recognition on the part of the young lady. Maud Stanhope had not looked at this in a proper light, and Sir Lucius was almost honest in his indignation against the cavalier treatment with which his liberality had been met.

The Dowager only half sympathised with her son's very evident annoyance. She was of the old school, and he of the new. In that early day when she had formed her fixed ideas as to the fitness of things, women were accustomed to regard themselves as the sought instead of the seekers, and young gentlemen of high pretensions as to rank or wealth had not as yet learned to stand on the defensive against fair candidates for matrimony. But she knew that matters of this sort had altered very much, and she could almost understand that her son had customary and fashionable grounds for his present state of irritation. He was perhaps the poorest of poor baronets—an assertion not to be unreservedly made, for there are many members of our strange hereditary knighthood who are grievously out at elbows—but then it rested with her to make him rich. And he had a coronet in prospect; for would he not be Lord Penrith, when the present baron, his uncle and Maud's, should die? And Maud's dowry would be splendid, and her prospects grand.

'I will speak to dear Maud,' said the Dowager, after a brief consultation with her weighty brows. 'She is the best girl in the world, the dearest and truest. She knows I am her friend, and have her welfare at heart. Leave it all to me. Wait and hope, Lucius; wait and hope !'

CHAPTER XIX.—AS AMBASSADRESS EXTRAORDINARY.

It is curious how the matchmaking instinct can blind good women every day to the mischief they may do when they strive to join hands that are best unlinked, and to weld together hearts that have no single throb in common. Why did Mrs Perkins and her three good-natured daughters toil and slave and scheme, with such absolute abnegation of self, to wed Angelina Brown, the Manchester heiress, to young Edwin Fitzcamp? Mr Fitzcamp was legally and conventionally Honourable, it is true; but then he was over head and ears in debt, would have robbed his dearest friend any day for a ten-pound note, and was not on speaking terms with his father Lord Scampington. Poor Angelina was stupid perhaps, but innocent and honest, and she and her sixty thousand pounds deserved to fall into better hands than those spendthrift ones of Fitzcamp.

Lady Larpent was so shrewd, that her conscience was not quite comfortable as she set forth in

search of Maud her niece, to do her son's errand. But she lulled it to sleep with those moral anodynes of which, it is to be feared, we most of us keep a stock in store; and by the time the interview began had almost persuaded herself that the most proper arrangement in the world would be a matrimonial alliance between Miss Stanhope and her kinsman Sir Lucius. She thought, as has been previously said, ill of her son, and well of Maud. But then her son was her son, and blood is thicker than water, and it would steady Lucius to be tied for life to such a consort as sweet Maud. And without stopping to consider whether the possible advantage to be gained was worth the price to be paid for it, Lady Larpent buckled to her work.

'Maud, my dearest, you have made your old aunt very, very unhappy,' said the Dowager feelingly. This was not quite a true statement. Lady Larpent was not unhappy; but only bent on bringing about a match between two persons remarkably ill suited to one another; yet Maud was touched. Her aunt had been very kind to her since the unforgotten days of her childhood. To make her aunt unhappy, even in theory, was distressing to her.

'I mean—about Lucius,' said the Dowager, by way of explanation.

'Has he—spoken to you, then?'

'Yes, my dear, he has indeed,' replied the Dowager; 'and I can tell you that he has taken very much to heart the answer you gave him. You know, my pet, how much I love you both. He is my own son, and you have always been as dear to me as a daughter. Why cannot you two understand each other, and learn to be happy together?'

Maud did not reply save by a gesture of negation.

'Lucius really loves you,' pursued the Dowager, warming to her work, exactly as a barrister forces on himself a sort of mock-belief in the client whom he knows to be a rascal. 'I have never seen him so earnest before—never. His sincere wish is to make you happy. Your love, my dear, is all he wants to steady him for ever, and to give him a purpose in life and an object for exertion. He is clever, you know.'

'I always thought so. I always thought he could make a name in the world, if he pleased,' returned Miss Stanhope, glad to gratify her kind aunt by some safe praise, as she considered, of her son. Indeed, that Lucius had abilities fitted to win distinction, if only he would condescend to use them, was a cardinal article of faith in the family. Many a languid coxcomb other than he is similarly credited by admiring aunts and sympathetic sisters with the power to become Premier or Lord Chancellor, if he would but take the preliminary trouble.

'He could—he could !' repeated Lady Larpent, mentally scoring a point in the game; 'and it only rests with you, my own Maud, to make him what you will, and to be proud of his success. I'd take care he had a seat in parliament,' added the Dowager, as confidently as she would have pledged herself that he should have a carriage or a service of plate; 'and then, you know, he must be in the House of Lords some day. It would be a good thing for you, love. It would be a good thing for him. Money, title, connection, just as

they should be. Let me go and tell him, from you."

"Tell him nothing from me, dear Aunt Larpent," said Maud gently but resolutely, "except what I have told him already. I am sorry to give him pain, and doubly sorry to vex you, but what he wishes can never, never be!"

"Why not?" asked the Dowager, her expressive brows beginning to quiver and dilate at this unexpected opposition. People accustomed continually to have their own way get to consider any check or thwarting as a sort of *lèse-majesté* or petty treason.

"Because," said Maud simply, "I do not love Lucius—not, I mean, as I ought to love my husband."

"Of course not," said Lady Larpent cheerfully. "Of course you have not been used to think of him in that way. He spoke to you suddenly, and with nothing to lead up to it, and the whole thing was a surprise. But Maud, my own pet, that is a matter which might be trusted to right itself, and which every day will improve. I am an old woman, and have seen a good deal of the world, and I can assure you that love comes quite as often after marriage as before it."

It may be that Maud Stanhope was of a more romantic temperament than Sophia Lady Larpent had been gifted withal. Or it may be that the advice to take Sir Lucius her cousin for better for worse, in the hope that it might be for better, savoured too much of the hazardous to be congenial to her taste. She merely shook her head sadly, and again intrenched herself in what she felt to be a strong position. "I am sure I do not love him as I should like to love my husband, if I had one."

And for the moment Lady Larpent was puzzled. She returned to the charge however, with new arguments.

"You see, my dearest Maud," said the lady-paramount of Llostthel, "we ought not to live entirely to please ourselves. I am sure you will agree with me there. Now, both your dear mother and your uncle Lord Penrith, have, as I happen to know, looked with favourable eyes upon this marriage; and would be sadly disappointed if they thought it was never to be. It would keep the property and the ancient title from going asunder.—Ah, you shake your pretty head, my dear; but there cannot be a doubt that my lord will leave you every acre he has to leave. Poor Lucius will have but the bare rank of Lord Penrith. Not but that I should do something for him at once," she hastened to add, "if he married a wife of whom I could approve."

"Then I hope," said Maud pertinaciously, "that he will find—find some one to love him and to make him happy, whom you too would like, aunt. But it cannot be Maud Stanhope!"

"Pray, may I ask, are you in love with anybody else?" demanded the Dowager abruptly.

Maud grew crimson. "I—no—no—I do not love anybody—at least I think not," she answered confusedly; and the quaint simplicity of the reply reassured the old lady.

"I think not too, my child," she said, kissing Maud on the forehead. "And I ought not to have made you blush by such a question. But why not make my boy happy, and myself happy

too, for that matter, by one little word, and that is, "Yes?" It would be such a pleasure to me to have you both to stay with me here at Llostthel; and I shall feel so lonely when you leave me Maud, now that Edgar and Willie are gone to school; for of course I cannot keep Lucius always at my apron-strings here in Cornwall. Or, if you would like London better, we could live there for half the year at least. Do think better of it, Maud."

"Give me a little time," pleaded Maud, staggered but not convinced; and the Dowager, who had perhaps heard of the old French adage as to fortresses that parley and women who listen, purled contentedly as her ears drank in the welcome sound. Of course Maud should not be hurried—no, no. It had all been so very sudden, and she needed not to give her answer that day, or the next, or next week even. Let her think it over; and in the meantime, might not Lucius, poor fellow, be comforted by a scintilla of hope? "It would make him so happy, Maud." But Maud, though she had been vent enough to plead for delay, could not be brought to send any sort of message to Sir Lucius. She would think it over, she said; and with this Lady Larpent, after a good deal of kissing and many affectionate expressions had been employed, was fain to be content.

LAND TELEGRAPH LINES.

THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

IN our country at the present day, land telegraph lines are a feature of the landscape as well known as roads or railways. They are to be found intersecting it in all directions. From the metropolis as a central ganglion, they spread over the land like a great system of nerves, ramifying to all places of human activity, even to the most remote Highland villages. Yet only forty years ago there was not a single line in the British Isles, or even in Europe, if we except a short experimental arrangement at Göttingen. A person who died forty years ago, if suddenly called to life in our day, would regard the operations of our telegraphs as little short of the miraculous. In the first place, he would be hopelessly puzzled to account at all for the wires which met him everywhere, and it would be amusing to hear him conjecture their purpose. On being told that they were electric telegraph lines, he would most likely be as ignorant as before; for although in his time the telegraph was foreseen by leading scientists as a great result of the future, the general public had no knowledge of its importance. If he were a ghost of an inquiring disposition, he would wish to know the *rationale* of electrical communication, and the name, use, and nature of the lines he saw before him; and, indeed, it may fairly be asked whether his informer thus far would not then be himself puzzled in turn.

The rapidity of growth of the electric telegraph, and its own occult nature, combine to render its mode of action, to say the least, but vaguely understood by the people at large. The notion that the electric power is very mysterious, has

prevented many from trying to get clear ideas upon the subject. Yet it is only when we attempt to probe its molecular processes that electricity is occult. It is an agency that can neither be seen nor handled of itself; but its observed effects are plain and striking. When we look only at the manifest effects of electricity, the operation of the telegraph becomes exceedingly simple to comprehend. In the present paper we wish to explain as clearly as possible the *rationale* and construction of land-lines, in the same way as we have in former papers explained that of submarine cables; and in doing so, we shall do our best to make ourselves intelligible to all.

Every telegraphic circuit is made up of the battery, the key or sending instrument, the wire, the receiving instrument, and the earth itself. The battery generates the electric current; the key admits it into the wire at the will of the operator; the wire transmits it to the distant station, and the earth conveys it back again to the battery; while the receiving instrument at the distant station interprets its effects into intelligible signals. It thus completes the circuit from one pole or outlet of the battery to the other. There need be no limit to the extent of the circuit. The wire might be taken to the ends of the earth, and if led into the ground there, the current would find its way back to the battery, or at least it would seem to do so by its effects. This conducting power of the earth is a curious factor in all telegraph work, a message being as dependent upon it as it is upon the actual wire itself. Unless there be a complete circuit of wire and earth, the operations of the most expert clerk would be in vain.

By working the key according to a code of signals, the operator controls the currents he lets into the line; and their effects on the receiving instrument at the distant station are deciphered in terms of the same code. Since the current returns by the earth, it is necessary, in order to make the circuit complete, to keep the wire and the earth apart throughout the entire length of the line. Unless this be done, the current would escape to the earth at the point where they touch, and take the short-cut back to the battery. From end to end the line-wire must therefore be *insulated* or separated from the earth. Of all known substances the air itself is fortunately the best insulator. To insure therefore that the wire will be insulated from the earth, it is only necessary to support it properly in the air. But the ordinary materials of construction, wood, iron, and stone, are not sufficiently good insulators themselves; therefore if the wire were simply supported in the air by these substances, the electricity would escape by them to earth, and no messages could be transmitted or received. To overcome this difficulty, and thus prevent the electricity from leaking from the wire to the ground, a specially good and rigid non-conducting substance must be interposed between the wire and its supports. These *insulators* seen on every telegraph post, are knobs of glass or stone-ware. The wire is attached to them, and they support and insulate it from the post; and by these and by the air, an overhead line is insulated from the earth.

There are many interesting facts connected with these who first endeavoured to turn the subtle fluid to practical account.

After various scientists had made experiments with outgoing and incoming wires, Steinhell of Munich made the valuable discovery that the earth itself might advantageously form the return part of the circuit, and take the place of the incoming wire. In 1839 the first line was made in England, from Paddington Station, London, to West Drayton, a distance of thirteen miles. It was formed of six copper wires insulated by hemp, and inclosed for protection in iron tubing, which was buried in the ground along the railway. It was thus an underground line, but was improperly insulated. In 1842 Messrs Fothergill and Cooke first supported the wire on poles, properly insulated from it by conical props or insulators of earthenware; a practice destined to universal extension. In 1844 the first line in America was erected from New York to Washington. There are now several million miles of land-lines in the civilised world, similar throughout except in points of mere detail. The largest single line is the great Indo-European which stretches from Thorn in Prussia, *via* Warsaw, Odessa, and Tiflis, to Teheran in Persia, a distance of two thousand eight hundred and fifty miles.

In the early days of telegraphs the wire was of copper; but for certain important reasons it was soon found better to employ iron wire instead. Iron wire is now used everywhere. The best is drawn from rods of the purest Swedish charcoal iron. To prevent it from rusting, the wire was formerly dipped when red-hot into linseed oil; but it is now *galvanised*, that is to say coated with zinc by being dipped in the molten metal.

Telegraph posts are usually of wood. In Europe, larch and red-fir spars are employed; in America, chestnut and cedar. To prevent decay, larch posts are impregnated with sulphate of copper in all their pores, and those of red fir with oil of creosote. The butt-end which enters the ground is likewise often charred. In America, timber is so rife that the poles are never so prepared. They range from twenty to sixty feet long in England; but in India, where broad rivers have to be spanned, masts of a hundred feet are sometimes used. There are usually about thirty posts to the mile of wire. In countries like Canada, where the range of temperature is from 90° Fahrenheit in summer to 20° below zero in winter, the lines will expand and contract four or five feet in the mile; and therefore the posts are placed nearer to each other than in more equable climes.

Formerly telegraph wires and poles were subject to much damage from lightning. Now however, each pole is protected by an iron wire from the ground to a few inches above the top, where it ends in a point. By this apparatus lightning is conveyed harmlessly to the ground, in the same manner that it is conveyed down steeples and chimney-stalks. Iron posts are coming more and more into use, especially in Asia and parts of Africa and South America, where good timber is scarce and the climate trying to wood. Iron poles are five times more costly than wooden ones, but they last at least ten times longer, so they may be a gain in the end. They are certainly the more elegant, light, and manageable of the two kinds. The insulators are fixed to iron brackets bolted to the top portion of the pole. Poles entirely of wrought-iron are coming into use in Germany. They are light, cheap, and durable, and are

founded on granite blocks. In some forest regions of Switzerland, India, and Texas the wires are supported from living trees by swinging insulators, which keep their position when the trees sway in the wind, and do not strain the wires. In cities, posts are inconvenient, and the wires are simply fixed to walls, as in the Catacombs of Paris and under railway bridges, or supported on house-tops by short poles and brackets.

The insulators are the most important point in the construction of a line. In Europe, porcelain or earthenware insulators are almost everywhere in use; whereas in America glass is preferred, although Europe long ago abandoned it. Not only must the material of the insulator be an excellent non-conductor, but its shape must be such that dust will not lodge on it, and it should be repellant of moisture. Water is a good conductor, and a film of rain or dew on the surface of the insulator acts as a conductor. It should therefore dry quickly in the sun; its surface should be rounded, glazed, and without flaw. In England, brown earthenware insulators are more common than those of white porcelain, because cheaper. All insulators, whether of glass or clay, or other substance, have generally the shape of an inverted cup. The under hollow is sheltered from rain, while the outside may be wet. An iron shank fitted into the hollow serves to fix the insulator to the bracket or cross-arm carrying it on the pole; and the wire is attached to a groove in the knob or top. Between the wire and the bracket of the pole there is therefore interposed the full thickness of the insulator, and the whole outer and inner surface. Any leakage of electricity from wire to pole must therefore either find its way through the body of the substance, or over that length of surface. In Varley's insulator, which is one of the best of its kind, the hollow is shaped like a double cup, so as to double the interposed surface. In wild countries, insulators are often hooded with iron for protection against injury.

In constructing a line, the ground is first surveyed and the mechanical details settled. The site of each post is then marked out by a peg driven into the ground, and the work of construction begins. A gang of men dig or blast out the post-holes in advance; another gang fix the insulators to the posts, and erect them in the holes. The wire is uncoiled from a drum alongside, and strained to deaden or *kill* its excessive springiness. It is then drawn tight between two poles, and bound to the insulator. The different lengths of wire are joined together by a peculiar twist called the Britannia Joint, which is overrun with solder. In this way the work proceeds. When broad rivers have to be crossed, the wire is floated over on a raft, and strained between tall posts called masts. If the river is too wide for a single air-span, recourse is had to an under-river cable. In parts where the posts are exposed to strong gales, or at sharp turns where the pulls of the wires on the post do not balance each other, the posts require to be stayed with iron wires or wooden struts founded in the earth; and sometimes double or triple posts braced together are adopted. A land-line requires very little testing in the course of its erection; but all the materials are carefully tested before beginning; the posts and the wires for strength;

and the insulators one by one, for electric insulation.

In many respects, iron air-lines are unsuitable to cities; they rapidly deteriorate in the acid atmosphere; they are often faulty, and are moreover very unsightly. Underground lines have therefore taken their place; and in London alone there are some three thousand miles of these subterranean nerves. A line buried in the earth is safe from the dangers of the upper air; but it is not so easy to get at when repairs are needed, as an air-line. The earliest experimental underground line in England was laid in 1838. It was of copper wire insulated by a covering of hemp, and inclosed for protection in iron and lead tubing. Like all the other earliest attempts elsewhere, it failed through insufficient insulation. In 1845 a Royal Commission was appointed in Prussia to consider the advisability of laying a system of underground lines. Gutta-percha as an insulator was then receiving attention in England, and Dr Werner Siemens recommended its adoption to the Prussian government. Three thousand miles of gutta-percha-covered wire was accordingly laid; but failed entirely after a few years; and underground lines were abandoned in Prussia in favour of air-lines. Similarly in England, the Magnetic Telegraph Company laid gutta-percha-covered wires between Liverpool and Manchester; but had to replace them piecemeal by air-lines. Now however, that technical experience has accumulated, subterranean lines are taking a useful place in telegraphy. The German government has various underground lines of communication between Berlin and the western frontier; and there is now a postal telegraph line of conductors, inclosed in stoneware pipes, between Liverpool and Manchester.

The subterranean wires are without exception of copper, covered with gutta-percha, laid on in several coatings, and sometimes tape, soaked in Stockholm tar as a preservative, is bound over all. They are inclosed for safety and cleanliness in pipes of iron, lead, or stoneware, and buried a foot or two underground. There is no objection to water entering the pipes—it is rather preservative of gutta-percha—but sand and dirt must be kept out. In London the pipes are of iron, and of various diameters, according to the number of wires they have to contain. A four-inch pipe holds one hundred and twenty wires. They are laid under the pavement twenty inches deep, and near the curb, so as to be out of the way of passengers when being repaired. Along the line there are *draw-boxes* and *joint-boxes* alternately, two hundred yards apart, each having a cast-iron lid flush with the pavement. The wires are drawn together through the pipes from the draw-boxes in lengths of four hundred yards, each end of the bundle of lengths being drawn two hundred yards in an opposite direction to the other end, from the draw-box as a centre. The London wayfarer sees almost daily, as he hurries along the pavement, the drawing in or out of the wires, the open joint-box and the jointer at work with his spirit-lamps for soldering, and for softening the gutta-percha; while a light van stands by with the battery and electrical apparatus for testing the work as it proceeds. Each section of four hundred yards is tested for insulation resistance, and for conductivity of the copper wire; and after it is joined on to the rest of the line, these tests are repeated for the whole line.

If the result is as it should be, the next section is then joined on.

Subterranean wires are little subject to faults or *leakages* as compared with air-lines. A number of spare wires are usually drawn into the tubes along with the others, to supply the place of those becoming defective. When these are used up and a wire breaks down, it is necessary to draw out the lot in order to repair it, and as this frays the gutta-percha, it becomes needful sometimes to renew the whole. While the sudden atmospheric changes, so frequent in England, cause the insulation of our land-lines to vary very irregularly, subterranean, like submarine lines, are tolerably exempt from this disturbance, being in general uniformly surrounded with water.

Though every care is taken to prevent the electricity from leaving its legitimate path the wire, the leakage is nevertheless more or less constant, even in the weather most propitious for its transit. Thus on a line from London to Edinburgh not more than three-fourths of the current sent out reaches its destination. The remaining fourth has oozed out in some mysterious way. In wet or foggy weather not more than a fourth will escape leakage. The resistance of a well-dried insulator is equal to about a million miles of what is termed 'number eight' lino-wire; but a shower of rain may suddenly diminish this a hundredfold, and when the sun shines out again it rapidly recovers its old value. We thus see how the insulation of an air-line may be subject to sudden fluctuations; and as every insulator steals away a portion of the current, the signalling instrument requires to be adjusted to suit the altered conditions of the line.

To maintain the lines, both overhead and underground, in efficient working order, regular periodical tests are taken of the resistance of the wires to the passage of the current, and the amount of leakage to earth. When faults occur, they are localised by proper tests, like the faults in submarine cables, and the lines inspected for their discovery and removal. In another paper we shall describe the *working* of land telegraph lines.

AUNT BARBARA'S PRESENT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE following afternoon brought Mrs Mortimer; a note being despatched to ask her husband to join the party at dinner. He proved a very agreeable companion to Mr Forrester; and both husband and wife were considered great acquisitions to the circle. In the course of the evening Mrs Mortimer gratified them by relating the simple story which led to their acquaintance.

'To plead my excuse,' she began, 'for such a marriage as ours, I must try to explain the misery of my position in my father's house before I consented to it. I was the only daughter of Mr Wyndham of Rosemere in Shropshire, a fact which in itself prejudiced my father against me. The estate had for so many generations, though not entailed, descended in a direct line from father to son, that he could not endure the idea

of not having a male heir; and as time rolled on without the fulfilment of his wishes, his temper became almost unbearable to my dear mother and myself. Still we were happy in each other's society, till, to my inexpressible grief, her death separated us for ever in this world! For long after my bereavement I was perfectly inconsolable; and it was some relief to my sorrow when my father announced his intention of sending me to school at Cheltenham. The new life, occupation, and the society of young companions helped to restore my spirits; but when at the approach of the summer vacation others were rejoicing, I alone dreaded my return to my desolate home. Still I looked forward hopefully to the time when I should take my place as mistress of my father's house, and supply as far as possible my dear mother's place to him. Judge then of my bitter disappointment when I received a letter from him to inform me of his approaching marriage, and giving me leave to be present at the ceremony or not as I might feel disposed.

In a passion of grief I declined the cold invitation, and gladly accepted one from my most intimate friend at school, Miss Mortimer, to pass a few weeks with her in London. In this friend's brother I saw my future husband. At this time I was not quite seventeen, George nearly seven years older, but still too young to have had much experience of the world. I had none whatever; and I had no doubt that his income, derived from a government office, was quite sufficient to warrant an engagement. But love and prudence seldom go hand in hand; in our case the former triumphed, and we parted with mutual vows of eternal fidelity.

On my return to Rosemere I found my position in my father's house almost intolerable. Mrs Wyndham's temper was not only a violent but a jealous one. The most ordinary demonstrations of affection between my father and myself were sure to incur her displeasure; and if I ventured to give the slightest order to the servants, who were wont to fly at my bidding, she would remind me that she, not I, was their mistress. At last so miserable was my existence, that I believe I should have accepted an offer I received from a rich old friend of my father's, had my affections been disengaged. As it was, when Mrs Wyndham discovered that I had actually declined this advantageous offer, her anger knew no bounds, and she worried my poor father into the extreme measure of insisting upon its acceptance. In terror I wrote to George, under cover to his sister, to acquaint him with my position, and at the same time confided my trouble to one whose fidelity to me was greater than her prudence. This person had been my nurse, and then lived in a cottage on the estate. From mistaken affection for her young mistress, she proposed that George and I should meet there and discuss our future plans. He was overjoyed to accept old Martha Blake's offer, and soon arrived from London in high spirits. His presence revived mine; and the meeting ended with my consent, given in fear and trembling, to an elopement, all necessary arrangements being made with Martha's help then and there. Pray remember,' said Mrs Mortimer to her newly found friends, 'that I was but a school-

girl, and in mortal fear of being forced into a detested marriage. Never was poor girl more sorely tempted to escape from a cruel sentence, though I confess the mode of doing so was rash. Martha's first step in the plan was to give out to her neighbours that she was going to visit some friends in the North. This excited no suspicion, as she was known to have relations in Scotland; so she made her own preparations openly, taking by degrees all that was necessary of my wardrobe to pack with her own clothes; and the same day on which my nurse left her cottage with the good wishes of all her humble friends and neighbours, I fled from my father's house alone, half repenting of the step I was about to take, but never to return. Once I nearly turned back; but as if divining my thoughts, George at that moment emerged from the plantation which bounds the Park, and hurried me into a conveyance which was waiting beyond it. In a few minutes I was seated by his side, and rapidly driven towards the first stage on the road to Gretna. Here, as previously arranged, we were joined by old Martha, who was delighted with the success of her plans, and honestly thought she was doing me a great service by accompanying us to the abode of the far-famed "priest" of Gretna Green, where she witnessed our marriage. Had either of these persons been now living, the loss of the certificate would not have been important.

"Was the person who married you really a blacksmith, Mrs Mortimer?" asked Dora.

"No," she replied. "The person who officiated in our case was an innkeeper; and strange to say no one belonging to that calling had ever been known to act as priest. It is merely a popular error, probably originating or rather deriving from the classical story of Vulcan being employed to forge hymeneal chains. But I assure you the ceremony as performed at Gretna, was calculated to dispel all classical or even romantic ideas. I need scarcely say that the religious element was altogether ignored."

"Were there no other witnesses to the marriage?" inquired Mrs Forrester.

"There were two," replied Mrs Mortimer, smiling. "The post-boys were called for that purpose; but one could not write; and the other was so tipsy that it was necessary to turn him out of the room. Thus it happened that my faithful Martha was the only person capable of signing, except the so-called priest, who gave me the paper with strict injunctions to keep it myself; but I handed it to George directly, and have never seen it since that hour, till you, dear Lady Davenant, put it into my hands yesterday."

"After the ceremony, Martha proceeded alone to Kelso, where her friends resided, and there took a charming cottage for us, which we made our headquarters for a month out of George's six weeks' leave from his office. Thence we made excursions to every place of note within reasonable distance, or spent the day on the banks of the lovely Tweed, sometimes fishing for trout, sometimes wandering amid the surrounding pastoral scenery. We finished our little tour at the beautiful city which so well deserves the name of "Modern Athens." All this was very delightful, but very expensive; and there was one serious drawback to my happiness, which did not much affect George. My father refused to hold any

communication with us, and all my letters were returned unopened. Time softened this distress; but with all my dear husband's affection, I could never feel completely happy."

"The last fortnight of George's vacation was devoted to taking and furnishing our home. It was a pretty villa at Putney, with a large garden, all being laid out in lawn, shrubbery, and flower-beds, which especially pleased us; but far too expensive for our income, which was not more than two hundred and fifty pounds a year. He had about one thousand pounds from his father, out of which small capital he had spent quite one hundred pounds upon our marriage, and a considerable sum upon furniture, to which was added a splendid grand-piano-forte by Broadwood, as a surprise for me. I was so delighted with this present, that George was tempted to repeat the pleasure by the purchase of an Erard harp. Then for the first time I began to think that we might be spending too much money; but George always reasoned away my fears, expressing his conviction that my father would relent, and at least never allow us to want. With this hope our faithful Martha, who was our only servant, proposed going to Rosemere. She wished to sell her effects there, as she was determined to remain with me, she said, until she could be of no further use to me. Dear old friend! for so I may indeed call her; her usefulness ended only with her death."

"When she arrived at my father's house, she begged in vain to see him. The housekeeper declared that it was more than her place was worth even to take in her name, particularly at that time. "Miss Helena's chance is worse than ever," she said. "Madam is in her trouble up-stairs, and the master in his study a-praying for a boy. There'll be news for your young mistress, Mrs Blake, before morning."

"The news did reach Martha just before she left the village; and she brought us the intelligence that a son and heir was born to Rosemere but a few hours earlier than it appeared in the papers, which would otherwise have been our only intimation of the event. From this time there was a perceptible difference in George's spirits; he was even more affectionate if possible, but grave and abstracted; our musical evenings were at an end, as he no longer appeared to care for music; nor did he care to talk of the fond hope now drawing near its fulfilment; so my only confidant was my dear old nurse, who helped me with my pretty needle-work; and being thus occupied, at length consented to have the assistance of another servant. Up to this time her admirable management had kept the mere household expenses in tolerable order; but alas! after the birth of my little Helena and all the consequent outlay, George could no longer conceal from me that he was in pecuniary difficulties. At first I was angry at not having been trusted at once; but his great distress soon disarmed me, and I entreated him to tell me the worst, that I might know how to act. George then did what he ought to have done at first; he informed me that the great increase in our expenses during the past year had involved him seriously, and that the dread of depriving me of the comforts to which I had been accustomed when I was least able to bear their loss, had alone prevented him making me acquainted with our position. I deeply regretted that my want of

experiences should have blinded me to the truth ; but I at once determined that at least the evil should not increase.

"In the evening after his confession, I met George with as much cheerfulness as I could command, and told him I had a proposal to make to him. He looked at me listlessly, as if thinking that no proposal of mine could be of much use ; but I pointed to a pile of unpaid bills on my writing-table, and said with as little effort as possible : "The harp and piano must pay these. They ought to realise one hundred pounds, having cost more than double."

"There was a deep groan from poor George, who tried to interrupt me ; but I continued : "When that is settled, you will be able to meet other debts by degrees ; and as baby is three months old, I can leave her part of the day and take an engagement as daily governess."

"Daily what?" exclaimed George. "You had better apply for a clerkship in the Admiralty!"

"I desired him not to talk nonsense, as I was quite serious ; but for some days he declared he would never consent to such a thing ; however, eventually I gained my point.

"After many fruitless expeditions in answer to advertisements, it occurred to me that Mr Kelly, my father's solicitor, might help me in the matter. I had not seen him since I was a school-girl ; but I thought, from his knowledge of my family, that he might feel some interest in me. I determined therefore to call upon him, and without consulting George, who rejoiced in every failure I met with, so great was his repugnance to the plan.

"When Mr Kelly understood who I was, he expressed himself very willing to assist me, on the one condition, that he might write to my father on the subject first. Of course I consented ; and was not surprised to hear that a formal answer was the result, stating that "all communications between Mr Wyndham and his daughter were henceforth at an end." Mr Kelly had no further scruple in acting for me. He questioned me pretty closely as to my acquirements, and then drew up a suitable advertisement, salary to be one hundred pounds per annum ; reference to himself. I did not expect so much ; but I left his chambers in good spirits.

"A week having elapsed and no application yet made in reference to the advertisement, I began to feel very uneasy as to its success, when one evening we were startled by the now unusual sound of the visitors' bell ; and Mr Kelly was announced. I saw at once by his countenance that he had brought me good news, which he soon confirmed by informing me that he had an engagement to offer me. A client of his had seen the advertisement, and considering Mr Kelly's recommendation sufficient, had requested him to secure my services at once. How grateful I felt ! No suspense ; no trouble but to convince my husband that I ought to accept it.

"Mr Kelly said there was but one objection—he thought I looked too young. "Perhaps you could wear a cap, or do something to your hair to make you look older," said this business-like gentleman ; but George, starting up, declared his wife should not make a guy of herself to please any one.

"We both laughed at him ; and Mr Kelly proceeded to tell me that this friend of his was the

wife of General Dalrymple, then in India, who had brought her three daughters to England for the completion of their education. "She has taken a house in Wilton Street, Grosvenor Place ; so I should suggest," said our kind friend, "your removal to some small street in that locality."

"George and I listened in perplexed silence. We knew to do this we must hasten the sale of the harp and piano. Mr Kelly saw our hesitation, and by degrees drew from us a full statement of our difficulties. The kind-hearted old gentleman absolutely refused to allow such a sacrifice as we proposed, and finally insisted upon lending us a sufficient sum to meet existing demands and move to this neighbourhood, from which we could both walk to our respective avocations.

"Our last evening in our pretty villa was of course a sorrowful one ; and the small house at Pimlico looked gloomy compared with our first home with its fragrant garden, always bright with flowers in summer and verdant with evergreens in winter. Still we were determined to make the best of everything ; and as soon as we were settled in our new home I was installed in my engagement. Mrs Dalrymple and I were mutually satisfied, and I was soon much interested in my three docile pupils. My duties and my husband's being over at the same hour, we made a point of meeting in the Park and walking home together. Again we enjoyed our music of an evening, and rejoiced in the growth and beauty of our dear little Helena ; so that we became quite reconciled to the change in our habits of life.

"Thus happily passed three years of my engagement with the Dalrymples. But clouds were again gathering over our heads. My poor old nurse was seized with a kind of fit, from which her age made recovery doubtful, though every care was bestowed upon her ; and I confess my courage was shaken to the utmost at the prospect of my second confinement without her motherly care and devoted attention. About the same time Mrs Dalrymple informed me that the General had written to hasten her departure for Calcutta ; and the family was soon plunged into all the bustle of preparation for their voyage. Studies were at an end ; but I continued my daily visits, generally accompanied by my little Helena, thus relieving poor Martha of her greatest anxiety. At length all was prepared for their departure. The last packing-case had been sent to the ship, and the day was fixed for the Dalrymples to go on board. I spent the last evening with them, and received many pretty keepsakes from my affectionate pupils. Their mother gratified me extremely by expressing her entire satisfaction at the result of my labours in her family ; and as a parting gift, begged my acceptance of the *jewel casket which has fallen into your hands*. As I thanked her, I think I must have looked my surprise at the costliness as well as the apparent uselessness of such a present to me ; for Mrs Dalrymple quickly added : "It is much too large for my own use ; so I intended, if I had not been so pressed for time, to have it altered for you into a work-table, which would be easily effected by having it placed upon a pedestal. And I also intended to have the painting taken from the lid, and framed for your husband, as it is an exact likeness of yourself."

'She interrupted my thanks by telling me that I should find within the casket the wherewithal to make these alterations, should I wish it; and further, that I should not hesitate even to dispose of the casket, should necessity compel.'

AMUSEMENTS AT SEA.

Very varied have been the methods adopted by the passengers and crew of the outward or homeward bound vessel to vary the monotony of a long sea-voyage. Besides indulging in fishing, shooting, and seal-catching where practicable, the Arctic voyager when imprisoned in the ice has relieved the tedium by inditing Arctic Miscellanies in newspaper form, and in indulging in wonderfully comic private theatricals, all of which recreations have been duly chronicled in various books of adventure, as well as by the newspapers.

The following unusual incident was witnessed by those on board a ship bound from England to Madras when about five degrees north of the equator. On the evening of a lovely day, large numbers of flying-fish had been playing round the vessel, when their deadly enemy the bonito appeared. In turn the bonito were attacked by the barracuta, which leaped high out of the water as they caught their victims. Four large barracuta came dashing along, seemingly all in chase of one bonito. When within a few yards of the ship, all four made a leap; the successful captor springing high out of the water, prey in mouth, and falling crash on the poop-deck within three feet of the man at the wheel. The force with which it fell, besides making a hole in the deck half an inch deep, severed its head from the snout, eighteen inches inwards on the body. The fish measured five feet long, and weighed about forty-five pounds. Although incidents like the above, from their uncommon nature, do not come within the scope of amusements at sea, yet they are worthy of record, from their unusual character and the interest they excite at the time.

A common plan for fishing at sea is to pay the line over the stern as far as required, making it fast to the quarter-boat's davits or other convenient part. When a vessel is becalmed, the towing-line becomes of no use, and a shorter line will answer the purpose. After a long calm, the flying-fish, getting accustomed to the presence of the vessel, play around in large numbers. A small piece of dough on the hook serves as a bait, but you must not give him time to open his wings; if you do so, he commences his flight off at a right angle, and his mouth being very tender, having no teeth like the herring, he instantly tears himself away from the hook and is lost. Some naturalists have maintained the flight of these fish to be nothing more than a leap sustained by the spread of their wings or pectoral fins, and that the true cause of their movements through the air are the spring-movements which they impart to their body by means of their very strong side muscles, just as other fish propel themselves through water. Driven from the sea by their voracious enemies, or attracted by a light on board, they become an easy prey without the trouble of catching. They

are sweet eating, and are therefore greatly prized; and when the captain's wife is on board, a glass of grog to Jack is not unfrequently the reward for a fair-sized fish. A large flying-fish has been known to leap on board and strike a passenger violently on the forehead, very much to his surprise.

The presence of a shark in the neighbourhood of the vessel is sufficient to cause considerable excitement on board. Work is generally suspended until the capture is made. If the shark is hungry, he soon bites; there is a quick turn over, shewing his big mouth and white belly, a sharp tug, and he is fast. When landed on deck, he will swing his tail about in fine style, until he receives his quietus by several raps over the head with the capstan bar; then the tail is cut off, and probably nailed as a trophy to the jib-boom. The jaws will be secured by some one as an ornament, and the backbone for making a walking-stick. Shark's skin when dried makes a good substitute for sand-paper; tobacco-pouches and needle-bags are also made from it. The voracity of the shark is sufficiently apparent from the fact that it has been known to swallow nearly the whole of another one as it was thrown piece by piece over-board.

When the turtle is taken, as sometimes happens, in any quantity, there is usually a surfeit of it for some time afterwards—turtle-soup being at a discount! Occasionally a porpoise is caught, but they swim so fast that it requires a sure hand and a steady eye to drive home the harpoon. Fishing for gulf-weed in the Sargasso Sea on a homeward journey, is a favorite amusement. The practice of catching Cape pigeons, gulls, the albatross, and numberless other sea-birds, with a string and baited hook, is one which is cruel in the extreme, and ought to be sternly discountenanced.

All the Cunard and other large steam-ships possess a good library for light reading; besides which there are usually many little solacements for relieving the tedium of the first-class passengers. When the weather is fine there are games of shovel-board on the deck, that draw a number of players and onlookers. The pieces of wood are flaf discs easily handled in shoving them along to a goal, as in the case of bowls. This forms an agreeable recreation and affords good exercise. When outdoor amusement is impracticable, the saloon has its clusters of passengers, busy at something or other. One party will be playing whist; another is eagerly watching a game at chess; a third party will be listening to a thrilling tale of the sea by an old salt; a fourth party is attending to a game at backgammon. In the evening, when lamps are lit, there is sometimes a kind of musical concert, for which an obliging young lady, or perhaps a musically inclined purser, presides at the piano. Often in ships of this description there is a good deal of heavy betting. The bets will be as to the day and hour of arrival at port, what will be the number of the first pilot-boat that presents itself, and so on; some of the bets being sufficiently ridiculous and the cause of much fun, but also the loss of a good deal of money. In all the well-regulated vessels, the ship-officers are strictly excluded from gaming or betting.

The youngsters who happen to be on board

have their own amusement in the games and sports of children. To these juveniles, the cow is an object of much interest. The poor animal, which is required for the sake of its milk, occupies (as we have seen it) a booth at the corner of one of the paddle-boxes. There, well bedded, and tied up in cowhouse fashion, it is observed munching its food with the most perfect placidity; although a thousand miles from home, and the sea all around with long sweeping waves, might be supposed to disturb its equanimity. For air, it has a door, with the upper part left open. Stretching over the lower half-door, the children look in and make their comments on the comfortable quarters, speak of the nice smell of hay, and wonder if the cow is ever sea-sick. We have seldom seen a fractious child in arms who has not been soothed by being treated to a look at the cow. This practice of taking cows to sea is one of the luxuries of modern travelling. A concern such as the Cunard has an establishment of cows at Liverpool and New York, and there is a change of animals each voyage. A curious life that for a cow. Twelve days browsing in a field and stretching its legs, and the next twelve crossing the Atlantic. If one of these cows could write the story of its life, it might tell of having crossed the Atlantic a hundred and fifty times, and seen a good deal of the world.

Shut out from the ordinary cares which vex the landman, it does not require much to provoke excitement and fun at sea. A passing ship, the glimpse of distant land, or anything in the slightest degree out of the usual course, will be provocative of conversation. When a dirty night is coming on, sailors will be bothered with questions as to whether it will be very bad weather, if it will last long, and such-like. Sunday at sea is generally well observed. Hid away however, in some quiet corner may perhaps be seen a squad playing at cards; while within a dozen yards of them another group will be singing hymns, with a considerable crowd around them, a few of whom are joining. Service on that day is held once at least on deck, and is very impressive in fine weather. Nothing is heard to break the silence but the soft gush of the wind through the rigging, and the gentle ripple of the waves as the vessel quietly ploughs its way onward. It has been no uncommon thing in passenger-ships to have a weekly paper, all sorts of possible and impossible nonsense finding its way into its columns. One might read that a frightful murder had been committed at some early hour in the morning on board, which resolved itself into the fact of a sheep or a pig having had its throat cut. When a serial tale is attempted, it sometimes proves specially interesting, as embracing the life-history of some one on board. In one vessel, each man of the crew was presented with a bound copy of the paper printed during the voyage. Quoits made from rope are sometimes used by those who are fond of the game; and kite-flying is indulged in by others, when the kite very often gets lost.

A ludicrous incident occurred to the crew of a vessel lying in the Bitter Lakes, while they were engaged in bathing. By some accident, the signal to start was made, and the vessel darted forward, leaving them spluttering in the water far behind. On board the same vessel the heat was felt to be

most intense in passing through the Suez Canal, so that many of the passengers slept beneath some slight shelter on deck. The pigs, sheep, and poultry taking unwonted liberties one night, had escaped from their usual imprisonment. A vagrant pig smelling at the foot of one of the sleepers on deck received an hysterical kick, which drove it in a promiscuous manner amongst the other sleepers. The captain, roused by the unwonted noise on deck, blew up everybody from his cabin window, without appearing on the scene. It turned out that he had been sleeping in his bath for coolness, hence his hesitation to appear at once on deck. The presence of a parrot or a monkey on board is a source of unending amusement. A black monkey on board this same vessel frequently made a black kitten a martyr to its attentions. Seizing the kitten by the tail, it would drag its unwilling form along the deck, till mounting a coil of rope, still pulling stoutly by the tail, its further progress would be prevented, as the animal dug its claws into the coil of rope. Several hens in the hen-coop were remarked to be entirely bare of feathers round the neck. The explanation was, that the monkey would perch on the hen-coop, and seizing the head of any of the hens when extended beyond the bars, pulled out the feathers, and then sucked the oil from the quills.

The leisure time which Jack possesses, commonly after 5.30 or 6 o'clock p.m., is sometimes utilised in such thrifty work as the manufacture of mats and hearth-rugs, from cuttings obtained from the carpet-weavers, for friends or family at home. A pastime like that formerly indulged in when crossing the Line, seems also like it to have fallen into disuse, and as it has not been so often described, we give a brief account of it here. It is called throwing the dead-horse overboard. Sailors when joining a ship generally receive a month's pay in advance; this they call the *dead-horse*. At the close of the month, weather permitting, the effigy of a horse, life-size, is made, and stuffed with straw, rags, or anything else handy. The mane and tail are made of oakum; and in the dark this strange piece of handiwork somewhat resembles a dead horse. This they lay on deck on its side; one man sits upon it; the rest pulling at a rope made fast to the manufactured animal, and keeping time to the song given out by the sailor who sits upon it. The doggerel is something to this effect:

'Poor old man, your horse will die.
(Chorus) And I say so, and I hope so.
Poor old man, your horse will die.
(Chorus) Oh! poor old man.'

And so the song proceeds according to the talent of the singer, only the chorus remains the same; and at the utterance of the words in italics, the rope is pulled. Passengers on board to whom the thing is a novelty crowd around; within half an hour it is dragged to the quarter-deck. A line is ready from the lee-side of the main-yard, which is attached to the horse, with the man still upon it, only fastened in such a manner that he shall be secure when it drops away. Horse and man are hoisted to the yard-arm; after a few seconds, with a blue light burning, and the men still singing, the horse is cut away, and drops into the water. The rider throwing the light after the horse, comes on

deck. On such an occasion the captain, as well as the passengers, treats the sailors.

But how many hours are passed away at sea in watching the long regular swell, the beautiful tropical skies, the noble vessel gliding along with such unceasing motion, and in chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy! The truth of the Psalmist's words comes home then in all its reality: 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.' On quiet moonlight nights, a walk on deck is helpful to the reflective powers. As you see passengers lying over the rail by themselves long after the usual time for turning in, and ask what they are doing, very likely the reply will be: 'Only thinking.' Much of this 'thinking' may be idle reverie, but much of it also may be profitable, soothing, and restful. A regular bustling excitement sets in, as the vessel nears the end of the voyage. Nothing else is talked of; plans are laid, and changed a dozen times over. When the haven is reached, a sigh seems to rise from each heart, a load seems lifted off each mind, and tears well up in the eyes of many in spite of all efforts to keep them down. Some seem sorry to leave the vessel which has been their home for so long a time; but the final parting comes; promises are made, tokens of remembrance are exchanged—then each goes his own way, to forget everything, perhaps, save the principal events of the voyage.

BY SWIFT TUGÈLA.

'Igama laké ubani na?' was my observation to Ikanda the old Kafir who was sitting on his heels in front of me watching me cleaning my gun. In plain English I asked him: 'What is his name?' This referred to a white man who, the old Zulu said, had been a sojourner for some time across the Tugèla, on whose banks I had been for a couple of weeks. (Here—being two days' journey from its mouth—it is about the breadth of the Thames at Richmond.) In response, the old fellow simply answered in liquid tone and deep voice: 'Umhlopé.' This did not much enlighten me. I had forgotten for the moment that Kafir never know our *proper* designations, but name us according to some habit or peculiarity; and some of these names are very ludicrous. I remember one man whose Kafir called him 'hot-water,' and for a long time the origin of this was buried in mystery, until I discovered while staying with him, that every morning he shouted for 'hot water' to shave with. 'Lungs' was a name given to a consumptive master who coughed much. Among themselves are such names as Ijuba, the 'wild dove'; Utangofola, the 'fence-breaker,' &c. Now when the old hunter, whose own name was Ikanda, the 'egg,' told me that the name of the wanderer was Umhlopé or 'White,' it showed a peculiarity there could be no mistaking. The 'Thames at Richmond' suggests irresistibly the vast difference there is between that homely river and the startling Tugèla in the far-off African land; just the difference there is between the prim, trim sojourner on the banks of the former, and the naked, bronze-

skinned, irresponsible savage bounding over the rocks of the latter. The one river somewhat meekly and respectfully plying its 'watery task' by villas where 'retired Leisure within trim gardens takes his pleasure'; the other headlong, foam-flecked, at times with uprooted trees whirling like straws on its bosom, driven from the dark kloofs of the Drakensberg with a mighty impetuosity, to find at last peace and eternity in the vast ocean beyond.

Three motives had impelled me to this lonely land—which recent tragic events have rendered famous. First, an innate love of solitude; then a love for science—botanic, geologic, or otherwise. And lastly, I was impelled by that hunting instinct which no doubt has descended from our flint-arrow and stone-hatchet-using ancestors. But apart from mere sport, I had to obtain food daily for myself and my Gingalese servant; all I had with me being a sack of biscuits and a bottle of curry-powder! I had plenty of variety: fish from the river, birds from the woodlands; where also could be found the tiny Ipiiti antelope, and the larger Umkonka. In addition, Ikanda's daughters brought me daily a huge bowl of milk, for which a little present was only necessary. Very shapely were the two young damsels, yet in their 'teens'; and kindly and pleasant their soft brown eyes. Their sole clothing consisted of a little apron of beads, unless the brightly burnished brass anklets, armlets, and necklaces glittering on their brown limbs, can be counted articles of clothing. They were innocent, merry, unembarrassed; and devoid of shyness or vulgarity—that is, pretension.

Here in this sunny valley with its wealth of sub-tropical foliage, its glorious river, its stern precipices, its exuberant animal life, I lived, remote from jostling crowds of congregated men, from letters by post, and such civilised nuisances. From early dawn till night I was ever in the full glory of the life-giving sun. It may be seen then that—for a time at least—I was unwilling to mix with my fellow-men. I wished to be alone, and felt somewhat annoyed when I recollected that I had given Ikanda permission to bring the white man to see me. Eventually this came about. Upon a hot mid-day—a breathlessly hot day, I was dozing in my tent—indeed had fallen asleep; when gradually I became aware of some one speaking to my Gingalese. Strange! That voice produced a sensation akin to the wakening of a note, some string long silent and disused in the inmost recesses of memory. In an instant the Tugèla was gone—gone the hot African valley—and gone the huge precipices! A duller light illuminated all—a grayer sky and grayer some uprose. I became dimly conscious of being by a far different river; dimly conscious of a steep town rising from its banks, above which loomed a huge castle. On the river were boats or shadows of boats floating. Once again the voice spoke; when like some dissolving view there grew out of the last vision an old school-yard, sunny, surrounded by cloisters now only half-remembered. There was an old square chapel too, about which and in and out of which, were shadows of many boys moving; all in dreamland or doze-land—that twilight, no-man's-land which separates the sleeping from the waking state. Then a figure darkened the tent-door, and I roused myself. It was Umhlopé the Englishman!

'I hope I don't disturb you,' he said in a gentleman's unmistakable voice. 'Some Kaffirs told me you were here; and as I have been living alone for some time past, I thought I would refresh myself by the sight of a white man, and the sound of an English voice once more; so I just forded the river and came here.'

'Come in by all means,' said I, 'and sit down.'

I saw now why he was called by his singular name. He was very fair, with an immense blonde beard and very light-coloured hair. His eyes, which might once have possessed great vivacity, were light blue; but now seemed sad and forlorn. He was thin to emaciation; as gaunt as a young Quixote. His clothes were patched in all directions, and his foot-gear was mended with antelope skin. Hopelessness and disappointment were in all about him; and though without any trace of disease, the first shadow of the eclipse of death was visible in his eyes. Once or twice some tone, some inflection of voice seemed familiar to me, seemed an echo of the past; but the impression vanished instantly.

'You seem comfortable here,' he said with a graceful wave of his hand, which included myself, my tent, my Gingalese servant, well-kept rifles, and scientific paraphernalia. 'I see you are a naturalist too. Permit me to look at this charming little microscope. How neatly you have got these specimens dried.'

This put me at my ease, for I was staring at him in a puzzled manner, being mentally swayed two different ways; I was attempting to piece together the curious involuntary celebration during my half-dream of river, town, and castle, with this man before me. We chatted long and pleasantly; he was well informed; his conversation interested me. But how came he here? He was not a sheep-farmer, nor a coffee-planter, nor a transport-driver, nor a missionary. What was he? My Gingalese gave us an excellent supper and coffee, which latter was in honour of my guest, water being my general drink out there. We smoked and talked till nearly sundown; and then begging a little gunpowder of me, with cordial farewells he departed.

Next morning something stroking my camp-bed coverings awoke me at sunrise. I opened my eyes and saw the two bronze Hebes, Ikanda's daughters, standing there; they had brought my milk, and were waiting for me to wake. Umnanli (which means 'sweet'), the elder one, smiled pleasantly as she said: 'Sa ku bona, 'nkosi' (I have seen thee, O chief)—the customary salutation. She went on to tell me that her father would not be able to come to hunt with me that day, as there was a meeting at a kraal some way off; so I resolved to have a quiet day arranging specimens and fishing. To accomplish this latter I went to a quiet pool I knew well, about a mile away; there was here a quiet back eddy in a sort of bay overshadowed by mighty trees. Here, reclining on the bank in the drowsy portion of the day, the shade, the monotonous hum of insects, the distant murmur of the rapids, soon lulled me to sleep rod in hand. How long I remained thus I know not; but once again before me, sleeping by swift Tugela, uprose the dim, mystic outline of town, river, and castle—once more I seemed to tread a well-known old school-yard, among the shadows of many boys—

once more I entered the deep gloom of cloisters—and—

'I saw you asleep here from the other side,' were the words which woke me, 'and I came across.'

It was Umhlopé! Perhaps you may say: 'Why did I not ask his name?' Well, the reason was partly because it does not always do in a colony to ask much about a man, and partly because he seemed to dread any scrutiny. I could see that while he longed to be with me, he had some reason to dread it. And so it was with him to-day. However, feeling but little reserve myself, I was glad to see him because I wanted a companion in a matter I had in view, and for which to-day would suit me. I wanted to get eight or ten beaters in a projected raid after game from a neighbouring *inkösi* or chief. There was one who had what is called a 'location,' or small principality on the woody banks of the Umfula, about two hours' walk hence. I proposed to my friend Umhlopé to go over there and visit the old gentleman in his *umfisi*, as Kaffirs call a kraal. To this he assented after a few moments of hesitation and silence.

[Short as the time seems since we two paced along those sleepy hot valleys together, yet as I look back it seems difficult to realise that they have been awakened from their kip-van-Winkle dreaminess by hordes of warriors white and black. It seems hard to realise, that before the tramp of armed men the timid antelope is seeking the inmost night of the mimosa thicket; that swarms of birds are wheeling and shrieking in dismay over white helmets and gleaming bayonets; that the small leopard lying purring on his back in a sunny nook, slinks off at the unaccustomed rumble of artillery-wagons; and that the sharp English word of command seizes the *igwana* in his lair, and drives the deadly *umamba* to hide his poisonous head and glittering scales in the clefts of the rocks. For those mountains and rivers are associated in my mind with a repose such as the lotus-eaters might have revelled in, or the gods of Epicurus loved. It is however, just possible that a Scotsman or Yankee will soon come and build water-power mills along those river-banks.]

After passing through a grove of enormous aloes, we arrived at the *inkösi's* kraal. This consisted as usual of a circular inclosure, formed of wattles, about a hundred yards in diameter, within the inner edge of which were probably fifty huts made of framework, with giant grass interlaced, resembling huge beehives, eight feet high and thirty in circumference at the base. A cloud of savage dogs rushed out at us, which caused me to fall-cock my breech-loader. A Kaffir then approached and demanded: 'U funani na?' (What do you seek?) Upon being told we wanted the *inkösi*, he left us in charge of another man, and retired to give our message. Presently an old fellow came out with a mat of plaited grass, and put it down without a word; then came about twenty or thirty fine-looking young men; and lastly came the *inkösi* himself, who took up his station on the mat, followed by his cup-bearer with a huge bowl of *utynala* or native beer. This individual was older than the chief; his aged head was covered with what resembled cotton-wool; he was adorned, regardless of expense, with an old infantry greatcoat, and wore besides a bead neck-

lace with a teaspoon attached to it. (This is a fact.) The chief shook hands with us. The cup-bearer took a pull at the beer and handed it to his master, who took a pull and passed it to us. It is etiquette for cup-bearer and host to drink first. Then our conference began. For reasons unnecessary to mention, we could not have the men I required until the next moon—*inyanga* in Kafir, which, curious to say, means both a moon and witchcraft. A dirk given me by a naval cousin, and which had been through the Crimean war, attracted the chief's attention. The brass lion's head on the handle delighted him, and he perfectly understood what it represented. The crown and anchor in the blade were mystic emblems of unknown import to him, and he regarded them with considerable awe. He begged hard for the dirk; but it was explained to him that it could not be given away. However, I consoled him by giving him a good dose of Cognac, which he gloated over like Caliban over Trinculo's bottle.

It was a lovely evening as my companion and I sauntered back to my tent, which was about six miles away perhaps. After a considerable time we came round a turn of rocks upon two Kaffirs standing motionless like two bronze statues, each with his *umkonto* in his hand. (The Kaffirs call any spear *umkonto*, and I think our word *assegai* is derived from a kind of spear which they call *isejula*, for they themselves have no word *assegai*.) Catching sight of us, they shouted '*Inamba!*' And there, sure enough, was the long thin snake, whose fangs bring death in twenty minutes, hanging among the branches of a tree. In a moment Umhlopé had slipped a small-shot cartridge into his gun, fired, and the wounded snake slid harmlessly to the earth. Leaving the Kaffirs to do what they pleased with him, we went on.

At length we reached my tent. We were standing outside silently watching the moon rising over the Zulu mountains, when my companion said: 'Which part of England do you say you come from?'

'The west; at least Gloucestershire,' I answered. 'Ah!' said he, pointing to three bars of gold hanging over where the sun had vanished. 'I often think of my old home at this time. Don't you?'

'Yes,' I replied; and found myself muttering Dante's well-known lines: 'Twas now the hour when thoughts of home melt through men's hearts afar.'

'I even at times,' he added meditatively, 'seem conscious of certain old chimes which I remember so well as a boy—but it's no use thinking of them.' As he spoke, the old strange feeling passed through me when I listened to, and looked at this singular man; it was like a half-remembered dream, but all too evanescent to fix or retain.

Then he said abruptly: 'I must go! Good-night!'

In vain I asked him to stay the night and try for *Reit bok* (a small antelope) next day; but he would only be tempted, wished me 'good-bye,' and soon I saw him at a distance fording the river, feeling his way over the rocks with a long pole.

On the following day I had been alone after guinea-fowl, and at about an hour or so before sunset I was standing on the edge of a precipitous

cliff above where my tents were pitched, when, on looking down, I became aware of a small crowd of Kaffirs who were mostly strange to me. They appeared very much excited, and were gesticulating and shouting violently at my Cinqualese servant. Among them was the old hunter Ikanda. I hurried down at the risk of my neck; and when they saw me coming, received me with cries, among which I could only distinguish the words Umhlopé and bulawe (killed). So I concluded that some accident had happened.

First shouting out 'Tula!' (Be silent!) I then got Ikanda to tell me with tolerable clearness what all this was about. It turned out that the Englishman had in some way been injured. Taking hurriedly a roll of lint and a flask of Cognac reserved for such occasions, I bade Ikanda lead across the ford, and followed with a 'tail' of about twenty Zulus behind me. We soon forded the river, climbed the precipitous bank opposite, and after an hour's walking, arrived at a little grove with a clearing in the midst of it. The Kaffirs pointed to a hut standing alone, and said the injured man was inside. It was a regular native hut, like an enormous beehive, but had a little square window cut in one side of it. I entered. The setting sun's rays streamed through the window on to where lay my mysterious friend on a little couch.

'Fynes, old fellow!' he commenced.

In an instant the whole mystery became clear. The river, castle, clump of trees, old school-yard, long room—these were the Thames, Windsor, Brocas clump, and dear old Eton of years ago! He who now lay before me was Algvy Herbert, at once my rival and friend on the river or in school. All this rushed through my mind in a second.

'Fynes, old fellow, I think the end is not far off,' he said slowly; 'I have no feeling below my waist, and my hand is shattered.'

I mixed some brandy-and-water, gave him some, and unwound the bandage on his hand. It had been shattered by the bursting of a gun. I placed cool moist bandages on it and raised his head. And was this—*this*, the bright, dainty Algvy Herbert of Eton days!

'I have much to say to you, old friend,' he said; 'I must husband my strength to say it. I missed my footing on a precipice and fell to the bottom; my gun exploded in the fall, shattering my hand. I lay helpless for hours until I was accidentally discovered by a Kafir girl. She got some men, who brought me here.'

I moistened his lips again.

'I knew you the instant I saw you, Fynes; but my life has been such a disgrace and misery to myself and all belonging to me, that I dare not disclose myself. When I left Eton, I went into the — Regiment. This was against my father's wish. He was Canon of W— Cathedral, and wished me to go into the Church. He was a stern man, but I believe loved me very much, for I was his only son. Ah me! his only son. I was quartered in India at first, and there was a good deal of high play in the regiment, and I was unlucky. But my father was liberal, and never stinted me. When we came home we went to the Curragh. I ran one of my horses in some steeple-chases and lost heavily on him. I am not one who wishes to

make out other men to be knaves because I am afraid of admitting myself to be a fool, so I own candidly that in betting matters and such transactions I went from bad to worse, until I became seriously involved and hampered. I must tell you that about this time we had a regimental ball. Ours was a rich regiment, and we could afford to do the thing well. Unluckily for me, I had been appointed treasurer, and received subscriptions. At this time also I was hampered by other debts besides those incurred by play. I had received some rather strong hints that creditors were growing impatient; and in an evil hour I misappropriated the funds I held in virtue of my treasurer'ship; I used them to liquidate one or two pressing debts, feeling sure that my father would refund, if the worst came to the worst. As ill-luck would have it, one of the tradesmen who had supplied things for the ball, &c., went to the colonel and asked him why payment was delayed; who, knowing that I had received the moneys, sent for me, and asked how this was. I told him I would arrange about it all next day. I was desperate—driven into a corner—and I forged my father's name for a considerable sum! Here he stopped, quite overcome. I gave him some stimulant, and he resumed in a broken voice: 'I believe my father would have paid the money and so saved me from disgrace; but I had been a thorn in his side for a long time past, and alas! I had been secretly married. Of this fact some kind friend had found it "his duty" to apprise my father; and this filled the cup of my ill-doing to overflowing. This so-called "disgraceful" marriage and the forgery were together too much for the old Canon. Blanche was a dear little thing; but she was only the daughter of a Dublin tradesman. The storm burst on me. I learnt that my father had sworn he would never forgive me. There was nothing for it but to go into hiding somewhere; I let only one friend know where. Three days after this I received fifty pounds by his hand, anonymously sent. This enabled me eventually to reach Natal. Here I was soon out of funds; but I managed to eke out a livelihood as a billiard-marker at D'Urban. Then I sank so low as to sew up bursted grain-sacks at "the Point." Finally, a man who had been up on the Diamond Fields and made a good deal there, took pity on me, and as he was returning to England, gave me his gun, an order for powder, and a small kit. I came here, and for five years I have lived among these people.'

He ceased speaking, and placed two packets, directed and carefully secured, in my hands; one for his wife, the other for his father. I told him that I was shortly returning to England, and promised faithfully to carry out his wishes. There remains but little more to be said. I stayed with him all night. At dawn he breathed his last.

The body of my unfortunate old friend rests undisturbed deep under the shade of mighty trees in that far-off land. When my arrangements for quitting the colony were completed, I stood for the last time one evening by his grave. There was a deep silence around, only broken by the scarce perceived hum of insects in the leafy canopy overhead, the occasional cry of the wild-dove, and the murmur, as it rolled on its way to the Indian Ocean, of the 'swift Tugela.'

'DRAWING OUT THE FEAR.'

'I witnessed a beautiful and touching incident illustrative of the early lessons which make the peril of the future occupation familiar to a child from his cradle, in a little scene on the banks of the Douro. A fisherman and his wife stood at the water-side, opposite to a deep and dangerous spot. Their child, a boy of about a year old, was already habited in the costume of his future life, that of a sailor, the trousers tucked up above the child's knees. Leading him towards the river's brink, the mother purposely wetted his tiny feet; he was alarmed, and clung to her. With soft and affectionate caresses, again and again she led him to the water, until the little imp, emboldened by her encouragement, ventured down alone, and, only just able to walk, tottered unsteadily to the stream. I trembled at the risk; a few feet farther, and the water deepened dangerously. But there was no cause for fear. Guided by a watchful eye, the mother's hand was ever ready to catch the little scrap of infant humanity, just in time to save it, and to render my half-uttered exclamation unnecessary: "Que está fazendo?" (What is she doing?) "Está lhe tirando o medo" (She is drawing out his fear), was the reply.'—OWEN'S *Here and There in Portugal*.

A FISHER's wife to Douro's side
Guided her infant's foot,
While to persuade him off she tried
His golden waves to meet:
At first he eyed them with delight,
Then to her hand he clung in fright.

'Nay, shrink not so, my bonny boy;
That stream thy home will be,
Where thou wilt earn, in glad employ,
Food for thyself and me.
Merrily rocks thy father's boat
On yonder golden waves aloft.'

One baby foot the urelin dips,
Then, gathering more and more
New courage from her loving lips,
Speeds boldly down the shore,
And feels, by its warm clasp beguiled,
The river's welcome to its child.

E'en thus a tenderer Hand, methought,
Guiding my earthly way,
Thus far my lingering steps hath brought,
And led me every day
To face by slow degrees the stream
Which did at first so dangerous seem.

His gentle voice my fear hath quelled,
And bid me bravely go;
My shrinking feet His clasp upheld
'Nay, child! why tremble so?
Thy Father still shall be thy Guide,
And bear thee o'er the surging tide.

'Before thee lies thy daily task;
There too thy joy shall be;
Thy work for Me I deign to ask,
For those thou lovest and thou.
Thy Father's love, the perils o'er,
Shall give thee welcome on the shore.'

Oporto.

T. S. P.

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SEEMING ODDITIES IN NATURE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In a former paper we pointed out that in the profusion of animated nature, there were tribes of animals of a half-and-half character, neither exactly birds nor beasts, but part of both, without mixture or monstrosity. That, as explained, is one of the means which nature adopts seemingly to economise the work of creation, and is most effectual. There are many examples of this system of economising, if we may call it so.

Take as a remarkable instance the transformations of certain insects. An animal is wanted for the special purpose of destroying carrion, so as to prevent it becoming a nuisance. The creature appropriate for this purpose is a small worm, known as a maggot. But how are such worms to be exterminated, when a mass of putrid meat is to be disposed of? The difficulty is beautifully got over by sending a particular kind of big fly called a blue-bottle that is entitled to rank as a scavenger-general. Instinctively, the blue-bottle discovers where its services are required. There it deposits eggs; the eggs very speedily become maggots, and the maggots make short work of eating up every scrap of the putrid mass. When that is done, they cannot fly away. This, however, is provided for. They undergo a transformation into flies, and they set off in a flight for new substances requiring their attention. This is but a brief explanation of the process of transformation, which is various according to circumstances. It is sufficient to impress us with the fact that the creature referred to is in a sense two distinct animals. It has a flying life and a crawling life; or more correctly, while in its flying state, it can originate a host of crawling creatures admirably adapted for the design in view.

In pursuing its professional avocations, the blue-bottle is far from being particular. It will as readily attack a joint of meat as a dead horse. Cooks, of course, have a detestation of blue-bottles, which they think are created only

to torment them, and they would be glad to hear that they were exterminated off the face of the earth. This is being a little unreasonable. Blue-bottles have a right to live, if they can. No doubt, they make themselves very troublesome when by accident they find their way into a room, and keep buzzing on the window-panes. On these occasions they are to be pitied. They are trying to get out, with the view of performing their proper functions, and they should be let out accordingly. If they wish to go about their business, why not let them go by all means, and be thankful for the riddance. In short, though apt to be an annoyance, blue-bottles are sent for a good purpose. They have their appointed uses in creation, and for these uses, their structure, while not displeasing to the eye, is admirably adapted. Look at their alacrity, their swiftness on the wing. Bees are very properly applauded for their industry. But we doubt if they are a whit more industrious than blue-bottles, for they are ever actively roaming about to 'improve each shining hour,' on their own proper mission, which is to remove what is unwholesome and unsightly. The merits of blue-bottles have been a little overlooked in literature. Heraldry has strangely neglected them. Should the fraternity of scavengers think of getting up a coat of arms, they might with great propriety adopt the blue-bottle as a crest. We know that cooks will never be reconciled to blue-bottles. All they have to do is to keep joints out of their reach.

Leaving insect transformations, about which many amusing volumes have been written, one or two other transformations are quite as remarkable. In the first place is that shewn in certain amphibious reptiles. Here, the object in view is to produce an animal which can live in or out of water, according to the period of its existence. Toads and frogs, as is well known, begin active life as tadpoles, which are seen swimming in ponds and ditches. The tadpole is a kind of fish; it breathes by means of gills. When the time comes for dropping its fish character, its tail, which had been the means of propulsion, drops off, its four

legs make their appearance, its gills are absorbed, and it begins to breathe by means of lungs. This is surely a very interesting metamorphosis. Just as blue-bottles have their assigned purpose in creation, so have toads and frogs. It is to clear the fields and gardens of beetles, moths, and other insects, also worms that are apt to be troublesome. Why there should be such a dislike, almost a horror of toads and frogs, is not easily explained. To man they are harmless, besides being useful creatures. A correspondent who possesses an affection for these animals, gives the following experiences.

"I never went so far as to tame toads and frogs, but I used to watch them with some interest. One specimen used to live in an old hollow tree-root which formed part of some rock-work. On the way up from his haunt to the open air, which he visited about dusk for the purpose of feeding, was a small hole in this root, through which he occasionally poked his head when on his way out. It seemed to be a sort of observatory window, from which he noted the weather, and by which he sat to philosophise. When he reached the open air, he would sit bolt upright and wait patiently. Now is the interesting time to watch him; but there is difficulty in doing this, as it is nearly dark. Creep up very slowly and quietly. Toadie is very trustful and unsuspicious, and you may steal your head within half a yard of him, then wait quietly. A moth flutters by, or a beetle creeps up. He gets within a distance of about two or three inches, and you hear a snap; the insect has vanished, and the toad gives a self-satisfied hith and a gulp. If the moth is very big, you will see the ends of its wings sticking out of his mouth, so you know where the moth is. But how did it get there? The toad has a very long tongue, which is fastened down close to the lips, and stretches towards the back of the mouth. When an insect passes, the tongue is darted out, extended; and the slimy tip catches and drags in the poor insect in less time than I can tell this. The action is so instantaneous that the eye cannot follow it.

"My sisters and brothers set up a colony of tame frogs and toads in a greenhouse at home; and very interesting and intelligent the poor things proved to be. One very large frog would answer to his name Jack, and come tumbling out for worms. He croaked with delight when a friend scratched his back. He knew and avoided strangers; and feared very much an inquisitive ferrier which sniffed suspiciously at his mistress's new pets. The toads were almost as tame; and all united in giving reliable weather indications. In dry weather they were all stowed away out of sight. If it was damp or wet, they were easily to be seen, retreating only to the shelter of an upturned box, and nestling in shallow holes they worked in the soil. One way of winning Jack's favour—I think his mistress gained his favour in this way—was to give him a liberal share of the water used for the plants. Another pet was a three-legged toad, the fourth leg having probably been taken off by a careless gardener. The hurt was new when he was taken in; but he soon recovered, and was quite happy in this species of hospital; he only stumbled along as lame pensioners usually do, and was quiet and grateful.

The friend who sends us these remarks does not in his love of frogs foresee that when these animals become a superfluity they require to be kept down. If you happen to have a pond to which frogs resort for spawning, the likelihood is that in a single season, if no repressive measures are adopted, you will have the whole neighbourhood full of frogs. They will be seen sitting complacently in every pathway and looking about them. This may be called the plague of frogs. Too much of a good thing. It is our belief that if let alone, frogs and rabbits would soon cover the habitable globe. A human being would scarcely have standing-room, or anything left to eat. In cases of this sort, man with his superior intelligence and responsibilities needs to take restrictive measures in hand. If you will have a pond and its colony of frogs, you must keep ducks, who not being oppressed with a sense of delicacy or humanity, will gobble up every young frog within reach of their bills, and so, like a detachment of policemen, keep things in order. Snakes would do as well as ducks, but some might think that the cure was worse than the disease. A few years ago, when we were at Wiesbaden, the plague of frogs was awful, and it would have been far worse, not endurable, but for officials constantly dragging the pond behind the Kursaal for tadpoles, and carrying them away in barrowfuls. Considerations of this kind must temper notions of cruelty to animals. With every respect for frogs, and likewise for blue-bottles, as being useful in the scavenging line, we admit that both classes of animals may be overdone, and that active measures of limitation may reasonably be resorted to.

Before dismissing tadpoles, it is proper to say that their change to the frog condition depends on the sun's light. If kept in the dark, they will till their dying day remain tadpoles. They will grow larger, but never become frogs. Could we say anything more emphatic of the advantages of sunlight as concerns health and development? What cruelties are committed in keeping horses and other domestic animals in whole or semi-darkness! It is not allowing fair-play to nature. Every living creature, human beings included, ought to have a thorough allowance of daylight. Stinted in this respect, they grow up in an imperfect tadpole condition.

While toads, frogs, and newts left to the operations of nature, dismiss their gills in early life, some others of the amphibia retain their gills on growing up, and according to pleasure, breathe either through these organs or by their lungs. This must be considered a great convenience. Tired of one way of breathing, they can try another. The best example we can offer of an animal so highly favoured is that of the axolotl, a fine specimen of which, about a foot in length, we had an opportunity of seeing in the Aquarium at Brighton. An esteemed and travelled correspondent gave in these pages, August 1875, a good account of the axolotl, and we are not going to repeat the description. All that need now be done is to revive recollections, adding such fresh information as has appeared. The axolotl is a lizard-like animal with four feet. It is an inhabitant of a shallow salt lake in Mexico, in which it walks along the bottom, using its gills for breathing. When disposed to take the air, it goes off on an excursion on dry ground, making use of its lungs, and trying to catch worms for

food. There is something more curious than this. Twelve years ago, the fact was mentioned in the French Academy of Sciences that thirty axolotls had taken permanently to the land, cast their gills, and assumed the character of American land-newts. A lady, Fräulein Marie von Chauvin, as we understand, has actually succeeded in making the axolotl a land-animal. The account of the transformation is given as follows by Dr Andrew Wilson, in his instructive volume, 'Leisure-Time Studies.'

'Fräulein von Chauvin, by dint of care and patience, succeeded in enticing five specimens from their native waters by gradually inuring them to a terrestrial existence. The animals were highly refractory as far as their feeding was concerned; but their objections to diet when under experimentation were overcome by the ingenious method of thrusting a live worm into the mouth; whilst by pinching the tail of the worm, it was made to wriggle so far down the amphibian's throat, that the animal was compelled to swallow the morsel. Of the five subjects on which the patience of Fräulein von Chauvin was exercised, three died, after a life of nearly fifty days on land. At the period of their death, however, their gills and tail-fins were much reduced as compared with the normal state of these organs. The two surviving axolotls, however, behaved in the most satisfactory manner. Gills and tail-fins grew "small by degrees and beautifully less," and apparently by an actual process of drying and shrivelling through contact with the outer air, opposed to any internal or absorptive action. The animals moulted or shed their skins several times; and finally, as time passed, the gills and tail-fin wholly disappeared; the gill-openings became closed; the flattened tail of the axolotls was replaced by a rounded appendage; the eyes became large; and ultimately, with the development of a beautiful brownish-black hue and gloss on the skin, varied with yellow spots on the under parts, the axolotls assumed the garb and guise of the land-amblystomas or land-newt. It was thus clearly proved that a change of surroundings—represented by the removal of the axolotls from the water, and by their being gradually inured to a terrestrial existence—has the effect of metamorphosing them into not merely a new species, but apparently an entirely different genus of animals.'

In this account there is something very suggestive. Under an overpowering creative law, animals assume a character according, less or more, to external conditions. For anything that is known, the axolotl may have hitherto been an imperfectly developed land animal, still somehow struggling with its rudimentary tadpolism. We should like much to hear how the respected Fräulein von Chauvin succeeded with her axolotls, and if they shewed no disposition to go back to gills. Naturalists in all parts of the world cannot fail to be interested in so extraordinary a transformation. Could a change of character be effected in any other animal that dabbles in the water and recreates itself on dry land? Take the case of the Ornithorhynchus, a native of New South Wales, with the body of a water-rat, the bill of a duck, and web-feet. In swimming about, the bill answers the purpose of an auger, to bore holes in the muddy banks of rivers in search of its food, and so far it

exceeds the ordinary water-rat. Round the inner end of the bill of this strange creature, there is a projecting rim or flange, which keeps the fur of the head clear during the process of boring—a fine instance of a useful provision of nature.

Suppose that some enthusiast like Fräulein von Chauvin were to gather a few specimens of this half-duck and half-rat, and keep them entirely aloof from water, would the bills gradually drop off, and regularly constituted mouths make their appearance? We venture the question for what it is worth. Naturalists apparently have yet a great deal to learn by practical experiments in changing the conditions which to so large a degree have influenced the character of animals.

Obviously, the primary conditions of animal existence are sunlight, air, temperature, and moisture. On the apportionment of these the character and focus of animals are regulated. Where an animal has to live in the dark, it does not need eyes; its eyes therefore disappear, while some other sense, as a compensation, is quickened. The creature becomes tadpolitic. This is observable in the case of certain fishes that are found in the underground river which flows through the caves of Kentucky, and in similar situations. Their eyes are gone, leaving only a speck on the skin where they once were. These eyeless fish, which were described in our pages three years ago, afford a striking example of the power which conditions exert over faculties and organs. Though these poor fish cannot see, they possess extraordinary acuteness in hearing, and are able to pursue and overcome fish provided with eyes. There is another curiosity in their structure. As their prey swim near the surface of the water, their mouth is towards the crown of the head, an arrangement which saves them a great deal of trouble. There have been numerous speculations on the history of these fish. Were they created without eyes, in adaptation to dark underground rivers, or have the eyes disappeared in the course of ages to suit new conditions? Would the eyes return if they were placed in sun-lit waters? These are vastly interesting questions, which nobody can answer. A consideration of them fills us with perplexity and amazement. w. c.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XX.—ON THE BEACH.

To walk on the beach is a simple sea-side recreation, which in different localities means something very various. At Brighton or Scarborough, such a stroll may be diversified and enlivened by the crack of whips and roll of wheels over sand or shingle, the music of organ-boys and grotesque Ethiopians, and the solicitations of mercenary boatmen to have a 'splendid sail,' or to woo sea-sickness in a more seductive form by the intellectual pursuit of whiting-fishing. Elsewhere, a dabbler in the ologies may fill books with weed, or store a can with crabs and molluscs for future transfer to the aquarium or the object-glass of the microscope. But, at Treport, the solitary strip of beach, if sought at all, had to be chosen out for its own sake.

Maud Stanhope was walking on the beach alone. There was little or no risk in being thus

unprotected, for in Cornwall, as in America, a lady who is quite alone is as safe from molestation as Una attended by her lion. And in case of the appearance of greedy snatchers from afar, such as Ghost Nan, or of tramps ready to exchange the beggar's whine for the growl of intimidation, any of the black-bearded giants engaged in tinkering up leaky boats or mending nets on the bank above would have been prompt to hurry to the rescue. So Maud had the gleaming cliffs, and the strip of shingle, and the jutting rocks all to herself, as she walked within a stone's throw of the slumbering sea.

Presently the shingle crackled beneath a man's heavier tread, and Maud, who had been walking deep in thought, lifted her eyes and saw Hugh Ashton standing before her. He raised his cap of course, and she returned his bow, saying: 'I was surprised to see you, Captain Ashton. I thought you had been still in London.' For Hugh's gallant conduct on the night of the wreck was matter of habitual discussion at Llosthue Court, as under less pretentious roof-trees, and Maud was perfectly well aware of the finding of the purple bag, and that Hugh had undertaken a journey to London to restore the documents it had contained to their proprietor, Mr Dieker.

'I did not stay long, Miss Stanhope,' answered Hugh. 'I merely went, as you have perhaps heard, to give back some papers, which it was my good luck to save, to their owner—nothing more.'

He saw that she had been weeping, that the traces of tears were still visible about her beautiful eyes; but he did not dare to ask a question that might have been deemed impertinent, still less to offer consolation. And the knowledge of this imparted somewhat of awkwardness to his manner, which Maud had never noticed before. She did not like him the worse for it, however, partly divining the cause, and with a woman's ready tact, began to speak of indifferent subjects—of the shining sea, so calm and peaceful; the varying tints of the cliff-wall towering so majestically above the narrow strip of pebbly strand; and the contrast between Ocean dressed in smiles and the furious sea of that tempestuous night on which Hugh Ashton had last taken out the *Western Maid* to do her errand of mercy.

'I have not seen you, Captain Ashton, since that night,' said Maud presently; 'but you will believe me when I tell you how, when the news of your going out to the aid of that unfortunate ship reached Llosthue, and we heard the terrible wind, and the awful sound of the angry sea—awful even there—we quite trembled for you and for the brave men who went with you, to help.'

Again the shingle crackled, but this time under the heels of a dainty pair of varnished boots, for it was Sir Lucius Larpenst who, turning the angle of a rock, suddenly entered on the scene. He had an angry spot of red on each cheekbone, such as irritation calls up in some men, and there was anger in his eyes too.

'Mr Ashton again, hey?' he said peevishly, and favouring Hugh with a look of the coolest insolence.—'Upon my soul, cousin, I am made to feel myself almost an intruder when, in the course of my rambles, I stumble upon you in company with—Good-morning to you, Mr Ashton. I did not expect to see you here. You appear to have

plenty of time on your hands; quite the gentleman at large.'

'I have time on my hands, it so happens, just now, my vessel being under repairs,' answered Hugh quietly.

'Oh, don't take the trouble to excuse yourself to me. It is my mother whose underling you are, not mine!' said the baronet coarsely.

'Lucius!' exclaimed Maud; and the reproach in her voice seemed to exasperate her kinsman, who said, more snappishly than before: 'I must request you, Maud, to be good enough to accept my escort home to the Court. It is not seemly that you should be out walking so near my mother's house with this—Mr Ashton.'

'I was not walking with him!' exclaimed Maud, in indignant astonishment. 'I met him, as I met you just now, by the merest accident, and stopped to say one word, that is all. Your language is unjust, Lucius!'

'Accident indeed!' muttered the baronet. 'There are accidents, cousin, of very frequent occurrence, it appears, and which a little friendly interference ought to prevent. I must ask of you to let me bear you company so far as Llosthue; indeed I must. My presence may be unwelcome, but it may be serviceable in putting an end to—accidents which repeat themselves so often.' This was a very rude speech, and one which Miss Stanhope, had she been quite calm and collected, would have perceived that Sir Lucius had not the slightest right to make. He was her cousin, not her uncle or her guardian, and even to a male cousin a young lady surely owes, by the very strictest canons of Mrs Grundy's unwritten law, no sort of obedience. But she was unaccountably agitated by the baronet's artful insinuation—it did not amount to a direct charge—that she had visited the beach for the purpose of meeting Hugh, and she forgot to resent this usurpation of authority on the part of her kinsman.

Hugh did what, perhaps, was the very wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances of the case. The hot blood rose mantling in his cheeks, and his lip quivered; but he kept the rising anger down, and bore the baronet's almost open insults with Spartan patience. There was evidently nothing which would better have suited Sir Lucius than a quarrel, which Maud Stanhope's presence must of necessity confine within the limits of a verbal encounter, between the young captain of the *Western Maid* and himself. Such an altercation must result in closing the doors of Llosthue Court against the promoted fisherman, and might bring about the total withdrawal of Lady Larpenst's favour from her former protégé. As it was, Hugh Ashton silently raised his cap, made a low salutation to Miss Stanhope, and walked away. 'I never was so sorely tried before,' he murmured to himself, as he scaled the bank, and gained the coast-road that led into the town, 'never so sorely tempted, as when yonder coxcomb made me the butt of his ill-humour. And to remember that one word from me!—'

He said no more; but a deeper shade came over his brow, and he went upon his way without further soliloquy. Meanwhile Maud Stanhope, escorted by Sir Lucius, was slowly walking back towards Llosthue, and the baronet was doing his best to improve the opportunity of pressing his suit upon his beautiful kinswoman. It might

seem at first sight a difficult and awkward task, that of passing from the character of the reproving relative to that of the enamoured admirer; but Sir Lucius, whose effrontery was equal to the assumption of almost any part, neither felt nor exhibited the slightest embarrassment at the abruptness of the transition.

'It is because I love you so, dearest Maud,' he said with an easy assurance which gave him almost an air of sincerity, 'that it maddens me to think that you could stoop, out of pure thoughtlessness, I am sure, to encourage the impertinent advances of such a fellow as that—not fit to black my boots, by Jove—and—'

'Stop, Lucius, or you will say what you will be sorry for afterwards, and which I can never forgive!' said Maud, interrupting her cousin in a voice that trembled indeed, but not with fear. The insulting imputation which her kinsman had let fall had stung her to the quick; and Sir Lucius, who felt that he had made a mistake, was prompt in rectifying it. 'I beg pardon,' he said, with well-acted humility, 'beg your pardon, Maud, with all my heart, I am sure. Yes, I forgot myself. I was rude to you unwittingly, in my very anxiety to shield you from—— But I cannot trust myself to speak of that fisher-fellow. The very thought of his vulgar presumption makes my blood boil!'

'Sir Lucius,' said Maud coldly, 'you are very much in error, or much misinformed, respecting the absent person of whom it pleases you to use such bitter words. He has been guilty of neither vulgarity nor presumption. I believe him to be incapable of both. Humble as his station may be, I never saw a truer gentleman.'

'After that!' exclaimed Sir Lucius, with a burst of laughter that sounded actually good-humoured—'after that, Maud, the less I say of this amphibious Paladin the better! But come, cousin; do not let us quarrel. If I hurt your feelings, I am sincerely sorry for it. It was only my love for yourself that caused me to lose my temper—not a very good one at any time, I am afraid.'

'If it were only that, Lucius!' said Maud more softly. Women do not always dislike a confession of trifling faults from a man's lips; and will condone much more than we really deserve!

'Well, it is only that,' replied Sir Lucius. 'I am a hot-tempered man by nature, and I have much to worry and vex me. And, Maud dear, there is something anomalous in my position, which would try the patience of a better-tempered man. I am a baronet. I'm sure I wish I wasn't one, and that my father had been content to remain the Honourable Wilfred Beville, and leave me to be simply Lucius Beville. But he took my mother's name and arms—what on earth were the Larpent arms?—and would have a title for both. It costs me dear. Every fellow who would be happy with a shilling wants half-a-crown from me, because I have that ridiculous handle to my name. You might pity me, Maud.'

'I do pity you, Lucius; from my heart I do,' said Maud Stanhope in her sweet gentle way. She had just been afforded a glimpse of her kinsman's inner nature, and although she was sorry for him, it was as we are sorry for a fly that falls into the milk-jug. He was her cousin, and as a child, she had clung to the bold boy's hand when games of

snaggon and so forth were going on; but between her and Sir Lucius there could be no real sympathy. The very hereditary rank which he bemoaned as an injury and an encumbrance, she knew to be dear to him as the apple of his eye. A cheque would make all the difference to him between exultation and despondency. And, knowing this, she could not pity Sir Lucius otherwise than as we extend our compassion to creatures below ourselves in the world's great scale of precedence.

'Will you not do more than pity me? Will you love me, will you marry me, Maud?' said or sighed the baronet as they reached the gravelled carriage-ring, the sun-dial, and the porch of Llosthuel Court.

'Never, Lucius!' answered Miss Stanhope firmly. 'The sooner this subject ceases to be mooted between us, the better for both.'

There must have been some malice about Sir Lucius Larpent. Suddenly, but with courteous politeness, he took off his hat, and without a word left her. Maud gave one glance as he turned away, and then passed sadly on into the house.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE BLACK MILLER.

Far inland, and some eighteen miles as the crow flies from Treport and its bay and harbour, lies a region little visited by tourists, to whom indeed it presents scanty attractions, being a lofty and stony tableland, thinly peopled, with no romantic scenery, and, owing to its bleak situation and considerable elevation above the sea, having a climate far colder than that of the extreme south-western coast, beloved of the myrtle and the scarlet-blossomed oleander. That sterile district could never have been, from an agricultural stand-point, very prosperous; yet it was once the centre of an industry over which our Plantagenet, and still more our Tudor kings watched with jealous care, and which had drawn Phœnician barks across the mysterious sea that girdled misty Britain in the gray dawn of history. All around Pen Mawth and its circumjacent moorlands the ground was honeycombed with shafts, adits, and galleries of abandoned mines, opened at all sorts of dates, from the time when Gaul was free and Rome a village of mud-huts, down to the speculative epoch that succeeded the Peace of 1814.

All was over now. The mines, in the working of which it was said generations of adventurers, lured by the hopes of gain, had spent far more than ever the niggard earth had yielded in return, were closed at last. Wheal Betty and Wheal Fortunatus and Wheal Prosperous, famous in their day for the tin they gave and the copper they promised, had long since been hateful to the ears of London brokers, and could not have been nursed into popularity again by the most fluent of promoters. The pick and shovel had long since ceased to tinkle among gossam and schorl, schist and mica; or the human ants to swarm forth at dusk from those narrow holes that gave access to the upper galleries that tunnelled the hillside. Emigration had swept off the people, and there were left now but barely the hands that were needed to wrest subsistence from the barren soil.

In the heart of this uninviting tract of country stands its one considerable hill, which in Ireland

would take rank as a mountain, and the exact height of which is duly set down in the county hand-books and Engineers' Survey, Pen Mawth. The spelling, so antiquarian purists declare, should be Pen Mauth, and means, in the ancient Cornish tongue, the Hill of Death. There can be no doubt as to the accuracy of the translation, at any rate, since the Norman barons who reared their own castle, the ruined towers of which still stand at the foot of the eminence, called their fortress and themselves by the name of Montmort. The Montmort family has been extinct long since, the Montmort keep is a nesting-place for owl and jackdaw, and the acres of the fief have been sold and resold, and parcelled out, as often happens in Cornwall, among a score or two of yeomen. But still the Hill of Death, brown with heather, gray with rocks, rises as old, uncouth in shape, a sullen tarn of peat-stained water near its summit, a noisy brook descending the narrow glen that scores its stony flank the deepest; and in that glen lies, half-hidden by beething crags that threaten to fall and crush it, the Mawth Mill, solidly built of yore by the feudal barons of Montmort, and which has survived the castle of which it formed an adjunct.

Mill and Miller were well matched. The Mill of Death had borne but a bad name in that countryside ever since those early days when Justice was hard to find, and far to seek, along miry roads and past flooded fords, and the hard heart and the heavy hand had practically more to do with settling matters of everyday life than had the judges of Our Lord the King who came to hold assize in Exeter. There were stories yet current around cottage hearths of cruel vengeance exercised against vassals who had refused to have their corn ground at the lord's mill, or who had boggled at the toll levied by the lord's miller. And the present occupant of the mill—although he had no unscrupulous archers or roistering men-at-arms to back him in wrong-doing, as when the black and silver banner of Montmort waved, threatening, over the battlements of the now dilapidated castle—was yet the terror of the neighbourhood for miles around.

Ralph Swart—such was the name by which it pleased him to be called—was no Cornishman born, though long a dweller in the district. He had taken the mill on lease from the London Hospital—hospitals grant leases on easy terms—to which it had come to belong, had repaired it, and put it in working order. People called him the Black Miller, most likely on account of his complexion, which was strangely dark; perhaps also on account of the gloomy aspect of the old masonry and timber darkened by age until the oak resembled ebony, of which his mill was constructed.

Well known at every market for miles around was the Black Miller. Keen and hard at a bargain, never seeming to lack the ready cash wherewith to seal and clench it, he bought grain, when a profit could be made by buying it, to a much larger extent than the mere needs of his mill demanded. And, curiously enough, though the man was regarded with fear and aversion, more just came to his grindstones in the legitimate way of business, than to those of pleasant-spoken competitors who had a merry look and a kind word for all customers. 'Mustn't anger Master

Swart!' was said in many a homestead, when it was a question of what should be done with the good wheat in the granary; and it might have been thought that some shadow of the feudal privilege departed yet clung to the Black Miller and his ill-omened abode, so faithful was the patronage of those who dealt with him.

It has been mentioned that Ralph Swart was the terror of the neighbourhood. He was well qualified to keep up such a character. Fierce and forbidding of aspect, morose and churlish in manners, his herculean strength and savage temper made him doubly formidable. There had been those who disputed his right, tacitly acknowledged by most, to have the lion's share in every bargain, and they had generally had the worst of it in law proceedings, and always in a personal encounter. But very few, after a second glance at the mould in which the Black Miller was cast, would have cared to measure themselves against him.

Ralph Swart lived all alone. A farming-man from the village came up daily to tend his horse and small garden, and to do such rough housekeeping tasks as the Black Miller required and permitted. When evening came, this man was carefully locked and bolted out of the house, and trudged home, nothing loath, to his own cottage at some distance. No wages would have tempted any native of the hamlet to sleep beneath the roof of the Black Miller. It was not only that the master of the house was an object of fear and dislike, but that the house itself was reputed to be haunted. A pale face, it was said, was seen on moonlight nights peering from the upper windows, all cobwebbed and begrimed with dust—a woman's face, the gossips said below their breath. Yet no woman dwelt there. The Black Miller's wife slept sound, poor thing, in Tregunnow Churchyard. She had died, years and years ago, of a broken heart—so rumour told. Ralph Swart had had a daughter; but he had driven her forth from his doors when she was sixteen; and where the poor scared child had wandered to, or whether she were alive or dead, none knew. See him as he comes now, slowly riding, with a slack rein and a thoughtful brow, up the rocky road that leads to his mill. At a glance it can be seen that the alarm which he inspires, and in which he takes a perverse pride, is well warranted. He is not tall, certainly, but rather resembles a giant cut short; yet, if only of middle height, the vast breadth of chest and the great strength of the limbs render him more than a match for any chance customer. He rides ungracefully, as he does everything, indeed, but so firmly that the most vicious horse cannot unsettle him. The lean, well-bred, ill-groomed steed he rides is vicious, and was bought cheaply at the Tregunnow fair on that account. A vicious horse is apt to have sound legs and a game spirit, and to be sold at a low price, and the Black Miller has a preference for vicious horses. As the man rides on, defiant even now that there is none to look at him, now that he is climbing the steep path which leads up his own ghostly ravine, towards his own melancholy home, it must be owned that there is a rugged grandeur about him, as there is about the shaggy red-eyed bison and the grisly bear. Ugly enough he is; but that high forehead ought to have brains behind it, as surely as that tremendous jaw bespeaks tenacity of pur-

pose. The swarthy skin is darker and more sallow than that of a Spaniard or Neapolitan, and the eyes, though small, are as piercing as those of a bird of prey. The man is close shaven. You see the blue stubbly mark of his steel-hard beard quite distinctly, just as you see his iron-gray hair, that age cannot as yet turn to silver. He is not slovenly, in farmer fashion, as to his clothes, and wears high black boots, that reach the knees, and spurs which have no sinicure, as his horse's bleeding sides attest. Slowly he rides on, deep in thought, a bold bad man, unless Lavater's science and the voice of fame be alike untrue, but one shrewd enough to avoid certain unpleasant contingencies, and to keep to windward of the law.

Ralph Swart, thus riding homeward, his wiry horse picking its way well among the loose stones and shale that strewed the ill-kept road, would have presented, had any one with competent intelligence been there to watch him, a curious social puzzle. He was rough in word and deed, repulsive to look upon, hateful in every relation of life; yet it was impossible not to recognise a certain power and originality about the man. The very fact that he was neat as to his clothes and person, leading the queer life he did, like a volunteer Robinson Crusoe, spoke well for his strength of purpose. To lapse into squalor and eccentric neglect of costume is for the solitary so easy a descent into Avernus, that the recluse who conforms outwardly to the fashions of the world shews some merit *per se*. And the few educated persons who had conversed with the Black Miller were compelled to own that Mr Swart was something more than the mere sharp-tongued rustic that he appeared. The indefinable freemasonry which exists among the cultured aroused in the minds of parson and doctor a suspicion that the Black Miller had more booklore than falls to the lot of those who live by the hopper and the mill-wheel.

As he jogged on, Ralph Swart drew from an inner pocket of his coat three or four old letters, tied together with string, and all of which, save one, bore postmarks that did not indicate any place in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. He drew forth first one and then another of these epistles, stained and tattered with frequent handling, and glanced them over, quickly but not hastily, and then replaced them within the belt of string. Then he put up the packet again, saying to himself in a harsh grating voice: 'Ay, ay! that would be about his age now; and like his father—yes! I'd pick him out then, among a thousand; and if what they said of him out there be true'—He paused a little, as if in doubt, and then drawing from another pocket a hunting-flask, unscrewed the top, and swallowed a draught of the fiery spirit which it contained. Then he replaced the flask in his pocket. 'Ho, ho! let him try,' he exclaimed boastfully. 'Old Ralph Swart—Ralph Swart—ha, ha!—is a tough nut for a stripling to crack. Let him try, if he can. I was fool enough, for a day, to be scared when first that gipsy hag told me that he was so near—it did seem as if Providence—— But enough of that. Ho, ho! let him try.'

He rode on in silence now, and dismounting at his own door, relieved his troubled mind in hearty curses on his serving-man, who was used to his moods, and cared little when strong measures did

not follow the strong language; and then leaving his tired horse to be led to the shed that did duty for a stable, and receiving the comfortable assurance that the place was 'redded up' and the pork and greens boiling for his dinner, walked heavily into the cheerless dwelling-place, and closed the door behind him with a bang.

FRUIT-FARMING AND THE FRUIT-TRADE.

THE chief fruit-growing counties of England are Hereford, Devon, Somerset, Worcester, and Gloucester, shires, which take up in orchards, mostly planted on grass-lands, over ninety-seven thousand acres of ground. About twenty-one thousand acres are also devoted to fruit-growing in Kent, Cornwall, Surrey, and Lancashire, on what may be called the market-garden system; and there are over nine thousand acres of the whole laid out in apple and pear orchards. Fruit-farming is largely on the increase both in England and Scotland, the novelty of strawberry-farming on an extensive scale having been going on for some time in the latter country. On the Muir of Blair, an extensive tract of land lying between Blair-Gowrie and Cupar-Angus, there is a community of about twenty-five strawberry-farmers who earn a living for themselves and families at the business of strawberry-growing. The fruit is usually sold *en masse* to the preservers; and in some years as much as forty-six pounds an acre has been realised by the sale; but the average income from a Scottish strawberry-farm is seldom more than twenty-seven pounds an acre.

Leaving out of view in the meantime any reference to grape-growing or peach-culture, except to say that very large quantities of these fruits are grown at remunerative prices for the London markets, we shall endeavour to give a brief account of what has been accomplished with more hardy fruits. The apples and pears of the five counties already enumerated are chiefly converted into cider and perry, which are cheap and wholesome beverages when carefully prepared. Apple and pear orchards for the growth of cider and perry fruit are not so carefully cultivated as those which are devoted to the production of the finer kinds of these fruits required for dessert or other table uses. The ground is economised as much as possible, and in forming an orchard, the trees are very often planted in the hop-fields; but when the fruit-trees grow so large as to demand greater nutriment, the hop-vines are removed, and the ground at once sown down with grass, which by-and-by affords feeding for sheep and cattle. As a general rule, the formation and planting of an orchard costs twelve or fourteen pounds an acre; the kind of apples preferred for cider being Codlin, Red Cowarne, Cockagee, and French Upright. These are grafted on stocks chiefly raised from seed or from crab or wild-apple stocks. About forty trees on the average are set in each acre of ground, about ten or twelve yards apart, each tree being protected by an inclosure, to save it from being injured by the cattle. The cost of manure, maintenance, and pruning may be put down at about three pounds ten shillings per acre; whilst rents in the counties named run from forty shillings to ten pounds per acre.

Large sums are occasionally obtained for superior eating-apples, such as Ribston, Golden, Orange, and King Pippins, as also for the best varieties of baking-apples. In good apple seasons, from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds per acre have been obtained, and on rare occasions as much as fifty pounds, for the finest dessert fruit; but as a rule the fruit itself does not return more than ten pounds per acre over all the ground. Cider-fruit yields about eight hogsheads per acre, the price ranging from two to three pounds per hogshead, the cider made in Devonshire being esteemed the best in the market. The expense of manufacture must, of course, be deducted from the price quoted; whilst there falls to the credit of the fruit-farmer the grass-feeding for cattle, which is worth a considerable sum per acre every season; so that the profits of fruit-growing in these counties are upon the whole so good that a large number of grain and root growers are taking up orchard-ground; while some capitalists have of late been keeping an eye on the business, with a view to the formation of one or two fruit-farming Companies on a large scale.

Fruit-farmers, however large their profits may be, are not without their troubles; they suffer greatly from the uncertainty of the climate, their hopes of a remunerative crop being occasionally blasted by one night's frost. Their orchards are often attacked by the larvae of various insects, and by one in particular, which speedily divests the trees of every vestige of their foliage. Happily for the public, the prices of the finer sorts of apples are kept under by the constant importation of large quantities from America, so that English fruit-farmers often enough find that when their crops are at their best they can be undersold by Canadian importers. Thousands of barrels of apples arrive in Liverpool, Glasgow, and London every season from the other side of the Atlantic, the fruit being sold at auction for what it will bring. The prices range from eight to thirty shillings for one hundred and twenty pounds of fruit; or from about three farthings to threepence per pound-weight. Another grievance of the English apple-farmer is, that he is not always sure of obtaining compensation from his landlord in the event of his having to leave his orchard before his trees arrive at maturity. Of late years, in some orchards, the proprietor of the ground has furnished it with the necessary trees, so that they belong to him of right in the event of the tenant leaving. This mode of letting what may be called 'furnished orchards' is a fair way of avoiding any collision of interests, because three or four years must necessarily elapse before the trees attain the full vigour of their fruit-bearing power. In the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875, the planting of orchards is placed in the scale of first-class improvements, for which the tenant may be remunerated by compensation at the hands of his landlord for his outlay; and as a rule, the best landlords when they resume possession of orchard-ground, esteem it a matter of honour to compensate the outgoing tenant, to some extent at least, for what he has done in the way of planting the land with fine fruit-yielding trees.

The plumeries of Worcestershire and the cherry-orchards of Kent may now be noticed. Persons who have had occasion to visit Covent Garden

Market early in the morning must have been struck with the vast quantities of plums and cherries which in the season are daily brought there for sale. The total cherry-crop of England seems to be forwarded to London, whence the fruit, purchased by active buyers, is despatched with railway rapidity to all parts of the kingdom. By assiduous personal inquiry at Covent Garden Market, we endeavoured on a recent occasion to ascertain the extent of the trade in cherries, plums, and other fruits; but with only partial success, as each person engaged in the trade knows the extent of his own business only, and no official statistics are taken of the individual goods coming to market, as in Paris. The salesman whom we interviewed was very civil, and very willing to tell us all he knew about the trade. 'Yes,' said he, 'there are tons upon tons of cherries here every day in the season; and there are tons more come in every day to London that never get this length at all, because they are sent off by railway to Liverpool and a hundred other places, where in some seasons there is such a demand, that they never can get enough. As to the costermens, they take enormous quantities, which they sell in the streets. In some good seasons, when the fruit is plentiful and, in consequence, cheap, a clever coster will dispose of ten or twelve sieves in no time. The poor people who deal with the fruit-hawkers like to get a big handful, and they think when they can buy twenty or thirty cherries for a penny or twopenny, that they have got quite a bargain. In my young days—say forty years ago—cherries could be bought over all London in plentiful seasons at a penny the pound. At that time the provincial demands were not so great as they are now. I cannot figure the quantities of cherries that pass through the hands of us salesmen in a season; but I believe as many are sold for eating in London as would fill the *Great Eastern* steamship!'

Thousands of acres are devoted to cherry-growing in Kent, and the cherry-farmers it is said 'make a good thing of it.' But we fancy there is sometimes more glitter than gold in the business, so much of their success being dependent on sunshine and fine weather. Fruit-farmers say that one bad season in the course of four years affects them materially. The rent of the Kent cherry-orchards varies according as they are favourably situated: some farmers pay five pounds an acre, some pay double that sum; and for very good cherry-land as much as twelve pounds is sometimes exacted. The average of the cherry-rents of Kent may be set down at about seven pounds ten shillings per acre. In addition to the rent, there is the expense of cultivation, which is very considerable—seldom indeed less than ten pounds per acre. There are other charges which vary with the extent of the crop, such as those for picking, packing, and marketing; but in a great number of instances the cherry-grower sells his fruit as it is ripening upon the trees, which frees him from further trouble. There are a set of brokers who purchase the fruit just as they see it upon the trees, and take their chance of making a profit out of it. In some cases the crop is put to auction, in others the sale is effected by private contract. It is the varying fortune of the cherry-farmer that in good seasons his fruit is so plentiful that the price falls to a very low figure;

whilst in bad seasons the fruit is so scarce that the total crop does not sum up to a respectable amount. It has been given out that cherry-farmers occasionally get as much as seventy pounds an acre; but the profit on an average is not perhaps a fourth of that sum, which, when the amount of capital invested in the business is considered and the worry which attends it, is not after all more than a fair return. Plums and greengages are largely grown in Kent, as also damsons, and these form a profitable crop. Sometimes however, a late frost will kill the bloom in a single night and leave the trees barren.

In the vale of Evesham in Worcestershire plum-culture is actively carried on, the bulk of the fruit finding a ready market in the populous midland towns of England. The small white plum known as 'the Pershore' is largely grown, and yields a handsome profit per acre—as much sometimes as a hundred pounds. The expenses of plum-culture are—first, the rent charges, usually about seven pounds ten shillings an acre on the average; second, the cost of culture, which as a rule is about twelve pounds ten shillings per acre; or twenty pounds in all, exclusive of the wages paid for gathering and packing the fruit, which in some cases are paid by the purchaser.

Immense quantities of cherries and plums are imported to this country from various parts of the continent; pears of a particularly fine kind, and other dessert fruits as well, are brought over from France and also from Jersey. California too pays no tribute of this kind; but some of the finer fruits of California, such as the best specimens of the Chamaemontella pear, are sent to St Petersburg. Large quantities of the peach Covent Garden are from the orchards of Normandy and other parts of France. The Clyde orchards have lost their fame and their name. Twenty-five years ago, the apples, pears, and plums of Lanarkshire were famous throughout Great Britain and Ireland; now they have no separate quotation in the fruit-markets. We never hear of them in fact, although about five hundred acres of land are laid down in orchards in Scotland, chiefly in Lanarkshire.

Bush-fruits—as gooseberries, currants, and raspberries—are always largely in demand for preserving. There are now a great number of preserving-works in the country, and jams and jellies of every kind can be readily purchased in large or small pots in every town and village of the United Kingdom. We frequently hear complaints from economic housewives about the dearth of berries; but they will never become cheaper, because whenever they fall to a certain figure, they are at once secured in quantity by the preservers. Ladies used, five-and-twenty years ago, to say they would make more jam and jelly than they did were it not for the cost of the sugar; now they complain, and with some reason, of the price of the fruit. There are now fruit-preserving works working on a large scale in nearly every considerable town of England and Scotland; and the trade which was begun in Dundee on a small scale has become a feature of our British commerce. Some of the jam and jelly makers turn out from one to twelve tons a day of the various preserves now on sale, and which are extensively used in the manufacturing districts in place of butter. The fruit-bushes in Kent are largely planted in the plum and damson

grounds, as many as twelve hundred bushes to the acre.

In Cambridgeshire, large quantities of black currants are grown for the London market; whilst the red currants are chiefly raised in Kent and Worcester and Gloucester shires. These fruits require a considerable amount of working. In order to have a thick display of good quality, the land requires to be well manured, with old woaden rags of all kinds, and the bushes must be regularly and carefully trimmed to keep them fruitful. An idea of the profit will be obtained if we put down a sum of thirty-five pounds per acre as the return, and deduct about twenty-two pounds ten shillings for the expenses of cultivation and gathering. Raspberries are extensively grown in Cornwall, and are packed in tubs or casks before being sent to market. In Cornwall, the bushes will yield over one and a half tons per acre, and the price obtained is usually about thirty shillings per hundred weight. Strawberries as well as raspas are indigenous to Cornwall, and are successfully cultivated. Near London, on its various sides, extensive tracts of land are devoted to the cultivation of this fine fruit. In the early mornings of June and July, hundreds of men, women, and children may be seen at work gathering the fruit for the London market. In the earlier days of the season, two shillings per pound will be readily given in the West End of London for carefully picked fruit. The second-rate fruit is sold for making jam. As many as ten thousand strawberry plants may be found on an acre of ground; it is three years before the plants begin to be very fruitful, after which they will continue to bear for a period of five or six years. Whilst growing to maturity, various kinds of vegetables are reared on the same ground.

It has been shown by keen economists that we might easily grow strawberries all the year round; but it should not be forgotten that the greatest dainty may become too common, and that a blank in the supply adds zest to the flavour of the fruit when it again comes into season. We shall never forget the delight of a London musician on a concert-giving tour, who found delicious strawberries in the Aberdeen fruit-market at the end of September. 'They give me new life,' he said. Strawberries are a late crop in some northern parts of Scotland. An acre of strawberries will sometimes yield the splendid return of one hundred pounds! Apropos of the Perthshire strawberry-farms, to which allusion has already been made, it was reported two years ago that one of the growers had been offered over two thousand pounds for his lot of twenty-seven acres just as it stood.

Readers jumping to conclusions from what we have said, must not run away with the idea that fruit-farming is a royal road to wealth. The most successful fruit-farmers are those who have been longest at the business and have devoted to it the greatest amount of attention. There are books we know that teach the art of fortune-making by means of fruit-culture; but these works are not unlike the productions of 'guides' which profess to shew how fortunes can at once be won on the turf; and we are always apt to put the question: 'If it be so easy to make a fortune, where is yours?' There is growing competition in the fruit-trade, and it must be borne in mind

that fruits are tender and of a perishable nature; so perishable indeed that many tons are in the course of a season wasted and sold for manure, which, as the saying goes, 'makes a sad hole in the profits.' In the preceding remarks we have confined ourselves to our home-grown fruits; but enormous quantities of grapes, figs, prunes, raisins, and other dried kinds, are imported in the course of a year; and as for our orange supply, who shall put it in figures? In 1877, the money value of the oranges and lemons which came to us from the groves of Spain, Portugal, and other places was stated as being £1,549,765. Counting each orange as being of the value of one halfpenny, the number represented is 743,887,200!

AUNT BARBARA'S PRESENT. CONCLUSION.

"On my return home I found the sum of twenty-five pounds in the beautiful box. But alas! subsequent events prevented me applying any part of it to the purpose suggested by my kind friend and benefactress. Martha's illness was now daily becoming more serious, and I suppose I overtaxed my own strength in nursing her, for there were soon two invalids in the house; and the faithful creature only lived to take my baby boy in her arms and see me out of danger. How I missed her I need not say—she who used to take every household care upon herself, and had been a second mother to little Helena.

"The management of a very delicate infant now entirely devolved on me, and unfortunately I was as inexperienced as ever in domestic duties. George never could understand my preference for the employment I had quitted; but I knew nothing of the one, and my education had made me feel capable of the other. Poor Martha often regretted during her illness that she had never taught me some of what she called her "poor ways;" for she said: "These London servants will worry the life out of my poor dear." And so they nearly did. This tried George's temper too; for he naturally missed Martha's never-failing attention to his particular requirements; and I became really disheartened at my own failures. The climax was however, at hand in a form quite unforeseen by me. One day when I had been tried to the utmost by what I may call my petty domestic miseries, a very peremptory letter was put into my hands from our landlord, demanding the immediate settlement of his claim for half a year's rent. I knew that my recent confinement and poor Martha's illness had exhausted all my resources; but I hoped that George might see his way to meet the demand. To my great consternation, he declared he could not; and that without some help, we should have to break up our home. I tried to comfort him in vain. And I forgot my previous troubles in trying to think of a remedy for this more serious one. George gave way to a despondency which alarmed me. Suddenly the idea of parting with Mrs. Dalrymple's present flashed upon my mind. Of course it was with extreme reluctance that I entertained the idea, particularly as George valued the painting very much; but the circumstances seemed sufficiently urgent to justify the surprise; so the following morning, after my poor husband had gone to the office more depressed than I had ever yet seen

him, I sent for a cab, and took the casket to the shop from which Lady Davenant purchased it. Within a week I triumphantly presented the sum it had realised to George, at the same time telling him how I had obtained it.

"For a moment he looked relieved and happy; but suddenly asked me if I had emptied the box before parting with it.

"Certainly," I replied very confidently. "There was scarcely anything in it; merely a few of my father's old letters."

"Did you," he said still more eagerly, "take out a small piece of folded paper from the secret panel in the lid?"

"No," I replied. "I never put any paper there. But why do you ask so strangely?"

"Because," he exclaimed, looking wildly at me, "I put a document of the greatest consequence there for safety. Ah! wife, you have no idea what mischief you have done!"

"I was lost in amazement. I really thought my husband was losing his senses with his troubles, and implored him to explain himself. At length he informed me that in a recent interview with Mr. Kelly that gentleman had warned him to take special care of our marriage certificate, and that he had placed it in the safest receptacle he could think of. I tried to comfort him by suggesting that no doubt the purchaser would be known at the shop to which I had taken it. But on inquiry I found, unfortunately, that they had no clue whatever to their customer.

"When Mr. Kelly heard of the loss, he hardly knew which to blame the most; George for concealing the paper without mentioning it to me; or me for parting with my property without consulting him.

"I am not married myself, thank God!" he piously remarked; "but in the course of my professional experience, I have observed that many of the worst troubles of married people are caused by their singular want of confidence in each other."

"His displeasure reached its climax when he was told in reply to his searching inquiries, that two very young ladies had purchased the casket. "Ah then, madam," he exclaimed, turning almost fiercely to me, "then there is indeed little hope. They have probably curled their hair with your marriage-lines long ago."

"I could scarcely refrain from laughing at his vehemence, and ventured to observe that even if they were lost, no one was likely to doubt our marriage.

"What! another concealment?"—this time addressing George. "You are very much to blame Mortimer, for not telling her the truth." Then taking my hand, Mr. Kelly said kindly: "Do not frighten yourself, my dear girl; but you must now be told that your father's amiable wife has given him to understand that you are not married. I have written to him to assure him of the fact; but I have no confidence that he will see my letter, as I regret to say he is very ill, and Mrs. Wyndham no doubt can intercept any she does not wish him to read."

"Why," I asked, trembling from head to foot, "does she wish my father to think me so wicked?"

"My poor girl," replied Mr. Kelly, "do you not see that by traducing you, she may induce him to leave every shilling of his property to her son?"

"I do not care for the property," I passionately exclaimed; "but I will see my father myself, to convince him of the truth, if I walk every step of the way." Then I angrily told George that I should never forgive him, if my father died in the belief of my unworthiness; and insisted upon going to Rosemere immediately.

"Mr Kelly had some difficulty in persuading me of the futility of such a step, and tried to console me by proposing his own plan. He had, he said, fully intended going himself to Rosemere to take the certificate, not daring to trust it to a letter, when he heard of my father's illness. 'Now, I can still, I hope, carry out my intention, so far as seeing him. In a few days, my dear, he shall know all.'"

"Sorrowfully we left Mr Kelly's office, I counting the hours to the time he had named, and thinking how slowly they would pass. But I was not destined to wait so long. The very next day Mr Kelly was summoned to Rosemere, my father having become suddenly worse. Always prompt, his friend and solicitor lost no time on this occasion, as the letter written by our family doctor described his patient's case as—most critical."

Mrs Mortimer's emotion was at this point of her narrative so evident, that her considerate auditors begged her to defer the sequel to another opportunity, and for the rest of the evening they tried to cheer her by every means in their power.

The whole story was afterwards written by Dora for 'Aunt Barbara,' and may be repeated here in her words from the point at which Mrs Mortimer seemed unable to proceed.

On Mr Kelly's arrival at Rosemere he was ushered at once into the invalid's room. Mr Wyndham had been seized with paralysis, and was fearfully altered, though perfectly sensible, and a look of indescribable relief passed over his countenance at the sight of the lawyer. Mrs Wyndham, on the contrary, could hardly conceal her annoyance, and received him with the utmost coldness. But her husband at once requested her to leave the room; and as the doctor was about to follow, asked him to remain, as he felt unequal himself to explain his wishes. Upon this, the good doctor, delicately avoiding names, stated that in consequence of very painful information which had reached Mr Wyndham, he had unfortunately been induced to disinherit his daughter; but having since had reason to doubt its accuracy, he wished the necessary steps to be immediately taken to secure to her the provision originally intended for her. Mr Kelly then heard that a will had been prepared by a friend of Mrs Wyndham's; and suggested a codicil to be added, as the readiest way of carrying out the dying father's wishes.

A restorative having been administered by the doctor, the sufferer in broken accents made known his intentions. First, he left his daughter his entire forgiveness, as he hoped for forgiveness from her and from his Maker; and on the production of 'legal proof' of her marriage within three months of his decease, she was to be entitled to receive twenty thousand pounds. Mr Kelly would have made an objection to the words 'legal proof;' but a significant glance from the doctor warned him to hasten to the completion of his task. Even then they thought all was lost, as Mr Wyndham

was sinking fast, and made many ineffectual attempts to attach his signature to this important document. When at length he had accomplished it, his trembling fingers pointed to the words to which Mr Kelly had objected. "Not for my own satisfaction," he gasped, "I am convinced; but—for—others. The cruel slander—has spread far—and wide. My poor Helena's fame must be cleared—the world—God forgive—the person who deceived"—He could say no more.

When Mrs Wyndham was recalled to the room, she returned leading her little son. The dying man was much affected at the sight of this child of his fondest hopes, but passed away without noticing the presence of his wife.

When all was over, Mr Kelly asked the doctor by what means the happy change towards his daughter had been effected.

"Your own letter was the cause," he replied. "I happened to be present when it arrived, and being on my way to my patient's room, offered to convey it to him. Mrs Wyndham had no excuse to offer for retaining it; and it was fortunate I had done so, as he much required my professional care for some hours after reading it."

A few hours later, Mr Kelly returned to town, and lost no time in acquainting Mrs Mortimer with her father's death, feeling very thankful that he had some comfort to convey to her with the melancholy intelligence.

The following week Mr Kelly again went to Rosemere to attend his friend's funeral and read the will; his one hope with regard to Helena's interest being that Mrs Wyndham would not insist upon the production of legal proof of a marriage which she was well convinced had taken place. But this vindictive woman, probably instigated by her own solicitor, would not sanction the payment of Mrs Mortimer's legacy until the terms of the bequest were literally complied with.

The suspense of the next three months was trying beyond description to the young couple. Advertisements for the recovery of the lost certificate—a course which Mr Kelly had hitherto avoided—were now inserted in the leading papers; yet it was only when the stipulated time had nearly expired that the last attracted notice.

It may be imagined from the great interest and anxiety felt by Mr Kelly for his very interesting client, with what pleasure he brought her affairs to a successful issue.

"We have since been introduced to this dear friend of the Mortimers," added Dora to Aunt Barbara, "and he says that Mrs Wyndham is the only discontented person at Rosemere. The foolish woman laments over her son as if he had been robbed of his inheritance, though the young gentleman succeeds to an estate of ten thousand a year."

A year later, Mrs Wyndham had indeed real cause for grief. The young heir of Rosemere, always a delicate child, was lying beside his father in the family mausoleum. The bereaved mother resisted all Helena's efforts to console her, and coldly refused her cordial invitation to remain at the Hall. She declared that she could no longer endure the place, and that she should live abroad for the rest of her miserable life.

Events have thus brought Helena back to the home of her childhood, now her own property.

She is a thoroughly happy wife and mother, a benefactress to the poor, and an admirable hostess, as her friends the Forresters and Davenants can testify; for they have all met at her hospitable mansion, and the families have promised to exchange visits every year.

Lady Davenant and Mrs Mortimer have had one dispute—it related to the jewel casket which was the first cause of their friendship. Each declared that the other had the greater claim to it. At length Helena conquered, insisting that her friend would no doubt give serious offence by parting with Aunt Barbara's Present.

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In this *Journal* for October 1878, under the heading 'Nearly Buried Alive,' are narrated two or three instances of narrow escapes from interment before the proper time, and which occurred on the continent. 'Such occurrences,' says a correspondent to whom we are indebted for the following experiences, 'are by no means unknown in this country, even though burial seldom follows closely upon death; for in my limited circle in a comparatively obscure country town, I have met with several such, and I doubt not that other cases could be adduced which should at least teach that special care should be taken to prove that the supposed corpse is really dead.

The following account was given me by the son of a lady, who was within a few hours of being consigned to the grave, upon the supposition that she was dead. This lady, the wife of a captain in the royal navy, and in the middle of life, had for a considerable time been a source of great anxiety to her husband and family from failing health, and the household had removed from the neighbourhood of London into a notably salubrious part of Devonshire, hoping that a milder climate would have a beneficial effect upon the invalid. Their hopes were however, disappointed, as no improvement in the health of the patient took place; and both husband and family felt that in a very short time their house would be invaded by death, and they would have to mourn the loss of the beloved one. The decline of the patient was gradual in the extreme: one stage of weakness after another was reached, till at last the apparent transition came, and Mrs —, to all appearance, died. It was midwinter when this happened, the weather very cold; and as the house occupied by the family was remote from some of the friends and relatives who were invited to attend the funeral, which was to take place about a week after the supposed death, these were requested, or found it necessary to reach Captain —'s residence the evening before the day appointed for the interment of the lady. Having reached the house of mourning, they adjourned to the chamber of death, and gazed upon the lifeless form of her whom they had so long revered and loved.

Dinner was served, and a sad doleful meal it was. As usual they went to the drawing-room after dinner, the bereaved father and husband accompanying them, and there they occupied themselves in recalling the various traits and excellencies of the departed. Whilst engaged in this manner, the room door was violently opened, and

the footman, apparently as horror-stricken as man could be, entered, exclaiming: "If you please sir, Missus' ghost is walking!"

'Captain — immediately left the room, taking the footman, very much against his will, with him. Shutting the door, and enjoining the occupants not to follow him, as he would be back quickly, he at once crossed the hall and ascended the stairs, with the intention of going to the room where his deceased wife, as he supposed, was lying in her coffin; but on turning into the corridor or passage at the top of the stairs, his courage was severely tested, for in his way there stood a figure clad in the habiliments of the grave; yet although much startled, he was equal to the occasion, and addressing the figure, said: "God bless me, Mary" [his wife's name], "what are you doing here?"

'His wife—for it was his wife, and no ghost—answered very faintly: "Oh, take me to the fire. I am frozen."

'He immediately got a blanket, wrapped it around her, and to the consternation of the servants, took her into the kitchen, where there was a large fire burning; and soon with warmth, assisted by a very sparing administration of warm liquid, vital heat was restored.

'When Captain — returned to the drawing-room, it must be supposed he found the company in a great state of excitement, which was not at all diminished by his statement of what had happened; and nothing but an interview with the supposed deceased lady would convince them that they had not a very few hours before seen her actually a corpse. And she, strange to say, despite the shock caused by her finding herself where she was and arrayed for the grave (for she was conscious of having clambered out of the coffin), and the full narration of particulars by her husband, and the consequent knowledge of the very narrow escape from premature burial she had experienced—she very quickly recovered much of her lost health and strength, and lived on several years before she really died.

'It is scarcely necessary to add that the mourning friends were soon changed into joyful ones, and that the attendance of the undertaker, with his funeral appliances, was dispensed with.

'I was not told what was the opinion of the medical attendant upon this extraordinary occurrence; but as the son of the lady who, as I stated before, told me of the circumstance, is now in England, and I hope to see him, I intend to take the opportunity of making full inquiries on this head. I may add that the mention of the matter was most repugnant to the lady in question, and any allusion to it was carefully checked by every member of the family.

'The preceding account was narrated to me as I have described, after I had been telling my friend of the case which I now proceed to state, and as corroborative of the opinion I then expressed to him that many persons were really buried alive. This occurrence, the subject of which approached a step nearer the grave than the one just recited, happened to a man whom I well know, and who was in business for several years in the town in which I reside; after which he left my neighbourhood, and took a business in a town in the west of England, and for some months I heard nothing concerning him—in fact he had passed from my mind. But I chanced to be spending my annual

holiday on the South Devon coast, and one day had arranged to proceed to Dartmouth, in order to go up the Dart to Totness and view, as I have done several times before, the beautiful scenery which opens up to the traveller as he journeys the whole of the way between the two before-named places.

‘Having accomplished so much of the programme marked out, I determined to return to my seaside lodgings by the railway instead of going over the same course I had travelled in the morning; and to do this I went to the Totness station of the South Devon line, and whilst waiting there for a train to take me to my destination, the down-train from London arrived; and upon looking across the line, I recognised as one of the passengers, as the train drew up, a lady from my own town, and who when at home lived exactly opposite to me. She was an intimate friend of the wife of the person to whom I have alluded. I went to the back of the train, crossed the line on to the other platform, and introduced myself to the lady, of course remarking how strange it was that two neighbours, without any arrangement for the purpose, should meet two hundred miles away from their respective homes. She told me the occasion of her taking this long journey was a painful one, and that she was going to the house of her friend Mrs —, the wife of our late fellow-townsmen. He was very seriously ill; and his wife, her friend, had written that she was nearly exhausted by anxiety and the fatigues of nursing, and that she, my neighbour, was proceeding to assist as well as she could by her presence and help in the sick household. This was the explanation of our meeting so long a distance from home.

‘The train moved on; and I heard nothing more of any of the persons alluded to until I reached my own home at the expiration of my holiday. When upon inquiry I found that Mr — was still very ill, that indeed there was no reasonable hope of his recovery, and that in all probability a few days must bring about a conclusion of the matter by the death of the sufferer. I then for a week or two lost sight of the circumstance, having business calls away from home to attend to; but upon my second return I saw the father of the lady whom I had met in the train at Totness, and who had so generously gone to help her friend in her trouble; and upon asking him what news of Mr —, he told me his daughter was still there, and that Mr —, although still alive and fast recovering his usual health, had to all appearance died; that a coffin was made, and the supposed corpse placed in it; and that upon the arrival of the day appointed for the funeral, and at the time for making the latest preparations for removing the bier, the undertaker’s man proceeded to screw the lid upon the coffin, when to the great consternation of the workman he saw the body move and attempt to turn over. After his first fright, the man saw that he was in the presence of life and not death, and rendered what assistance was necessary to enable the prisoner to escape from his very perilous position. The supposed dead man gradually recovered consciousness; but his surprise and horror were great, as he was fully sensible before the habiliments of death could be removed from his person.

‘The crisis being past, comparative health and

strength soon came; and much to the joy of wife and friends, he was able to again enter into active life and its concerns. Since the event just described, Mr — has thoroughly recovered, but has no remembrance whatever of the intervening days between his supposed death and resuscitation.

[The practical application of the foregoing cases is that every one should learn to know how to distinguish actual from supposed death; and that where in certain cases there is some doubt as to the final release from life, the apparently dead should have the benefit of the doubt. The following are the chief signs of actual death.

The arrest of the pulse and the stoppage of breathing. No movement of the chest—no moist breath to dim a looking-glass placed before the mouth. These stoppages of pulse and breath may however, under certain conditions be reduced to so low an ebb, that it is by no means easy to decide whether or not they are completely annihilated. Cases too have been known in which the patient had the power of voluntarily suspending these functions for a considerable time. The loss of irritability in the muscles (a fact which may be readily ascertained by a galvanic current) is a sign of still greater importance than even the apparent stoppage of the heart or of the breath.

The contractile power of the skin is also lost after death. When a cut is made through the skin of a dead body, the edges of the wound close, while a similar cut made during life presents an open or gaping appearance.

An important change termed the *rigor mortis* takes place after death, at varying periods. The pliability of the body ceases, and a general stiffness ensues. This change may appear within half-an-hour, or it may be delayed for twenty or thirty hours, according to the nature of the disease. It must however, be borne in mind that *rigor mortis* is not a continuous condition; it lasts for twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and then passes away. It commences in the head and trunk, and then in the lower extremities, and disappears in the same order.

One of the most important of the various changes that indicate death is the altered colour of the surface of the body. Livid spots of various sizes occur from local congestions during life; but the appearance of a green tint on the skin of the abdomen, accompanied by a separation of the cuticle or skin, is a certain sign that life is extinct. To these symptoms may be added the half-closed eyelids and dilated pupils; and the half-closed fingers. These facts, which we have gleaned from the best authorities, may perhaps be at some time or other of practical use to our readers.—Ed.]

IRISH TRAITS.

BLACKROCK CASTLE—AN OLD SAILOR’S YARN.

THERE are not many now extant who remember the old castle of Blackrock, near Cork; and few doubtless who do so with the same tender and pleasant associations as myself—the home of early days being within a stone’s-throw of the edifice. A curious-looking building it was, standing on the site of the present Blackrock Castle, its modern successor; the rocky promontory on which it was built jutting out where the Lee—that loveliest of

rivers—makes a bend in its course; looking up towards Cork on the one side, and on the other commanding a view down the river and around, the like of which for beauty of scenery it would be hard to match.

The castle itself was a round tower, with a circular chamber at top having large windows all round it, which had served to all appearance, as a lighthouse in the olden time; and the roof was a dome-shaped cupola of lead, surmounted by a large ball. It was rather quaint-looking than picturesque, though the graceful pencil of Crofton Croker, to whom the old castle, standing within view of his birthplace, was a dear and familiar object, contrived to render it with charming fidelity. In the first edition of his *Fairy Legends*, upon the page bearing the lines dedicating the book to Lady Chatterton, there was an exquisite vignette of the old castle, from an etching by himself. Pleasant it was on a summer's day, sheltered from the sun by the projecting shadow of the lofty tower, to sit among the rocks at its base and watch the vessels as they appeared rounding the promontory. The channel was so near the castle and so deep, that they passed quite close to it. The trim pleasure-boat, and yacht with snow-white sails; the stately brig; the Portuguese schooner with its curious sloping masts; the collier clumsily built and grimy; the picturesque lighter, its sails deep red and glowing in the sun. And anon, all bustle, noise, and foam, would come the steamer, lashing the waves with busy paddles, and panting off on its tumultuous course, leaving far behind a heaving track of yeasty water.

There was a sort of quiet excitement, so to speak, in watching for the ships while lazily lying among the rocks; the castle preventing their approach from being seen until they suddenly appeared so close as to seem almost within reach of arm and voice. And then, when the tide was making, how soothing was the measured musical plash of the little waves as they came lap-lap over the stones in fairy circles; stealing in with gentle murmuring sound and almost imperceptible advance.

In the early mornings, when the fishing-craft were astir, the scene was a busy one. A boat with two men in it, one to row, the other to pay out the salmon-net piled up in the stern, would put out. A semicircle would be described by the rower, his comrade vigorously flinging out the net. Then would begin the hauling-in by the fishermen, in tucked-up trousers and bare legs, stationed on the beach at each end of the semicircle. How anxiously they pulled, and how excited the groups of women and lads, looking on with creels and baskets, ready to receive the prize! What exultation and what bustle when a fine haul of fish—splendid silvery salmon leaping in the nets—gladdened their expectant eyes; and how blank the disappointment if nothing were taken, and women and boys had to shoulder their baskets and march in dudgeon home! Sometimes if their husbands were fishing elsewhere, a passing boat would be hailed by the basket-women standing at the castle steps. It would put in to the little creek, a bargain be struck and a pile of just-caught sprats be showered from it on the beach.

One of the rooms in the lower part of the tower was tenanted by an old crone, who would certainly have been burned for a witch had she lived in earlier times. Not that there was anything malevolent or witch-like in her face, which must have once been comely; but her habits were strange and mysterious, and she was regarded with superstitious awe as something weird and uncanny. She spoke to no one, and would sit for days, and sometimes nights, motionless on a rock, looking down into the water. There was a talk of some tragedy in her early life connected with the river; of all she loved having been swallowed up in its depths, their boat going down before her eyes. But the popular belief was that her real self had been carried off by the fairies in her youth, and this strange silent being left in her place. On stormy nights or in rough weather, when the waves were dashing up wildly against the tower, she never would remain inside, but might be seen on her accustomed rock, the red handkerchief—her usual head-covering—blown back, and her long gray hair streaming in the wind. Age and exposure to the elements had made her face a network of wrinkles, and the colour of a walnut shell. She would have been a grand model for a Herkomer, whose genius, leaving youth and freshness to other pencils, elects to depict humanity in its sere decay. This strange woman lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and the night she died Blackrock Castle was burned to the ground!

The wake was an orgie surpassing what will often take place when, as in the present instance, death has caused neither grief nor sympathy, and there are no feelings to be hurt by untimely mirth. It would have been rank heresy to insinuate that some spark unnoticed during the drinking, smoking, dancing, flirting, and general revelry, had caused the catastrophe; the deed was of course attributed to the fairies. As long as 'one of their own' was its inhabitant, the 'good people' protected the place; but they could not suffer it to become, after her, the dwelling of an ordinary mortal; so destroyed the castle to prevent its being thus desecrated.

The scene of the conflagration was one to be remembered by those who, like myself, witnessed it. Glanmire and the opposite banks of the river lit up by the burning glow, which brought out in strong relief villas and trees and every object along the shore. The roar of the flames, leaping fiercely upwards, their crimson glare reflected blood-like in the dancing waves and on the excited up-turned faces of the crowds surging inside the castle-yard. The rescued coffin, with its silent tenant, laid on the turf, awe-stricken groups surrounding it. The crash of falling timbers, and every now and then a shower of molten lead from the cupola plashing down and plunging with angry hiss into the waters.

Among the dismayed lookers-on at the destruction of the time-honoured building was an old sailor who loved Blackrock Castle well; a native of the village, who had come, to end his days in the place that gave him birth. He was a bit of a character in his way, full of wise saws and stories of adventures that had happened during his voyages; and these yarns he loved to tell as he leaned over the low wall of the castle-yard, or lounged about among the rocks and fishing-boats on the beach, where every day he was to be found.

Many of his stories live in my memory still, and one I will repeat now as nearly as possible in his own words.

'Twas in the last voyage I ever made before coming to lay up my old bones ashore for good, that what I am going to tell your honours happened. *Nancy* our ship was called, hailing from Cork, bound for Van Diemen's Land; and we were lying in the Mersey, waiting for our passengers. The captain was short of hands, and we got two or three aboard before we sailed. Among them was a young fellow who gave his name as Bruce; nigh upon twenty-four years of age or thereabouts, seemingly. He shipped as an ordinary seaman; but it was easy to see there was a difference betune himself and the others, from the talk and the ways of him. A fine-looking young fellow too as eyes could wish to see; tall and broad-shouldered. Well, your honours, we weren't very long after leaving port, and the *Nancy* getting well out to sea, when there was the world's commotion on board. And what was it but a poor little stowaway that he'd discovered crouched up hiding under the fore-hatch, and were hauling out to bring him to the captain. A bit of a chap he was, with rings of golden hair curling all round his head, a purty oval face, an' the great large blue eyes lifted up pitiful an' swimming in tears; for he was frightened out of his seven senses, the crature, when he was caught, and the rough fellows pulling at him. Before you could turn about Bruce was alongside; and "Boys," sez he, "lave go of the child; there's no harm in him. Don't drag him. I know who he is, and will make it straight with the captain."

'A bright handy little fellow he was; active as a bee, and willing an' ready to do any odd job that turned up on board. The men would have liked nothing better than to make a pet and a play-toy of him; but he was as shy as a bird, and made no freedom with any one, keeping himself to himself. The captain took to the young un wonderful. He was a family man, you see, with a wife and childer in the Cove of Cork; and he'd have little George in his cabin painting, and colouring picters and snob-like. The boy could do 'em beautiful! Helping the steward was what they kep him to chiefly; but for rough work on deck, or anything of that kind, he was too tender entirely. 'Twasn't fit for the donny little white hands of him, bless you! Bruce, it seems, had known the lad afore, and used to have an eye on him constant, to see he got good treatment; not that many on board the *Nancy* would have harmed little George. One day a big surly brute of a boy we had in the ship told him to do something that was beyond his strength, and was going to kick him because he wasn't able. Bruce, who was never very far off somehow, rushed at the fellow, his face aife with rage. "You cowardly rascal," he cried, grabbing him by the collar and shaking him till you'd think the teeth would be shook out of his head, "you offer to do that again—you dare to lay a finger on that child—and I'll break every bone in your body." There were a good many jeers among the men at the way Bruce watched and spied after his "little brother," as they nicknamed him; but they said nought to his face. There was something about the young man that made folks keep their distance. 'Twasn't for any likeness betune 'em they

were called "brothers." The young one was as fair as a lily and bright and smiling; with hair that, when the sun was upon it, looked for all the world like shining gold; and Bruce was dark-complexioned, with black locks and a grave countenance.

'The voyage was a fair one. Nothing to make a remark upon till it was well nigh over; and then a sudden squall came on. Ugly customers they are, them squalls; and you're never safe from them in those latitudes. They'll spring up upon you so sudden and with such violence, that if you're not as quick as thought, "Davy's locker" would be the word for the ship and every soul aboard. In a minute all hands were turned up, and orders sung out to shorten sail. It was no end of a hurry. In less than no time the royals and top-gallant sails were furled, and a reef taken in the topsails; every man at his best along the yards. Little George—always ready to help—jumped into the fore-rigging to get aloft and stow the fore-royal. Bruce was after him like a shot. Too late! Whether the child missed his footing or got giddy, none could know; down he fell, on to the deck. There wasn't stir or sound—his neck was broken!'

Here the old man paused and took off his hat. Extracting from it a cotton handkerchief rolled in a wisp inside, he passed it across his brows before he resumed his story.

'I'm an aged man, your honours, and I've seen, I daresay, as much trouble an' grief an' heart-squall as any one else in this sorrowful world; but never, before or since, did I meet the equal of Bruce's despair when he seen the "little brother" lying dead forenent him. He flung himself down on the deck, convulsed-like with agony; and when he come to, he wound his arms about the corpse, and keeping every one off, and not letting man or mortal touch it but himself, lifted it up and staggered off like one that was drunk.

'And then it all came out. Little George was Bruce's wife. They had known each other from childhood, and had been promised to one another and hand-fasted from since they were boy and girl. Both belonged to the best of families; and the parents and friends on all sides were agreeable to the marriage; but the young man's father got into money troubles by reason of a bank that broke; and her people seeing he had no means of supporting her, wouldn't hear of their marrying. All was forbid betune them, and they were parted from one another. But they couldn't live asunder; so, like a pair of young fools, as they were—God help 'em!—they ran away and got spliced unknown. Bruce, as I call him still—though that wasn't his right name—thought if they could only get to Van Diemen's Land, he'd easy make out a living there for the both of them; and she too with such good hands for piter-drawing and the like. So they came in the manner I've told you aboard of the *Nancy*; for there was no other way they could sail together, not having a penny in the world. The young man had their marriage lines, which he showed the captain; and her weddin' ring, that she wore round her neck, the crature tied with a blue ribbon. And he had papers and letters and documents proving the birth and station of him and herself, and the grand folks they come of. He was twenty-three years of age, he said; and

she coming up for eighteen; though you'd never think but what she was much younger than that, by reason of being so fair and innocent-looking, and seeming small and slender in boy's clothes.

'It was a sorrowful sight when, the day after the accident, the remains of the poor young thing were brought on deck sewed up in a hammock; and we were all gathered round to hear the funeral service read over them. There wasn't one of the crew that wasn't grieved to the heart for our little comrade that had made the voyage with us, and brightened up the old ship with purty ways—blithesome as a robin and sperrity. Even the big lubberly boy, that no one thought had a soft spot about him, was crying like rain, skulked behind the rest; and there was moisture in the eyes of many a rough old salt, and brown hands brushed across them.

'But never a tear, good or bad, did Bruce shed. He stood beside the corpse, the living image of despair, with gray haggard face and parched lips; his eyes wild and bloodshot, with a kind of stony glare in them that wasn't natural. We none of us liked his looks. The captain took hold of him by the sleeve and spoke some pitifol words, trying to rouse him a bit; but lord! you might as well talk to the dead in their graves. He didn't hear or notice anything.

'At last the part of the service was come to when the remains are slipped off into the sea; and at that he gave a great start; and setting his teeth, with one leap he was over the side, reaching the water almost as soon as the corpse. Down to the bottom they sank both together—the living and the dead—and disappeared! God pardon him, poor fellow! he didn't know what he was doing.

'Yes, your honours, 'twas a sad occurrence; but there's an old saying, that no good comes of going again' the will of them that reared us. It brings, sure enough, neither luck nor grace.'

ISANDŪLA!

Oh, Isandūla! ever mournful name!
At once our glory and our lasting shame;
For where thy rugged hills o'ershade the plain—
By thy dark warriors pitilessly slain—
Nine hundred Britons for their country bled,
To helpless slaughter by some blunder led!
For this our fearful cheeks should blush in shame,
O'er the dimmed 'scutcheon of our tarnished fame;
For this the fire should flash from out our eyes,
Our bosoms heave, upborne by 'vengeful sighs.

Yet while our hearts deplore their hapless doom,
A glorious halo rises through the gloom—
Gliding our sorrow with its gen'rous light—
For ev'ry soldier in that fearful fight,
Whose bravery redeems a blundering crime,
Stands out a hero to the end of time!

Oh, mourn, ye mothers! tender maidens, weep!
For those who 'neath that rocky mountain sleep,
Where Britain's sons in all their manly pride,
For you, for us, for Britain's glory died!
Where noble Youth and humbler Manhood stood,
And sealed their patriotism with their blood,
Where Smith his silent cannon spiked and fell,
With Pullene, Durand, in that wild pell-mell;
Where Coghill, Melvill, their loved colours bore
Till Death o'ertook them on Tugela's shore!

Dark was that day, though Afric's burning sun
Beamed fiercely where the bloody deed was done.
With lightsome hearts, too careless of their fate,
With cheerful eye and bosoms all elate,
On went those Britons in their serried rows,
With high contempt to seek their dusky foes.
With martial fire each eager bosom burns,
And tame precaution each disdainful spurns!
Now with swift suddenness, from right, from left,
From o'er the hills, from ev'ry rocky cleft—
In countless hordes—the dusky warriors swarm,
Each with his spear and shield upon his arm.
No shout of triumph rends the startled air,
But stealthily as a tiger from his lair—
And just as pitiless—on, on they sweep,
In silence dread and ominously deep!

Now sound the trumpets with their loud alarms,
And laden hail pours forth from British arms!
Each murder's volley breaks that living wall,
A hundred Zulus at each volley fall!
Yet as their comrades drop, the savage foes
Step o'er the dying, and their ranks re-close;
And still they come, like locusts o'er the plain,
And gun and rifle mow their ranks in vain.

What could they do, each gallant British son,
By savages outnumbered twelve to one?
What could they do, but as they did—right well—
And precious English lives right dearly sell?
Giants not Britons, now could only boast
The dire defeat of that exhaustless host!
Not Englishmen, but demi-gods were meet
To cause those countless myriads retreat!

Now with a cry the smoky air is rent,
An awful cry—'The ammunition's spent!'
Yet on, those legions swarm—on ev'ry hand
They fall o'erwhelming on that fated band.
With bayonets fixed, Britannia's sons engage
Those barb'rous hosts with patriotic rage.
In fierce contention, and with murder's toll,
Disparting inch by inch the ensanguined soil;
Hurling them back like rock-battered waves,
But still the fight with new-born vigour raves,
For like the ocean, with redoubled force,
They still advance upon their fateful course.

Now faint and weary wax those British hearts,
And weakly ward the ever-show'ring darts.
The foe increasing, mingling hand to hand,
In one broad belt incline the sinking hand!
Now with huge strength they hurl their slaughtered
friends,

As ghastly missiles on our bayonet-ends!
Then closing round their thus encumbered foes,
They aim their weapons, and direct their blows!
See in one mass, in dire confusion blent,
Briton and Zulu!—while the air is rent
With horrid sounds, as with discordant cries
A conqueror triumphs, or the vanquished dies!
But now the end is near. From ev'ry side
The foemen surge—an o'er increasing tide—
Like Titans fight the now exhausted few;
What courage can—those fainting Britons do.
Till pressed by 'whelming numbers on each hand,
Each hero sinks upon the blood-stained sand;
Then—as the foe regains his frowning hills,
And Dingaan's song the dark'ning welkin fills—
Breathes out his life beneath the crimson sun,
And Isandūla's massacre is done!

HARDING LAWRENCE.

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THE SUBSIDENCE OF LAND IN THE SALT DISTRICTS OF CHESHIRE.

It may not be very generally known, that most of the salt which comes to our table, or which is used for cookery and endless other purposes, is obtained not from the sea, but from extensive mines of the solid material. The working and the subsequent processes of refining salt give occupation to numbers of workpeople in various parts of England, but more especially in Cheshire, which may be termed the headquarters of the industry. Wherever these operations are carried on, the surface of the ground is continually subsiding, to an extent that necessitates a constant system of propping up and repairing of houses situated in the vicinity; not the mere ordinary sinking that occasionally occurs in the coal-mining districts, but one of a much more formidable description, as we shall proceed to explain.

The first thing that strikes a stranger in visiting either Northwich or Winsford—the two great centres of the salt-trade—is the dilapidated appearance of many of the houses and the uneven surface of the streets and roads. As he walks down the main street of Northwich, a number of miniature valleys seem to cross the road, and in their immediate neighbourhood the houses are many of them far out of the perpendicular. Some overhang the street as much as two feet; whilst others lean on their neighbours and push them over. Chimney-stacks lean and become dangerous; whilst doors and windows refuse to open and close properly. Many panes of glass are broken in the windows; the walls exhibit cracks from the smallest size up to a width of three or four inches; and in the case of brick arches over doors and passages, the key brick has either fallen out or is about to do so, and in many cases short beams have been substituted for the usual arch. In the inside, things are not much better. The ceilings are cracked and the cornices fall down; whilst the plaster on the walls and the paper covering it, exhibit manifold chinks and crevices. The doors either refuse to open without being

continually altered by the joiner, or they swing back into the room the moment they are unlatched. The floors cannot be kept level; and frequently a billiard-table will require packing at one end some two or three inches, to keep it level. Many of the houses are bolted and tied together, but even then they cannot be kept right.

This is not merely an odd case, or here and there a house; but for sometimes twenty, sometimes fifty, and occasionally a hundred yards each way from the little valleys crossing the streets, the houses are affected in this manner. If it were no worse, it would be bad enough; but unfortunately the bolting and tying of the houses cannot prevent their destruction. The time comes when they are declared unfit for human habitation and must be taken down. Property in the main street being valuable for business purposes, the houses and shops must be rebuilt.

Within the last few years a special plan of building allowed by the Local Government Board has been adopted. This system is one that allows a strong wooden carrying-beam, with a framework bolted and tied together, and the spaces filled in with light brickwork, to be used. Buildings under the new system—which is somewhat similar to that which has been so successfully adopted in America—can be raised by means of screw-jacks. Either the whole house or shop, with all in it, can be raised bodily, or if the back sinks and not the front, or one side or corner more than another, the affected portion can be raised. Until this system was adopted, a house so far gone as to be dangerous was considered past redemption, and was in consequence pulled down. Indeed, within the last three years more than five thousand pounds has been spent in the neighbourhood of one of these sinkings in rebuilding property, and as much more will soon be necessary. Many houses have been taken down and not rebuilt in consequence of the very treacherous nature of the ground.

Owing to constant watchfulness, very few accidents occur. Now and then a gable falls; but, considering the extremely dangerous-looking buildings that are to be constantly met with, the

wonder is, that many lives are not lost. Thus much for the sinkings that so seriously affect house-property and the streets and roads, as well as the gas and water pipes.

In the neighbourhood of both Northwich and Winsford, and in immediate connection with the river Weaver, are immense lakes or bodies of water of many hundreds of acres in total extent. These are locally called 'Flashes,' and the most important near Northwich is called the 'Top of the Brook.' These Flashes were at one time the flat meadows, bordering the Weaver or some of its tributary brooks. This land has sunk until it has become covered with water. It must not however, be supposed that the Flashes are mere shallow swamps. They vary in depth from a few feet to fifty, and over many acres vary from thirty to forty feet in depth. The largest man-of-war could swim safely in the Top of the Brook; and as this piece of water—nearly of the shape of the letter L—has a length in each arm of about half a mile, with a breadth averaging fully one quarter of a mile, some idea may be obtained of the nature and extent of the sinking. The whole of the surrounding neighbourhood still sinks rapidly, and year by year the water covers more ground. The land subsides gradually here; but when we go a quarter of a mile to the north-east of the Top of the Brook, we come across a subsidence of a still more alarming character. Here the ground sinks bodily in immense masses to a great depth. A tiny brook or ditch that a child could skip across, passed over flat fields some five years ago. Gradually the land began to sink, and cracks opened in the surface right across the course of the brook. The water went down the crevices. The land immediately sank more rapidly; huge cracks wide enough for a man to slip down, formed, and very soon a district extending fully one thousand feet in length by as many in breadth, sank rapidly to a depth of forty or fifty feet in the centre, and was filled up to a certain height with water, which covered the hedges and trees. At times cracks opened in the bottom of this lake, and the whole of the water rushed rapidly below, causing still more extensive sinking. A row of cottages in the neighbourhood has recently been taken down, the cracks reaching and running through the midst of them.

Besides the gradual subsidences just mentioned, there are others of a sudden character. The ground commences to sink in a circular form about the size of a well. Suddenly it falls in, and the sides rapidly spread outwards, the circle widening as the hole deepens. Whilst we are writing, this has occurred, and a hole of only eight yards in diameter and four or five yards deep, of a crater-like shape, has formed. This is a miniature hole. One in its immediate neighbourhood is a hundred yards in diameter. These holes, many of them forty or fifty feet deep, in time become filled with water, forming small deep lakes. In one district there are eight of these lakes in immediate proximity, and signs that others will soon be formed.

We will now say a few words as to the cause of this serious sinking of land in the salt districts.

Underneath the whole of the town of Northwich, and extending on the north and east for some considerable distance, are beds of rock-salt. The same is the case with Winsford and neighbourhood; and the description we shall now give

of Northwich salt-beds will exactly apply to those of Winsford, except that the latter lie rather deeper from the surface and are thicker.

The upper clays, sands, and gravels met with immediately under the surface-soil belong to the 'drift.' Under these we meet with clays and marls, with thin layers of gypsum; these belong to the Trias or New Red Sandstone formation, in which rock-salt is very largely found. At a depth of about forty yards we meet with the first bed of rock-salt. This is on the average seventy-five feet thick. Below this there is a stratum of indurated clay about thirty feet thick, interpenetrated by thin veins of pink rock-salt. Below this again we find the second bed of rock-salt. This is from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet thick. Lower still, as far as tested, there are thin beds of salt and clay. But we have only to deal with the two beds of rock-salt just mentioned, and locally known as Top Rock-salt and Bottom Rock-salt.

The county of Chester presents a peculiar formation. The rocks on all sides dip towards the centre. Northwich and Winsford lie in this centre, and the drainage naturally tends towards the salt-beds which occupy the place of large salt lakes of a former geological period. When the surface-water which percolates through the soil, reaches the upper salt-rock, it commences at once to feed upon it, and does so until the water has taken up salt enough to become what is scientifically termed saturated. It then forms what is called brine; and if we take one hundred gallons of this saturated brine we shall find it contains about twenty-seven gallons of salt and seventy-three gallons of water. As soon as saturation takes place no further 'taking-up' of the salt occurs; and were the brine to remain below, no mischief would happen; but it is so much cheaper and better to make white salt from brine than from rock-salt, that the brine is not allowed to remain below, but is pumped up, and the water, or at least a portion of it, evaporated; and so the twenty-seven per cent of salt contained in it is abstracted and sold. As the pumping of this brine is continuous, constant streams of it must run to the pumping-place. These streams commence as fresh water, which, reaching the rock-salt, eats it away on its course to the pumping centres. Day by day, the stream by taking up the salt widens and deepens its bed, until the upper portion of the rock-salt is covered by innumerable valleys of greater or less width and depth. The superincumbent clays and soils gradually sink into these brine valleys, and form subsidences on the surface of the soil corresponding with the valleys in the rock-salt below. We now see how the sinkings, so destructive to house-property and to the streets and roads, are formed. Where numbers of these streams meet in a partially saturated condition they form literally an underground river of great depth and width, and cause the subsidences called the Flashes; although, in some of these cases, the causes which have produced the more sudden subsidences have also operated. The fresh water below—like the rain above—is distributed tolerably fairly over the whole surface of the rock-salt, so that there is a general subsidence of the greater portion of the salt district; yet the most rapid sinkings occur in the courses of what we may call the underground rivulets and streams.

The quantity of white salt manufactured yearly in Cheshire is about a million and a half tons. And if we take the amount manufactured in 1878 as one million three hundred and sixty-six thousand tons, and reckon thirty-two cwts. of salt to represent a cubic yard, we find no less than 853,750 cubic yards of rock-salt abstracted in brine in one year. This represents fully one hundred and seventy-six and a half acres of rock-salt one yard thick. Imagine this going on from year to year, and there can be no difficulty in seeing that an immense subsidence of the overlying clays and marls must take place to supply the vacancy created, and the consequences before described must inevitably follow.

A few words more may be added in explanation of *sudden* subsidences. We have spoken only of the manufacture of white salt from the brine. Beside this, every year there are about one hundred and fifty thousand tons of rock-salt mined. The upper bed of rock-salt was discovered in 1670, and for a century no other mine but it was wrought; and the neighbourhood of Northwich to the east and north-east is literally honey-combed with these 'top mines.' In 1780 the bottom rock-salt was discovered, and now all the mines are worked in the lower bed, it being purer, that is freer from clay. Large pillars varying from five yards square in the top mines to eight, ten, and even twelve yards square in the bottom mines, are left to support the roof. No fresh water ever reaches the surface of the bottom bed of rock-salt, but as we have before said, nearly every portion of the surface of the upper rock-salt is eaten away by it. Now when this fresh water runs over the rock-salt forming the roof of an old mine, it eats it away and thins it. It first finds its way to the old shaft, and destroys the salt in its immediate neighbourhood; which goes on until the salt supporting the upper clays is eaten away, then the shaft commences to collapse, and falling rapidly into the mine below, causes the funnel-shaped holes locally called 'rock pit holes.' When the roof of the mine gives way also, then the land above not only sinks and forms a gigantic funnel, but slips in and forms huge cracks and steps. When again a large body of perfectly fresh water finds a vent into these old abandoned top mines, it proceeds to attack roof and sides and pillars, and soon there is a general collapse similar to the one we have described. When the water is saturated, little damage is done. Hence the mines abandoned in the lower rock-salt are used as reservoirs for brine, and form the chief source of supply to Northwich. But should the time come when the water reaching these reservoirs is *not* saturated, there will then be subsidences of a more gigantic and fearful character than those we have been describing.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXII.—RALPH SWART'S HOME.

The large apartment, kitchen, or house-place, which occupied nearly the whole of the ground floor of the Black Miller's dwelling, had originally been divided by a wooden partition into two rooms of unequal size. But one half of the partition had been roughly hewn away, to serve for firewood; it might be conjectured by the splintered condition of such scraps of planking as still clung to the discoloured wall; while the door had been wrenched

from its hinges, perhaps to be utilised in a similar way. The ceiling was dark with smoke and green with damp; and the floor consisted partly of brick, and partly of boards to whose grimy surface the wholesome friction of soap and scrubbing-brush was unknown. Two or three tables, a battered dresser, a scanty supply of crockery and kitchen utensils, a plate-rack, and a few rush-bottomed chairs and wooden stools, completed the furniture of this uninviting interior.

On a movable hook above the fire of mingled peat and coal swung the iron pot wherein the dinner of the master of the house was cooking. And in front of the fire, basking in the welcome warmth, and fixing hungry eyes upon the iron vessel whence proceeded hissing sounds and the steam of hot meat, had been, when the Black Miller entered, a lean cat, which slunk away like a guilty thing, when it recognised its amiable proprietor, into a dismal back-kitchen that led into a yet more dismal yard. On a round table, undecorated by any cloth, stood two blue willow-pattern plates, a deep dish of coarse yellow earthenware, a jug, a mug, and a black-handled knife and fork, and long spoon of tarnished pewter. There were also the luxuries, in cracked teacups, of salt and mustard, in the way of preparations for the Black Miller's mid-day meal.

Ralph Swart, as he stood, booted and spurred, his broad-brimmed napless hat pulled down over his massive brows, and his loaded horse-whip still in his ungloved hand, every finger of which, like the paws of a bear, was hairy almost to the nail, amidst his hideous Laves and Penates, might at first sight have been taken for some grim survival of the grand old Puritan type. It would have been easy to imagine him, in sad-coloured raiment and falling bands, busy among the fierce zealots employed in chopping down Maypoles, smashing the painted windows of cathedrals, and burning witches. But one glance at his keen, cruel eye—the eye, as has been already mentioned, of a bird of prey, by turns dull and piercing, but never softening, as human eyes should do, under the influence of human sympathy—would have dispelled the idea.

The Black Miller's first act, on entering his cheerless abode, had been to lock and bolt the outer door—a door of sound oak, clamped with iron on the inside, and provided with more and stronger fastenings—bar and bolt and chain—than are commonly seen in a farmhouse. His next, after a brief survey of the familiar objects around him, was to draw near to the smoky fire, and with a long trident-shaped iron fork that hung on a nail beside a rusty ladle, to test the degree of tenderness to which the contents of the steaming iron pot had attained in the course of their preparation. Apparently he was satisfied with the result; for his next act was to unlock a cupboard and to take out from it some cheese and the remains of a loaf, as well as a stoneware bottle, tightly corked. Then he flung, rather than placed, the boiled pork and greens within the dish of yellow earthenware, laid aside his hat, and drawing, or rather dragging, one of the rush-bottomed chairs nearer to the table, began his meal.

There are dinners and dinners, as there are dinners and dinners. Ralph Swart ate like a wolf, wolfishly. There are men who, dining alone, which few of us care to do, eat carelessly or

coarsely, and others who in solitude are nice about the niceties of table etiquette, and eat as though they were stage banqueters feasting in presence of a critical audience. But the savage master of the Mill of Death seemed to take a perverse pleasure in the barbaric simplicity of his rude repast. He was hungry after his early hours and his long ride, and he seemed never weary of devouring pork and cabbage. He was thirsty too. The jug held water, and the stone bottle, gin. He mixed the two liquids together with a careless hand—a little more, a little less—what mattered it to the robust constitution and the seasoned head of the Black Miller! He drank, and freely; but the liquor had no apparent effect on nerves or brain. Then, as he replaced the cork in the stoneware bottle, and surveyed the table equipage and the scraps of meat in the yellow dish, he laughed hoarsely as he said: 'Lucullus dines with Lucullus! I forget my Juvenal now—Martial too; but there is something Roman, after all, about my simple fare. The masters of the world loved pork—not in this shape though, I fancy, and they drank Falernian, where I drink—gin.'

At this moment the lean cat, stimulated by the clatter of knife and fork, and rendered hungrier by the scent of meat, thrust its anxious head past the door-jamb of the back-kitchen, and murmured appealingly.

'Be off, you brute!' thundered the Black Miller, making a feint of hurling the stoneware bottle at the feline suppliant, and again the cat slunk off like a guilty thing. Then Ralph Swart filled and lit a pipe which he took from the broad wooden kitchen mantel-piece, and for a brief space was lost in the curling smoke-wreaths and meditative joys of the strongest shag tobacco. After a time he rose, knocked out the ashes of his pipe, and heedfully replaced the pipe itself in its former position; then locking up the stoneware bottle and the remains of his meal, he went up-stairs, his steel spurs clanking on the bare boards at every step.

The Black Miller's bedroom was by no means what such a person's sleeping-apartment might be expected to be. We are all however, inconsistent, perhaps happily so, and Ralph Swart's chamber presented some evidences of civilisation that seemed strangely out of place in that gaunt ill-omened house. The floor was carpeted. The brass bedstead and bedding were clean and trim. The furniture was old but good, of walnut chiefly; there were shelves on which stood some thirty volumes, old as to their shabby bindings, and dusty as to their neglected leaves, but neatly ranged in rows; the brushes and razors on the messy dressing-table of black oak were plain enough, but in good condition. On the chimney-piece stood, between two tall pewter candlesticks, an alarm clock, loud enough to have broken the rest of the Seven Sleepers.

One other object hung on brass hooks above the chimney-piece. It was a gun. Now, that a farmer or miller should have a gun in his house is the merest matter of course; but it is seldom that the firearm in question is so handsome a weapon as that one, with its barrels of damascened steel and stock of well-carved and highly polished wood, suspended above the Black Miller's fireless grate. There was a silver plate let into the stock, which once perhaps had borne the inscrip-

tion of a name. But if so, the file had effectually obliterated the letters of the name. Ralph Swart took down the gun—it was a breechloader—and examined the cartridges—for the piece was loaded—with the nicest care. Then he replaced them in their chambers, reclosed the mechanism, and hung up the gun again upon its brass hooks. 'This was a novelty, then!' muttered the Black Miller. 'How little the old fool knew!'—He said no more, but turning away, opened a bureau or escritoire in dark wood, with a key of curious and delicate make, which he took from an inner pocket.

The sight which met the eyes of the Black Miller was that of several bundles of papers tied with red tape, as in a lawyer's office; and certain ledgers and day-books methodically piled, from which Ralph Swart, after a careful study of the lettering on their marbled backs, selected one, undid the brass clasps, and opened the volume. Now there is no reason of course why a rustic miller, like any other trader in town or country, should not be punctilious as to his accounts and accurate as to his memoranda. But very few men of the mill, whether that mill turn out flour or yarn or long-cloth or carpets, would trouble themselves to keep such books as those of the Black Miller, carefully indexed, tabulated, and compiled with a patient ingenuity that would have been creditable to a prefect of police. Turning over the leaves, Ralph Swart read attentively numerous paragraphs written in a clerical hand, and giving marginal references to documents regularly registered. Then, with something between a laugh and a groan, he reclosed the volume, and locked it up once more in the bureau.

'Posted up!' said the Black Miller sneeringly—'posted up to the last available moment. No general should neglect the Intelligence Department.' He said no more; but pushing the piece of furniture aside—no easy task even for him, on account of its bulk and weight—satisfied himself that a blackened cobweb, which chance or design had placed across a scarcely perceptible keyhole belonging to some closet or cupboard in the wall, remained in precisely its former position. But at that instant the smothered sound of a loud and continuous knocking re-echoed from below.

'Ah! At last then!' muttered Ralph Swart, a sickly pallor coming over his dark face. 'At last!' Then he pushed back the heavy bureau as if it had been but a featherweight, and with despair written in his countenance, walked slowly, but with no faltering tread, step by step down the narrow and creaking stairs. The knocking had been manifestly at the front-door. The Black Miller went scowling down, resolute, but with the stubborn resolution of one who for years has expected the worst, and now fears that the worst has come.

(To be continued.)

CORNISH CUSTOMS IN MAY.

Very few tourists are likely to see the Helston 'furry-dance,' one of the old May-time customs which have mostly died out elsewhere, but which are not quite dead in Cornwall. What the fells are like in May—when the mealy primrose, the globe-flower, the grass of Parnassus, and other

flowers never seen at other times clothe the waste places, and when the freshness of the budding trees is like a dream—can only be dimly guessed at by those who never think of travelling till excursion-time.

Cornwall is certainly at its best in May. In autumn the light granite-sand soil is apt to be parched; and there is but little heather in the mining parts, so industriously is the surface-soil 'skimmed' for fuel. The furze mostly blooms twice a year; but its autumn blossoms are few indeed compared with the abundant glory with which it clothes all wild places in spring-time. Then again, the hedges in autumn are dry and brown; while in spring a Cornish hedge—a stone wall generally with a good core of earth—is not only a botanical study, but is something for a painter to pore over. In some of those hedges you may count a score of different kinds of wild-flowers. Sometimes for miles they are covered not only on the sides but along the tops with primroses set so thickly that the leaves are scarcely seen. Sometimes they are ablaze with foxgloves and red campion. The flowers are not of rare kinds. You look in vain for any orchis except the commonest, or for the large velvet and purple-flag which now and then light up the gloom of a deep Devonshire lane. But what with patches of lichen, and three or four varieties of hawkweeds, and ferns small and big, and flesh-coloured stone-crop, and wild-thyme so abundant as to colour the whole face of the stone for many yards, a Cornish hedge in late spring is something not to be seen elsewhere. And all this, combined with a sense of freshness unattainable at any other season, you lose if you put off your Cornish trip till the usual time. You don't even have the compensation of better weather; for mostly—though last year was an exception—May in Cornwall is often drier than July. After the long wet of winter there comes a month or more of steady sunshine, when you may be sure of smiling seas and warm sea-side nooks day after day. And if you miss the great catches of pilchard, you come in for mackerel whiffing, work in which you may take a personal share instead of only looking on.

Of course the cliffs are the same in autumn, and the stone circles and cromlechs, of which West Cornwall above all has so many. Kynance Cove is always beautiful—a haunt of fairies, if you can see it by moonlight when the tide is out. The Lizard cliffs too, are grand; and almost every one who 'does' the Land's End tries to get a couple of days for the Lizard, so as to be able to contrast the granite of the former with the darker clay-slate and serpentine of the latter. Of Kynance Cove it may still be said, in the quaint words of Charles Littleton, Dean of Exeter, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, friend of Dr Borlase the Cornish antiquary: 'It is one of the finest pieces of Scenery that sportive Nature ever produced. On one hand you have the boldest Rocky shore glistening with spars and mounds, and enamelled with a thousand different hues. Under these Rocks the Sea has formed Cavities large enough to admit of twenty People commodiously in each Cave, from which you see a little arm of the Sea which at low Water comes within less than twenty Yards of you, dashing its waves against a vast Rock that stands entirely detached from any other. . . . The excessive shining Whiteness of the Sand, and several small

Basons full of Limpid Sea Water which the Tide leaves behind when the Sea is out, the various Windings and Turnings which the different Groups of Rocks oblige you to make in traversing this splendid Court of Neptune, ought all to be taken into the Description; and there are a Thousand Beautys still to be described which a dull narration will give you no Idea of.' And therefore we shall not add a word to the Dean's narrative, so quaintly emphasised with unaccountable capitals, but simply advise all who go into West Cornwall to see Kynance at anyrate, both at high and low water.

Helston too, on the way to the Lizard, is a quaint old town; just the place for an old custom like the 'furry-dance' to be kept up in. The Cornish 'guise-dancers' are not (as some guide-books say) 'something distinctively Celtic'; they are just the old morris-dancers who have disappeared elsewhere; and the 'furry-day' is not, as some fond local antiquaries would persuade themselves, a Druidical observance, or a ceremony bequeathed by the Romans to a district with which, by the way, they had less to do than with most other parts of the island, but simply the old English 'Maying' kept up in this remote corner of the land. Polwhele speaks of a Penryn 'furry-day' on the 3d May; and the Padstow 'furry' on May-day, with its hobby-horse and its song about the French invasion, is still kept up after a fashion. But the 8th of May at Helston is still the 'furry-day' par excellence. There the celebration is not left to children nor to 'lewd fellows of the baser sort'; but high and low, rich and poor, join together just as they are supposed to have done in 'merrie England in the olden time.' Helston, in fact, is a bit of old England preserved by the accident of its position, lying as it does off the main roads and having no trade by land or sea. 'Inhabited too,' says Davies Gilbert, 'by ancient, respectable, and wealthy families, it has ever been celebrated for the superior quality of its social manners, and at the same time for an easy and familiar intercourse between all the people in their various stations. . . . While, therefore, in other towns practices similar to the Roman Saturnalia descended to the vulgar and the vicious, in Helston an ancient observance of this kind, refining with the refinement of the age, still continues in activity.'

At daybreak then on the 8th of May, the young lads and lasses meet and dance over the country round, making a 'fory' into farm-houses and cottages, and seizing with show of violence the food and drink that are always set ready for them. On their way back they load themselves with green boughs and blossoms so industriously that an untgathered flower is a rarity in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile, the townsfolk have been ringing the church bells, calling for the customary holiday at the grammar-school (Charles Kingsley must have seen it all, for he was at school there), and making the day a general holiday by the effectual method of horsing on a pole and carrying down to the river, to commute his ducking for a fine, any one who persists in working. The general dancing begins at one o'clock. A fiddler plays the old 'furry tune,' which Davies Gilbert calls 'a remnant of British music, found in Ireland too, and according to report in Scotland.' The song, which is sung at intervals, and which, like the Padstow song, contains a refer-

ence to the French, is to a very doleful air. Its chorus is:

And we were up as soon as any day O!
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the May O!
For summer is a come, and winter is agone O!

First the dancers move on in a double row, and then wheel round in couples, dancing not up and down the street, but in at the front and out at the back door of one house; then in at the back and out at the front of the next; and so on, in a serpentine fashion, all of every degree with flowers in their dresses. The effect, as they move through the gardens of which Helston is full, is very pretty. In the evening there is a public ball, to which, not many years ago, the beaux and belles used to walk through the streets in full ball-dress. But though the walking part of the ceremony has died out, the rest of the 'furry' flourishes, and is likely to flourish for many a year to come.

As to the meaning of 'furry,' we learn from Hone that the word has nothing to do with Flora, though the local newspapers call it 'Flora-day.' Of course the observances are much like some of those belonging to the Floralia, but so must all spring festivals have a certain resemblance. Polwhele gives *feria*, and does not condescend to notice any other interpretation; and no doubt our word *fair* is most probably altered from *feria* and not from *forum*. But whatever the derivation of the word, the custom tells its own origin; it is the feast of spring-time; and at Helston it is kept up on the 8th instead of the 1st of May, because the 8th is the feast of the apparition of St Michael the archangel, who is patron of the town, and whose contest with the Fiend appears in the town arms.

The distinctive feature of the 'furry' is the genial mixture of ranks which it brings with it. This is not, like the May-day festivities of last year so gracefully got up at Worsley by Countess Ellesmere, something to 'order,' but belongs to the custom itself, and like it, dates from time immemorial. This is why we hope that the 'furry' will long last in its present form, and will not, as Davies Gilbert feared, degenerate into a mere ball. We have too few of such things left in our islands nowadays.

We would advise all to 'see the Lizard country' whenever they go to the Land's End. Its cliffs are not so striking as those of the more western promontory; there is something in the look of the granite which makes you at once understand the legends about giants' castles; very often it assumes such quasi-architectural forms, that it is hard at first glance not to suspect that man has had a hand in the arrangement. But Kynance is better in its way than anything at the Land's End; and the lonely little church of Gunwalloe, nestling under the landward side of a bare promontory, is quite worth a visit; so too is Looe Pool, close to Helston, separated from the sea by a bar which has to be cut through every year, on which occasion another old-world custom goes on of handing silver penalties in a new leathern purse to the lord of the manor. Altogether, Helston is a good centre for walking over a very interesting district, full of evidences of the close connection between Breton and Cornu-Briton. Landewednec, for instance,

one of the many Lizard churches, is the namesake of the most famous abbey in Brittany. Don't, therefore, leave West Wales without stopping at Helston and taking a round of the Lizard country; and if you can time your visit early in May, you'll find the 'furry-dance' gives additional zest to what cannot at any time fail to be a very pleasant trip. With which moral, courteous reader, we bid you farewell.

HUMAN CURIOSITIES.

It is a well-known fact that in certain instances Nature is unusually lavish in her physical endowments, while in other instances she stints her favours. In the former case she develops giants; in the latter, dwarfs. Of such burlesques we would speak a few words. Of giants we may fitly begin with the 'Largest of English Subjects,' who until his death in May of last year latterly exhibited his huge proportions to Egyptian Hall audiences in London. This latest of Daniel Lamberts, Mr William Campbell, was a native of Glasgow, and was the second son of a family of seven children, who with the exception of himself, shewed nothing remarkable in their growth. He came of a fine race by the male side, his grandfather having been about seven feet high. His own stature lacked eight inches of that height; but his weight was over fifty-two stone; and he measured ninety-six inches round the shoulders, eighty-five inches round the waist, and thirty-five inches round the calf. At the age of nine months he is said to have weighed four stone; at fourteen, twenty-three stone; and at eighteen, thirty-two stone; and so he progressed proportionally up to the date of his death, which occurred when he was twenty-two years of age. His coffin was seven feet long, three feet six inches wide, and two feet ten inches in depth. The window and brickwork to the level of the floor had to be taken out, and the coffin lowered by a block-and-tackle to a trolley from the third-floor story. The coffin, lined with lead, weighed with the body in it one ton. Some ten thousand persons attended the funeral.

This burly Scotchman was however, completely thrown in the shade by the Chinese giant known as Yano-Shan, who although not yet twenty years of age, already overtops his predecessor Chang, and is said to be still growing. Another wonderful point about him being that his head does not increase in size. His history has a considerable smack of the marvellous, and reads like a page from the *Arabian Nights*. He relates that when he was about eighteen he was no taller than other youths of the same age; but one day when fishing, he caught a strange-looking smooth-skinned fish, which he cooked and ate, but shortly afterwards fell seriously ill. It was after this malady—of which the fish was supposed to be the primary cause—that Yano took to shooting upwards, his inches increasing the more rapidly in proportion as he regained his health. He was three inches over eight feet when last measured; and when asked how he accounted for his head not having grown in proportion to the rest of his bulk, the giant's ready answer was: 'I only ate the body of the fish; a dog snapped up the head which I threw away, and his head grew to such an enormous size that they were obliged to shoot him.'

From the east and west arrive simultaneous reports of other prodigies of a like nature. A native giant has been exhibited in Calcutta, round whom flocked crowds of his countrymen to do him honour. In the west, Florida claims the distinction of possessing the tallest family in the country, all the members of which cut out the above-named eastern in stature. The father is represented to be seven feet four inches, and the mother six feet eight inches. Of their children, two sons are said to be above seven feet; while their daughters have attained the extraordinary height of seven feet nine inches. Our old friend Chang, even with his seven feet eight inches, will surely hide his diminished head among so many rivals now turning up on all sides. He too comes of a giant race, his parents and four brothers rivalling him in height, while his sister is said to be some inches taller than himself. Many who saw him will doubtless recollect his good-humoured appearance, and the readiness with which he traced on the back of his photographs the seeming quotation from a tea-chest which we treasure as his autograph.

Worthy to bring up the rear of these giants of our own day is Captain Bates, formerly of the Confederate Army, his height being seven feet eight inches. He hails from Kentucky, a place famous for tall men, and has brothers upwards of seven feet in stature. The Captain's wife was formerly Miss Swan, a lady of colossal proportions, whom a few years since we saw exhibited at the same time—an unmistakable *rara avis*. It is worthy of remark that the respective heights of Chang and the just-mentioned gallant captain tally exactly with the dimensions recorded of the Irish giant Magrath at his decease. When but sixteen, Magrath attained a stature of six feet; and is said to have died of what in his case was called old age, only three years later. His skeleton we believe is preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

The Emerald Isle has long been famous for producing giants. The most celebrated of these was the well-known O'Brien, whom we first hear of as a great raw youth crying in a public-house because unable to pay the bill, having been left penniless through a quarrel with his exhibitor. A gentleman taking compassion on him, paid his debt, and advised the young giant to set up on his own account. Acting on this recommendation, O'Brien started a public-house in Bristol, long known by the sign of the *Giant's Castle*. A memorial tablet in Trenchard Street Roman Catholic Chapel records his stature as having been eight feet three inches. He was very anxious that his remains should not fall into the hands of the anatomists, and gave directions for securing his grave against desecration from body-snatchers. It has however, been disputed whether the giant's bones still rest in his grave, or form one of the curiosities of the Hunterian Museum, though we believe that they still lie undisturbed in a deep-sunk grave. Poor O'Brien had to take his constitutional under cover of darkness, to avoid being mobbed by the curious, and like most big fellows proved himself a simple and inoffensive man; though once he inadvertently terrified a watchman almost to death by lighting his pipe at a street lamp, the sudden appearance of which strange apparition threw the watchman into a fit.

His colossal proportions once saved the giant from being robbed, the highwayman who stopped his carriage riding away in terror at the sight of O'Brien's huge face thrust through the window to see what was the matter.

Of nearly the same proportions was Charles Byrne, who died in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, at the age of twenty-two, his death being accelerated by intemperate habits, said to be caused by sorrow at the loss of all his property. Like O'Brien, he had a great horror of dissection, and is said in his last moments to have requested that his remains might be thrown into the sea, so as to be out of reach of the surgical fraternity. But caricatures of humanity such as these must not expect the treatment of ordinary individuals either in life or death. How his last wishes were attended to may be learned by visitors to a certain London museum where the skeleton of Byrne occupies a place of honour. There is an account of another Irish giant, Edward Malone, who is asserted on good authority to have been seven feet seven inches in his stockings when he was only nineteen years of age.

England may boast of having produced the well-known Lancashire prodigy called the 'Child of Hale,' noted for his great stature and remarkable strength. Then there was Thomas Hall, known as the giant of Willingham, who was more than three feet nine inches high when not quite three years old, his growth progressing afterwards at the rate of an inch per month. Before he was three years old the calf of his leg we are told was above ten inches round; and his weight two years later was upwards of six stone. His strength was in proportion to his size. When less than four years old he is said to have thrown a hammer weighing seventeen pounds a considerable distance; and when some months younger could place a large Cheshire cheese on his head. He appears to have been equally precocious in his tastes, for at the same age it seems he could lift two gallons of ale to his mouth and drink freely. At an early age his voice was like a man's, and when only five years old he had all the bearing of an adult person. In appearance he was serious and sedate, and though not violent or cruel, had little love or fear in his disposition. He died of consumption, and shortly before his decease developed a thick pair of whiskers and a beard. Then there was the Cornish giant Chillico, who measured round the chest six feet nine inches, and weighed four hundred and sixty pounds. When it is stated that one of his stockings held six gallons of wheat, we are sure of the reader's sympathy with the woman who may have had to knit or darn a pair of such dimensions.

As regards dwarfs, many curiosities have been noted. Old writers were fond of relating instances of court dwarfs, when taken into the king's council, cutting out all the royal advisers by their shrewd observations and ingenious suggestions. As an example of their combativeness, we recollect hearing how some dwarfs in a showman's caravan asserted their mental superiority over the good-natured simple giants in such a manner that the poor bullied monsters actually stood in awe of their fiery little travelling companions. 'I have seen some men of very small stature,' says an old writer. 'Of this number was John de Estrix of Moellen, who was

thirty-five years of age, had a long beard, and was no more than three feet high. He could not go up-stairs or climb upon a form, but had to be assisted by a servant. He was skilled in three tongues, and proved himself ingenious and industrious. Almost as interesting a manikin was Jeffery Hudson, who at a feast given by the Duke of Buckingham, started up in complete armour from a cold pie on its being cut open. How also, at a court masque, Evans, the king's gigantic porter, pulled out of one pocket a long loaf, and little Jeffery, instead of a piece of cheese, out of the other, is well known, and will recall somewhat similar incidents mentioned by Ainsworth in one of his historical novels. It was this pigmy's capture by a Flemish pirate that was celebrated in a poem by Sir William Davenant. Gibson, a page to Charles I., was another curious specimen of diminutive humanity. That must have been an interesting wedding for the spectators, when at the dwarf-marriage the king gave away Anne Shepherd, a bride as small as Gibson himself. The five of their nine children who arrived at maturity were of the usual stature.

A celebrated dwarf-wedding was once brought about by Peter the Great. All the courtiers were ordered to be present at the marriage of a Lilliputian man and woman, which was conducted with great ceremony, the most curious feature being the enforced attendance of some seventy dwarfs attired in the extreme of fashion, who all meeting reluctantly, apprehensive of ridicule, ended in enjoying themselves heartily with the diversions prepared for them. Most of us have heard of the Aztec children, a boy and girl who were not three feet high; but a more uncouth mortal was the Welshman Hopkins, who never weighed more than seventeen pounds, and died of gradual decay and old age after living only seventeen years.

Human phenomena of our own day, such as Tom Thumb and his little wife, Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, sometimes all exhibited together, will suggest themselves to the reader as further illustrations of our subject. As curious a specimen of miniature humanity must be the mite of four years old described, in 1878, as living in Norwich, New York. This child, it appears, had not grown since he was twelve months old, and in size he was compared to a good-sized cat. Tom Thumb's arm-chair would be far too large for this little man, and he would be quite lost in the General's carriage. Even when wearing two pair of socks, the smallest sized baby's shoes were too large for him. He was said to be twenty-three inches in his shoes, twelve pounds in weight, and withal very lively and active.

But there are other curious freaks of nature, serving perhaps more completely as illustrations of her burlesques than those already referred to. Such, without being included in the category either of giants or dwarfs, present some monstrous peculiarities, marked by deformity, superfluity, or incompleteness of corporeal members. An old manuscript in the collection of Sir Hans Sloane records a number of curious monstrosities. These were compiled by a Frenchman who, judging by his notes and illustrations therein, has carried out what was evidently his hobby with great gusto. This catalogue of curiosities contains, as may be expected, pig-faced ladies, dwarfs, two-headed children, hairy specimens of humanity, and

so forth, most of which are supposed to have come under the observation of the Frenchman himself.

But there are other more 'monstrous' cases, as he calls them, recorded by him. For example: The well-known Siamese Twins; a Spotted Negro, who was exhibited in London; Two Brothers Born Conjoined (a kind of Siamese Twins); children minus arms and legs; a Second Samson; a Frog-faced Child; Wild Men; a Tartar Giant; and many other burlesques of Dame Nature. The well-known case of Matthew Buckinger bears out the probability of many of the aforesaid examples being really genuine. Nature was indeed in a paroxysm of mood when she introduced poor Buckinger into the world. Though described as little more than the trunk of a man, he was in some measure compensated for physical defects by more than common endowments, which enabled him to master many accomplishments, including even that of drawing. As singular a case was that of the man Kingston of Somersetshire, who was born without arms or shoulders, yet possessed all the strength and dexterity of the ablest ordinary men. He followed all the usual occupations of a farmer, fed his cattle, cut his hay, and caught and saddled his horse. We are further told he could lift ten pecks of beans, and throw a sledge-hammer a greater distance than any other man; that he had fought a stout battle and come off victorious; and yet his feet, toes, and teeth were his only helps in these various operations; which speaks much for his ingenuity in adapting such inadequate means to such ends. Many will have seen, like the writer, instances of men born without hands obtaining a living by playing on the violin. The feet in these cases acquire all the dexterity of more fortunate people's hands; but it is an odd sight to see such performers calmly taking a handkerchief from the breast-pocket with the toes of one foot and passing it over the face with apparent ease. Which of us likewise has not seen some unfortunate creature born with stumps instead of arms earning his living by spinning tops in the street or otherwise exhibiting surprising dexterity?

But a curiosity at present existing in Mexico eclipses all the preceding ones. From *The Mexican Occidental* we learn that the mother of this living curiosity is named Antonia Garcia, and that she resides in Resario, state of Sinaloa. This boy, her sixth son, the others all reaching a natural state, was born about two years ago at Copala; and as soon as the phenomenon was known to exist, the parents having good grounds to believe that it would be stolen, moved to Resario. The child, according to the story of its progenitors, was born without any other defect than having an indentation on its skull in the shape of a cross. But in a little while the head commenced to grow enormously, and at the end of one year was from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. The indentation in another sense may be said to resemble a hand-grenade in the form of a cross commencing at the forehead and running back to the nape of the neck. The other part of the cross extends from ear to ear. The indentations are from two to three inches in width, and slightly covered with hair. In the night-time, by putting a light across the head, the brains and other material may plainly be seen. The eyelids

of this creature, instead of being above the eye, are below, and almost encircling it, growing upward. The forehead has almost disappeared, on account of the deformity of the head. The whole body is extremely rickety, and the skin appears to stick to the dry bones. The monstrosity weighed last year a little over ten pounds, was healthy, promising to live many years, and beloved by its parents. It is said that a doctor offered to make a scientific study of the phenomenon; and that the result—which has not reached us—of his investigations was promised to the public.

SWANSDOWN VILLA.

We are not rich, but we are better off than people think us, which is my idea of comfort. Live in a somewhat quieter style than your income might fairly allow, and you have a margin. Ostentation is a very nice thing for people who like it, but it necessitates pulling at your expenditure to make ends meet; and then if the income tax is doubled or another child comes, you are worried and perplexed. We have two children and an aunt, and desire no increase to our family. On the aunt-side we are pretty safe; on the child-side we hope for the best, but there is no knowing. The rising generation is very perverse, and crops up occasionally in the most unexpected way.

Aunt Sarah has lived with us ever since the second year of our marriage, when she had the misfortune to lose her Fido; and being of an affectionate disposition, bound to love something, she fixed on our baby as a fit object for attachment. She has her two rooms and her own maid, and can be as independent as she pleases. Of course the fact makes no difference in our feelings towards her or in our desire for her comfort, but I may mention incidentally that her money is entirely at her own disposal, and that she has a good deal of it. She is only my aunt by marriage; but I am quite as fond of her as I could be of a blood-relation, perhaps more so; for since it is notorious that a man loves his wife better than himself (or ought to), it seems to follow by analogy that he must also prefer her family to his own, especially any member of it to whom he feels grateful for what she will very probably do for him, or for his children, some day.

Aunt Sarah liked our home. It was close to London; yet a park where fresh almost country air could be breathed was within a short walk. Water too was visible from the drawing-room windows; and as the happiest portion of her life had been spent on the banks of the Severn, she was partial to water and liked to watch the vessels passing to and fro. It is true that our substitute for a river was but the Canal in Regent's Park, but still it pleased her; and probably we should never have left the suburb of Art if we had not been pretty nearly blown out of it by the famous gunpowder explosion which created such a panic early one morning a few years ago. When the powder-barge blew up, it shattered our windows and Aunt Sarah's nerves.

When my wife had assured herself that the children were safe, she went to Aunt Sarah's room, and presently her voice rose in wild alarm: 'Charles, Charles! Aunt Sarah's gone!' I was much shocked, thinking she alluded to a fatal effect. 'And you must go after her directly.'

This was even a harder blow, for I fancied my spouse had been frightened out of her wits. 'Go after her!' I exclaimed.

'Yes; the hall-door is open; she must have run out into the road. Oh, do follow her at once!'

I obeyed without delay, though my costume was grotesque and insufficient; and taking fortunately the right turning, came presently upon the poor old lady, who was standing bewildered at a street corner, with a bed-candle in her hand. I knew her by instinct, or I should never have recognised her in her night-attire, which consisted of a variety of wraps and the most portentous night-cap that imagination can conjure up. It was some minutes before I could coax her back; and when at length she took my arm and allowed me to lead her away, the spectacle we presented must have been curious.

The effect of this event upon Aunt Sarah's nerves was so serious that she could not bear to remain in the same neighbourhood. It was in vain that I related to her the precaution of that legendary mathematician who, happening to be on board a frigate during a naval action, thrust his head into the first shot-hole, and remained in that position, like a nautical ostrich, till the firing was over; having made a rapid calculation of the enormous odds against two balls striking the hull in precisely the same spot. She only replied that he was a very wicked man to tempt Providence, and for her part she would stay with the Wealdes at Tunbridge Wells until we could get settled in a less explosive neighbourhood.

Now Mrs Wealdes was another niece, an innocent woman enough by nature, but married to a designing husband, who moulded her plastic character as he willed. They had often invited Aunt Sarah to stay with them, and professed a strong attachment to her; but it is my sad suspicion that they were actuated by mercenary motives alone. It was much to be feared that they might ingratiate themselves unduly in the course of a very long visit, and their son might be foisted into that place held by our little Sarah in the will and affections of her elderly relative. It was true that Aunt Sarah preferred girls to boys; that the only child the Wealdes had was masculine, while both of ours were feminine; and that she had taken a particular fancy to the little girl, who was named after her. But history, biography, and experience combine to teach us that ladies are occasionally fickle; Aunt Sarah might be converted to boys in general, and the Wealdes youth in particular.

'It will not do to leave dear auntly long with the Wealdes,' said my wife. 'I fear that they will not make her comfortable.'

She would have expressed her meaning more clearly if she had left out the *not*, but I understood her, and acquiesced. 'We will look out for a house in a neighbourhood she will like, at once,' I replied.

'Let it be on the banks of the Thames; she likes water, and there is none at Tunbridge Wells,' continued my better-half innocently. 'I will write an account of our prospects of succeeding in finding a place to suit her, every other day.'

We had gone to Hastings directly after the explosion, which took place late in the autumn, and had spent the winter there. It was in March that Aunt Sarah went to stay with the Wealdes,

and that the above conversation was held. It is my firm opinion, derived from experiences in house-hunting at that time, that if a gold medal were offered for the most ingenious perversion of facts, a house-agent would win it. A desirable mansion or a picturesque villa described by one of these gentry, resembles the real article about as much as a theatrical castle seen from the pit does the same erection viewed from the wings. As for suppression of truth, that I suppose is to be expected, since the law which exonerates a man from criminating himself may be inferred to extend to his property, and therefore to the property of other people intrusted to his disposal. But the general result of all this positive and negative deception is to give the house-hunter an immense amount of trouble and anxiety, and to cure him of any blind confidence in his fellow-men for ever. For three consecutive weeks my wife and I saw over twenty houses per week, so we ought to know. It is true that the great majority of these tenements, which promised well upon paper, were so obviously unsuitable to us that a glance sufficed to shew they would not do. When the spacious apartments proved to be seven feet high, or the eight good bedrooms resolved themselves into five, with three cupboards, we did not waste much time, beyond that taken up by the journey to and fro. But the disadvantages of other houses were not so immediately obvious. It was only during spring-tides that the cellars and kitchens of Fluvial Lodge were under water. The faint smell which floated about Upas Villa could not be detected when windows and doors were open; and inquiries in the neighbourhood alone brought out the remarkable susceptibility of a long succession of tenants to fevers of a typhoid character. It was only when the wind lay in a southerly or easterly direction that the near neighbourhood of The Golden Guano Company's Works to The Lilacs became obvious; and we should have committed ourselves irrecoverably to five years of that unique residence if a breeze had not sprung up in the quarter named, on the occasion of our third visit. We were likewise very nearly fixing ourselves in The Hermitage, so little perceptible was the throb of the water-works' engine hard by while you were moving about, talking, and interested in other matters. Yet from what we learned afterwards we might just as well have taken up our abode on board a screw-steamer. Port-wine could not deposit its beeswing or ceilings retain their plaster, so earnest and unceasing was the vibration. At last, when we were well nigh in despair, the very place we wanted turned up. My wife and I—we generally hunted in couples—were walking disconsolately, not to say sulkily along a quiet road, on our way back to the railway station after an unsatisfactory inspection of an incipient ruin which might have been rendered habitable by the outlay of a couple of thousand pounds or so, when we came to a high dirty white wall with a door in it, and on the door there was nailed a notice-board: 'To Let. Inquire within.'

'Why, here is a house in Eyotham which we have not seen!' exclaimed my wife.

'It was not down in any agent's book,' said I. 'I wonder what it is like?'

'A jail or a convent, to judge from this side of it, which is all wall.'

'Never mind; let us look at it.'

So we stopped and pulled at a bell-handle at intervals, until a deaf charwoman let us in to very pleasant-looking premises. All the gloom was confined to the side facing the road; once through the door, all was bright and cheerful enough, especially when the shutters were opened. The rooms were of good size and height, the kitchen dry, the roof and floors apparently sound, the cupboards deep and plentiful, the fixtures convenient. A pretty lawn, shaded by handsome trees, sloped down to the banks of the Thames, where there was a picturesque boat-house. The kitchen garden was ample, with good store of fruit-trees in it; the stabling sufficient for our modest wants. We certainly saw all this under favourable auspices. It was the first really balmy day of early spring; the sun was shining, the birds were singing, the river sparkling, and the buds on the trees seemed to be growing greener every minute. We really thought that we had at length hit upon the very thing. Not that we were over-sanguine as we rode back to town; we had been too often disappointed not to fear some hitch or some fatal drawback.

The more we saw of Swansdown Villa however, the better we liked it. The only reason for its being empty was the exorbitant rent demanded by the proprietor; but since that would be divided between Aunt Sarah and myself, it was not so serious an obstacle in our case. As for that estimable relative, when she saw the place she was charmed; and to cut a long story short, we happily rescued her out of the designing hands of the Wealdes, and established her comfortably in her new home. Not too soon; for Wealdes had gained a certain ascendancy over her, and a correspondence has been kept up with that branch of the family ever since.

For a time we were in constant expectation of some unthought-of defect coming to light in our new home; but weeks passed on without smells cropping up, or kitchen boilers bursting, or any other domestic calamities occurring, and we gradually grew easy. We boated, we fished, we made pleasant acquaintances amongst our neighbours, we picnicked, we practised lawn tennis, and thoroughly enjoyed the summer, which extended itself into October; Aunt Sarah being as happy as any one in a quiet sort of way, and recovering in a great measure from the shock she had received; for though I have spoken of that explosion in a somewhat light tone, the poor old lady's nerves were seriously jarred by it.

The pleasant weather died off very suddenly at last. A fog, a frost, and three days' perpetual rain closed the season effectually. The boat was hauled up into its dry-dock; the garden games were packed away carefully; and my wife and I, who are partial to theatrical entertainments, began somewhat to regret our distance from town.

At breakfast on the 3d of November, Aunt Sarah said: 'If you are thinking of having any fireworks to amuse the children on the 5th (Guy Fawkes' Day), Charles, I should like to contribute.' I left an egg half-decapitated, like a victim in the hands of an unskilful executioner, so astounded was I. We had been devising how we should keep the flare of squibs and the banging of maroons in the distance from the eyes and ears of our relative, and had arranged to have all the

shutters in the house closed, and all the curtains drawn at a very early hour on the eventful evening, dreading lest any such sight or sound should recall the alarming episode of the year before.

'Why, you look quite scared, my dear,' she added to my wife; 'it does not do to give way to unreasonable nervousness. We are many miles away from that dreadful canal now.'

I have often observed that invalids and nervous people defeat all calculation of their likes and dislikes in this way, and yet I was surprised. Not wishing Aunt Sarah to see that I thought her weaker than she was however, I entered with alacrity into the scheme, went to London and purchased a neat assortment of pretty combustibles that very afternoon, and spent the fourth and the morning of the fifth in making arrangements for their effective display. The fussiness of these preparations was absurd enough, I have no doubt, for I had not launched out into anything elaborate, but had contented myself with very simple and familiar pieces. Still it required some thought and study to find out how to let off even these with advantage, so inexperienced was I. However, there were printed directions in my box, and by following these carefully I hoped to please my not too critical spectators. These were posted at the drawing-room window, which looked out upon the lawn where the exhibition was to take place; and soon after dinner on a most favourable evening, dark, dry, and still, I sallied out with a box of vesuvians in my hand, and opened the entertainment by lighting the touch-paper of a neat case, which presently began to burn with intense brightness, causing the trees, the river, and all other objects to appear blue, then green, then rosy, then intensely dark; quite an allegorical representation of a human life. Next came a cluster of Roman candles, which fizzed and threw up coloured balls in a satisfactory manner enough. Then I let off a fire-work which was to run backwards and forwards along a string which I had fastened for the purpose between two trees. It started fairly enough, but stuck at the further end, and had to be stirred up with a hoe before it would fly back again. However I alone knew that it was intended to act otherwise. Next we had a Jack-in-the-box, which terminated in a volcanic eruption of crackers darting and banging into the air.

I was most doubtful about the success of the rockets. I had collected all the big door-keys in the house, and had tied them firmly to the sides of chairs, so that the rocket-sticks might be supported in them comfortably, like canes and umbrellas in a stall. But when the box of fireworks came down no sticks were sent with it, so I had to fit and regulate them by my own private judgment, which had no experience to guide it; only a vague impression that the rocket when fixed to the stick should balance an inch or two below the head. Our neighbour on the right was curious in vegetables, and glass frames were spread all over his grounds, so that it would never do to incline the missiles in that direction. In front, however, was the river, into which the sticks would fall harmlessly; and on the right was a wharf, for the lading and unlading of what merchandise, I did not know—our shrubbery was planted out too thickly to get a glimpse at it; coal probably, I conjectured. At anyrate it might fairly be sup-

posed that an empty case with a light lath attached to it would do no harm if it fell within the precincts or on to one of the barges moored off it. So I fixed the rockets with a slight inclination to the left, to make sure of avoiding the cucumber and melon frames.

It was with some doubt as to how the thing would behave, that I applied a sputtering vesuvian to the touch-paper of the first. It smouldered so long that I feared it had gone out, and was just about to apply a second match, when a stream of fire shot out with a suddenness which made me jump a yard back, and away soared the fire-work in the most satisfactory manner high into the air, where it burst, well over the river, and coloured stars floated away from it. There was a tapping at the window, to which I went. 'It's beautiful!' said a voice through the glass; 'but we could not see it burst well. The large willow-tree was in the way.' To avoid this, I directed the other rockets more to the left. Some behaved as satisfactorily as the first; others, in consequence probably of insufficient sticks, not quite so well, as they reached their apogee, and turned to come back before they exploded. One indeed, which took a most erratic course, and fell in the direction of the wharf, must have been very near the earth, or water, when it burst, for I heard the bang, but could see nothing but a reflection above the trees on the left.

I had just despatched two more rockets skywards, when I heard a rattling and a kicking against the paling, and a deep and agitated voice called out: 'Hi! For goodness sake, stop those fire-works! Do you want to murder the whole parish at one go?'

'They are nearly over now,' said I. 'I am sorry that rocket fell in your premises; but these two are directed more to the front.' 'Whish, whish! they went as I spoke.'

The man's voice rose to a howl: 'Are you mad, to send those things flying about next door to a powder-wharf? Light another, and I'll have the law of you.'

'Powder-wharf!' I cried aghast.

'Ay, powder-wharf, as you must have known; and a barge three parts laden lying off it, which your rocket only missed by about a yard.'

'I did not know it!' cried I; 'and it was an abominable shame not to tell me. Is it likely I would have taken the house if I had known that such a thing was in the neighbourhood?'

'Praps that's why they didn't tell ye; though there's no possible danger unless people play such mad pranks as yours.'

A violent tapping at the drawing-room window was followed by its being opened, and my wife's voice inquired whether anything was the matter.

'Nothing,' said I; 'only it is all over. I was looking to see if I had forgotten anything.'

'But I heard voices.'

'O yes; a neighbour. Afraid, you know, that the falling rocket-sticks might damage his premises. Shut the window; the children will catch cold. I shall be in directly.' Then rushing back to the paling, I implored the powder-man not to say anything about the erratic rocket; and fearing lest the alarm should have made him thirsty, pressed a sovereign upon him to moisten his throat with. He accepted it, observed mystically that mum was the word, and retired.

Whether in the interest of his employers or in mine, I know not, but the powder-man has been faithful. Mum has been the word ever since. Yet I feel like the character in a modern novel who has committed the crime, and lives for three mortal volumes in constant dread of exposure. It is not that I apprehend any positive danger of being levitated together with my family, for I have made inquiries, and the precautions taken at the wharf render an accident well-nigh impossible. But supposing Aunt Sarah were to discover that the barges she admires so much on a summer's evening are akin to the one which blew her into the street (as she firmly believes was the case) on a former occasion! I have got a lease of Swansdown Villa for seven years; I have underlet the other house at a loss. The Weadles have been asked to stay with us, and cannot be put off. If they learn the character of the trade carried on next door, the game will be up, and Aunt Sarah lost to us for ever!

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

In experiments with the microphone, the disturbing effect of local sounds is so great as in many instances to obscure the result. In a paper read some months ago at the Physical Society, Professor Hughes stated that he had spoken to forty microphones at once; and they all seemed to respond with equal force. And on examining every portion of his room—wood, stone, metal, in fact all parts—and even a piece of india-rubber: all were in molecular movement whenever he spoke. As yet he has found no such insulator for sound as gutta-percha is for electricity. Caoutchouc seems to be the best; but whatever the quantity made use of in the experiment, the microphone still reported all it heard.

On this Professor Hughes remarks: 'The question of insulation has now become one of necessity, as the microphone has opened to us a world of sounds, of the existence of which we were unaware. If we can insulate the instrument so as to direct its powers on any single object, as at present I am able to do on a moving fly, it will be possible to investigate that object undisturbed by the pandemonium of sounds which at present the microphone reveals where we thought complete silence prevailed.'

Professor Palmieri of Naples has found that by connecting a microphone and telephone with a seismograph—instrument for recording earthquake shocks—he can hear even the slightest manifestations of underground disturbance, and detect the earliest grumbings of Vesuvius.

The Council of the Royal Astronomical Society in their Report on work done at the Liverpool Observatory, state that a large amount of information is now being collected with regard to the performance of chronometers at sea. And, proceeding to particulars, they remark: 'Probably but few persons are aware of the degree of accuracy which may be attained in the determination of the longitude of a ship at sea by the application of corrections due to change of temperature to the rates of chronometers.' In other words, make proper allowance for the influence of heat and cold on the going of the instrument, and the ship's position can be determined to a nicety. In

one instance the error was not more than 9·3 seconds, or under two and a half geographical miles on the equator after a voyage of nearly four months.

Mr Otto Struve, astronomer at the Imperial Observatory of St Petersburg, has discovered that in all his observations of stars carried on during thirty-five years there is a systematic error. He has ascertained the amount of error by measurements of artificial stars, and can therefore make the necessary correction to his long series of observations. He supposes that the error has a physiological origin dependent on certain peculiarities of the eyes; and he suggests that all observers should test themselves rigorously with a view to accuracy in comparison of observations. For years past astronomers have been accustomed to allow for what they call the 'personal equation,' in reconciling discrepancies of observation.

The President of the Odontological Society in an introductory address referred to recent scientific discoveries in which electricity plays an important part, and implied that it might in course of time be made available in dentistry. He believes that the date is not distant when dentists will have the 'means at hand of directing a beam of electric light into the oral cavity.' And, considering the potentialities of electricity, he remarks: 'Is it forbidden to hope that the nerves of sensation may be so acted upon by a continuous current with or without local narcotisation, as to be for the time deprived of sensibility without permanent damage? May we not look,' he continues, 'for the good time when the work of the drill and of the excavator in the preparation of the cavity, always irksome, but amounting to torture in persons of delicate and sensitive organisation, may come to be regarded with indifference? . . . Should it be thought incredible that this subtle force may come to the aid of the physician, and in the most literal sense throw a new light on disease—that the electric light may ultimately be made available for rendering the living body or parts of it luminous, so that morbid changes in important organs may be detected at a very early stage, and with the certainty of ocular demonstration?'

In a communication recently made to the Entomological Society, it was stated that the corn-crops in Southern Russia to the value of two million roubles had been destroyed by two species of beetles; and a Committee was appointed to draw up observations on those beetles for the use of Her Majesty's Consul at Taganrog. The observations in the form of a Report, will perhaps be useful to other persons as well as the far distant consul. The beetles are described as allies of our English cockchafer, smaller in size, and always present in the south of Europe, though fortunately, not always in countless swarms. In 1867, nearly seven millions were destroyed by the peasants in a single province in Hungary. 'It is impossible,' say the Committee, 'in the present state of entomological science, to account accurately for visitations like this. It may be that the pupal condition is prolonged indefinitely, or until circumstances favour its determination; by this reasoning—which is warranted by what we know to be the case in some other insects—the pupæ might be accumulated from year to year, and the perfect insects from these accumulations burst forth simultaneously.'

At one of the meetings of the Society, a lady present as a visitor exhibited a specimen of *Zopherus Breneti*, from Yucatan, which had been worn by her many months as an ornament, during which time the insect, as was stated, had taken no food.

Specimens of 'Kungu cake' were also exhibited, composed of insects which fly in enormous clouds, and are collected and compressed in masses, and used as food by the natives of Central Africa. So far as could be ascertained, the fragments shown were made up of the species known to entomologists as *Culicidae*.

At another meeting, a question was raised as to the chemical composition of the bodies of insects; for, considering that these bodies furnish all the materials necessary for the food of those birds that, like swallows, feed on the wing, they must contain, in addition to carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, the requisite nitrogen and phosphates. To which answer was made, that it has been ascertained chemically that the horny external portions of the bodies of insects do contain about six per cent. of nitrogen, and an appreciable quantity of phosphoric acid.

'The Prevention of Insect Injury by the Use of Phenol Preparations' is the title of a paper communicated to the same Society by another lady, who states that her plot of carrots (being seriously affected by what is known as 'rust' (*Pestis rosea*), an insect that in the larval condition works underground, she had then moistened with a mixture of water and the preparation sold as Little's Soluble Phenyle. This had been previously proved to be fatal to insect life, and at the same time favourable to vegetation; and it did not fail in the case of the carrots. To quote the lady's words: 'In less than a fortnight the attack had ceased spreading, and some of the infested plants showed signs of recovery; in another week healthy foliage was showing; and from that time till the 12th of August, when they were raised for examination, they continued to grow luxuriantly with no return of attack of the rust-fly.'

Plants and roots watered with the dilute solution have a tarry smell, which is however, removed by cooking; and the writer concludes by stating that she has found the phenyle beneficial in all cases; and 'looking at the degree to which larval health is affected in many cases merely by the difference in the watery or condensed state of the sap, and the general refusal of larvae to feed at all unless the food is to their taste, it appears that a fluid so thoroughly distasteful as this—not simply soddening from the outside, but circulated by the vegetative action exactly in the young and growing tissues most liable to insect attack—might be of much service at hardly appreciable cost, except the wages of a labourer for occasional application, and might even be brought to bear on the *Phylloxera*.'

Whence come the white stripes and veins mingled with the leaves of certain plants? Professor Church, formerly of the Agricultural College, Cirencester, has sought to answer the question in a 'Chemical Study of Vegetable Albinism.' His analyses show that the green leaves contain more lime than the white, which is accounted for by the fact that the white leaves are less active in their functions than the green; and he is led to affirm generally that white leaves are related to green

pretty much as immature leaves to mature, tubers to foliage, petals to green bracts, vegetable parasites to their hosts. The white leaf may in fact be said to be parasitic on the green: it may be a warehouse, but it is not a factory. There seem to be present therein all the materials by the aid of which the organic compounds of the leaf should be constructed; but the constructive faculty or impetus is lacking. Gardeners have long known that an albino outcrop cannot be struck.

Professor Church has tried the effect of injecting chemical solutions into the leaves of plants, and with success to a certain extent. He hopes to carry these experiments further during the sunshine of the coming summer, so that we must wait some months for further particulars. Meanwhile, readers who desire more information on the present subject will find it in the *Journal of the Chemical Society*.

Attempts have been made from time to time to make use of the nettle *Urtica utilis* in spinning and weaving. The plant grows largely in India; but the difficulty of separating the fibre from the tough outer skin has hitherto prevented its introduction as an article of commerce. The Indian government, with a view to encourage invention, offered a prize of five thousand pounds (which we believe has not yet been taken up) for an efficient nettle-fibre cleaning-machine.

The nettle in question grows in Algeria, and there a retired French officer of engineers has constructed a rough-and-ready machine, which partially dresses the stalks in the field as they are cut, and leaves the fibre in a crude condition, but easy to pack in bales ready for further treatment, which may stop at the manufacture of coarse cloths, or, as the Chinese have shown, be carried on to textures that rival silk in fineness and appearance.

Dr E. J. Mills, of Anderson's College, Glasgow, has published what he calls a *Manuallette* on Destructive Distillation, in which, under the article Bone Oil, he states that bones comprise about two-thirds mineral ingredients, which are not altered by heat, and one-third osseine, which when freed from the lime salts, becomes flexible, and will dissolve in boiling-water into an equal weight of gelatine. A ton of bones yields from ten to twelve gallons of oil, and a large quantity of gas which can be used only in open spaces or burned under boilers. The animal charcoal into which the bones are converted is used ton for ton in the refining of sugar. 'The charcoal is then returned, and used again; thus undergoing a loss of value to the amount of forty per cent. per annum. A single firm receives daily, from Glasgow, ten tons of bones for conversion into animal charcoal.'

Projectors in Naples are planning a railway to the summit of Vesuvius, for the convenience of tourists who wish to look into the crater. Will the sightseers be sufficiently numerous to make it pay? Statements were made not long ago that the Righi Railway had become bankrupt.

Operations of a different kind are to be undertaken on Mount Etna—namely the building of an observatory, and equipping it for astronomical observations, at a height of nearly ten thousand feet. A hut known as the Casa Inglese, standing at the foot of the cone, will be covered by the proposed structure, which is to be furnished with a large equatorial telescope and other instruments,

for the observation of physical phenomena. Astronomers have long been crying out for an observatory at a high elevation, for they think that in a very transparent atmosphere it will be possible to see and study the corona without the intervention of an eclipse. The cost of this undertaking is to be defrayed by the Italian government, who, as we are informed, will appoint the eminent astronomer Tacchini to carry on the observations.

Projects for a railway from Algeria to Soudan across the Great Sahara have been brought forward at scientific meetings in Paris. The preliminary surveys, which would have to be accompanied by a military escort, would cost eight hundred thousand francs to penetrate as far as the Niger; and the estimated cost of the railway is four hundred million francs. This is a grand scheme; but we can hardly hope to see trains running from Algiers to Timbuctoo within the present generation.

The question of a canal across the American Isthmus from the Atlantic to the Pacific reappears from time to time in the United States, and has recently been discussed at a meeting of the American Geographical Society at New York. Preference is given to the Nicaragua route, one hundred and eighty-one miles, because of the unfavourable climate and enormous rainfall of the Panama route. It would be difficult to maintain deep cuttings in a country where the yearly rain amounts to one hundred and twenty-four inches, and swamps cover a broad expanse. Starting from Greytown on the Atlantic side, the route would stretch up the San Juan River to Lake Nicaragua, which has an area of two thousand eight hundred square miles, large enough to provide a constant outflow and neutralise floods. There would be fifty-six miles of navigation in crossing the lake, and then a cutting of sixteen miles down to the port of Brito on the Pacific. The cost is estimated at \$2,577,718 dollars; and according to calculation, the annual tonnage of British and American vessels through the canal would be more than three million tons. The saving of time in voyages to the Pacific would be very great.

The paper on 'The Connection between Ancient Art and the Ancient Geometry as illustrated by Works of the Age of Pericles,' read before the Institute of British Architects, is well worth study by those who wish to acquaint themselves with the principles on which architecture as a progressive science is based. The examples are taken from the buildings now standing in ruin on the Acropolis of Athens. The builders thereof, says the author of the paper, Mr Pennethorne, had 'a few elementary proportions, and four or five distinct forms of curved lines, and with these simple materials, combined perspectively, works of art were produced that are quite worthy of a place along with the Greek works of geometry and literature. . . . The arts were then united with the geometry, and with the highest intellectual culture; whereas we find in India, in Assyria, and, in the middle ages, in Europe, that architecture everywhere attained a certain degree of excellence, suited to the climate and to the wants of society, and then became stationary and decayed; for without the geometry it could not advance beyond the first elementary state, and there was no power to refine and perfect the first

ideas. It was not until the European mind in the fifteenth century was linked again to the ancient stream of geometry and philosophy, that a real advance was made in any branch of modern science; and probably no real progress will be made in architecture until we can completely recover and freely use the accumulated knowledge of the ancient world in all that relates to the science of art, and make it a basis and a starting-point.'

TRAVELLING IN SICILY.

We have on several occasions called attention to the danger of travelling in Sicily, which, from all that transpires, is the worst governed part of Europe, not even excepting Turkey. We would not say the Italian government has not at times exerted itself to put down brigandage and to strengthen the police; nor has it always been unsuccessful. The fact, however, remains that no Englishman who values his personal safety can venture off the beaten track. The character of the armed police seems to be positively disgraceful. The last outrage reported is that of a correspondent of *The Times*, who under the signature of H. W. P., and dating from the *Victoria Hotel*, Messina, March 1, tells the following tale of his misusage while quietly travelling through the island. We are glad to give it such additional publicity as is in our power.

'Ten days ago I left my luggage at Catania, intending to make an excursion on foot round the base of Mount Etna. On Sunday afternoon, February 23, I reached a small town called Regalbuto, where the entire population were assembled in the Piazza celebrating with great festivities the last Sunday of Carnival. I was of course an object of much curiosity to the inhabitants, who stared at me with true Italian politeness, as if they had never seen an Englishman before. A *carabiniere* presently came up and asked the usual questions—who I was, where I had come from, and where I meant to go next day. Fifty persons at least surrounded us immediately, and I, knowing the insecure state of the country, thought it highly imprudent to announce to a mob of Sicilians the precise road on which I might be met, alone and unarmed, on the following morning. With the utmost courtesy, therefore, I declined to answer any questions in so public a place, but begged the gendarme to come with me to the inn, where I would tell him anything he pleased. This he refused to do, and beckoned me to follow him down a by-street. After walking some distance we reached a building which proved eventually to be a guard-house, but which looked to me so extremely like a prison, that I begged my conductor to tell me, before I entered it, where it was that he had brought me. He then came suddenly behind me, pushed me with great violence through the doorway, and amid a volley of oaths, dealt me four blows with his fist as hard as he knew how, hitting me twice on the back and twice on the head. In the dark and taken quite by surprise, I could scarcely fight a man who was armed to the teeth, even if the last blow I received—a nasty thump behind the ear—had not almost stunned me. I was then led up-stairs into the presence of a superior officer, who, I believe, was a sergeant, and who demanded my documents. Luckily I had

my passport with me, and after some pretence of finding fault with it, he was obliged to pronounce it satisfactory. I then made my complaint against the carabinieri who had struck me, and begged the sergeant to take a note of my statement and to give me the name of the offender. He flatly refused to do either, and declared that he did not believe a word of my story. I appealed to the man himself and to his comrade who had opened the door for us to enter; but the sergeant cut me short and would not hear me. When I pressed my point he became very insolent and angry, and seeing that I was for the present absolutely in the man's power and without witnesses, I forbore to irritate him any further, and was glad enough to make my escape and get back to my inn.

'An outrage of this description, committed upon an unoffending traveller, appears to me so gross, that I hope, sir, you will do me the favour to publish it for the benefit of others. I have of course laid the case before Her Majesty's vice-consul here, who has kindly promised to deal with it on my behalf.'

THE DOMESTIC KITCHENER.

THERE is much aggravating nonsense talked and written about the claim of women to be the equals of men physically as well as mentally; but to an unprejudiced mind, not swayed by passionate desire for the unattainable, the dissimilarity is too palpable to need or admit of argument. If a woman have the instincts of a man, she is a 'freak of nature,' and may take the freedom of her abnormal condition and assign her privileges and exemptions. There is no reason why such a woman should not follow the capabilities of her mind or body, and be a surgeon, or a butcher, or a sailor, or a coalheaver; but let her not attempt to combine these occupations with the duties incidental to the life of a wife and mother. We want a few intelligent women to head a counter-movement, and hold up to admiration the beauty of woman's work for women. High cultivation is not incompatible with knowledge of and attention to the home-work of wholesome cookery and useful needlework; and a woman's intellectual head and accomplished mind will not be less but more appreciated by her husband after he has had the bodily comfort of enjoying the work of her hands in the shape of a well-cooked dinner.

It is unfortunate that the distaste for useful household occupation has increased while the need of it has become greater; but when driven to the extremity that appears imminent, and which chiefly arises from the difficulty of obtaining good domestic servants, we shall perhaps be glad to avail ourselves of certain contrivances which may enable us to do the work for ourselves. The British mind clings tenaciously to what always has been, and does not like to be deprived of even a good old grievance. It is made a positive reproach that such a person is always trying 'some new-fangled thing or other.' That person is regarded with a sort of impatient contempt, as one who is wanting in the steady balance of mind appertaining to those who consistently keep on grumbling at that which is imperfect, but decorously, almost religiously abstain from any innovation. The distrust with which novelties for domestic use are regarded is in this progressive

age astonishing, but characteristic of the national temperament. If an ingenious article is introduced, it does not from most people meet with a fair chance. It is prejudged as being 'all rubbish,' tried with apathy and without attention to the given instructions. The natural result is that it does not act as it should do, and in the end is cast aside as a failure. Even among those who give some attention to housekeeping, and try a novelty occasionally, we shall probably hear that it has been condemned by the cook as an innovation not to be put up with. We wish to try and dispel these prejudices, and induce a more general and thorough trial of some modern improvements; and for the following hints we are indebted to a correspondent who has put them to a practical test.

She says: 'The first that claims attention is the gas-cooking stove; and in houses where an early breakfast is necessary its usefulness will be found important. I purchased a small one more than a year ago for ten shillings and sixpence, and it has been regularly used since then in the breakfast-room to toast bread, muffins, cakes; cook bacon, kidneys, chops, fish, mushrooms, &c.; all of which it does in a most perfect manner; and a kettle of water can be kept boiling on the top while the cooking goes on inside. Having found the great convenience of this little family friend, I purchased a larger one from the same satisfactory maker, H. T. Fisher, 211 Strand, London. Its perfect working and the comfort derived from it are matter of everyday congratulation. Let no one be deterred from using gas-stoves by any fear that taste or smell is communicated to the edibles. A long time has elapsed since the clever Scotchman sitting by the fire watched the flame igniting the gas as it forced its way out of the heated coal, and after some thought exclaimed: "We must catch that." Gas has overcome the prejudices it had to encounter, and has established itself among us as a necessity.

'Gas offers immense advantages over most other sources of heat for cooking purposes, and is gaining ground among large public establishments where numbers have daily to be fed. There was some truth at first in the complaint that the food had a flavour of gas, and the roasting process was not satisfactory; but all appliances are so improved, I may almost say perfected, that the charge no longer holds good. The joints, poultry, &c. are not now *shut up* with the gas, but are placed in an open compartment allowing perfect ventilation and the escape of all vapour that would otherwise sicken the meat. The stove I have in use gives all the brown crispness produced by an open fire. It is twenty inches high, twelve wide, nine deep, and cost two pounds eighteen shillings. It has a roasting compartment that will hold a small joint, an oven over that (quite shut off, so that a cake or tart may be baked while a roast joint is going on below, without contracting the slightest flavour from it), and space at the top where two or even three saucepans may boil.

'As exemplification usually produces more effect than mere generalities, I will just mention a few dinners that have been satisfactorily cooked; as everything indeed is in this Lilliputian kitchen. The first time it was tried the performance was limited to a small joint of pork, and apple-

sauce, turnip-tops, and potatoes. The second time—roast fowl and sausages, potatoes and bread-sauce. The third time—a tart was baked, and a perfectly cooked steak, potatoes, and oyster-sauce made the dinner. On another occasion the fare was a sole *au gratin*, a splendid Irish stew, and an apple charlotte. In fact, on a small scale every description of cooking that can be done with the largest range can be accomplished with a small gas-stove.

The economy of gas is beyond dispute. Certainty and regularity of heat may always be depended on; and so great is its advantage in point of cleanliness, that a lady by its aid can prepare a dinner without soiling hands or dress, or becoming overheated by exposure to the fierce heat of an ordinary range. The high temperature of the kitchen is often a serious trial; and from the facility with which gas is lighted, and turned off when no longer needed, a stove such as the one mentioned will be found an indescribable relief during the summer months, even where the ordinary range is preferred for the winter.

Reiteration will have an effect on some people who do not at first accept a thing on its own merits, and we cannot too frequently assert the desirability of giving fair-play to the various domestic mitigations that will enable a gentlewoman, compelled to attend to household duties, to perform them with as little fatigue and trouble as possible.

'YORKSHIRE ODDITIES.'

In a recent article entitled 'Yorkshire Oddities'—founded upon Mr Baring Gould's amusing work—it was mentioned that with a view to raising money, for the replenishment of his wine-cellar, a former Dean of Ripon (Dr Waddilove) removed the bell from the Chapel of St Mary Magdalen, and sold it; and that a wooden bell painted to represent a metal one, was secretly placed in its stead. This story we are happy to say is untrue, the facts of the case being that the bell was taken down because mischievous boys used to throw stones at it, and in so doing often broke the adjoining windows of the chapel. A wooden bell was put up by the authorities, simply to preserve the 'meaning' of the turret. And to further prove that the late Dean could not have been guilty of the transaction ascribed to him, the metal bell, said to have been sold by him, is at the present day lying in the crypt of the cathedral of Ripon. We gladly take this opportunity of offering the *amende honorable* to the late Dean.

SULPHUR AS A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

The *Ceylon Observer*, in copying the following paragraph from the *Colonies and India*, says: 'We cannot help noticing the curious coincidence that sulphur should come prominently into notice at once as the most potent remedy for fungi which affect the higher vegetation and those which, engendered in dirt, prove so fatal to human life.'

The loss which the nation has sustained in the affecting death of Her Royal Highness Princess Alice has caused more than ordinary interest to attach to the nature of the terrible disease to which she has succumbed, and to the possible

remedies for it. In Canada, and we believe also in Ceylon, the following simple remedy has been adopted with successful results; and we have the less hesitation in giving publicity to the alleged mode of cure since it has already been tried on a small scale in this country, under the advice of an English surgeon, and because a few simple experiments conducted with proper precautions, would speedily demonstrate its value. A tea-spoonful of "flour of brimstone" in a wine-glassful of water, carefully mixed till it is completely amalgamated, may be used as a gargle if the patient is strong enough to adopt this remedy. In extreme cases, where the disease has extended too far to admit of the use of the gargle, the inhalation of the fumes of burning brimstone, or holding the head in such a way as to allow them to penetrate to the throat, is recommended. A Canadian surgeon indeed has adopted the extreme course of taking a small quantity of the powdered sulphur in a quill and puffing it into the throat. The effect of the sulphur is to kill the fungus, which by spreading over the throat, would eventually suffocate the patient. No harm can result from swallowing a small quantity of the sulphur, which if applied at the first symptoms of diphtheria, might arrest the spread, and effect the early cure of the disease. The danger of inducing irritation in the throat, and consequent coughing, must of course be guarded against, especially when administering the dry powder; but there is less likelihood of this when the remedy is applied in an early stage of the disease. In this as in all other cases of disease, "prevention is better than cure." Diphtheria is generally directly traceable to organic poisoning from sewers or drains or similar sources; and the avoidance of these fertile sources of evil is one of the principal problems of the age in all countries and climes; but where the infection is unhappily contracted, the adoption of a simple remedy like that above described is worthy the attention of the medical profession.

HUTTON, THE BONE-SETTER—AN EXPLANATION.

In an article on the Bone-setter's Mystery, February 22, an allusion was made to 'Mr Hutton, the now deceased bone-setter in London.' In making that remark, we were not aware that Mr Hutton, who died about ten years ago, was succeeded by his nephew, Mr R. H. Hutton, who now follows the bone-setting profession that had been pursued by his uncle. As it seems our remark has led to injurious misconceptions, we embrace the earliest opportunity of making the present explanation.

THE HEARTLESS ONE.

UPON my darling's beaming eyes
I plied my rhyming trade;
UPON my darling's cherry lips
An epigram I made;
My darling has a blooming cheek,
I penned a song upon it;
And if she had but had a heart,
Her heart had had a sonnet.

EMANUEL DEUTSON.

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DEALING WITH CRIMINALS.

For a number of years, there has been a growing opinion in England that there is something seriously wrong in the method of prosecuting real or alleged criminals. The whole thing seems to be a system of delay, worry, and confusion. So bad, indeed, that many who suffer injuries will rather put up with them in silence than incur the trouble of prosecuting. In cases of suspected murder or homicide, what laborious proceedings to get at the truth! The object appears to be to furnish as much amusement as possible for those who are fond of sensational reading. In the first place, we have a public examination of witnesses by the coroner, carried on perhaps for several weeks, every day's proceedings being faithfully narrated in the newspapers. As if that were not enough, the subject is similarly dealt with by a magistrate, the newspapers again taking care to report all that takes place. Occasionally, the coroners and magistrates take a different view of matters, and the case seems to be getting into a dead-lock. At length, it gets on somehow. If it be a desperately bad case, the Treasury perhaps interferes, which amounts to public prosecution by a kind of side-wind. When people's minds are saturated with *ex parte* evidence against the suspected individual, he is brought to trial, at which the ground is once more traversed, amidst the battling and wearisome speeches of lawyers, and the reporting of newspapers, until the more thoughtful members of the community are sick of the whole affair. The law, of course, means only fair-play; but does not the procedure look very like a job for the benefit of somebody or other? Can it be denied that the repetition of so much that is loathsome concerning crime must have a certain damaging effect on public morals?

Reform in the system of prosecuting offences has often been considered by English lawyers whose means of living do not depend on fees. It has been considered again and again by parliament. If we are not mistaken, a Bill has been

framed on this hackneyed topic. All who have given the matter any serious thought, come to the conclusion that the chief reform will consist in the appointment of a public prosecutor acting in the interests of the state. Without that, little need be attempted. The project of appointing a public prosecutor does not, however, commend itself to some well-meaning individuals. They imagine it may lead to despotic authority, or at all events to jobbery and corruption. Certainly, it would be attended by some expense. As the Scotch system of public prosecution is frequently referred to, we shall attempt a brief account of it for general information. We may not say anything new, yet it may be new to many of our readers; at least, it may help to allay prejudices.

All crimes whatsoever are a matter of public prosecution in Scotland. Private individuals suffering injury are not precluded from prosecuting the alleged offender. But, practically, no such thing as private prosecution is heard of, nor of being bound over to prosecute. A crime is reckoned to be an offence against the state, not against the individual, and its prosecution accordingly belongs to a state officer who undertakes all the trouble, expense, and responsibilities in sifting out and punishing offences. The head officer charged with this function is the Lord Advocate, who prosecutes for the public interest in the name and behalf of Her Majesty. The Lord Advocate is always chosen from the Faculty of Advocates, among whom he must be of a certain number of years' standing. His appointment is by the Crown; and looking to his multifarious duties, he would need to be a man noted for his industry and versatility of talent. While still, as regards civil cases, allowed to pursue his professional career at the bar, he becomes a subordinate officer of state, a public prosecutor, and is expected to be a member of parliament in the interests of the party to whom he owes his appointment. The position of the Lord Advocate is therefore a little anomalous. It has been suggested that he should

be relieved of his character as general adviser for the Crown in Scotch affairs, and confine himself entirely to his duties as public prosecutor. Perhaps that might be advantageous; but it would infer the creation of something like a Secretary of State for Scotland, and an additional burden to the estimates. On the whole, things work very well as they are. Economy is studied. No complaint is heard on the subject.

The Lord Advocate could not possibly execute his duties as public prosecutor without an establishment of deputies, and a vast ramifications of local public prosecutors throughout the country. He is like a commander-in-chief at the head of a drilled force, and with this organisation of subordinates his office cannot be dissociated. He is changed with every shift of ministry; but the extensive corps of local subordinates go on the same. They are of no party. They are perennial. It would be absurd to think of introducing a public prosecutor into England without this backing of subordinates. You might as well commission a general to take the field without an army. Herein lies the excellence of the Scotch system, and herein is the wonder how a satisfactory method of dealing with crime should have been going on for hundreds of years, while all the time England has been struggling in a species of legal chaos. The inhabitants of Scotland in the present day claim no merit in the system. It has come down to them from distant ages, and goes on from generation to generation in smooth working order.

To begin at the beginning. Every county in Scotland has a sheriff, possessing civil and criminal jurisdiction. The sheriff, who is appointed by the Crown, is a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and except in Glasgow and Edinburgh, he is not bound to reside permanently in his sheriffdom. He visits it at stated times. Latterly, owing to the diminution of crime and litigation, some of the counties have been united with others under one sheriff. However this may be, there is in every county a resident sheriff-substitute, who is generally a member of the Faculty of Advocates. Practically, he is the county magistrate, always ready to grant warrants, and to hold civil and criminal courts. He does the work of a bench of magistrates in England; wherefore the landed gentry in Scotland have little or nothing to do with the administration of the law. The sheriff and his substitute manage everything; and it is better they should do so, for they are educated to the law, and are responsible Crown functionaries. In several counties, according to population, there are two, three, or more sheriffs-substitute. Lanarkshire, with Glasgow as a centre, has the largest staff. There is a growing feeling that the sheriffs-substitute are now qualified to do all the work, and that the sheriffs, their superiors, may be allowed to die out. With some modification, this is likely to ensue.

Wherever a sheriff-substitute is situated, there you find a public prosecutor, styled procurator-

fiscal. Formerly, these officials were appointed by the sheriffs. They are now appointed direct from the Crown, though doubtless on the recommendation of the sheriff. They hold their appointment for life, or while able for the duty. These procurators-fiscal are almost invariably local solicitors, possessing not only a knowledge of law, but a comprehensive knowledge of the town and district to which they pertain. A number of them act as bank-agents and agents for insurance offices. Some of them act as clerks to road trusts and so forth. By these various occupations, they are able to serve the Crown in the business of prosecution at a comparatively moderate salary. In their duties as prosecutors, they are assisted by the head-constables for the district and the police generally. All are bound to ferret out information respecting the commission of offences, with a view to deliberate investigation. The sheriff-substitute is at hand to grant a warrant, and to preside at examinations.

There is no coroner in Scotland. The procurator-fiscal acts as coroner for his county, town, or district. It is part of his duties to do so. All his examinations are private, or only in presence of the sheriff-substitute. Everything is taken down in writing. The person accused is invited to make a statement with a view to clear the matter up, but is informed that all he says may be brought in evidence against him. Until committed for trial, he is allowed no assistance from solicitors. In other words, nobody at this early stage is permitted to interfere, so as to confound the ends of justice by harangues and suggestions. No report is furnished to newspapers. All that the public know is that 'the matter is under the investigation of the Crown authorities.' This rigorous secrecy is never complained of, except in cases where it would be important to make known as early as possible the cause of homicide; as for instance, when anybody is killed by the falling of an old house, by conflagration, or by shipwreck. The withholding of prompt information in cases of that sort, is felt to be unnecessary and unjustifiable. So far, we think, the procedure in Scotland requires amendment. Some years ago a great commotion was caused by the procurator-fiscal of Edinburgh refusing to give the official information he possessed regarding a death caused by the accidental falling of a decayed building. To allay the agitation, his superiors authorised him to communicate the required intelligence to the public.

We mention the circumstance to shew the extraordinary care taken to prevent any public bias for or against a suspected person previous to trial. Sometimes there may be error in such punctilious solicitude. But unquestionably the system as a whole works satisfactorily. We never heard of anything like a miscarriage of justice arising from preliminary investigations being conducted in private. Certainly, no time is lost in the prosecution. When the procurator-fiscal has

completed his inquiry, the papers are forwarded for the consideration of Crown Counsel, which consists of the Lord Advocate with his four deputies, and the Solicitor-general. In ordinary cases, the consideration of the four deputies, or some of them, is sufficient to determine whether there are grounds for a trial or not. The matter may be ordered to be dropped, or ordered to be proceeded with in the Sheriff Court, or in the High Court of Justiciary. It will thus be observed that in Scotland there is no intermediary tribunal resembling a grand-jury. The thing is either dismissed, or is proceeded with as speedily as the nature of the circumstances will admit. We leave any one to say whether the deliberately considered opinion of four experienced lawyers, acting under official responsibility, is not likely to be a greater security against rashness in sending a case for trial, or in improperly withholding it, than the hurried opinion of unskilled individuals who usually compose a grand-jury. We would speak with every respect of that venerable institution, which for anything we know is as old as the Heptarchy; but of nothing do Englishmen more actively complain than that of being dragged from their business to sit on grand-juries about things they know or care nothing about, and about which no time is allowed for consideration. The Scotch are happily spared this sad infliction.

In the event of a case going to trial, the Lord Advocate, or one or other of his deputies, takes the entire duty of prosecuting without any special fee. They are not on piece-work, but on a recognised salary, so have no reason to spin out proceedings. Generally, trials are got through quickly, at least they are not protracted beyond reasonable bounds. As shewing the degree of care taken throughout, it might be safe to aver that the proportion of convictions to prosecutions is greater in Scotland than in England. Such is said to be the case. Government, at all events, gets a good bargain in dealing with Scotch criminal proceedings. According to the last published accounts, the annual allowance to the Lord Advocate was L.2387; the Solicitor-general, L.955; and four deputy Advocates, L.700 each. Including charges for crown-agent, clerks, messengers, and some other officials, the total outlay in the head department was L.11,605. The sheriffs' accounts, including the charges of procurators-fiscal not paid by salary, amounted to L.24,000. The salaries of procurators-fiscal range from L.130 upwards, according to the duties to be performed. A common salary is L.600 or L.600 a year. In Edinburgh, including allowance for clerk, it is L.1250. In Glasgow, the sum is L.2400. The total for criminal proceedings is set down at L.67,568. That sum may be called the price which the Treasury pays annually for public prosecution in Scotland. But public prosecution extends beyond Crown officials. The magistracy of every burgh employ a procurator-fiscal to prosecute in the local courts, and who is chargeable on the funds of the corporation. Every police establishment has a procurator-fiscal with a salary from the rates.

From these explanations, it is evident that public prosecution is an essential part of the Scottish judicial organisation, and is reckoned indispensable. The criminal law could not go on without it. It is likewise seen that under economic

management, the cost to the Crown of public prosecution in Scotland is of comparatively small amount. Seventy thousand pounds a year cover the whole, exclusive of the salaries of judges in the higher courts, which do not strictly belong to the question. We would not say the system is perfect; but admittedly it answers the purpose, and is congenial with the feelings of the people. To substitute such a system in England, for the present hap-hazard routine of private prosecution, infers wide administrative changes. Orators speak of a public prosecutor being wanted for England, as if that were all. Not one, but hundreds of public prosecutors are required. Without an administrative force like that described, and on a far larger and more expensive scale, the attempt to introduce the Scotch system would have a poor chance of success.

The question substantially resolves itself into this. Are the people of England prepared to encounter the probably heavy expense of public prosecution on the scale that would be absolutely required? Besides the expense, there is the evasion of what we may call new machinery. The County Court judges might possibly be utilised, as sheriffs with criminal and civil jurisdiction, which would be a step in the right direction. We could suggest some other changes; but the subject trenches beyond our sphere.

There seems to be no doubt that as matters stand England does not occupy an enviable position. A consciousness of this is evident in the attempt at codifying the criminal law. The first lawyers of the age tell us that in private prosecution, cases are sometimes so ill got up that they break down, and the guilty parties are acquitted. Dr Douglas MacLagan, in an address on Forensic Medicine, delivered at Bath at the meeting of the British Medical Association, says that no one can be surprised at the way cases break down in England. The attorney acting for a private party, with only a limited guarantee for the repayment of his costs, will, according to the prudential proverb, not put his hand further out than he can draw it back with safety, and will not lead evidence that will be expensive, and which may entail a loss upon him. Medical evidence is exactly of the expensive kind, if fairly paid for (which it generally is not), and this outlay he will naturally shirk from incurring, if he possibly can. The public prosecutor, who certainly ought always to be under strict and searching audit, is not under any such considerations, and will take pains to have good scientific evidence, although it may entail some expense on the nation. His official character, nay, his retention of his appointment, may be at stake, if he do not get up his case thoroughly, and the auditing authorities at headquarters (at least such is our experience in Scotland) will be ready to pass his accounts when they see that he did what was needful to make good his case, and when they know that he, paid as he is with us by fixed salary, can have no object to serve in leading expensive evidence, excepting a desire to do his duty in vindicating the offended majesty of the law. Does this which I now complain of—the imperfect getting up of cases involving scientific evidence—exist now or not? You who, either from your personal observation or from local newspaper reports, are con-

versant with the details of criminal cases occurring in your neighbourhoods, can answer this question better than I can; but this I can say, that, far as I am from the seats of English assizes, I every now and then see cases which prove to me that, in respect of calling medical evidence, criminal cases are most imperfectly conducted.

Enough has been said to ventilate a subject of great national concern, and we leave it for general consideration.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A SUDDEN JOURNEY.

SIR LUCIUS LARPENT, after he left Maud at the door of Llosthuel Court, sauntered off in a condition of offended dignity. He played his part pretty well, although an irate lover ought, according to the traditions of the stage, to stalk, and not to saunter, so long as his fair kinswoman was in sight. Then he lit a cigar, strolled round to the stables, and relieved his hurt spirit by telling the deferential head-groom that his mother's gray carriage-horses, and bay carriage-horses, and the colt, and the pony, and the hack, were a set of heavy-heeled, clumsy, greasy-fellacked animals, fit to plough perhaps, or to drag a butcher's cart, but simply a disgrace to the stable in which they were harboured, and to the lazy duffers who pretended to rub them down. Having said which, with sundry expletives, he flung away his cigar, and rambled off to the house and his own rooms. Sir Lucius's comforts had been studied at Llosthuel as those of few sons, without 'encumbrances,' are; and it was in a deep armchair, before a crisply blazing fire, in the snugest of apartments, hung round with rods and guns and trophies of the chase, that the baronet pondered, amidst the fragrant fumes of Turkish tobacco, on the next step that it behoved him to take.

'That fisherman fellow,' he said at length, through half-closed lips, as the blue curls of smoke soared upwards: 'I must get rid of him somehow. He's just the fellow—confound him!—to seem romantic, and gallant, and interesting—in the eyes of a girl. If it wasn't for her money—or rather for her land!—Then came a pause.

'A man must marry, I suppose, sooner or later; ay, more than once if necessary,' he continued, almost argumentatively; 'and where there is so much to be got by it, I should say sooner. But the fisherman fellow! I must get him put out in the cold, one way or other. He has the Fiend's own luck, always shewing up in some picturesque fashion! It's not safe to have a beggar who looks like the "Banished Lord" in old Sir Joshua's picture, always dangling about one's *fiancée*—especially when, as he pretends, he once saved her life. Let us see!'

Sir Lucius took counsel of the fumes of Turkish tobacco and of the glowing caverns in the brisk coal-fire, and presently exclaimed, with a start in his chair: 'Think I've got it! Think I have! Sam, my groom of last year—and Sam

I should hope is in the Penitentiary by this, only that so clever a scoundrel is sure of a ticket-of-leave—told me all about the buyer of my bay horse, Highland Fling, that I sent over to be sold for what the beast would fetch at Tregunnow Fair. A chap they called Swart bought him—Swart, or the Black Miller of Pen-something. "Highland Fling won't kick *him* out of the saddle, Sir Lucius," said Sam; as indeed the brute had done to Sam and self only too often. And he told me too what he'd heard in the public-house about this man Swart, and how, town-bred as he was, Swart was able to buy him at one price and sell him at another, as it were. "I felt, sir, as if he were the Londoner, and I the bumpkin," said Sam. This Swart, it seems to me, is the very fellow I'm looking for.'

And Sir Lucius presently dressed, and went down to dinner on excellent terms with himself and with the world, so convinced was he that in the person of Ralph Swart he had chanced upon a villain of an exceptionally dark dye and quick intelligence, no doubt amenable, as villains should be, to the persuasions of pounds, shillings, and pence. And Sir Lucius was no longer without the means to pay its just and marketable price for convenient rascality. He was no longer impecunious. His mother, perhaps by way of bounty, and perhaps by way of smart-money in the affair of his thorny courtship, had given him a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds. He could afford to spend part of it in getting rid of the detested fisherman, whom his mother's incomprehensible infatuation about a mere boatman, who had done an act of mere pluck, had enabled to be a stumbling-block in his path.

The next morning Sir Lucius had slipped out of the house at an hour for him preposterously early, leaving word with his demure valet, who did not in the least respect or believe his master, but who repented his words to the echo and with the earnestness of conviction, that he had gone to see about some shooting. Now shooting is, in the opinion of ladies, an inexplicable but traditionary amusement, for the sake of which gentlemen will go anywhere or do anything, and therefore Sir Lucius felt tolerably certain that the Dowager would easily accept this excuse for his prompt journey from Llosthuel Court.

It was but a slow train that stopped at Tregunnow station, one at which none but slow trains ever did stop, and which had first been built for the convenience of its contiguity to mines, not as yet exhausted or abandoned in sheer despair, hard by. And Tregunnow itself is not, as we are already aware, on a railway. Sir Lucius had nearly an hour's drive in a pair-horse fly from the *Road and Crown* before he reached the nearest point whence he could be conveyed by train to Tregunnow. And very weary did his impatient spirit find it, when at length the slow little caravan came meekly up to the draughty platform, where he stood awaiting it, that quiet crawl to the place for which he had taken his ticket. It quite contradicted his previous notions of railway travel. His recollections were all of the rushing express, the obsequious porters and accommodating guard, the snug corner-seat secured by a judicious fee, the sliding off of the train from the concrete platform, as if impelled by smoothly acting clockwork, and then the thunder and snort-

ing breath of the steed horse once fairly on his mettle. But this was dreadful, this sojourn alone in a mildewed first-class carriage that smelt as damp and looked as cheerful as a family vault, this pottering pace, these eternal stoppages at absurd little holes of places to which nobody could by any possibility want to go; and it was a relief indeed when Tregunnow was reached.

'Boy!' said Sir Lucius, addressing himself to one of a group of urchins playing the world-old game which the Romans called *Pallus*, and we style hop-scotch, outside the paling of the miserable little station—'I want to be shewn the way to one Swart's—Mr Swart's—a miller, I believe—near here. And I'll give you half-a-crown for your trouble.'

The boys all touched their caps, and stared somewhat blankly at one another. Had they been boys born east of the Celtic far-western counties, they would have sniggered mutually, but as it was, they were quite serious.

'Master Swart!' said the one specially addressed.

'The Black Miller—up at Pen Mawth!' said another.

There was no great anxiety, even for the guerdon of two-and-sixpence, among the urchins, to go near an ogre's castle such as the Mill of Death, garrisoned by such a master as the Black Miller. There was among the juvenile population of Tregunnow a superstitious aversion to the place, fostered by, but independent of, the sentiments which Mr Ralph Swart's reputation inspired. Still, it was broad daylight, and half-a-crown has subtle temptations for those who fare, like Lazarus, wretchedly every day, and know the difference which five unexpected sixpences would make in the resources of the commissariat. 'I'll go, sir!' said the eldest of the hop-scotch players; and under the guidance of this boy Sir Lucius set out.

It was not a long walk that lay before the baronet; but all roads that are travelled for the first time are apt to appear interminable to an impatient spirit, and at any rate the way was rough, the country wild and bleak, and the weather disagreeable. There was a chilly breeze, damp as well as cold, that swept over the uplands, and the brooding clouds that overshadowed the earth seemed fraught with more than a shower. Sir Lucius, as he picked his way amidst the stones and ruts, muttered anything rather than complimentary comments on Cornwall, the climate, and the general aspect of the mining district in which he found himself. He was young and agile, and should have made nothing of such a walk as that from Tregunnow Station to Pen Mawth; but he did make much of it. He hated walking. With a gun, and in the company of sportsmen superior to himself in rank and fortune, pedestrian exercise was at the worst an endurable evil, but under existing circumstances it was odious.

'What do you call that hill, boy?' he demanded tardily of his young guide.

'Pen Mawth, sir,' was the answer, somewhat deprecatingly uttered, for all manner of weird stories were yet believed as to the gloomy mountain which bore a name so ominous.

'And what does that mean in your Cornish jargon, or does it mean anything?' asked Sir Lucius; but he did not get any reply. On he walked, nearer and nearer to the Hill of Death. He caught a glimpse of the ruined castle of the

Montmorts just before he entered the glen near the head of which the mill stood. The country around him had a sad and solitary aspect. A few sheep—ravenous, unimproved specimens of the ovine genus, such as *Boodicea* may have owned, and which seemed to unite the possession of the maximum of bone to that of the minimum of flesh, were cropping whatever they could find among the stubbles on the wind-swept hill-side, as he passed. Scarcely a human form was visible, even in that unfenced region, where the eye could range so far.

Presently the baronet's attention was attracted by the sight of sundry gaping gulls, and a larger number of tiny holes, some in banks, others in depressions of the ground, near which lay, in one or two cases, a heap of boarding and brattice-work and broken windlasses, mouldering away under the long-continued assault of rain and damp, and covered with green mould and buff-coloured fungi.

'Them be the Wheals, master,' said the boy, in answer to an inquiry. Sir Lucius had been long enough in Cornwall to know what a Wheal meant, and he looked with a careless contempt at the abandoned shafts of mines, of which his grandfather, old Joseph Larpent, would have spoken with respect, so thriving in his younger days had been the dead-and-gone industry, amidst the wrecks and relics of which the young baronet was now passing.

'Folks don't care to walk here overly much after dark,' said the young guide, 'acause of the shafts. Easy to go down one on them, if ye miss path.—Here be the Black Miller's,' he added, as the mill came in view. Sir Lucius felt his flagging spirits revive as he paid and dismissed the boy; and then he knocked long and vigorously at the door of Ralph Swart's melancholy dwelling.

CHAPTER XXIV.—DOING BUSINESS.

Sir Lucius Larpent, standing at the Black Miller's door, and knocking impatiently, until the noise awoke the sullen echoes of the glen, presently had the satisfaction of hearing the bolts rattle back from their sockets, and the large key turning in the lock. Then the door was opened with a jerk, and the Black Miller himself, gloomy and defiant, stood in the doorway. He started perceptibly as his eyes rested on the figure of the baronet. Manifestly, it was not such a one as Sir Lucius whom he had expected to see.

'Who, in the name of mischief, are you?' growled the Black Miller.

'Mr Swart, I presume!' said Sir Lucius, with a slight bow. 'Well, Mr Swart, I have come from a distance, from Treport in fact, on purpose to speak with you on a matter of—business.'

The Black Miller eyed the young baronet very narrowly from beneath his beetling brows. 'You don't look much as if you wanted to buy meal, nor yet like a farmer bringing grain to grind,' he said shortly.

'Perhaps I may bring griet, though of a different kind, to the mill,' responded Sir Lucius, with a half-careless laugh, but a knowing look.

It was many a year, probably, since any one had ventured to jest with the Black Miller, and for a moment that formidable personage stared at

the visitor with the dull anger of a bull disturbed in his pasture, and meditating a charge with lowered horns. He thought better of it however, and said sullenly: 'You may come in.' And Sir Lucius accepted this gracious invitation to enter; although a minute later, as he heard the scrooping of the rusty bolts, and the clicking of the heavy key as it turned in the lock, he felt anything but satisfaction at the idea that he was shut in, in company with so grim a host.

'And what may your pleasure be with me, young gentleman?' demanded the Black Miller, seating himself on one of the rush-bottomed chairs, and roughly signing to his visitor to take another. 'I am a busy man,' he added, 'and with me business means business. In the first place, I shall want your name.'

'My name, hey?' returned the baronet. It had not till then suggested itself to his imagination that he should have to reveal his identity to the man on whom he chose to look as a serviceable instrument in his schemes. 'Does that signify, so long as I can pay for what I want?'

'It signifies very much to me, young sir,' replied the Black Miller frowningly. 'It has never been my habit to deal with masked customers. I like to see those who chaffer with me, face to face. If our talk is to go any further, I must have your name.'

This was very disagreeable, and Sir Lucius felt it to be so. He was not the first employer who has sought for a tool, and then discovered that the implement had too sharp an edge to be handled with impunity. But he had gone too far to recede, so he determined to abandon his incognito as gracefully as he could.

'My name is Larpent; I am Sir Lucius Larpent,' he said haughtily.

'Ah! Sir Lucius Larpent? Yes; there is a look of your grandfather about you, my young gentleman, though you are well enough, and he was as ugly as sin—or as myself,' said Ralph Swart coolly.

'Upon my word, you are a plain speaker,' rejoined the baronet, with a forced laugh. He did not quite know whether it was not incumbent upon him to resent this irreverent description of his ancestor; but the Black Miller was by no means the sort of person with whom it was prudent to quarrel, so he preferred to treat the obnoxious words as harmless. 'You seem to know something of my family,' he said cautiously.

'I have seen your grandfather, old Mr Joseph Larpent. I have seen your mother too, Sir Lucius; and I have heard a good deal of you and yours,' replied the Black Miller, weighing, so it seemed, every word. 'Folks will talk, you know. The queer thing is, that you should come to me.'

'Well, people, as you say yourself, will talk, and I have heard of you too, as having a shrewd brain and a resolute character,' answered Sir Lucius, with affected geniality. 'My groom, Sam, who sold you a horse that I daresay he told you was mine, sang your praises pretty loudly as a good judge of horse-flesh and a bold rider.'

'Lucky for me that I was!' muttered Ralph Swart, with a grin of self-satisfaction. 'You sent that brute to the fair, young gentleman, as careless of whether he broke some greenhorn's neck or not, as some men are of the mischief to result from the

bad half-crown they pass away. I've got him still. It takes me two years—three sometimes—to wear out the screws I buy. But you did not come all the way to Pen Marwth to discuss bygone bargains for vicious horses with me, Ralph Swart. What do you want?'

'I want,' said Sir Lucius, with an assumed frankness that might have deceived a less profound student of human nature than the grim tenant of the Mill of Death—'I want your advice—your help—in getting rid of a fellow—an impudent adventurer—who has somehow wormed himself into my mother's good graces, and whom her mistaken kindness has foisted into a position, in our own neighbourhood too, a great deal too good for him. A more presuming beggar,' added the baronet, waxing warm as the catalogue of Hugh's offences forced itself upon his mind, 'I never had the ill-luck to meet with.'

'And who may the presuming beggar be? and what has he done?' asked the Black Miller curtly. 'When you go to a doctor, you know you must tell him the symptoms, if you hope for a cure.'

'Well,' rejoined Sir Lucius, rattling the gold charms that tinkled on his watch-guard, 'there is no great mystery about the beginning of the affair. The fellow I speak of was a fisherman—a beggarly boatman, beside a Welsh lake, who let out pleasure-boats for hire. My two young brothers and a young lady, a cousin of ours, went for a sail, and the boat was upset—all through the compounded carelessness of the elder boatman, Ashton, who'—

'Ashton!' The Black Miller could not repress the exclamation, though he bit his lip afterwards, as if vexed with himself.

'Heard the story, then?' inquired Sir Lucius. 'There's a deal of gossip about, and most likely it has reached your ears that old Ashton was drowned—and serve him right, since it was all his fault from the first—and that the younger of the scoundrels made-believe to save Maud's—I mean my cousin, Miss Stanhope's life. My mother took, as ladies will, you know, a romantic view of the situation, and—and'—

'I think I know the rest,' said the Black Miller briefly. 'Lady Larpent, who can do pretty much as she likes, Treport way, gave the young man a steamer to command, or got him appointed, which is the same thing, I take it. All this, of course, is known to all who lend an ear to common gossip. Rumour, in the days of the Elizabethan stage, was painted "full of tongues," and very sensibly.'

'Holloa!' exclaimed the baronet. He was not himself very well read, or much of a bookworm; but he had not been able to escape some touch of culture, and the notion that the savage recluse before him was an educated man came upon him as a startling revelation. He looked more closely than before at Ralph Swart, and as he looked, there started up in his mind the wild fancy that he had seen the man himself long ago. The voice of the Black Miller recalled him from this apparently groundless reverie.

'All this time, Sir Lucius,' he said, 'you have not come to the point, or told me what you wish me to do, or why you are so anxious to be rid of this youngster. Is it because of Miss Maud Stanhope?'

Sir Lucius winced, and a little colour rose to his sallow cheek; but he put the best face possible on the matter, and glibly enough admitted that the Black Miller's conjecture was not wide of the mark. Miss Stanhope was of a generous, and perhaps sentimental disposition—so her kinsman said—and it was well to remove from the neighbourhood an artful and intriguing upstart like that fisherman fellow. Could Mr Swart, who was justly reputed the longest-headed man in West Cornwall, contrive to make Trepport too hot to hold Hugh Ashton? 'If so'—

'I don't work gratis!' interrupted the Black Miller dryly.

For this the baronet was prepared; and he said so. A hundred pounds were at Mr Swart's disposal, could he but see his way to the successful completion of the business in hand.

'Half down, half when the job is finished!' asked the Black Miller, as if he had been speaking of the most commonplace of transactions.

'Certainly! Half to be paid in advance,' rejoined Sir Lucius, jingling a number of sovereigns that he carried in his pocket. The Black Miller's eyes glowed like carbuncles.

'Then tell down the fifty yellowboys on this table!' he said decisively, slapping down his heavy hand upon the table in question with an energy that startled the baronet; 'and while you count them, I will tell you, Sir Lucius, that you've come to the right shop. I hate the young chap—never mind why—and I know perhaps a thing or two about his past life—but never mind what! You leave it all to me. The *Western Mail* will have a new captain pretty soon. You leave it all to me!'

No explanation could be drawn from Ralph Swart; but the ferocious confidence with which the man spoke, and the earnestness of his manner, impressed Sir Lucius in spite of himself; and he allowed the Black Miller to sweep up the glittering gold pieces into the hollow of his huge hand, to count them heedfully over, and to deposit them in a wessel-skin purse, carefully secured with a string, which he thrust back into an inner pocket.

'Fifty more, by cheque, when Hugh Ashton makes tracks!' said the Black Miller.

'Certainly,' said Sir Lucius; 'but'—

'Leave it all to me!' returned the other authoritatively. 'Is it a bargain? Well then, done!' And he held out his hand. By birth and traditions Sir Lucius Larpen was a gentleman, and he hesitated to put his hand into that of the ruffian before him. The Black Miller noted this, and scowled darkly.

Sir Lucius took the proffered hand. 'Done, then!' he said, with feigned heartiness.

The Black Miller wrung the baronet's white fingers in a grip so hard that the rings bruised the flesh, then let the hand drop. 'You shall hear news of me, young gentleman!' he said; and Sir Lucius gladly took his leave, and seemed to breathe more freely when the bolts were withdrawn and the door opened, and he was out once more in the free air and on his way to Tregunnow. As he descended the glen he looked back, and saw the darkling figure of the Black Miller standing at his door, as though watching him; but a few steps more and he was out of sight. Through rain and mire he made his solitary way back to the station, and after a few minutes saw the welcome train

that was to bear him homewards come panting down the line. He reached Liothel Court in time for a late dinner, and without having aroused any suspicions as to the nature of his errand.

SOME QUEER INDUSTRIES.

IN No. 770 of *Chamber's Journal*, for 25th September 1878, an account was given of some of the curious phases of industrial life in Paris, and particularly among those engaged in purveying food and drink to the poorer classes. The subject will bear continuation, as only a few of the ingenious methods of getting a living were touched upon; while moreover, they read us a useful lesson as to the necessity for regarding little things, in which the French are singularly apt.

Thrift and a hatred of waste are leading characteristics of the French workman; and, however small his wages, he invariably contrives to save out of them; an example which our British artisans ought not to be too proud to follow. Probably no more determined struggle for existence was ever shewn than in the case of a well-known Paris character, Chapellier by name, whose ingenuity was as amusing as his perseverance was praise-worthy. Father Chapellier, as he was called, was in his young days a soldier, who had fought at Waterloo under the old Napoleon, and who, tired of the army, had obtained his discharge, and come to Paris, where he found that his military life stood him in very little service in procuring for him his daily meal. So he looked about him for the readiest trade which a man without money or friends could take up, and began his new life in the humble capacity of a mudlark, which in the days of old Paris was often a not unsuccessful profession. Most of the streets in those times besides being excessively narrow, had a broad gutter running down the middle, into which disappeared not only the legitimate drainings and slops of the neighbouring houses, but also articles of more or less value; and it was by fishing in these troubled waters that the *ravageurs*—as the Parisians nicknamed them—obtained spoils enough, in the shape of bits of old iron and brass, and occasionally coin, to get bread and cheese. In very wet weather, when the gutter became a deepish stream, they varied their occupation by carrying a block of wood, which, for a sou, was used as a rough and ready bridge for those who were afraid of wetting their feet.

The gallant old soldier did not stick very long to the *ravageur's* trade, being ashamed that his old comrades in arms should encounter him, and perhaps criticise his humble calling. He obtained this unpleasantness by getting a berth in the establishment of a large wholesale *cliffonner*. Now, as many of our readers know, a Paris *cliffonnier* is a person of some importance, who may be seen nightly exercising his profession when other people are thinking of going to bed. Armed with a long-pronged stick, a lantern, and a basket on his shoulders, he rapidly makes his way by the side of the pavement, keeping a sharp look-out on every wail and stray, from rage upwards. Whatever he thinks worth preserving, he singles out with his prong, and tosses it into his basket with something of the action of a haymaker scattering a haycock. Property of very considerable value has often come

into the possession of the *chiffonnier*, though rags are the ostensible objects of his gropings. The true *chiffonnier* confines himself to collecting the odds and ends of Paris waste; but there is necessarily a branch of the trade which sorts the collection and sells it to the proper parties, and in so doing, gives employment to a good many men and women, who are called *trilleurs*. A wretched life it must be; for not only are the wages of the lowest, but the atmosphere in which the workers live is pestiferous. Twelve hours a day in the midst of an *olla podrida* of rags, bones, and skins, all in a state of ferment or decay, must be a severe trial to any human being; much more so to one who had been brought up in the open air, like Chapellier, whose only consolation was, that he was engaged in a place where he was pretty certain not to meet with anybody who knew him.

For six months or so, he worked on as a *trilleur*, until at last the unsavoury occupation was too much for him, and he was obliged to go into hospital. This however, was a turning-point in his life; for in the next bed to him was a patient who had been in the employ of a large poultry-rearer; and whose particular duty it was to feed the young fowls and pigeons, or rather to fatten them. In a moment of confidence he enlightened Chapellier as to how the thing was done—namely by filling his mouth with grain and peas, opening the beak of the young birds and blowing the food down their oesophagus; a simple thing, but uncommonly monotonous and fatiguing, when two or three hundred had to be fed in an hour. To a certain extent, by the way, this process may be seen in operation at the Zoological Gardens in the Bois de Boulogne, where large numbers of poultry are daily fed mechanically, although in this instance the feeder uses a pipe or squirt worked by a treadle.

In Chapellier's time, the employment of machinery had not yet been thought of, and he was quite content to use his own mouth; by which he gained about forty sous a day. But his inquiring spirit soon came into play. Being constantly brought in contact not only with the poultry but also with the poultry buyers, he noticed a singular feature in the trade—that in cases where the latter did not sell the birds straight off, they were always obliged to reduce their price a quarter or perhaps a third for every day that they were unsold, though they might appear perfectly fresh to the uninitiated. But the cooks and the restaurant keepers were not to be taken in by appearances; and Chapellier found out that an unfailing symptom of freshness, or rather want of it, lay in the appearance of the feet, which were black and brilliant at the time of killing, but acquired a gray tinge, more and more pronounced as time went on. Turkey feet showed this peculiarity the most, and it set Chapellier thinking; the result of his cogitation being that he invented a paste which, when rubbed on the legs, brought back the original black gloss, and completely erased the tell-tale date of death. Having tried it with success, he went the round of the poulterers, who willingly promised him a small royalty for initiating them also; and as he was shrewd enough to keep his own secret, he soon found that the profession of 'painter of poultry-legs,' apart from its questionable *morale*, was exceedingly

lucrative. But Chapellier was ambitious, and finding the work increase beyond his powers of personally supervising it, he sold his secret to a friend for one thousand francs; and with this little capital, set off to find pastures new. (It may be mentioned that his successor retired, after many years' practice, with a good fortune, which does not say very much for the freshness of defunct Paris poultry, or the consciences of the purveyors.)

Chapellier was in some doubt what he should do next, whether he should set up a wine-shop or an eating-house; for his experience led him to believe that to cater for the stomach was the best passport to money-making. First of all however, he inclined to the old trade of *chiffonnier*, and thought that if his old employer would take him into partnership, it might not be a bad speculation; and with this view he took his thousand francs with him and made his proposal. But he was considerably staggered when his *ci-devant* master scorned the offer, and declined any partner who could not introduce fifty thousand francs into the business. This only made Chapellier more determined than ever to have a hand in so good a thing; and while he was passing through the *trilleurs'* work-place, which he so well remembered, a bright idea struck him. He noticed what a large proportion of the *chiffonniers'* findings consisted of scraps of bread—all the stale leavings of cook-shops, schools, colleges, hospitals, and asylums, which were thrown away as valueless, and carried away amongst other rubbish by the *chiffonniers*. Chapellier knowing well the tastes and habits of the Parisian population, was aware that immense quantities of rabbits were made into stew by the working-classes of the barriers, and also that this stew was dressed and eaten with bread-crusts (*croûtons*). He knew also that the rabbits themselves were largely fed upon bread-crumbs; and he therefore conceived the idea of collecting, sorting, cleaning, and re-baking these scraps; feeling sure that he could make a market out of them. So, off he went to the restaurants and the cooks of the public establishments in his quarter and actually offered to buy and pay ready-money for what they had been throwing away; and this was a proposal to which the cooks, thinking what a fool he was, lent a ready ear. But Chapellier was not such a fool as they thought; for having obtained a quantity of bread-scrap at a nominal rate, he set to work to prepare them; and in a few days took his station in the market surrounded by little basketfuls, which he sold for six sous apiece. He was soon sold out; purchasers flocking to him not only for their convenience and cheapness, but also for the attractive and cleanly way in which he had got his *croûtons* ready. So fast did his reputation increase, that he extended his negotiations to other parts of Paris, adding to his manufacture that of grated bread-crumbs, made ready for cooks to powder their outlets with.

Within a very short time the business grew to such a size that he had in constant use six carts and horses to bring the piles of scraps to the factory at the barrier of St Jacques, where some fifty men and women were occupied in sorting and cleaning. Young girls found employment in packing up the little baskets of prepared crusts and of the crisped bread squares which were in such favour in the

preparation of the daily *pot au feu*; while to the children was given the duty of grinding to powder the scraps which were too far gone to be of use as an eatable, and which were carbonised in the oven, so as to be available for making charcoal tooth-powder. To the day of his retirement from business, which he eventually did with a fortune of thirty thousand francs a year, the old soldier personally superintended, impressing on all that nothing was to be wasted. He was a wit as well as a philosopher, and was never weary of saying 'that human beings sometimes reasoned, but that they never failed to eat—and very often too much.'

The value of little things was never better exemplified than in the career of Chapellier, who may be said to have been in more senses than one a public benefactor, inasmuch that while he benefited himself, he gave employment to many a starving workman, and also contributed in no small degree to the national (or at all events Parisian) supplies of food.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

ABOUT forty years ago, I had been one night to Covent Garden Theatre. There was a very crowded house; Madame Vestris had been performing, and it was near midnight when the curtain fell. In the crush of getting out I got parted from my friend Cawthorne, and found myself alone in the midst of a crowd in the streets of London. I had only been in the city about a fortnight, so knew but little of my way about, and felt afraid to inquire of strangers, having been warned of the terrible traps laid to ensnare young men from the country. I looked in vain for a policeman or watchman, and wandered up and down till the streets were almost deserted. At last I determined to try to find my way to Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, where our rooms were, and turned as I expected in the right direction. All at once I found myself in a space from which there appeared to me endless outlets. It was a dark night, and the miserable lights in the streets only served to make darkness visible. Here was a dilemma! I had not the slightest idea which way I ought to take. I was no coward; but the thought of being caught by thieves and plundered, and perhaps murdered for my gold, sent a wild thrill through me and bathed me in cold perspiration. I had a large sum of money in my pocket, and a roll of notes in my pocket-book, which I had incautiously delayed depositing in the bank; besides a valuable gold watch and chain, an old heirloom. How I inwardly blamed myself for bringing so much wealth out with me. I took a few coins out of my purse and put them loosely into my pocket, then thrust both purse and pocket-book into an inner pocket under my vest. I had not a single weapon of defence about me, nothing but my fists, and those I could use to some purpose if needful. I had just buttoned my coat and determined to take the widest street, or what appeared to me such, when I saw a man crossing just before me. I shouted 'Good-night,' and asked my whereabouts.

'Better find out,' was the surly reply, as he passed on.

'Out upon your incivility!—Good-evening sir. Lost your way; eh sir?' exclaimed a voice near me.

'That I have,' I replied, 'and shall be much obliged if you can put me right sir.' While I spoke, I eyed the new-comer as closely as I could. He appeared to me of gentlemanly bearing, and as far as I could discern, was well dressed; at anyrate his speech bespoke him above the common.

'Well sir, if any man in London can put you right, I can. Tell me the spot within a radius of ten miles, and I can put you on it. Not a street, not an alley is unknown to Captain Cornelius Smith. Why sir, I've known them since I was a boy. And I know Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid almost as well as London. New York is by no means strange to me; in fact I just hail from that side of the Atlantic. What part of this metropolis may you want to find sir?'

'My rooms are in Gray's Inn Road, just out of Holborn. I heartily wish I was in them at this moment.'

'No doubt sir; no doubt. Gray's Inn Road? Merely a stone's-throw. Go straight on; turn to your right; then to your left; to your right again; then to your left. Go straight on, cross Holborn, and there you are! A stranger to London I see sir, up from the country.—Norfolk, did you say? I know Norfolk; stayed there one shooting season with my friend Taylor. What sport we had! Beg pardon sir; you wish to get on. Allow me to conduct you.'

Thanking him, I said I did not wish to trouble him to go with me; if he would just put me in the way, I should be all right.

'My dear sir,' he replied, 'I could not think of leaving you alone on such a night. So dark, and at such an hour; just the night for footpads. Ah! this London is a queer place after dark; suspicious characters are about then. But perhaps you are armed; a pistol, life-preserver, or some other handy little means of self-defence?'

I assured him I possessed no weapon whatever.

'Ah! I see. Carry no valuables; unsuspicious. Never be too trusting. Leave your purse at home; eh sir?'

'I have a little money in my pocket,' I replied; 'but I harbour no fear of robbers.' (This was scarcely the truth; but I began to be rather distrustful of my companion as I noticed he had turned down a narrow disagreeable street.)

'At anyrate,' I continued, 'I have nothing that would make it worth their while to molest me.'

'No? Well, you are wise not to carry your gold in your pockets or on your person. I had to bny that wisdom. Some years ago I was on the continent, and wanted to get from Vienna to Berlin; and to do so I had to post it most of the way. Well sir, one night the coach, carriage, chaise, diligence, or whatever you might call the vile conveyance I had to travel in, broke down, and we were benighted. There were four of us, and two ladies. Poor things! I shall never forget their terror. One vowed she saw the driver take the pin out of one of the wheels at the bottom of the hill, and felt certain he was in league with banditti, if not one of them. We tried to allay their fears; but it was no use. My fellow-travellers looked to their pistols, when to their consternation they found the charges had been all drawn. There was a general shout of treachery, and each prepared

to defend himself as he best could. We saw a light in the distance, and made the best of our way to it. When we were within what seemed hearing distance, we heard a shrill whistle, and immediately were surrounded by a band of ruffians. The one who appeared to be the leader politely demanded whatever money, jewellery, or valuables the party might possess; at the same time intimating that if it was not given to him quietly, he and his braves would not feel the least compunction in taking it and sending the owners to their last sleep in the great forest on whose borders we were. The poor ladies fell on their knees and entreated mercy from the handsome cut-throat. Holding up their clasped hands, they displayed their be-jewelled fingers to the greedy eyes of the bandit. He stepped forward, and making a low bow, seized the little hands, and relieved them of every ring. He then unclasped the bracelets, and proceeded to remove the chains, lockets, and watches. The younger lady fainted. When the ladies were stripped of everything, the robbers turned their attention to us; not that we had been neglected, for the villains had pinioned each of us so that we could offer no resistance. I had less cause to fear a search than my companions, for except a watch, I had but little money; but that watch was to me a treasure. Such a timekeeper I never met with; I never knew it to vary two minutes in a year.—What did you say sir? Don't think it could be better than yours? I would never believe there was another such watch, unless I saw it. Left yours at home, I suppose sir? No! Well, I should like to look at it; but as to its being as good as mine I cannot credit.

'How did you get on with the robbers?' I interposed, feeling interested in his tale.

'Why, they scarcely left us our clothes. We had a weary walk to the nearest village. The ladies were half-dead with terror. But my watch, that was the loss. I vowed never to carry anything I valued about with me in future. I had bought experience. Why sir, that watch was worth fifty guineas in hard cash; but to me it was worth more than money.'

'Mine is worth more than double fifty,' said I. 'It was my great-grandfather's, and I believe his father's before him. The jewels in it are worth a little fortune; and as to keeping time, there may be as good, but there cannot be a better time-keeper.'

'And you say you have that watch on you at this minute? Why, my dear sir, if that fact became known, you would have all the thieves in London on the alert. I dare not ask you to shew me this gem in the street, even if we could see. But step into this coffee-house; there we can look at it without attracting notice.'

Nothing loath, I followed the Captain, for I felt cold and tired, and said a cup of coffee was the very thing I wished for.

It was a long room we entered, with small tables ranged along the sides. A low bench ran down by the wall on each side the length of the room, and two chairs were placed to each table. At the end of the room to the left, a bright fire was burning; over the mantel-piece a small looking-glass was hung in such a manner that no reflection but the ceiling could be seen in it except you stood close to it. At the opposite end of the room was a door covered with baize, and about half-way down the room, to the right of the door

by which we entered, was a folding-screen. We seated ourselves behind the screen.

'Shall we call for coffee, Captain?' I asked. 'Coffee! My good sir, have a negus or a bowl of rum-punch. Coffee! a night like this. Why, coffee is only fit for babes!'

'Have what you choose yourself, Captain, and I will pay for it, if you will allow me; but for myself I will have coffee.'

'Hi, waiter!' shouted the Captain. The summons was answered by a smooth-faced middle-aged man.

'Ha, Rowley! serving yourself? John got his holiday; ha, ha!' laughed the Captain.

This sally was answered by Mr Rowley in pantomimic gesture; he rolled his eyes till only the whites were visible, stuck his tongue in his cheek, put his finger to his nose, and lolled his head on one side in such knowing fashion that I laughed outright. Immediately his posture changed, and he was the smooth-faced man again, asking what we gentlemen might want.

'My young friend,' said the Captain. Then turning to me: 'Pardon me sir; we are all friends when we drink together.'

'Certainly,' I assented.

'My young friend will take a cup of coffee. I would persuade him to take something better; perhaps after the coffee he will. For myself, I will have a glass of Cognac, *cavi-de-vie*, Rowley.'

'Whatever you like, Captain,' I interposed.

'You are too obliging sir. Yes; I will have brandy; your very best, Rowley. I look upon brandy as strength sir; it stimulates, it revives, it strengthens.'

'Now, I will shew you my watch,' I said, as Mr Rowley quitted the room. I had lost all my distrust of the Captain, and looked upon him as a gentleman. Having no suspicion, I did not observe so closely as I should have done; and seeing the house clean and orderly, with a respectable-looking man for its landlord, I had no thought of thieves or caution, and some time elapsed before my suspicions were aroused. Unbuttoning my coat, I drew my watch from my inner pocket, saying at the same time that it was a good plan I thought to have secret pockets where thieves' hands could not penetrate.

'Very true,' observed the Captain; 'but if you put nothing in them, as you said, they are not of much service.'

'Ah, that was in the street,' I replied, slapping my breast.

The Captain raised his eyebrows and uttered a long 'Whe-e-w!' as he held out his hand for the watch. It was not till afterwards that I thought of the look of exultation that passed over his features as he looked at the jewelled case of my dear old favourite. He examined it narrowly. Taking a magnifying glass from his pocket, he scrutinised the works; then holding it close to the light, he examined the stones. At last he exclaimed: 'That watch is worth a hundred and fifty guineas if it's worth a penny.' Then instead of returning it to me, he was about to slip it into his pocket.

I stopped him, saying: 'Hold, Captain! Here; I'll keep it in my own pocket.' At the same time I darted towards him and snatched it suddenly from his hand.

A momentary fire seemed to gleam from his

eyes, and I prepared for a struggle; but changing as quickly, he burst into a loud laugh, saying: 'The force of habit sir; ha, ha! I thought it was my own. Quite a mistake, I assure you; ha, ha, ha! Only think! I am sure you'll pardon me.'

Mr Rowley came into the room rubbing his hands and snuffling. It struck me I had never seen such a sinister expression on a man's face before. Walking up to the Captain, he said: 'You're in a merry mood Captain; what's the joke?'

'Why Rowley, would you believe it! This gentleman gives me his watch to look at; I admire it, and an about to put it in my own pocket, when as a matter of course he puts the stopper on. Ha, ha! Extraordinary mistake, wasn't it?'

'Ve-ry!' said Mr Rowley, winking as if his eyes would never come right again.

'What's the reckoning, landlord?' I asked.—'It is time I was getting to my rooms, Captain,' I continued; 'so I shall be very much obliged if you will put me on my way.'

'Where's the hurry, my dear sir? Half an hour will make no difference to you now, and surely you'll not turn out again on that coffee.'

'I tell you Captain, I *will* not have anything else. I am tired, and wish to be home,' I spoke angrily. I felt annoyed and uneasy, for I noticed some knowing looks and signs that passed between the Captain and Rowley when the former was telling about the watch, and lamented my folly in letting him know I had a watch. Throwing a half-sovereign on the table, I said: 'That will pay landlord. Good-night; I'm off.'

'Not so fast sir,' said the Captain, laying his hand on my shoulder and pushing me back to my seat. 'We are not off yet. Excuse me. As I am guide, you must wait my pleasure.'

'How dare you detain me sir?' said I, shaking off his hold. 'I insist upon going. You have no right to prevent me;' and I strode towards the door.

During this altercation, Rowley had gone quietly round to the street door, and now stood by it with his hand on the key, which he turned (as I took hold of the door-handle), and put in his pocket.

'What is this?' I exclaimed. 'Am I a prisoner? What right have you to detain me? I will report this conduct.'

'The right of friendship sir. The Captain is my friend. He brings you here. My friend wishes you to stop; therefore I wish you to stop. When the Captain says "Go!" you can go; I shall not hinder you.'

'Come sir,' said I, turning to the Captain; 'end this folly. If this is a joke, end it, and let us get on our way.' For I saw resistance would be useless on my part; and if I had, as I now feared, fallen into a trap, it was only by stratagem that I could escape. Bitterly did I repent letting the captain know I was undefended. I saw vividly now how he had wormed all the information from me that he needed, and wondered at my extreme folly in falling such an easy prey to his glib tongue.

'Well sir, I am glad you can enter into the fun of the thing. Let's have a parting glass; then we will go. What shall it be? Hollands? rum? What! no spirits? Well then, a glass of sherry?—Come Rowley, let's have a bottle of your best.'

I thought it wisest to give in; and assuming an unconcerned air, I again seated myself, revolving

in my mind what steps I could take to escape. Rowley opened a door I had not noticed in the side of the room; it corresponded with the panels, so would never be seen by a stranger. Holding the door, he called: 'Janet!'

'I'm here. Is it not time to rest, that you are calling me again?' replied a sad female voice.

'Stop your chatter, and bring me a bottle of the best sherry from the green bin.'

'Not that; you mean another.'

'Mind what I say. Bring me the best, I tell you. It's for a friend of the Captain's. And be quick. Bring your good looks too; I want you to sing.'

'I cannot sing to-night.'

'Then you know what to expect. I tell you to come.' He shut the door. In a few minutes the baize door opened, and a young girl entered bringing a tray with bottle and glasses. A prettier, at the same time sadder face I never saw. It was plain she was in no happy mood, and if she sang, I felt the singing would be forced.

I looked inquiringly at the Captain. He tapped his head, saying: 'A little wrong here, d'ye see sir; but sings like a nightingale.'

Rowley uncorked the bottle and poured out a glass. Holding it to the light, he said: 'This you will find the finest glass of wine you ever tasted sir. It's genuine Madeira, pure juice of the grape. Drink, and let me give you another glass.'

'You will take a glass with me Captain?'

I said:

'Nay, excuse me sir. I never take wine now; nothing so mild. I left it off years ago. Brandy is my drink. Let me pledge you in this;' taking up a glass.

'Here Janet, hand this wine to the gentleman,' said Rowley.

She took it; but just as I held out my hand to take it from her, it slipped from her fingers and fell with a smash on the floor.

Rowley started forward in a rage and would have struck her; but I interposed, saying I would pay for the glass as well as the wine, and stooped to help her pick up the pieces. As I was bending down, she whispered: 'Don't drink the wine; pretend to sleep.'

Another glass was filled; I pretended to drink, but poured the wine into my handkerchief. Rowley dismissed Janet, telling her to come back if she could behave better. Giving me a warning look, she went out.

The Captain and Rowley now began to talk confidentially, glancing towards me every now and then. Taking the hint from Janet, I pretended to be sleepy, and commenced nodding.

'Has he drunk the wine?' I heard the Captain ask.

'Yea,' was the reply; 'but it acts slowly.'

'Is the room ready?'

'As right as ninepence; the trap too. Dead men tell no tales.'

I could hear my heart beat, till I feared that my cold-blooded murderers might hear it too. The girl must have meant she would aid me, I argued, or she would not have warned me. I tried to calm myself. I leaned back, and seemed to sleep soundly; but oh! how painfully awake was every nerve. Every sound seemed magnified a thousand times; and although my eyelids were closed, I seemed to see the whole room clearly.

Soon the voices ceased, and Rowley accompanied by the Captain came towards me. The former waved his hand before my eyes, then put his ear to my lips. It required a tremendous effort on my part to keep still; I burned to seize the villain by the throat. He listened. Then the Captain did the same, and said: 'In ten minutes he will be safe; then I wonder if Captain Cornelius Smith will not possess that pretty watch, and find the contents of that inner pocket? As neat a job as I ever handled, Rowley. Now, let us get his resting-place ready. It will be none the worse for being rather watery; water keeps no impression.' Saying this, they both left the room by the door in the panel.

Immediately the baize door opened, and Janet flew to my side. 'Quick, quick!' she whispered; 'fly for your life!' and rushing to the street door, unlocked it. I was out.

'But you?' I turned to say.

'Go, go!' she cried; 'fly!' and the door banged.

Madly I ran, never stopping, till I nearly knocked a policeman down as I turned into a wide well-lighted street. It was some minutes before I could tell him my tale coherently. He sprang his rattle; two other policemen quickly joined us. We went back to what I thought was the street of my adventure, but no such place as I described could we find. At last, in despair, we gave up the search, and I returned a wiser if not a better man to my rooms in Gray's Inn Road.

A moral, specially applicable to pedestrians, may be gleaned from this tale. First, carry as little money as possible after nightfall in the streets of London; and, second, when doubtful of your way, ask a policeman, not a stranger.

SPIDERS.

SPIDERS are usually spoken of with aversion. They are ruthlessly trodden upon whenever they are so unfortunate as to come within reach of a human foot. But spiders do not deserve to have every man's hand and foot against them. They are not only exceedingly useful, but very interesting little creatures. When Robert Bruce had lost all hope of gaining his rights, he was induced to persevere by seeing the indefatigable efforts of a spider to gain a footing, in preparing its web; and by his perseverance Bruce ultimately succeeded to the throne. While every one is acquainted with this and similar stories, it is not so generally known that spiders have an ear for music. There are very few living creatures which are not capable of being influenced more or less by harmony; so it is not very surprising to find that spiders sometimes yield to the spell by which Arion charmed the dolphin. How the subtle influence acts upon the delicate organs of the spider, it is impossible to say. The sensations produced may be those of pleasure, or they may be analogous to those which are produced by the influence of mesmerism. Musical sounds, as we know, do not always give pleasure to the ears of the animal creation; so that we may be giving spiders the credit of listening to music from a pure love of harmony, when in reality they are held in a kind of trance, which lasts as long as the music continues. There is a story told of a captain of the regiment of Navarre

in connection with this subject. He had spoken too freely of Louvois the French minister, and so was sent to prison. To relieve the tedium of his confinement he requested permission to have his lute. The instrument was given to him; and after four days' playing, not only did some mice come out of their holes to listen, but the spiders descended from their webs to form as strange an audience as ever a musician found before him. When the music ceased, mice and spiders retired; but each day they returned in increasing numbers as soon as the tones of the lute were heard. 'I long doubted the truth of this story,' says Sir John Hawkins; 'but it was confirmed to me by Mr P—, attendant of the Duchess of V—, a man of probity and merit, who played upon several instruments with the utmost excellence. He told me that being at —, he went up into the chamber to refresh himself until supper-time; he had not played a quarter of an hour, when he saw several spiders descend from the ceiling, who came and ranged themselves about the table to hear him play; at which he was greatly surprised. They remained on the table till some one came to tell him that supper was ready, when having ceased to play, he told me the creatures mounted to their webs, to which he would suffer no injury to be done. It was a diversion with which he often entertained himself out of curiosity.'

As spiders are for the most part banished from every room where they are likely to hear music, opportunities are very seldom afforded of witnessing their behaviour under its influence, but occasionally people are met with who do not share the general antipathy to these interesting and ill-used little creatures. A few years ago the writer had a conversation about spiders with the waiter at Messrs Boffin's well-known dining-rooms in Oxford. This man had a pet spider which lived in the sitting-room of his home, and he said that he could always induce it to come out of its hole by whistling. The little creature's web was carefully preserved from injury; and at the time this interesting circumstance was related to the writer, the spider was regarded as the pet of the family. Similar cases might perhaps be furnished by observant lovers of the animal world; but unfortunately very few people seem to be aware of the spider's partiality for music. If experiments were made with different kinds of instruments by skillful musicians, it is extremely probable that very interesting results might be obtained.

The instinct of animals has always been an interesting subject of study. And there are some observers who go so far as to say that reasoning powers are not confined to human beings, but that the creatures of the lower creation are capable of reasoning also. This opinion would certainly appear to receive confirmation from the behaviour of spiders. For instance, take the following story, contributed lately by Dr Laurence Hamilton to the *Times*. 'The incident,' says Dr Hamilton, 'I witnessed myself. A boy removed a small spider to place it in the centre of a big spider's web which was hung among foliage, and distant some four feet from the ground. The larger animal soon rushed from its hiding-place under a leaf to attack the intruder, which ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured. The big insect gained rapidly upon its desired prey the

smaller creature (spiders are cannibals, notably the larger females, who are given to devour their smaller male lovers). But the little spider was equal to the occasion, for when barely an inch ahead it cut with one of its posterior legs the line behind itself, so that the stronger insect fell to the ground, thus affording time and opportunity for the diminutive spider to escape along the ascending rope of the web. This is not the only fact which seems to indicate that a spider's instinct may almost equal reason. Any one reading the foregoing might fairly be excused for attributing the clever escape of the little spider to reason. It is not the habit of spiders to cut the slender thread below them when they are ascending, to avoid some threatened danger. If a number of spiders were placed in a position similar to that described above, only one perhaps would be found to adopt the same mode of escape, even supposing they all tried to run up one of the ascending lines of the web. As a rule, spiders do not run from danger unless there is a hole close at hand—and a hole that is known to be unoccupied. The instinct of a spider prompts it to drop by a line drawn for the purpose from its spinning apparatus. So that the anecdote related by Dr Hamilton points to reason, and not to instinct in the little creature whose exploit he witnessed. It was instinct which led it to run away from the large spider; but it must have been something more than instinct which led it to sever the line, and so cut itself off from pursuit.

The best way to observe the habits of spiders is to have as large a colony of them as possible on a window where they can be allowed to remain in full possession, undisturbed; but any one attempting to keep such a colony must expect to find constant internal disturbances. Unfortunately for the naturalist, spiders cannot live together in harmony. Dr Hamilton in his communication says that spiders are cannibals; but it is not for the satisfaction of eating one another that they fight. They are naturally pugnacious; but when two spiders fight there is generally a very good reason for the attack, and the vigorous defence that follows. It is not generally known that after a certain time spiders become incapable of spinning a web, from lack of material. The glutinous excretion from which the slender threads are spun is not inexhaustible, therefore spiders cannot keep on constructing new snares when the old ones are destroyed. But they can avail themselves of the web-producing powers of their younger neighbours, and this they do without scruple. As soon as a spider's web-constructing material has become exhausted its last web has been destroyed, it sets out in search of another home. Happily, it may chance on one which is tenantless; if so, it takes possession. On the other hand, it may be obliged to eject the lawful owner; in which case a battle ensues if the combatants are fairly matched. Sometimes a small spider will retreat before a more powerful invader, and give up its laboriously constructed web without an effort. Or sometimes the spider in search of a home may be killed in attempting to take forcible possession of another spider's domain. Thus the difficulty of making a lengthy course of observations on particular spiders is very great. Any morning the observer may find that his colony has been invaded, and that some of his pets have either

been destroyed, or forced to go and seek other quarters.

At the same time a window well covered with cobwebs, in which the occupants are allowed to remain undisturbed by brush or duster, will afford a patient observer a very good field for studying the habits of some of the Arachnida. As far as the writer's experiments have gone, it would seem that some spiders only feed in the dark. As a rule, the presence of a fly struggling in the web is the signal for the owner to emerge from its cover and rush to the attack; but it will be found that flies may struggle in the webs of some spiders without any notice being taken of them while it is light. The writer on one occasion placed a fly in the web of a spider by gaslight, and although the entangled insect struggled vigorously to escape, thus shaking the threads in every direction, the spider in possession took no notice whatever of its presence. But as soon as the gas was turned out the peculiar buzz was heard which a fly always makes as soon as it is seized in the web. The spider had gone down to secure its victim. However, as soon as the light was raised, it immediately left the fly barely secured, and returned once more to its hole. The light was again lowered and raised with the same result. Now this seems to prove very clearly that spiders can see. It has been asserted nevertheless, by an observer who writes to the *English Mechanic*, that spiders are blind.

This is a strange conclusion to have arrived at, and all the more so as it is well known to naturalists that some spiders catch their prey without the aid of webs, trusting solely to their agility in springing out cat-like on some unsuspecting fly. But the fact that spiders can see, and see objects at some distance from them, is proved by the following incident, which the writer witnessed while feeding his spiders. An ordinary house-fly was placed in the web of a very small straw-coloured spider, which immediately ran down from its hiding-place and seized the fly by one of its legs. Its intention was evidently to hold on until the fly was exhausted by its struggles. But the struggles were put an end to in an unexpected manner. In the corner of the window, two paces away from the small spider's web, dwelt a much larger spider. It saw the struggle going on, and then suddenly left its hole, ran across the intervening window-panes, and seizing the fly, killed it at once. The fly ceased struggling; and then began an amusing contest for its possession. The little spider had never relaxed its tenacious grip for a moment, and seemed determined to prevent its more powerful neighbour carrying off the fly. This the larger spider tried to do by means of a thread attached to the dead fly. But strangely enough, its efforts were unavailing; and at length it abandoned the attempt, retreating to its own domain, and leaving the little spider in undisturbed possession. And yet the large spider was certainly in want of a meal, for it did not hesitate to seize a fly from the hand as soon as it was placed in the web. This is a somewhat unusual thing for any spider to do, since they are, as a rule, very shy of approaching a fly when it is held in their webs by the hand.

Another experiment showed the power of spiders to use their eyes. The writer on one occasion placed a ladybird in the web of a

large spider. The result was curious. Instead of at once attacking it, the spider approached the little red insect very cautiously; when it was quite close it paused and then made a sort of peck at the ladybird. After repeating this two or three times, the spider slowly put out one of its legs and touched the ladybird on the back. This investigation evidently satisfied it that there was nothing worth having; for with that curious erratic movement so characteristic of the Arachnida, the spider left the little spotted beetle and retreated to its hole under the gas-pipe.

In addition to many other interesting traits in the natural history of spiders, there is no doubt that they are very persevering little creatures. An interesting proof of this came under the notice of the writer while feeding his colony of spiders. A very small spider of a dirty brown colour had a web in the lower corner of a pane in the middle of the window. Into this web a fly was placed alive; but owing to its weight and its struggles to escape, it fell over the ledge formed by the woodwork. However, a few threads stuck to its fore-legs, and so it hung suspended by them a little way below the web. The spider was evidently determined not to lose the fly, for it immediately ran down the threads attached to it and proceeded to strengthen them by others which were fastened high up in the web. Then the persevering little spider again went down and fastened threads to the extremities of the fly's wings, taking them up as before; these preparations being completed, it only remained to haul the fly up. The feat was slowly but surely accomplished. Each thread attached to the suspended fly was drawn in, until at last the spider was rewarded for its trouble and patience by having its prey hauled into the web and securely fastened. Thus it will be seen that even the despised spiders can be very interesting to those who watch them in the spirit of the poet who said:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

THE TWO SPIES.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST BASUTO WAR.

UPON the outbreak of the war between the Orange River Free State and the Basuto Kaffirs in the year 1865, the Republican Commandoes had no sooner entered the territories of Moshesh, then chief of the Basutos, than they found out, to their sad experience, the necessity of being kept posted up in the movements of the enemy, who swarmed in the bush through which their march lay as they pressed on to Ta-Bosego, the stronghold of the Kafir king. The country through which the Republican army were forced to march had the double disadvantage to the invader of being very mountainous and thickly wooded, the bush in many parts, to horsemen at least, being impenetrable. Throwing out an advanced guard would only have been sending the men away to get murdered, as a small party would inevitably have been shot down from the bush by their unseen foes, if sufficient numbers of Kaffirs had been present to justify such a venture. In any case they would only have heralded their approach to the scouts

of the enemy, who would have forwarded the information to their comrades, who would not fail to have used it to advantage at some convenient season.

What was utterly impracticable to attain with a considerable body of armed men, was easy of accomplishment by one or two daring individuals, could the men be found who would undertake such a desperate commission. Among a troop of English Volunteers were two persons who had already been marked by their comrades as men of an adventurous and daring character. In outward appearance there was little similarity between the two persons referred to. They were of different nationalities to begin with, the one being a Scotchman, and the other a German; the Scot being a stout fellow over six feet, while his companion in arms was of short stature and slight build; but drawn together by the sympathy of kindred dispositions, they had soon become fast friends.

It was the two men just described who one day appeared before the Commandant to offer their services as spies, and in which capacity they were accepted by that individual without a moment's hesitation. Two fitter men for the purpose could nowhere have been found. To the Scot especially, from long sojourn among them, every *koppie* (small hill or natural landmark) and *vley* (a shallow sheet of water, or marsh) between Bloemfontein and the Caledon River was familiar; while between there and Ta-Bosego itself, every bush-path was as well known to him as those which in boyhood he had trodden among the heath-clad hills of his own native land; and like his companion, his knowledge of the Basuto tongue was so perfect, that when disguised as a native, he could personate such, especially after dark, without the slightest apprehension of betraying his identity.

Many were the adventures and hair-breadth escapes experienced by these men, who were almost hourly companions. On one occasion, shortly after crossing the frontier into Basuto Land, the troops were saved from almost certain extermination by the bravery of these two spies, who, by an exercise of the greatest daring, discovered the presence of the enemy in large numbers among the bush which clothed the almost inaccessible sides of the mountains which invested the pass through which their route lay.

While away from the camp on one of their tours of inspection, they lighted a fire to prepare some *biltongue* (dried strips of flesh) for supper; this proceeding they considered consistent enough with safety, as the fire could not be seen many yards from the spot through the dense bush; while the ascending smoke, which might have betrayed their presence in the daytime, would be invisible in the darkness. They had reckoned too fast however, for while they were so engaged, a party of three Basutos stepped up to the fire. Never losing their presence of mind for a moment, they bade the new arrivals welcome, and learned from them that

they had come from an advanced party of the Kaffirs to ascertain how matters stood with their Dutch foes; while on the other hand, under the pretence of the one being a Moroko and the other a Zulu Kaffir who had deserted from the Dutch camp to join the Basutos against the white men, they soon gained the confidence of their new acquaintances, and disarmed them of any suspicions with which they might have hitherto regarded them. Our friends were perfectly at their ease by this time, the Scotchman, who personated the Zulu, having at the outset extinguished the fire, as he explained, to diminish the risk of their being discovered by the Dutch, who were close at hand; the real motive being to prevent the Kaffirs from scrutinising their features too closely. It was unnecessary for the Kaffirs to proceed farther, as their new allies must be in possession of more information than they could hope to obtain, and they readily agreed to remain where they were for the night, and give their assistance in finishing two bottles of Cape smoke (Cape brandy), which the two deserters were supposed to have stolen from the Dutch, and in the morning proceed in company to the Kaffir camp. The tongues of the Basutos, under the influence of the brandy, ran too fast, and under the skilful guidance of the two spies—who pretended to supply information regarding the Dutch—they put into possession of the enemies of their tribe all the proposed and skilfully arranged plans of their chiefs, which timely information was the means of frustrating a meditated swoop by a body of the savages upon the Brandfort district, an almost undefended portion of the frontier; thereby saving the lives and property of a large number of the defenceless settlers. While the three Basutos slumbered heavily under the influence of the liquor, they were quickly and quietly despatched by their two pretended allies.

Some months had now elapsed, and the Commando had been lying for some time in the vicinity of Ta-Bosego in a state of comparative inactivity, the German spy being for a short period unable to pursue his dangerous avocation through illness. He had made considerable progress towards recovery, when one afternoon his companion had a long conversation with him regarding a previously proposed visit to the camp of the enemy; and before leaving him, had signified his intention of undertaking the mission alone that very night, much against the desire of the invalid. His resolution on the point was however, not to be shaken; and a few hours after sundown, when the slumbers of the Kaffirs are generally at the heaviest, he quitted the camp for the purpose of carrying out his intention. When about a mile beyond the utmost limits of the camp, and about to quit the wagon-track for the bush, he was suddenly confronted and challenged by a mounted Kaffir, who rode out from the bush, from where he had been silently watching the approach of the spy. The Scot perceived he was covered by the rifle of the horseman, and saw well that any offensive movement on his part might cost him his life. Although unexpectedly placed in this critical position, his coolness never forsook him for a moment, and he replied to the challenge of the native in a friendly manner, as he advanced towards him with a step of apparent ease and carelessness, inquiring at the

same time where he was going; to which the Kaffir answered, to spy the camp of the Boers; the Scot in return informing him he had just been there himself, and was going back again to Ta-Bosego.

During this short parley the Kaffir had lowered his rifle; but the Scot did not fail to notice that the muzzle of the weapon had never for an instant been turned from his direction, nor did he fail to note the suspicious move of his enemy as he passed his right hand towards the lock of the piece. Everything now depended on his activity, for his identity was apparently suspected by the horseman. Springing quickly, to one side, he discharged his own weapon almost at random at the native. Great was his astonishment when the black horseman struck his heels into the ribs of his steed and dashed off at a furious gallop along the road in the direction of the Dutch camp. On sped the horse; and stranger still, its rider directed it along the narrow winding bush-track, plainly shewing that the native had not mistaken the road, and that the animal was completely under control. Reloading his discharged rifle, the spy retraced his steps towards the camp, as he was well aware the report of the weapon upon the silent night-air would put the enemy upon the alert, and would possibly bring a score of them about his ears in a few minutes, as the apparently solitary horseman might, for aught he knew, be one of many close at hand.

With sharpened ears and watchful eye, he hurried along, wondering at the strange proceeding of the Kaffir in his choice of direction, until he came to a small stream called Loop Spruit, a very short distance from his own lair. Here he halted to ascertain if the horseman had crossed the drift; for if he had done so the marks of his horse's feet would be easily discernible upon the soft sand by the side of the stream. He searched in vain however, for no mark of horse's feet could be found going in the direction of the camp; while plain enough there were fresh imprints coming from it and directed towards Ta-Bosego. This puzzled him still more, and he remained for a while upon his hands and knees contemplating the marks, but getting no nearer the solution of the mystery. He was in the act of rising to his feet again, when he was startled by the whistle of a rifle-ball in close proximity to his ear, immediately followed by another, which cut two of the ostrich feathers, forming part of the native war head-dress, from his hair; half an inch lower and it must have pierced his brain. Not doubting for a moment but the unseen foe who was so near putting an end to his existence, and the Kaffir he had encountered farther back the road, were one and the same person, the present position of his enemy was inexplicable to the Scot, who now began to feel the reverse of comfortable under the circumstances, his exact position being known to an enemy who had just given him ample proof of being no mean opponent. Having no particular desire to become a target for the invisible warrior, he plunged into the bush, and tried to circumvent his foe by remaining motionless upon the ground, so as to induce him by some movement to reveal his whereabouts; but the native had either retired upon firing the two shots, or was too wary to be caught by such a method.

Thoroughly disgusted at being so completely

baffled, he made his way back to the camp, which he reached in safety, to find the inmates all astir, having been alarmed by the last two shots in their immediate neighbourhood. The spy went straight to the presence of the Commandant, to whom he narrated his adventure; who upon hearing the story, concluded a night-attack was meditated by the enemy, who were no doubt in strong force, as he believed, under cover of the surrounding bush; which circumstance would account for the daring on the part of their scout; although he was at a loss to comprehend how the hereditary cunning of the Kaffir allowed him to commit the egregious blunder of giving premature intimation of their intentions, for the gratification of his revenge upon a single individual. The outlying pickets were immediately doubled, with strict orders to report at once any circumstance, however slight, calculated to arouse suspicion; while the forces within the camp lay by their arms ready for instant action. Hour after hour of keen apprehension dragged slowly past; and as sunrise drew near, the faces of the men seemed to assume a more hopeful expression, as the chances of a midnight encounter were likely to be averted. Every one began to think the Kaffirs had abandoned their intention, their chances of a successful surprise having been frustrated by the shots discharged by their scout, who would in all probability pay the penalty of his indiscretion with his life.

In the first gray dawn of the morning, a riderless horse, saddled and bridled, was found close upon one of the outposts, which when sent into the camp was recognised by the Scot as belonging to his brother-spy. Upon making this discovery, the Scot, with a foreboding of evil, repaired to the quarters of his comrade, only to learn he had been absent since the previous night. Whether he had gone, or with what intent, no one could tell. It was by this time broad daylight; and a search-party left the camp, in the hope of finding the spy, of whose fate no one entertained a doubt. Coming to the drift on the stream where the Scot had been fired at on the previous night, they found the imprints of a horse's feet leaving the camp, which no one doubted were those belonging to the steed of the spy; but no returning print was visible at the place. By an impulse which filled him with dread, the spy was drawn towards the spot whence came the shots of the night before; and there, still in death, lay the body of his comrade!

The truth was clear. The two men had met in the dark, and each had on that occasion personated the Kaffir but too well, resulting in the death of the one, and having all but a fatal termination in the case of the other. No one entertained for a second any suspicion of foul play on the part of either man. They had hitherto entertained the warmest friendship for each other; and on the evening of the unfortunate occurrence, the Scot was under the firm conviction that his companion was safe in the camp; while in the case of the dead man, who knew his comrade to be out in that direction, his otherwise keen penetration was no doubt blunted and his nerves less steady than usual on account of recent illness, from the effects of which he had by no means recovered. The enfeebled state of his system had in fact accelerated his death; for the shot which had taken

effect in his shoulder, was insufficient of itself to have caused it; but it was supposed, feeling faint, he had dismounted to drink, and had fallen forward with his face in the water, and unable to rise again, had actually been drowned.

So ended the life of one of the most daring Volunteers at that time serving in the Republican army; a man of the greatest value to the flag under which he served, and dangerous to its enemies. His comrade the brave Scot, was killed in action three months later.

LITTLE ELSIE.

Two small white hands, with fingers meekly folded
Upon her quiet breast;
A sweet pale face that seems in marble moulded,
Is she at rest?
Did she grow weary at her happy play,
And will she wake again at close of day?

No; little Elsie never more will waken
To smile or play;
The angels (scarce more pure) have come and taken
Our pet away—
And yet we think her spirit cannot be
More lovely than this little form we see.

On the dear lips a tint of rose still lingers,
Reluctant to depart;
And as we press the dimpled ice-cold fingers
In anguish to our heart,
We cannot find it in our hearts to spare
To the dark grave, a thing so bright and fair.

O blind and weak! let us return to Heaven
What was but lent a while,
Knowing how soon again she will be given
Back, with her sunny smile—
Back, with strange lore within her baby mind,
And knowledge which no sage of Earth could find.

Sleep, darling Elsie—in God's sheltered garden
We lay thee—little flower!
Lifting once more our weary earthly burden,
Till comes the blessed hour
When Death, the Healer, bounteous and mild,
Shall give to us once more our fairest child!

J. H.

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FLOWERS AND THEIR UNBIDDEN GUESTS.

THOSE who are familiar with Mr Darwin's charming work on the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, and who have watched the progress of physiological botany since its publication in 1862, cannot fail to be struck with the abundance of evidence which has been adduced in support of his broad generalisation, that 'Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation.' In the vegetable world, observation has been constantly accumulating proof of the necessity of intercrossing with independent sources of life for the preservation and multiplication of species.

Self-fertilisation, it may be here mentioned, lies in the production of fruitful germs by a single flower. Cross-fertilisation implies the production of similar germs from different flowers of the same species; and this necessitates the transference of the pollen from the anthers of one flower to the stigma of another. The chief agents in this work of cross-fertilisation, which is essential to the health and vigour of plants, are insects. Variety of form, and brilliancy of colour, and richness of odour in flowers are not provided only for the gratification of man. They have higher ends to serve in the economy of nature; and, except in the realms of poetical imagination, no flower is ever 'born to blush unseen' or 'waste its sweetness on the desert air.' Attracted by their bright colours and sweet scents, insects feed upon the nectar which is secreted within the blossoms, and so become the means of transporting the pollen from flower to flower; and the contrivances by which they are induced to visit the nectaries, and thus secure the processes of fertilisation, are alike manifold and wonderful.

Nature, however, must furnish means of protection as well as of attraction. There are multitudes of insects which would prove highly injurious to flowers, by robbing them of their nectar without conferring any corresponding benefit in the work of fertilisation. The blossoms, therefore, must be protected from such visitants; and that

many curious contrivances exist for the exclusion of these unwelcome guests recent observations have shewn. As Darwin opened up a new and unexplored region by his observations on the attractive properties of flowers, so Dr Kerner of Innsbruck, in a recent work on *Flowers and their Unbidden Guests*, has introduced us to a new field for interesting research, by pointing out some of the curious contrivances of Nature for guarding her treasures against the inroads of such insects as would effect only useless plunder. The questions which are opened up by the study of such contrivances have wider bearings than any which have yet been followed out; such as the influence of structural development upon the variation of species, and consequently upon natural selection. Of this we may rest assured, that no morphological characters are without some functional significance in the path of natural progress. But more extended observations on the biology of plants must be made before any very certain conclusions on such subjects can be reached. The chief result of Dr Kerner's delightful work is to shew that as the presence of nectar in a flower furnishes conclusive evidence of cross-fertilisation through the agency of animal life, so, almost as certainly, will there be found some contrivances by which the nectar is preserved from attacks that would prove injurious to the continuance of the species.

It may not be out of place here to remind our readers that they need not be deterred from the observation of these contrivances by the fear of scientific lore. The mastery of a few simple terms and details of botanical structure, with the aid of the beautiful plates which accompany Dr Kerner's work, will enable the most unlearned to prosecute such investigations with ease, while the pleasure of their summer rambles will be enhanced a thousandfold.

Some idea of the value of protective agencies may be formed by considering the extreme delicacy of many of the floral organs which are engaged in the work of fertilisation. Leaves are no less essential than flowers to the continuation

of a plant's existence, for in them are formed the materials for the flower. A leaf, however, may be damaged by being partially eaten, or may undergo change by the production of galls, without any fatal effect to the whole. In the case of the organs within the blossom, their delicacy is such that the smallest change in size or shape, or the slightest disturbance through external influences, during the period of fertilisation, may render the whole apparatus powerless to effect its purpose. In the common Louse-wort (*Pedicularis*), for example, when fertilisation takes place in the individual flower, the result seems to depend upon a single movement of the corolla. The upper petals of this flower form a beak-shaped tube, in which the dusty pollen will be found at the end of the blossoming period. The fertilisation then depends upon an angular movement of the corolla, by which the pollen is rolled upward through the tube to the stigma. This angular movement must be of definite strength to accomplish its purpose, and this would be rendered impossible, if the corolla were in any way injured or disturbed during the flowering period. Hence the necessity of protection from the injurious influences of weather or the attacks of animals. In many species of plants the fatal effects, which would result from extensive destruction of leaves by animals, are guarded against by the presence of alkaloids, and other chemical compounds in the cellular juice, rendering them unpalatable. Many of the larger grazing animals would sooner go without food than touch the leaves of these plants. Of the plants which form the staple food of herbivorous animals, there will always be a sufficiency to secure their continuance after animal wants have been supplied; but the question of leaf-preservation is of importance in its bearing upon flowers, inasmuch as these are developed from the materials which the leaves supply.

It is in flowers, however, that the most varied contrivances, for the preservation of their organs against the attacks of animals of all kinds, are to be found. In some we find the result obtained by the secretion of distasteful substances, such as alkaloids, resins, and ethereal oils. It is remarkable that, as a rule, herbivorous animals have a distaste for flowers. Any one may observe how carefully cattle and sheep avoid plucking most of the flowers which abound in their pasturage. The beauty of the blossoms has no attraction for them. The richness of the odours seems only to repel them. It is worthy of note, however, that it is only when the flowers are fresh that they are thus carefully avoided by ruminant animals. When their work is done and they are dried up, the chemical compounds which protected them in the field are either volatilised, or so changed that they lose their scent, and mixed with hay, they are readily eaten. While however, the ethereal oils which abound in flowers render them repulsive to grazing animals, they serve to attract others, especially insects, whose visits are needful for the work of cross-fertilisation.

Wingless animals are in all circumstances unwelcome guests to flowers. They reach the blossoms only by climbing; and even if they did no harm to its organs while sucking the nectar, they frequently could not reach the flower of another plant without descending and crawling

along the ground. This process, besides involving waste of time, would expose the pollen attached to them to the risk of being rubbed off, or destroyed by contact with soil or moisture. Moreover, these insects pay no heed to the kind of flowers which they visit. They pass from one to another indiscriminately, and it would thus be by mere chance that the pollen would reach another flower of the same species. It is a very remarkable fact that the winged insects which do the work of cross-fertilisation confine themselves, in their rapid flight from flower to flower, to blossoms of the same species. The bee, for instance, will confine itself during a single journey to the flowers of one and the same species, and never seems tempted to turn to others till it has returned to the hive with its spoil.

The most unwelcome, and yet the greediest of wingless insects, are ants. They are gifted with exceptional powers of smell, and are therefore attracted to any sweet substance from a great distance. Dr Kerner relates an interesting example of this. In the house of one of his colleagues at Innsbruck, some dried pears which were laid upon the ground-floor were immediately attacked by ants. To prevent their interference, the pears were transferred to a room on the second story; but the following day the ants were busy at work. On investigation it was found that they had made their way up-stairs by means of a bell-wire, which communicated with the garden, and passed by the window of the room in which the pears were deposited. These busy little creatures, moreover, do not suspend their activity during the night, as is proved by observations on night-blooming flowers, while their perseverance is only equalled by their industry.

To prevent the useless depredations of such insects, numerous protective contrivances exist. For instance, in *Phygadeuon Capensis*, a Cape flower which is rich in nectar, all access to the coveted food during the process of fertilisation is rendered impossible to insects like ants by the ovary forming, as it were, a plug at the base of the tubular corolla, while stronger insects can without difficulty insert their probosces into the nectar pits. But so soon as fertilisation takes place and the flowers fall off, the obstruction is removed, and the ants are free to avail themselves of the nectar, which they do greedily. The common *Antirrhinum* furnishes a more familiar example of such mechanical protection. Here it is secured simply by the closure of the lips of the corolla. They remain closed so long as the stigma is not fertilised; and while bees can easily effect an entrance by forcing open the compressed lips, such insects as ants are effectually excluded. So soon, however, as the stigma has been covered with pollen, the tension of the corolla is relaxed, the lips separate, and the ants are free to carry off the nectar as they please.

The visits of such insects are generally prevented by the secretion, on various parts of the plant, of a viscid substance, which bars their passage in attempting to reach the flowers. Stems and leaves, flower-stalks and bracts, and frequently the calyx, the external sheath of the flower itself, afford protection in this way. The Rock-lychnis (*Lychnis viscaria*) and the beautiful Butter-wort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) may serve as illustrations. Various ends are served by such secretions; and in the case of *Pinguicula*, when we remember that

it is one of the insect-eating plants, we can scarcely agree with Dr Kerner in regarding the viscid secretion on its leaves as having, for its 'primary function,' the exclusion of insects from the flower. This, however, is not the least important of its functions. By its stickiness it forms an effectual trap to prevent their upward progress. Of other wingless insects, among the most formidable, from the extraordinary rapidity with which they multiply, are Aphides. Every cultivator of roses knows too well what the 'green-fly' means. These little creatures will be found swarming on the under-sides of leaves, on flower-stalks, and even on the exterior of the flowers; but fortunately they are rarely to be found within the blossoms, whose juicy tissue they would speedily pierce and destroy. With soft bodies and long delicate limbs, they avoid all except smooth surfaces. Bristles or hairs form a sufficient barrier against their attacks.

Another set of guests which are unwelcome to flowers, because useless for the purposes of cross-fertilisation, are soft-bodied animals, such as snails, slugs, and caterpillars. Viscid secretions would not be effectual in excluding these visitants, especially snails, which can easily overcome the obstruction by coating the sticky surface with their own slime. An effectual bar to the approach of such animals is secured by thorns, prickles, and bristles. They are at once repelled by any sharp point coming in contact with their bodies. The arrangement of these means of defence is sometimes striking in adaptation. While thorns, which protect the leaves behind them, are pointed horizontally or in an ascending direction, an array of prickles and bristles on various parts of the plant will be found pointing downwards, so as to prevent the ascent of animals which crawl from beneath. The individual flower-heads of composite species, such as thistles, furnish familiar examples; and it will generally be found that the accumulations of these obstacles are greater the nearer the approach to the flower-head. In many plants whose stems and leaves are perfectly smooth, the involucre, or combination of bracts which surround the flower, is fully furnished with such means of defence.

The protective appliances which we have hitherto noticed have had in view the exclusion of animals which creep upward, and are therefore developed on the path which they must tread. But flowers are exposed to the visits of numberless flying insects, which are too small to effect any good purpose in the process of fertilisation. We find, therefore, that inside the flowers themselves there are numerous provisions for the exclusion of such guests. These generally consist of soft hair-like formations (*trichomes*), developed in various forms on different portions of the floral organs. One of the most striking of these formations is a circular collection of hairs having the free ends pointed inwards, yet so arranged as to leave an aperture, through which larger insects may thrust their probosces in reaching the nectar. These circular arrangements have been termed 'wells,' from their resemblance to the so-called wicker baskets which are used by fishermen for catching eels. In the Dead-nettle (*Lamium*), in most species of Speedwell (*Veronica*), in Passion-flowers, and in Lilies, these formations may easily be observed. In various positions and arrangements,

as may be necessary for protecting the organs of fructification, these hair-like processes are developed within the blossoms, forming webs, nets, trellises, lattices, or fringes of countless forms and of marvellous beauty. The same ends are served by the peculiar formation of different parts of the flower. These are often manifestly designed to protect the nectar from the ravages of unwelcome guests. They are curved or dilated, laminated or arched, thickened or constricted, forming grooves, tubes, tubercles, chambers, pouches, in such endless variety of form as to render it a difficult task to give a general view of them.

A very remarkable provision of Nature in the case of night-blooming flowers consists in a temporary suspension of the functions of parts which serve to attract insects. During the sunshine they are safe from the attacks of enemies; while with evening these functions resume their activity, and allure the insects that search for nectar after sunset. The coloration of these night-blooming flowers is peculiar. In the daytime, insects are doubtless attracted by variety of colour as well as by scent, and there can be no doubt that they discriminate colours. Sir John Lubbock has shewn that this is the case with bees. He placed some honey upon slips of glass, with paper of various colours underneath them. After he had accustomed the bees for a time to find the honey upon the blue glass, he washed it clean, and placed the honey upon the red glass instead. The bees, on returning, did not fly at once to the red glass, as they should have done if they had been guided alone by the sense of smell. They went first to the blue glass, and it was only after they failed to find a supply on the accustomed colour, that they sought it elsewhere. Variety of colour would be useless in the twilight or during the night; and therefore among flowers which blossom after sunset, the inner surface of the petals is simply white, the outer surface being of some inconspicuous colour, as greenish-brown, dirty yellow, or ash-gray. During the daytime, when these flowers are closed, they remain unobserved, appearing as if withered; while in the evening, when open, their white petals render them distinctly visible.

Dr Kerner has made several night-blooming species of *Silene* a special study. In these plants each flower generally lasts three days and three nights. During the day they are curled up, and appear as if wrinkled and withered; but as soon as evening approaches the wrinkles disappear, the petals become smooth, the flowers unfold in all their freshness; and during the period of fertilisation, their internal organs fulfil their functions in exact correspondence with the opening and shutting of the corolla. In the daytime these flowers are entirely destitute of fragrance; but in the evening, simultaneously with the opening of their petals, they exhale a rich odour. They are safe, therefore, from the attacks of enemies during the sunshine; while their viscid footstalks protect them from such wingless visitants as might be disposed to find them out at night. By this temporary suspension of function they are reserved for the visits of insects, which prove useful in promoting the great ends of cross-fertilisation.

Many of the peculiarities of structure to which we have referred have other ends to serve than those indicated. For instance, minute prickles, and

bristles, and hair-like trichomes, as well as peculiarities of formation in various parts of the blossom, fulfil the function of what Dr Kerner calls 'path-pointers.' The benefit or injury which may result to a flower from visits of insects which promote the work of cross-fertilisation, depends upon the mode of their entrance. If they should reach the nectar without coming in contact with the organs of fructification, there would be manifestly useless waste. To prevent this, many contrivances exist. In one species of *Pedicularis*, for example, a groove, bordered on each side by a swelling, runs along the median line of the lower lip of the corolla. To effect fertilisation, the bee must pass its proboscis down this groove in reaching the nectar; for only in this manner can it cause the upper lip to incline forward, so that the pollen may fall out of the anthers, and the stigma be brought into contact with its body. Should the bee insert its proboscis higher up, above the groove, this motion of the corolla could not take place, and the mechanism by which fertilisation is secured would not be brought into play. To secure this object, therefore, the upper lip is studded with small sharp teeth, which compel the bee to find an entrance in the only way which can effect the process of fertilisation.

Many other interesting examples might be quoted. Enough however, has been said to indicate the interest of such investigations. Oftentimes our interpretation of the designs and secrets of Nature may fail in accuracy, and generalisations may require to be modified; but we should remember that, without careful observation of processes and patient accumulation of facts, we cannot reach a higher and truer appreciation of her marvellous laws. The humblest observer of the flowers of the field may take part in such investigations, and find pleasure in adding to the stores of our knowledge, regarding the many wonderful appliances by which Nature secures the fertilisation and the preservation of her species. 'The beauty and the poetry of flowers,' as Darwin truly says, 'will not be at all lessened to the general observer' by investigation of the minute details of structure, and observation of the multiplicity of means by which Nature accomplishes her ends.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXV.—OLD LORD PENRITH.

STRANGERS in Dorsetshire, and especially in that part of Dorsetshire which marches, to use the old Border phrase, with the New Forest district of Hampshire, not seldom hear, from the lips of natives jealous of the honour of their county, 'Ah! but you should see Alfringham!' And Alfringham, which, as the *Peerage* duly registers, is the seat of Lord Penrith, is a place worth seeing, spreading as it does its stately frontage of brown stone and brick mellowed by time over an immense extent of ground, and surrounded as it is by a park full of giant oaks and beeches sacred from the axe. There is in this park one glorious vista, where the eye ranges far over swelling uplands clothed with the elastic turf over which the dappled deer have roamed unharmed for many a century, until its view is bounded by what seems in the distance to be a high green rampart, but

which residents in the neighbourhood know to be the belt of tall trees that marks the actual boundary of the Royal Forest amidst whose glades the Red King rode to his death.

A grand old place is Alfringham. Severe social moralists, who in the course of a summer tour come to contemplate its antique towers, its priceless pictures, its wealth of rooms unused, its more than baronial pomp, and space, and splendour, have been known to aver spleenfully that no single family had the right to build for itself a dwelling so enormous. But no single family would have dreamed of piling up all those bricks and all those stones, with acres of sheet-lead to coat the glistening roofs, and turrets innumerable, and winding stairs, and passages that turn and twist, and hall within hall, on one original plan. Alfringham, like Topsy, 'grewed,' and remains like our own constitution of Monarch, Lords, and Commons, a magnificent anomaly, not to be imitated by the most potent of legislators. You may trace the site of the Saxon earl's, or Danish jarl's, wooden palace. You can see the moat, now drained and full of fair bright-coloured flowers, that guarded the castle of the Norman chief. Generation after generation seems to have added, altered, rebuilt, until the result is the prodigious pile that now meets our eyes, and the burning of which would be a national misfortune, so precious is history written in masonry and timber.

The armorial bearings, the shields and crests and mottoes, so often repeated, in chiselled stone, on the front of that stately old house, are the arms of Beville. And Lord Penrith is the head of the Beville stock, which has produced gallant soldiers, goodly gentlemen, and even a stray statesman or two, ever since the first of the name crossed the narrow seas—not exactly with the Conqueror—but at anyrate to fight for Matilda and her boy against Stephen, King and Count. They have borne the baron's coronet so long, have the Bevilles, Lords Penrith, that they are proud of the ancient rank and of the tattered robes that are religiously preserved to be donned on ceremonial occasions, and decline promotion. The old peer who now bears the title has twice refused an earldom. His grandfather, in more stirring times, is said to have rejected the strawberry leaves of a fire-new marquise. But half the earls in the *Peerage* have not the rent-roll of Lord Penrith.

There is a gloom now about the place, the existence of which the most fanatical of house-keepers, whose pleasantest hours are spent in shewing the respected lions of the mansion to sightseers, could not deny. My lord sees very little company, and sees as little of that select circle of acquaintance as decorum and a sense of the proprieties permit. There is a shadow over the past life of the master of stately Alfringham, a shadow which seems to communicate itself locally to the great house and its demesne. Nobody ever seems to laugh there, to be blithe and joyous, or to relish the honey of the passing hour unalloyed by carking care. My lord is a man of sense enough to eschew the reputation of a hermit, and therefore there are dinners—heavy dinners—at Alfringham, and also visits—heavy visits—paid and received. And the squires and squireesses, and the baronets and their dames and damsels, yawn wearily as they drive away from Alfringham on the moonlight nights congenial to country

hospitality, for at Alfringham sumptuous Dullness reigns supreme.

In the third drawing-room of the great house sits Mrs Stanhope, the old lord's widowed, and favourite, and indeed only surviving sister, in conference with the family doctor. Mrs Stanhope has a marked partiality for that third and smaller drawing-room, on account of its rose-coloured hangings, which she believes to be favourable to her complexion. The faded London fine lady never forgets that her sweet portrait, splendidly engraved on steel, sippers at us yet from the now uncarved for *Book of Beauty*. A sad number of years have elapsed since D'Orsay and Chesterfield gave laws to Fashion; but Charlotte Stanhope— are there any girl-babies christened Charlotte now, as when Werter and his Sorrows were yet remembered?—had never quite given up the struggle against impertinent Time. Although she was the old lord's sister, she would never have forgiven whosoever should have called herself old. She was in truth by sundry years Lord Penrith's junior. She was very well preserved. To her maid she may not have been a heroine or a belle; but then somebody must be behind the scenes when a grand pictorial effect has to be produced. Perhaps it was partly because of the disparity of years between them that the old peer was so fond of her. As a boy, he had been tender with his baby sister, and he had never forsaken her. When she angered her parents by a love-match, Marmaduke Beville, the Master of Penrith, as they would have called him in Scotland, stood by her, procured her pardon; and when he came early to his title, paid Colonel Stanhope's debts more than once. Mrs Stanhope had lived at Alfringham since her widowhood.

There was very little harm, and perhaps not much of positive good, in the Honourable Mrs Stanhope. She was fond, though, of her daughter Maud, who seemed to her like the reproduction of her own regretted youth, but who was in truth by far more beautiful than the once courted belle of Almack's had been in her best days. And she was fond of her brother, and sincerely afraid of him too, for Lord Penrith was of a masterful will, and then how much lay in his gift! Since the Colonel died (and the Colonel had merely been one of those vacuous, pleasant-tempered, easy-going men about town, of whom there is a never-failing crop), she had—as she had written with crow-quill pen and on perfumed paper to more than one feminine friend of her own standing—devoted herself wholly to her brother, who was gentler to her than to any human being, gentler even than to Maud his niece.

Mrs Stanhope was conversing, or perhaps the phrase should rather be conferring, with the family doctor, a country practitioner, and a man of that refined intelligence which we so frequently meet with even in sparsely inhabited agricultural districts. Dr Bland was really a clever young doctor, who had been for years assistant to the famous, dictatorial, and perhaps slightly stupid, Orlando Blades, M.R.C.S., of Savile Row, than whom no surgeon pouched more fees or bullied more patients in any consulting-room in all London. He had saved a little money now, had Peter Bland, and there he was in Alfringham village, with a limited but widening circle of houses whereto to call professionally, medical officer of the Union, and

medical adviser to the lord of Alfringham himself. Naturally the doctor thought a good deal of his titled patient, the right to feel whose august pulse implied the privilege of being the most fashionable son of Æsculapius for miles and leagues around.

‘His lordship was low—very low—to-day. I mean as to his spirits of course, and the general tone of his health,’ remarked the doctor. He had prescribed for Mrs Stanhope, who had always some trifling nervous ailment on hand to give employment to the Faculty; and now the talk turned on general topics. Of these, a very important one was Lord Penrith's health. He was old, and in failing health, and he gave Dr Bland no sinecure.

‘I am afraid my brother is ill, and yet he is of a robust constitution; all the Bevilles were, except my unfortunate self!’ sighed Mrs Stanhope.

The doctor assented. ‘Lord Penrith,’ he said, ‘must have been by nature a strong man. He leads a quiet life here, in pure country air. But care, or some other cause, counteracts all that I can do.’

‘Care! You may well say so,’ replied Maud's mother. ‘Is it possible, doctor, that you are unacquainted with the family history, with the story of the disaster that has darkened my brother's life?’

The doctor may or may not have heard, in a gossiping country neighbourhood, some salient events in the life of the most dignified personage that it contained. But he was a doctor on his promotion, and he manifested so much ignorance and so much interest on the subject of his noble patient's early experiences that Mrs Stanhope willingly went on: ‘Lord Penrith is childless now; but he had two sons. The name of the elder was like his own, Marmaduke Beville; that of the younger, George. The first of these was—murdered!’

‘Indeed, Mrs Stanhope!’ said the physician, looking shocked.

‘And, what was worse,’ resumed the lady, pleased with so attentive a listener, ‘the murderer was no other than his own brother!’

Dr Bland very truly remarked that this was horrible. ‘Was it certain?’ he asked.

‘Too true, I am afraid!’ said Mrs Stanhope, shaking her head. ‘My nephews—I am, as you are perhaps aware, a good deal younger than Lord Penrith, so that his sons and I were nearly contemporaries—were very dissimilar in tastes and character. Marmaduke was very resolute and quick-tempered. George was retiring and shy. There had been, it was proved, disputes between them. And when, at last, the elder brother was found in a wood, shot through the heart, the weight of evidence against the younger one was such that, had not George fled the country, nothing could have saved him from a felon's death. As it was, he went abroad disgraced, and died—no one knows where—in exile, a very Cain. His father never would mention his name more, nor would he hold any communication with him. He never answered one of the incoherent letters which George wrote from abroad, protesting his innocence of the crime. “Let him stand his trial!” my lord said, and I never shall forget the voice in which the words were uttered. Yet

that sorrow all but broke my brother's heart. He had been so fond and proud of Marmaduke, the heir. And he had loved George too, more than he cared to own, when he turned out the wretch he did. He has never been the same man since.'

'Was it all circumstantial evidence against Mr George Beville?' asked the doctor, drawing on his gloves.

'All—or nearly all—but terribly strong!' answered Mrs Stanhope. 'The worst feature of all—so some said—was my unhappy nephew's fight; but, had he remained, no rank or connections could possibly have availed to save him from justice. I fear there can be no doubt that the hand that fired the fatal shot was his.'

'And his own death—abroad, I think, you said, Mrs Stanhope?' inquired the doctor. 'May I ask if that was proved?'

'Not proved, as deaths, I believe, are proved in England,' answered his fair patient; 'that is impossible, I suppose, in the Bush, or whatever they call the dreadful place. But advertisements were inserted for years in all colonial papers, and inquiries made, official and private. There can be no doubt of his death. Poor wretch! It was the happiest thing, after all—saved the disgrace to the family—so shocking if he— That is my brother's bell, and he has rung twice. I hope they are not neglecting him.—You will excuse me, doctor? Then, good-bye!'

LOST AND FOUND.

SECOND SERIES.

WHEN Jenny Lind was in Liverpool (her first appearance in the provinces), it was at a concert at the Philharmonic Hall. There was of course a dense crowd outside, and every place had been taken in the hall a long time before. The carriages had their appointed route of ingress and egress; but as it not unfrequently happens on these occasions, excellent as the arrangements appeared to be, there is some confusion, especially when people have to be impressed into the service as coachmen who are not thoroughly conversant with the streets. It was so in this case. The concert was over; but the carriages were not at the place appointed. Along with one of our party, I went to try and find them, and to do so had to crush through the crowd, or rather go along with it. My friend said: 'I am kicking something along with me.' There was no room to stoop and pick it up; but when we got to where the crowd was less dense, he did so; and the 'something' proved to be the half of a very beautiful cameo bracelet which had broken at the hinge, but little the worse for the kicking. After finding the carriages, we returned to the vestibule; but after waiting some time, the carriages did not arrive, and again we went out. The crowd was not much reduced; and in going through it the same remark was made: 'I am kicking along something on my foot.' On getting through the crowd, the same gentleman picked up the remaining half of the bracelet, in no way injured except a few scratches! Complying with the advertise-

ment which appeared, the gentleman duly restored the bracelet to its owner. Though a jury of twelve men might say that this was impossible, this story is nevertheless true in every particular.

From one of the parties involved, we have the following.

One Saturday in the year 1861, the paymaster's clerk of the —th Lancers, then quartered in Aldershot, drew from the bank four hundred pounds in five-pound notes, for issue in sums of fifty pounds to each of the eight troops. The notes were new, and stamped with the name of the banker and date of issue. In ordinary course, the money would have been paid to the captains of troops by the paymaster; but the latter being on leave of absence, the payment was made by his clerk, the paymaster-sergeant, to each of the troop-sergeant majors. Seven had received their money, and the eighth not arriving, the clerk, after counting the remaining notes and finding them correct, put them in a small drawer, itself not much larger than the notes, in an upright desk standing on a table at which he sat. Immediately he had done this, a defaulter—that is a man confined to barracks for some trifling offence—was brought to the office to give it the weekly scrubbing out. After waiting a short time, the clerk left the office and went into the veranda to send the orderly in waiting for the troop-sergeant-major, to receive his money. He was not absent more than two minutes, and had left the man scrubbing. Shortly after, when paying the money, the clerk found, to his consternation, one of the notes was missing. The whole place—the unfortunate defaulter loudly protesting his innocence—was at once searched; but no note was found. This was a serious matter for the clerk; intrusted with unusual responsibility, he had to all appearance failed in it. He must replace the money at once, and he had hardly as many shillings; how could he have, out of two shillings and ninepence a day? Fortunately a friend helped him out of that difficulty, and the missing note was made good.

Five years passed. The regiment had arrived at Cahir from Dublin; when unpacking the desk, the drawer before mentioned would not shut close. It was pulled out, when a small piece of sealing-wax and a piece of paper—the latter crumpled up between the back of the drawer and back of the desk—were found. The paper was the long-lost note with the name of the bank and date upon it. Full explanation, with a solatium inclosed for his injured feelings, was at once sent to the defaulter, who had amended his ways, and was then a sergeant, stationed at —terford.

A Scotch family—Mr and Mrs T—and their children—lived for some time in a retired part of Holland. Unlike a foreign household, they had furnished their old man quite in English taste, and were especially fond of their drawing-room, which was full of many nicknacks, the collection of many years' winnings. One day a Scotch lady arrived at their gates with a letter of introduction from a friend at home, and was received with warm welcome, as English visitors were rare at the Château de N—. She brought with her her two little girls, and the whole party were easily persuaded to remain and spend the day; Mrs T— being especially pleased to meet with

a lady whose flounced and stylish lilac silk dress proved she had but lately come from that centre of the fashionable world, Paris. The two little Scotch girls proved however, very shy companions for the T— children, and kept determinately close to their mother's skirts as she sat in the drawing-room. Nothing seemed to amuse them, till one of their young entertainers asked leave to take down from the mantel-piece a set of little china frogs, seven in number, and graduated in size, which had lately been brought from Dresden. These really appeared to interest the little visitors, and they played with the china ornaments contentedly enough for the remainder of the afternoon until it was time to leave the chateau. After their departure, one of the seven frogs was missing, and only six could be replaced on the mantel-shelf; the T— children, I am sorry to say, being quite convinced that the little Scotch girls had carried off number seven as a memento to Edinburgh.

A year after, Mrs T— received a note and parcel containing the missing ornament, which the Scotch lady had just found on unpicking and turning the flounces of her lilac silk Paris dress! The frog was not in the least injured or cracked, though it had been for a year rattling at the bottom of the skirt. And the set of mantel-piece ornaments was once again complete.

A curious instance of the recovery of a lost ring inside a root of celery occurred in Sweden. Mrs B— in planting celery in the garden in spring, and while dibbling holes for the small plants with her finger, unconsciously dropped her ring into one of the holes. A plant duly was inserted into the hole, and doubtless *through the lost ring*; and as the root grew, the ring must have become imbedded in its substance. The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared by the ring turning up amongst the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.

Children occasionally lose themselves in mysterious ways, as the following little anecdotes show.

One day it was reported that little Roland, Mrs M—'s youngest child, a boy of three or four years, was lost. He disappeared about four in the afternoon. Search was made everywhere; neighbours were interviewed, messengers sent all over the town, and at last the brook that ran at the back of the house was dragged; but no Roland was found. Six o'clock came, seven, and still no Roland. But young folks must have tea, and Mrs M— with a heavy heart went to prepare the meal. In and out of the pantry she moved, carrying bread, butter, milk, &c., and presently she went to replenish the sugar-bowl from the barrel. There, fast asleep, sugared over from top to toe, was Roland! The little rogue had climbed into the barrel, covered himself over, eaten his fill, and peacefully gone to sleep while the neighbourhood was in great commotion about him.

My mother one day lost one of her children, a child of two years, and after a long and anxious search found him in the kitchen closet, in a huge iron pot, fast asleep. He had been left in charge of a servant, who had fulfilled her duties by taking the child to the kitchen and then going off to gossip.—And a Mrs D— of Barrington, after a

similar experience, found her missing child in a bread-trough, sweetly sleeping on the dough. The trough was a very large one, used for mixing bread for the ship-yard men, and when full of dough usually stood on a low settle near the fire, that the bread might rise the quicker. The child, during the absence of his elders from the kitchen, crept in and made himself comfortable.—But more amusing than this was the case of a lady who lost her baby, and after disturbing the whole community, and crying herself nearly blind, found baby safe in the cradle, with clothes heated in so disorderly a manner upon it as to have defied previous search!

I was in the habit of calling at the workshop of a brass-founder to see him using his lathe, &c. He told us that when an apprentice at Bristol a great many years previously, he had put a penny on a chock in the lathe and had hollowed it out. Into this he had inserted a halfpenny, and into the halfpenny he had turned a farthing. The whole had been so neatly done that unless closely inspected it would seem to be a solid penny. He retained it for a few months, and then, to his great regret, had paid it away by mistake. I called at his shop a few days after he had related the old story, and the first thing he said was: 'I have found my penny sir!' It appears he had been with a cart for some castings, and had received the penny among some change at the toll-bar. He shewed it to me; and it fully answered his description as to being most beautifully finished; and he assured me that he recognised it as being the actual penny lost twenty years before, and two hundred miles from the toll-bar at which it again came into his possession.

My father was a farmer in East Lothian for many years. He had an old watch, by which he set great store. One day while superintending the harvest operations he lost this watch. An instant search was made all over the field; but it could not be found. Many Irish labourers were busy cutting the corn; they were all examined, but still no clue could be found to the lost chronometer. One day ten years after, as my father was standing in the same field watching the sowing of some wheat, he observed something extraordinary lying among the newly ploughed earth. It was the old gold watch, looking rather dirty; but there it had remained while one crop after another had been sown and reaped; and singular to relate, though your readers may be incredulous, the glass was not even cracked!

Though not coming strictly within the category of accidentally lost articles, the following story is worth relating: Some years before the outbreak of the civil war in America, Dr M— occupied the position of Grand-master of the Masonic Order in South Carolina. Whilst presiding in that capacity, he was presented with a handsome gold snuff-box with a suitable inscription by his brethren of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana. At that time he was in good circumstances; but the disasters of war bore heavily on him, as they did on the residents of all the Southern cities. Residing in Charleston, he saw his property, the accumulation of years of industry, rapidly diminish. His large heart would not permit him to look on the misery of others without extending a helping hand, and many a Union prisoner had his suffer-

ings relieved through his instrumentality. Little by little he was compelled to part with his household goods, until finally, the last sacrifice, the valued snuff-box, was sold, to procure necessities for his family.

At the close of the war, a ruined man, he visited New York. His sterling qualities and great sacrifices had endeared him to all, but more especially to his masonic brethren, who gave him a reception at the Academy of Music in that city. The worthy doctor told us of the want, destitution, and misery of the Charleston people, but never once adverted to his own efforts in their behalf. On closing his remarks, a member of the reception committee narrated some of Brother M.—'s sacrifices in the alleviation of suffering, and then requesting him to rise, presented the identical snuff-box which years before he had so painfully parted with. The recipient was too much affected to speak, and stood with tears in his eyes, while the donor related how it had been offered for sale in an obscure jeweller's shop in Easton, Pennsylvania, recognised, from the inscription, by a member of the masonic order, who immediately secured its purchase, and had kept it for the crowning act of the reception.

'At the time of the Indian Mutiny many years ago, a cousin of mine was in India, and was among many others massacred at Cawnpore. Her name was Christian W.—; and I had a ring made in memory of her death, with the words Christian W.—, Cawnpore, and the date engraved upon the inside. I had not had the ring more than six months when one summer evening, walking in the garden, I suddenly missed it from my finger. I immediately made every one search for it. I offered my coachman a reward of five pounds if he could find it; but of no avail. Nothing could be more carefully searched than my garden was; but at length we gave the ring up as lost. Years rolled by. I left the place, and another rector came to the house. In 1876, the son of the lady in whose memory the ring was made, came home from India. He had been brought up by me; and he wished to see the old house again, and constantly talked of going into Suffolk, to see how everything looked after seventeen years' absence. He did not go however, until the October of 1877. The present rector received him very kindly, and while shewing him round the garden, he said: "It is rather a curious thing, but about a year ago, my gardener was digging in this place, and he found among the sods a ring, which though the enamel was worn off, had still all the stones—which were diamonds—in except one, and there was some engraving at the back, which I made out to be Christian W.—, Cawnpore. The circumstance of your name being the same, reminded me of its being found. Can you recollect any ring being lost?" My nephew said he did not, but he would tell me; and as my husband had built the house, and no one else had occupied it until the present rector, I should most probably know something about it. My nephew hastened to inform me; and I of course remembered the ring I had lost so long ago. I wrote to the clergyman, and he told me that the gardener who found it had given the ring to his sister, a lady's maid in London, whose address he gave. On communi-

cating with her, I found she was willing to let me have it back on condition I paid her for the new enamel she had put on the ring, the other being all corroded away. I willingly gave the money, and have now got the ring back. It is a pretty ring, and wreathed with diamonds and enamel. It is the more curious from the fact, that if my nephew had not gone down to Suffolk when he did, he could not have gone at all, as after he came home he was very ill, and moreover had to return to India sooner than he expected. The rector would never have told me of the ring, as he did not connect the name with mine at all; and so I should have altogether lost it.'

'A friend of mine regained a locket under curious circumstances. She was travelling in Australia, and was walking in Melbourne one day, when a friend with her inquired whether she had a locket on when she came out. Mrs Dunn replied that she had; and putting her hand to her throat, missed it. She retraced her steps and searched carefully; but no trace could she find. She also advertised the loss and offered a handsome reward; but it was no use, and she returned to England soon after. She happened to have occasion to go to Southampton, and while walking out, saw in a shop window a locket the fac-simile of the one she lost. She entered the shop, and asked to look at it closer, and inquired if it opened. The woman said it did not. But Mrs Dunn pressed a spring, and there was the face of a son she had lost, and in whose memory she had the locket made. Upon her claiming it, the woman said that a soldier's wife just come from Australia had sold it to her, saying she had picked it up in Melbourne streets. Mrs Dunn recovered the locket for a small consideration.'

One evening Mr and Mrs A.— left their house in the neighbourhood of Dublin to dine with a friend. The distance being short, they went on foot. The night was wet and stormy, and when nearing the house of their friend, the lady suddenly discovered she was minus a valuable ear-jewel of Indian workmanship. Looking on this loss as irrecoverable, the lady returned to her home. The loss was keenly felt, not so much from the intrinsic value, although this was great indeed, as from the fact that the appendages were the gift of an old friend.

It was useless to attempt a search, such was the inclemency of the night; but it was decided to try what could be done at daybreak. Mr A.— accordingly set out on what he considered a needless errand. Passing over, as near as possible, the same ground as that traversed the previous evening, with his eyes attentively fixed on the ground, he was startled by the voice of a man inquiring if he had observed a dog, which had also been lost the preceding night. Replying in the negative, he at the same time observed the object of his search lying uninjured a few yards from him close to the kerb-stone on the roadway. It was in such a position that many vehicles and pedestrians must have passed over the spot.

A curious instance of the recovery of lost property happened in the parish of Seacroft, and was recorded in the *Newcastle Chronicle* at the time. 'In June 1870, two Jews hawking from door to door, called at the house of a Mrs Burrell, and while her back was turned stole a gold watch

and guard out of the room. It was the work of a moment; and when she found out her loss a vigilant search was made. The men were chased, and found by the police at the *Bradford Hotel*, but none of the lost property. The men were tried at the Town Hall, but discharged in the absence of sufficient evidence to convict. One Sunday morning in 1877, as Mr Carter, farmer, and Mr W. Linley were walking in a field looking at some cows, they stood talking near a gate for some time. Seeing something glitter in the hedge-bottom, they took it up, when it turned out to be Mrs Burrell's watch. It had evidently lain there for seven years. It is supposed that the men, afraid of being caught, hid the watch and forgot all about the place. Mrs Burrell, naturally much gratified at the recovery of her watch, made the finders a handsome present.

With the following story, we shall conclude our series of strange losses and recoveries:

During the Peace of Amiens, my grandfather, an Irish gentleman of fortune and position—married to a French lady whose family were devoted royalists—was residing in Paris. On war being declared, he fled with his wife and child, a little girl of three years old. They were accompanied in their flight by a large number of English and Irish, amongst whom were some personal friends. They stopped at an hotel in a provincial town; but they found the hotel so full of fugitives like themselves that it was impossible to procure accommodation for all. A hurried meal was served; but no forks could be had, when it occurred to my grandfather that he had two dozen silver forks in his valise. These he at once produced, for the use of his own party. Before the repast was finished a sudden panic arose, when it became a case of *sauve qui peut*, and in the general confusion the forks were forgotten. No effort was made to recover them, deeming it useless, not even knowing the name of the hotel. I often heard my grandmother say her terror was so great that she never clearly understood how she reached home. In time the forks were forgotten, or only remembered as an incident when recounting the adventures of the flight from Paris.

More than twenty years had elapsed, when my grandfather was surprised at receiving a parcel from France. On opening it he found the twenty-four forks, and a letter from the hotel-keeper, saying that for twenty years he had been questioning every English person who stopped at his hotel, hoping to get some clue by which he could find the owner, but in vain; until a few days before, when an Irish gentleman put up at the hotel who was able to give the name and address. He had heard the story from my grandfather's own lips. The letter wound up by saying that it might enhance the value of the forks to know that Napoleon I. had used them twice at dinner, once while First Consul, and again in the height of his brilliant career, when as Emperor he came with his staff, on their way to take the field on the eve of one of his great battles, and stopped at the hotel for refreshment. Not the least curious incident in the story is that the forks were restored just in time to be presented as a wedding-gift by her father to my mother, the little girl of three years who accompanied him in his flight. I can well remember, though a grandmother

myself now, my childish awe when eating with the forks that served the great Emperor and his staff.

[We take this opportunity of thanking those correspondents who have so kindly furnished us with the foregoing narratives, and of assuring those whose narratives are omitted, that space precludes us from adding theirs—at anyrate in the meantime.—Ed.]

A STITCH IN TIME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

EVERY one will own that there are few lessons more worthy of being instilled into the minds of youth than the value of energy and decision, especially in matters of business. It is seldom that a man has made his way from poverty to wealth, or risen to great eminence, without those qualities; while the brief story we are about to relate will go far to prove that even to hold his own, it is sometimes necessary to exert them in a high degree. In a higher degree than they were exhibited by the hero of our tale, we should say no man ever exhibited them; and strange, perhaps improbable as the reader may deem the chief incidents of this story to be, we assure him that they are true, and moreover, that the principal actor in them is alive and well at this day; which last remark will furnish a sufficient reason for our not using real names of persons, places, or institutions, which under other circumstances we should certainly give.

Not many years ago there was—as there has lately been again—a good deal of distrust and agitation in commercial circles, chiefly arising from some very heavy failures. One gigantic firm had fallen, and brought many others down in its tumble. The alarm naturally felt at this spread; and the rumours which always attend, and often cause a panic, spread also, so that scarcely any undertaking, however well established and solvent, entirely escaped doubt and suspicion. We do not propose to enter upon the history of any commercial panic, or even to sketch one; but every reader can remember, and what is worse, will see again, the deliberate and organised efforts to 'wreck' really solvent houses, for the benefit of selfish and unscrupulous speculators; and how not only embarrassed and weak houses went down in the crash, but houses which—had time and fair-play been given them—were in fair working condition.

After this preface, short as it has been, the reader will quite understand how men who had realised by years of toil, often of exile and danger, anything like a competence, felt very uneasy as to their investments, no matter how good they had hitherto proved; and Mr Caleb Durton, who had settled comfortably down in the vicinity of London, after many years' labour in a distant colony, felt as uneasy as the rest. He was a tolerably rich man, and was considerably past his prime; yet having married late in life, he saw a young family growing up around him, which became more expensive every day. A small portion of his fortune was invested in England; but the bulk was, and had been for some years, invested on deposit, at pretty high interest, in the

Gulf of Carpentaria and Northern Australia Bank, which was in high repute among all the colonists from that part of the continent, and which did more business at its London office than almost any of the colonial banks. He had been induced to leave his money in the colony from the fact of his acquaintanceship with most of the directors; while the manager at the chief establishment, on the Gulf of Carpentaria, Fred Rockman by name, had been an old 'chum' when Mr Burton was a digger, and was believed to be, and truly so, one of the most honourable and straightforward of men. So Mr Burton felt as secure as a man could feel—at first. But while a poor man may sleep soundly amid the crash of banks, discount offices, and great mercantile firms, it is high upon impossible for a rich man to do so; and the day soon came when the toppling over of first one great house, and then another, whose names had hitherto stood almost as types of soundness, alarmed even him, and he could not refrain from paying daily visits to London, and haunting certain localities well known to all interested in financial transactions, and where—amidst a thousand false reports, it must be admitted—the first whisper of coming disaster would be sure to circulate.

Like a good husband, he had tried to conceal his uneasiness from Mrs Burton; but on her part, like a good wife, she was not to be so deceived; and when once his preoccupied manner and occasionally wandering replies had attracted attention, the revelation of his anxiety soon followed, and she grew more anxious than himself. With a mother's anxiety, she trembled for the fate of Master Caleb and Miss Amelia, with three or four other young ladies and gentlemen whose cot's she was wont to visit, and whose foreheads she was wont to kiss every night of her life. So her alarm reacted upon her husband, and made him incomparably more sensitive than before.

All this however, took but a few days in its growth; for nothing is so swift as the changes and fears of a commercial panic; and ten days had hardly passed since the fall of the aforesaid great house, before Mr Burton commenced his visits to London. He was in the habit of taking his lunch at a particular tavern where foreign and colonial merchants greatly congregate, and here he saw many persons who were known to him in the days when he lived in the City. With these he often spoke, sometimes of the old times, but more frequently of the new. One day a man entered the coffee-room and looked round as though in search of some one. Mr Burton had occasionally seen and spoken to this man in his visits to the tavern. He was not very intimate with him; for his recollection of the man was not altogether favourable; he had been engaged in some very doubtful transactions in the colony, and had moreover borrowed money of Burton under some specious pretence, which turned out to be wholly false; and not one penny of this had he repaid. Mr Burton was just sitting down to lunch when he caught the eye of this individual, who was somewhat shmier, not to say greasier in his hat and clothes than the majority of the guests; and he looked round with so wistful an air that, moved by an impulse for which he could hardly account, Mr Burton beckoned him to his table and invited him to join him at lunch. He was sorry for it the moment

he had spoken; but the Captain—he was called the 'Captain' from having once owned a coasting vessel—gave him no time to change his mind. He accepted the invitation with the greatest alacrity; and although his appetite was clearly of the keenest, strove to make himself agreeable by communicating all the scandal with which the very atmosphere was charged, and in which he revelled. This he fortified and eked out with such mysterious winks and nods, that half of what he said was unintelligible to his hearer.

At last the meal was finished; and the Captain, draining the last drop from a tumbler of cold brandy-and-water which he had ordered as part of the lunch to which he was invited, shook his entertainer by the hand as the latter rose, and referring for the first time to past transactions, declared he was the best-hearted and most forgiving party he knew, and that some day he would do him a good turn. Burton rather abruptly thanked him, and cut short his gratitude by turning away; and had moved a pace or two through the crowded room on his road to the door, when he heard his name pronounced, and looking round, saw the Captain beckoning to him. Very much annoyed at this, he merely waved his hand, and would have continued his retreat; but that the other beckoned him again with so earnest a look, that Mr Burton involuntarily went towards him.

'Mr Burton, one word with you,' said the Captain; he hooked his finger in the button-hole of the other's coat as he spoke. 'Just one word.' Although it was but one word he wanted to say, he seemed to have a great deal of difficulty in giving utterance to it; at last he said, dropping his voice to a whisper far more mysterious than any which had preceded it: 'Meet me here in two hours' time. Mind! I am in earnest.' He released his hold as he spoke, and putting his forefinger to his lip as a sign of secrecy and caution—which was utterly needless, as he had communicated nothing—burned away, and was lost in the throng.

Mr Burton smiled at the man's mandlin impressiveness, as he deemed it, arising, as he supposed, from the tumbler of brandy-and-water, and decided on dismissing him and his appointment from his mind. He went about for another hour, meeting more of his acquaintances, each fresh one having something more gloomy to say than the last. Affairs really seemed to be growing worse, and even those who had been hopeful before, seemed to have lost heart now. So it was in a thoughtful mood he left to go to the terminus of his railway, and on his way he glanced down the narrow passage which led to the tavern where he had lunched an hour before. The recollection of the queer manner of the Captain came strongly upon him as he passed, and in his excited state it came back with a weight and force which he could not help feeling strongly, while yet he thought it ridiculous to do so. With every step he took, the influence grew stronger, until with a 'Pshaw!' of contempt at his weakness, he positively turned back, and resolved to keep the appointment, even though he was confident the Captain must have forgotten all about it, and indeed was now probably sleeping off his unusually hearty meal in the parlour of some less pretentious tavern. He felt this, yet he could not help returning,

because there *might* be something at the bottom of the Captain's mystery, and he might really keep his appointment. So, as just said, he turned back, dissatisfied though he was with himself, and inclined at every step to face round and hurry to the railway station. However, he reached the tavern, and entered the coffee-room, which was now nearly deserted. A couple of City clerks, who were probably working overtime, were dining in one corner, and a couple of waiters were gossiping in another; but for these the place was empty.

Taking up a newspaper, Mr Burton whiled away the time as best he might; he had made up his mind to wait ten minutes beyond the completion of the two hours, and no more; and as the hand of the coffee-room clock slowly approached the point, he felt glad to think how little chance there was of the shabby Captain's appearance. The hand entered the last five minutes; Mr Burton laid down his paper with a sigh of relief; but as he did so, the door creaked, the greasy hat, followed by the somewhat saddened visage of the Captain, was thrust in; a glance round the room shewed that Mr Burton was there; and shutting the door behind him as carefully and cautiously as though he were Guy Fawkes, or a melodramatic bandit, he approached the ex-colonial merchant almost on tiptoe.

It was not difficult to see that the Captain had been drinking a little more—possibly a good deal more, for he was well seasoned in that respect; for even if his bleared eye had not told as much, his husky voice would have been sufficient. Exceedingly impressive was, or was meant to be, his hoarse whisper as he said: 'All right! Mr Burton. I'm going to clear off old debts now; for I am a man who never forgets a benefit or loses sight of a friend. Come out for a moment.' He wrung Mr Burton's hand as he spoke with a warmth which the latter could very well have excused, and then led the way from the room he had but just so carefully entered.

The court in which the tavern was situated had one or two blind nooks in it, leading nowhere; and the Captain drawing Mr Burton into one of these, glanced warily around, and then dropping his voice to a still hoarser and still more impressive whisper—quite audible, however, for his breath came hot on the side of his hearer's face—said: 'You are in with the Gulf of Carpentaria and Northern Australia Bank—are you not?'

'I am,' returned Burton, who shuddered at the question, in spite of his contempt for the speaker.

'Then get out, if you can!' hoarsely continued the other. 'They are blown on. They will be up a tree in two days from this.—Don't ask me any more; but if I owe you any trifle of money, I have paid you now. Observe! They. Are. Blown.' He pronounced these last three words as we have given them, as if each word were a sentence, and he accompanied them with three distinct taps of his forefinger upon his reddened nose. And with that he hurried off, leaving Mr Burton at once astonished and alarmed.

He understood enough of the Captain's habits to know that his associates were of a very crafty and dangerous class; that like other birds of prey, they had the keenest possible scent for a moribund carcass, and that if there really were anything

wrong with the Gulf—as the bank was familiarly termed—or any other bank, such men would be the first to know of it. How such men know, is as great a mystery to us as it was to Mr Burton. But somehow they contrive to make money out of the wreck and ruin. In vain he tried to pooh-pooh the half-intelligible utterances of the Captain; and as he slowly retraced his steps to the terminus, tried to persuade himself that he had been listening but to the senseless maundering of a three parts drunken man. And yet, the Captain was *not* senseless.—Burton felt that. Intoxicated or partly so, he might be; and it was rare that he was seen entirely sober; but there was a meaning in his husky voice, and a warning even in the unsteady glance of his eye, which effectually prevented Mr Burton from despising his mysterious hints.

On his arrival at his house he, very sensibly, told his wife all that had occurred; and she, who very well remembered the disreputable but crafty old Captain in by-gone years, was fully as much alarmed as her husband. But what was to be done? It was very well to admit that there was danger ahead; but how were they to avert it? Judging from what they had already seen, the papers of the next day might contain the news of the total collapse of the trusted bank, and four-fifths of all that Burton owned in the world might in an instant be swept away. His investment, it must be remembered, was in the chief office, in the Australian continent; and he could not withdraw it in London, excepting after a delay which of course would be utterly fatal, if any disaster really did threaten the bank.

But Burton was a man of decision and energy, otherwise this tale would not have been written; and after a disturbed and almost sleepless night, he rose with a settled resolution in his mind. He rose early, and after a shower of eating his breakfast, left for London in such good time that he was there by eight o'clock. His first proceeding was to obtain a shipping list. By this he found that the mail left for Australia that evening, and that a private steamer left the docks that very morning—within three hours—also for Australia. His mind was at once made up. It is true that the time was excessively short for what he proposed to do; but he was not in a mood to be daunted by a little. A telegram told his wife of his intended departure—he had partly prepared her for this before leaving. He then hurried to his London bank, and drew out nearly the whole of his balance, and while doing this, he heard some muttered conversation among the strangers waiting at the counter; which proved that others besides himself suspected the soundness of the Gulf Bank. In a few minutes' time he had paid for his passage by the *Cerberus*, and was pleased to hear the clerk who took his money say—although he knew well enough it was a mere matter of course—that she was a remarkably fast vessel, a splendid sea-boat, and sure to beat the mail by at the very least—the clerk was emphatic on this point—at the very least from a week to ten days. To an old colonist, half an hour in an outfitter's was quite enough to supply him with all he required; and, when shortly before noon he stepped upon the gangway leading to the *Cerberus*, no one would have supposed that three or four hours before he had not dreamed of the existence of such a vessel.

The captain of the *Cerberus*—which splendid sea-boat had her steam up and her decks pretty nearly cleared of idlers by the time Mr Burton arrived—was rather surprised at this unexpected accession to his list of passengers, which by the way was but a scanty one, the immediate sailing of the mail-boat effectually checking anything like a plethora. There was something in the look and manner of the new-comer however, which impressed the skipper, and he inwardly decided that he should be very friendly with the latest arrival. In coming to this conclusion he was a truer prophet than he at all suspected.

The mail herself could not have been more punctual in starting than was the *Cerberus*. The noonday sun was shining brilliantly on a beautifully calm and tranquil day in spring when she cast loose from her moorings; her great engines began to beat and throb; and in five minutes more her few passengers were gazing over her stern at the receding quay which they had just left, and the faces of those who still stood there, waving their caps and handkerchiefs, were indistinct and blurred. All that day and all that night she made steady way; the next morning dawned brilliantly; the good ship was well into the English Channel; and on the day following, the great Atlantic would be fairly beneath her keel. Mr Burton felt as he sat at breakfast that his voyage had begun auspiciously; but the next instant came the damping thought that the mail-boat had also started under favourable auspices, and he remembered too that let her auspices be favourable or not, she was bound under a penalty to make the voyage in a fixed number of days. He was sufficiently versed in nautical matters, and especially steam nautical matters, to know that although they were making very fair progress, they were by no means doing their utmost, nor indeed was it likely that they would press on with any extraordinary energy, as there was no need for the vessel to arrive by any given day at the Gulf. Although this might have been said of the ship and her passengers generally, it by no means applied to Mr Burton, who keeping his eye on the captain, when for the first time he saw the latter enter his little sanctum on the deck, boldly followed him. The captain turned with a somewhat surprised air, and said 'Yes, sir?' as though Mr Burton had spoken, and clearly intended to ask 'What next?'

Burton quietly closed the door after him, and could not help smiling as he did so, for he felt that this proceeding must strike the skipper much as the cautious closing of the tavern door by the other Captain had struck him. However, he said: 'Can you spare me three minutes, Captain Bowman?'

'Certainly, sir; I am at your service,' replied the commander; but as he spoke, a slight cloud came over his bronzed face and altered its hearty expression, for he thought, even when he made his civil reply—'Now, what's up? Are you some precious forger or swindler who is going to confide in me? Or are you a detective, who thinks there is some one on board whom he must arrest?'

'Don't think that there is any great trouble to you in my application,' said Burton, smiling again, for he partly divined the other's thoughts; 'yet I want you to do me a favour—a very great favour, captain.'

The skipper looked an interrogation; and Burton went on: 'Can your boat, doing her best, with her half-a-day's start, beat the mail?'

'She could perhaps,' returned the seaman, with an emphasis which implied that she was not very likely to try.

'I daresay,' pursued Burton, 'that to do so will give you some trouble, more work, and perhaps incur some extra expense for fuel and the like?'

'It would,' said the captain briefly.

'And cause more work to others also, I suppose?' continued Burton.

'It would,' again answered the skipper. 'The engineer would grumble more than a little, for we have not enough stokers for a voyage at full speed.'

'Have you sufficient coal?' asked Burton.

'Why—yes, perhaps we have,' was the reply; but there was an increasing dryness in Captain Bowman's tone which seemed to imply that he had had almost enough of the conversation.

Burton saw this, and went straight to the point. 'Captain Bowman,' he said, 'I have the most pressing of reasons for wishing to arrive at the Gulf before the mail. My only chance was to come by you; and I now ask you to get every knot out of the *Cerberus* that canvas and steam can compass, and, to be point-blank with you, let me say it shall be at my expense. I will pay, beforehand if you choose to estimate it, for every pound of extra coal you burn, so your employers shall not lose. I will, with your permission, pay your engineers double wages for the trip; and if you will accept it, I shall be glad to hand you this bank-note for one hundred pounds.' With dramatic effect, he drew the note from his waistcoat pocket as he spoke, and offered it to the captain.

The sailor quite staggered back in his surprise, and gasped out: 'Why—what—what is the reason?'

'The reason,' interrupted Burton, 'is simply that it is well worth my while, having great financial interests at stake, to spend three or four hundred pounds in beating the mail. It can do you no harm to comply with my request. No one will suffer; your passengers will all be pleased; the money shall be paid whether you win the race or not, which is only fair, as the work will have been done in any case. Now, captain, I know you are a good-hearted fellow; you can confer a great benefit on me and mine by obliging me, and something tells me you will help me if you can.'

'Well,' said the skipper, after a moment's hesitation, 'I will. It's a bargain. I will take your money, because I shall have earned it. I should advise you to speak to the first-officer, Mr Keeler; he is a poor man with a large family, so he won't object; and to Mr Nutt, the chief-engineer. Make your own terms with them, and they will manage the rest. I think we shall get in before the mail, for the *Cerberus* is the best of our line; while the *Maelstrom*, which is luckily running this trip, is the smallest and slowest of the mail-service. Not but what,' he added warningly, 'they are all very fast, and we shall have to work very hard to beat her by as many hours as we started before her.'

Mr Burton thanked the captain, and acting upon his advice, sought the first-officer and the engineer. With them he had no difficulty; the prospect of double pay for the whole of the

voyage was sufficient to induce them to undertake any amount of work. The working-engineers were equally ready; and within two hours of his conversation with the skipper, the *Cerberus* was making a couple of knots additional per hour; which was equal, as Mr Burton kept repeating to himself, to several hundred miles per week.

How earnestly he wished that the crank-shaft of the mail would break, her screw get out of order, or some casualty, not fatal, but retarding, would happen to their dreaded pursuer; that is, if she were still the pursuer, and had not already got ahead of them. It never seemed possible, in all his speculations, that any such accidents could happen to *his* vessel; she was of course to run an unchecked and unheeded voyage; and so indeed it happened.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE have in a former article mentioned the characteristics of 'The Speaker,' who occupies a high and honourable position, and who, during the heat of debates when party-feeling runs high, has a delicate and difficult part to play. It is curious to analyse the composition of the present House, elected in 1874. Lawyers, one hundred and thirty-nine; sons of peers, ninety-two; squires or land-proprietors, one hundred and twenty-nine; army, ninety-five; merchants, one hundred; baronets, sixty-four; sons of members, fifty-five; sons of baronets, twenty-five; bankers, twenty-four; knights, eleven; sons of knights, seventeen; navy, twelve; brewers, seventeen; engineers, eight; diplomatists, six; newspaper proprietors, nine; medical men, six; Irish peers, five; university professors, four; farmers, three; dissenting minister, one; accountant, one; miners, two. This enumeration must not be taken with any strictness, for many members find a place in it two or three times over. Some lawyers are also sons of members; some sons of peers are also army officers; some merchants are also bankers; and so on; inasmuch that the total, as it stands, comes out at more than eight hundred, instead of the real six hundred and fifty or so. Nevertheless, the meaning will be understood in relation to the *predominant* position of each member. The social standing of members may not be greatly different from what it was previously; yet every one who candidly reads the newspapers must see that there is somehow a serious falling off. The knowledge of business and the manners that have been frequently displayed have too often been of a low type. It may be safely averred that from one cause or other the character of the House has not improved. The airing of crochets, which came to nothing, has become a staple business. Precious time is consumed in talk or in senseless obstruction. The art of judicious legislation seems scarcely to be understood.

Much of a curious nature is connected with what is technically called a 'count' or 'count-out.' If a member desires, for any reason, to check the progress of a particular discussion on any one evening, there are two modes which the rules of the House permit him to adopt—namely adjournment, and counting the House. He may move, in the very midst of a debate, that the House adjourn; if the House does not at once assent to this, a division takes place, usually with the effect of

defeating the motion. Or it may be moved that the debate (not the House) be adjourned; and this in like manner is made the subject of division, involving the consumption of a large measure of valuable public time. If two members choose to play this game in partnership, one moving the adjournment of the House and the other the adjournment of the debate, the check to the progress of business is really serious. It is found a difficult thing to stop this mode of procedure without infringing on the individual liberty of members in freedom of debate. The method of interruption by counting the House is founded on the rule that forty members must be present to form a quorum. If at any time during a sitting of the House (except when in committee) a member moves that the House be counted, the Speaker at once proceeds to do so; he directs a two-minute sand-glass to be turned, to permit the entrance of such members as may be in any of the adjoining rooms or corridors; he orders strangers to withdraw, and deliberately counts the members present at the expiration of the two minutes. If the number be less than forty, the House instantly ceases business for that day or night, however important may be the matters under discussion. This is a 'count-out'; and to prevent its occurrence, members sometimes make a point of 'keeping a House,' taking precautions that there shall never be less than forty present.

What is called by the newspapers 'a Scene in the House' generally involves some slight departure from the strict rules of debate. The members, it must be confessed, rather relish a scene than otherwise. It is dull work to listen for hours together to speeches marked by few flashes of humour or bursts of eloquence; the members feel temporary relief in some incident which they know nevertheless to be scarcely creditable. A scene is sometimes merely another name for excited curiosity, to know in what way an important division will tend when five or six hundred members are present, perhaps at two or three o'clock in the morning. It is more strictly a scene when quarrelsome or offensive words are used. These are guarded against as much as possible by the rules of the House. One rule is, that no member may mention another by name. 'Honourable member,' 'right honourable gentleman,' 'honourable and learned friend,' 'honourable and gallant colonel,' such are the epithets which are found to be salutary during a heated debate, when the use of the surname might lead to irritating personalities. In the House of Peers this rule is carried so far as to be sometimes confusing and wearisome—the Noble Marquis who intervened between the Right Reverend Prelate and the Noble Earl, in replying to the Noble and Learned Lord on the Woolstack and the Noble and Gallant General; and so forth.

The imputation of bad motives, or motives different from those professed, is a license not permitted, but too frequently indulged in. The Speaker is empowered to check charges of wilful misconstruction of language, or insinuations of falsehood and deceit. If contemptuous or insulting words are used, the House may require them to be withdrawn, and an apology made. Supposing the offender refuse to retract, and a demand for 'satisfaction' out of doors be feared—happily, duelling is now gone out of fashion in England

—the Speaker may direct the Sergeant-at-arms to take both members into custody, and detain them until pledges have been given that the matter shall be carried no further.

The official just named, the Sergeant-at-arms, has peculiar functions assigned to him. He owes his position mainly to the existence of a right, maintained and exercised by the Commons from early times, to take into custody any person guilty of 'contempt' or disobedience of the House. The right has been disputed in a few instances; but the judicial tribunals, if appealed to, always admit its existence. The Sergeant-at-arms is appointed by the Crown under a warrant from the Lord Chamberlain, by patent under the Great Seal; but after his appointment he becomes a servant of the House, under the immediate direction of the Speaker. There is a special scene in the House when this gentleman is ordered to take an erring legislator into custody.

When disorderly words are used, any member may move that they 'be taken down' by the Clerk—not a very severe punishment, but an admonition not to do the like again. Members must keep in their places during a debate; if otherwise, they may be 'called to order,' and the Speaker sees that the order is obeyed, either through the instrumentality of the Sergeant-at-arms, or more usually by a little courteous expostulation. A buzz of conversation, often heard during a dull and prosy debate, or in a moment of excitement, is checked by the Speaker whenever it becomes too apparent. Hisses or other modes of discourteous interruption during a speech are not permitted: a rule imperfectly obeyed however when the House is full and the members excited. Cries of 'Hear, hear' and 'Question, question' are permitted. The latter denotes that the member who is addressing the House is wandering from the immediate subject; the Speaker mildly admonishes him, generally with the desired effect. Sometimes, however, 'Question, question' is an irregular mode of hinting to a lumbering orator that an end to his speech is greatly desired. Although 'Hear, hear' may imply approbation, the words may be annoying if pronounced with a peculiar intonation implying irony, banter, sneer, satire, sarcasm, and if accompanied by shrugs and gesticulations. The Speaker can generally estimate these various meanings of the cry, and interposes his authority if necessary. One of the many advantages possessed by the British House of Commons is the absolute impartiality of the Speaker, President, or Chairman. He is impartial between the Crown and the legislature, between the government and the opposition, between the retrogressive party and the progressive party.

'Strangers in the House' are the subjects of a somewhat curious rule. No stranger may be present while the House is sitting; consequently the reporters for the newspaper press, and visitors admitted by members' orders, are acting irregularly. It is one of those rules which, though habitually neglected, has never been formally rescinded; members are however, once now and then reminded of its existence, somewhat to their surprise and even annoyance. Thirty years ago, without any real cancelling of the rule, its practical enforcement as a general custom was abandoned. A Ladies' Gallery has been provided and a Reporters' Gallery, and a Speaker's Gallery, and

a Gallery for such of the public as succeed in obtaining members' orders. What strangers may not do is to appear in any part of the body of the House where the members sit, or in the Members' Gallery. To shew however, that the old rule still exists, a member may at any time announce that he 'espies strangers in the House'; and if this be so, the Speaker at once orders them to withdraw, even though the general wish of the House be otherwise. On one occasion, when the House had in this way been cleared of strangers, the debate went on for two hours without even any parliamentary reporters of the newspapers being present; this occurred a second time in the same session. Thereupon a Committee of the House was appointed to report whether the rule might safely be rescinded; but it was ultimately pronounced to be valuable as a last resource. In another year another Committee made a like report. The instances of this kind, when a member declares (as if it were an astounding fact) that he 'espies strangers in the House,' usually occur when some details are expected to be given during debate not fitted for ladies to listen to or to be printed in newspapers. A curious rule prevailed for many years that soldiers in uniform were not permitted to enter the House, as strangers, even when other strangers were admitted. On one occasion two soldiers who had members' tickets were refused admission; complaint was made against this as a strange proceeding on the part of the doorkeepers. The Speaker stated that the rule had been in force since the early part of the century. The House willingly relaxed the rule; and soldiers are now permitted to enter wearing their uniforms but not their side-arms.—Clearing the House to prepare for a division is, we need hardly say, a different thing from clearing it because some one 'espies strangers in the House.'

MY FIRST 'GERMAN.'

'I AM afraid girls, it won't be a very gay winter, so many families here are in mourning; however, you shall have some dancing, for I have invitations for you for four "Germanas," and no doubt others will come in after Christmas.'

'How delightful!' said Alice. 'I have often read about Germans in American books. But as I have never quite understood what they meant, it will be charming to see really for one's self.'

'I have danced the German in England,' said Mrs. Linton; 'but you don't often meet with it there, and when you do, it has generally been introduced by Americans. It gets rather monotonous when you have it constantly; but for a while I daresay you will find it amusing.'

This scrap of conversation took place in a palace car that was gliding smoothly along by the side of the beautiful Hudson. That afternoon, however, it only looked sternly majestic; for the sky and broad reflecting bosom of the river were heavy with leaden-gray clouds, that blurred the outlines of the Catskill Mountains, and darkened the sombre pines, fringing their summits, and nestling on their slopes into heavy masses of melancholy shadow. With a shiver I swung my comfortable lounge-chair round on its pivot, and faced the interior of the carriage. American palace cars have during the last year or two

become common sights in England; but this was nearly seven years ago, and I looked with amazement and pleasure at the luxury and finish of everything around me, from the swing-chairs placed by the windows to the beautiful bird's-eye maple and walnut fittings.

My cousin Alice and myself were English girls, who had been invited to spend six months at West Troy, a small village about four miles from Albany. Mrs Linton, our kind hostess, was a real American lady. She was very small, with clear-cut delicate features, keen blue eyes that nothing escaped, hair rolled back from a low broad forehead; and though her age was scarcely thirty, falling behind in a mass of silvery gray curls. This early grayness was, I was told, a peculiarity in her mother's family. Her movements were particularly quick and active, yet always noiseless and graceful. She talked incessantly, but was always amusing. Anecdote, quotation, repartee, and witticisms fell from her lips in a sparkling stream; and though a married woman in a country where unmarried ladies rule in society, she was always surrounded by admirers, and engaged for dances and Germans for weeks beforehand. To complete her portrait, she was always richly dressed, with perfect taste, her style and the occasion being carefully studied. She had married an Indian officer, and his thoroughly English face and rather ponderous style of speaking formed an amusing contrast to her vivacious manner.

True to the promise of the preceding evening, we looked out next morning on a white world. The snow lay in a deep drift across the road, and weighed down the sturdy branches of the maple in front of our window. The sight was not accompanied by the feelings of discomfort a sharp frost generally produces when seen early in the morning from the windows of an English bedroom; for the register stove was open, and a delicious flood of warm air poured into the room; so we dressed in comfort, pausing to admire the snow-plough as it passed, its crimson prow throwing the snow off the tram-track in a feathery white shower.

'Wouldn't they think us mad, in England?' said Alice, as she stepped into the sleigh in which, thanks to the snow, we were able to go to our first German.

No doubt they would; for notwithstanding we were in ball attire, and the thermometer several degrees below zero, we were going to drive five miles in an open sleigh. However, as our wraps were fur-lined, our heads swathed in 'clouds,' our hands enveloped in long fur-lined gloves, the sleigh filled nearly up to our necks with shawls and fur 'robes,' and a huge hot soap-stone comforted our feet, we were very snug, and I leaned back luxuriously, and watched the stars, which appeared to snap and blaze in the wonderfully clear frosty air. The horses seemed to fly, as they sped noiselessly over the smooth snow, their silver bells chiming merrily. We were told it was against the law for any horse or carriage to be without a bell. The runners of the sleighs and horses' feet making no sound, the tinkling of the bells is the only means of preventing frequent collisions.

On arriving at Mrs Vandermiln's—Albany was originally a Dutch settlement, and many of the oldest families have decidedly Dutch names—

we were shewn into a bright cosy-looking bedroom. Instead of being warmed by hot-air pipes or the dead-looking anthracite, a fire of English coal burned in the grate, and gave a delightfully home-like air to the room. The furniture was covered with a pretty rosy chintz, the mantel-piece veiled with a valence of the same, underneath which hung a pair of curtains, now looped back from the fire, but intended in summer to fall over and hide the grate. The apartment was half-library, half-bedroom, or rather it was two rooms divided during the daytime by folding-doors, but left open at night—a plan often followed in America, where what is called the 'blind-room,' down-stairs, forms a second reception-room. The dining-room is generally a small insignificant apartment at the back of the other two.

On descending to the reception-room we were introduced to the hostess, who was very pretty and graceful, about four-and-twenty, and as I heard a gentleman enthusiastically remark, 'the sweetest thing in the house.' With the kind desire to put the English strangers at their ease, a set of Lancers was got up. I don't remember who my partner was; but as I went through the 'grande chaîne' for the last time, a gentleman whom I had mentally put down as the typical Yankee—tall, thin, sharp-featured, and long-haired—squeezed my hand, and whispered, 'German.' I caught the word very imperfectly, and thought it rather impertinent, but supposed it might be the American independence of the laws of etiquette, and made no reply. After we had finished the Lancers, and as Mrs Linton, who looked like a fairy in pale blue and diamonds, was telling us who the people were, I noticed the same gentleman standing close by, and as she said: 'Have you a partner for the German?' to my astonishment he observed:

'Yes; you are engaged to me,' on which he was introduced as Mr Amasa Perkins, and turned out both agreeable and amusing. As the room was arranged and people fell into their places I began to tremble, and my cousin and I telegraphed glances of dismay; for indeed to English girls of retiring dispositions, a 'German,' especially where all are strangers, is rather an ordeal. The room was a very large one; the dancers were all seated round the walls, leaving a large open space, and as seldom more than two couples dance at the same time, any ungraceful dancing or false steps are clearly seen, and, as I found out, sharply criticised. We were told there are about forty figures, but seldom more than five or six are danced; for as every couple goes through the same figure, if a large assembly it takes a long time, and makes it very tedious. A gentleman who knows the figures well is asked to be the leader; and the lady whom the hostess particularly wishes to honour, is his partner. The leaders are appointed when the invitations are sent out, to give them time to consult which figures are to be chosen; and it is etiquette for the gentleman to send his partner a bouquet of flowers. They sit at the head of the room, and begin every figure. It is rather a fatiguing honour for the lady, as every gentleman has to take her out at least once during the evening. At a little table at the end of the room sits a lady who dispenses the 'favourites,' which are generally rosettes, button-hole bouquets, surprise fans, ribbon bracelets with bells attached, boxes of bonbons, &c.

I found my companion so amusing that, as I sat near the leader, I had scarcely noticed how the figure was being danced, when he suddenly exclaimed: 'It is our turn now;' whisked me twice round the room in a rapid *valse à trois temps*, led me to the lady with the favours, who gave me a flower; and left me standing panting by the table. As I saw Mr Perkins present his flower to a lady who rose immediately and began the waltz, it dawned upon me I was expected to select a gentleman on whom to bestow my favour. I felt rather embarrassed as I looked round the room at the strange faces, many gazing with curiosity and amusement at the 'English girl,' but managed to select a mild inoffensive-looking little man. On presenting my flower however, what self-possession I had retained forsook me, when instead of taking it, he held out a pin, and requested me to place it in his coat. Not being accustomed to such familiarities with strange gentlemen I felt my face flush up a rich crimson while I did so. I glanced at Alice, and she gave me a look of horror. However I may say, before we left America we regarded it with all the philosophical indifference of American belles.

In the next round the May-pole was brought in. Plaited round it were ribbons of different colours, each being fastened by the centre to the pole. Four ladies and as many gentlemen took the loose ends, and after passing through a kind of maze to up-plait the ribbons, danced with those who held the corresponding ends. A great deal of the enjoyment of the evening depends on getting a nice partner; as unless you are taken out very often, you have nearly three hours of each other's society, and in three hours a tedious amount of conversation can be gone through. I heard a girl say she had danced so many Germans with one gentleman she had not a thing more to say to him, which was rather unfortunate, as he evidently thought he had plenty to tell her. In the first of the three hours, conversation is generally very brisk; in the second, slight pauses may be observed, and the last hour is often passed in complete silence.

After several figures had been performed, supper was announced. It was served in a way which at first seemed strange to our English ideas, but which certainly has a great advantage over our plan, which requires a large supper-room. The ladies draw their seats into little groups as inclination prompted. Those who felt the room hot, sat in the hall or camped on the stairs. The gentlemen brought each lady a large *serviette*. They were then waited upon by their partners, or sometimes as a happy change, by somebody else's partner. The first course generally consisted of stewed terrapin (a small kind of turtle), or oysters fried, stewed, or pickled. Chicken salad followed, then cake, and an enormous plate of several kinds of ice-cream, perhaps strawberry, banana, pistache, and lemon, a large spoonful of each. In America it is considered extremely ill-bred to eat all that is on your plate. Some ladies carry this to an extreme, and will merely take a spoonful or two in an elegant languid kind of way, as if eating were such a vulgar habit; they merely conformed to it in appearance not to offend the prejudices of ordinary mortals. That this delicacy is merely assumed I can bear witness. An unaffected healthy American will eat twice the quantity an English

girl will, and in half the time. I have frequently heard girls say, when no gentleman was near: 'Now, what an I do to? I am frightfully hungry; but I must leave something. I think a few lettuce-leaves would make the greatest show;' and the lettuce-leaves would be left accordingly.

There were several ladies present carrying three and four bouquets each. On expressing my astonishment to my partner, he said: 'Well, I for one would never send a bouquet to a lady if she didn't wear it. When my sister "came out" she had eleven sent, and when she stood to receive the guests she had them tied round her dress.'

Privately, I thought she must have looked intensely silly, but only said: 'And what about the dancing? Didn't she find them very inconvenient?'

'She removed them when the dancing commenced,' he replied, 'and they were placed on the tables; for as she could not carry them all, she dared not carry one, as all the rejected ones would have been offended.'

As I meditated on this awkward phase of American etiquette, I studied the faces of the ladies present, and came to the conclusion that English mists and rains are more favourable to a continuance of bloom and beauty than the extreme heat and cold of America. Girls of eighteen, in face, figure, and self-possession, would in England have passed for quite ten years older. Ladies a little past thirty were wrinkled and scraggy (no other word expresses it) as are seldom our healthy women of fifty. Another unfortunate thing is, that Americans adopt the fashions directly they appear without reference to age, complexion, or style. The fashionable coiffure of that time was to draw the hair straight from the face to the crown of the head, where it was tied and plaited, the plait being carried round the head as a coronet, an inch or two from the forehead. At the back two long curls escaped from under the plait. This style requiring a peculiarly classical face to be becoming, was adopted by all, from girls of fifteen to matrons of fifty; and the latter never thought of adding a lace lappet or feather to soften the harsh outline it produced. We were also shocked to see all the old ladies with quite low dresses, their poor thin arms and necks looking so terribly cold and unlovely that I longed to roll them up in a good warm shawl. How dreadful it is to see a struggle for the shadow of youth, when the reality has long eluded the grasp!

It was well Mr Perkins danced the *trois temps*, or my recollections of my first German would not have been so pleasant as they are, 'the Boston' being a mystery to English eyes, everybody seeming to move languidly up and down as they felt inclined; shewing off their trains to the best advantage being evidently the chief point to the ladies. The dancing was resumed for about an hour after supper, when hot beef-tea, in little old china cups, was brought in; and as we left the house, the snow squeaked loudly under our sleigh runners, which we were told was a sign of a strong frost. After a most delightful drive, beguiled, after we left the town, by songs and glances, we retired to bed, where in my dreams I danced over again my first German.

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THE RUSSELLS.

THE noble family of Russell, of which the Duke of Bedford is the head, originally belonged to Dorsetshire, on the southern coast of England. One of them, Sir Ralph Russell, knight, was Constable of Corfe Castle as early as 1221; which may be called a respectable antiquity. Passing over a few generations, we come to John Russell, who, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, resided a few miles from Bridport, where he and his descendants might have remained in the rank of private gentlemen, but for a remarkable chance circumstance; though it is evident that the chance would have been unavailing had there not been ability to take advantage of it. No doubt, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;' but what signifies the highest flood-tide in human affairs, if people have not mental culture and tact to make the best of the opportunity? How beautifully this is illustrated in the story of the Russells!

In 1506, Philip, Archduke of Austria, being on his passage from Flanders to Spain, encountered the fury of a sudden storm in the English Channel, and took refuge in Weymouth. There he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of rank in the neighbourhood. Apprising the court of Henry VII. of the circumstance, Sir Thomas invited his relation, Mr Russell, then recently returned from his travels, to visit the Archduke. The invitation being accepted, the Prince was fascinated by Mr Russell's intelligence and companionable qualities, and requested that he should accompany him to Windsor, whither the king had invited him to repair. On the journey, the Archduke became still more pleased with his 'learned discourse and generous deportment;' for as he was able to converse in French and German, there was no difficulty on account of language. So pleased was the Archduke, that he strongly recommended Mr Russell to the king. As a consequence, he was taken immediately into royal favour, and appointed one of the gentlemen of the privy-chamber. Sub-

sequently, he became a favourite of Henry VIII., and a companion of that monarch in his French wars. Now, on the high-road to fortune, he was appointed to several high and confidential offices. Finally, in 1539, he was created Baron Russell of Cheney, in the county of Bucks, which estate he afterwards acquired by marriage.

To make the good-luck of the first Lord Russell something beyond precedent, he lived at the outbreak of the Reformation in England, when monastic institutions were dissolved, and church lands, in the hands of Henry VIII., were given to lay adherents of the crown with what may be called reckless munificence. Lord Russell came in for an uncommonly large share in the general distribution. In 1540, when the great monasteries were dissolved, His Lordship obtained a grant to himself and his wife, and their heirs, of the site of the Abbey of Tavistock, and of extensive possessions belonging thereto. There was much more to come. After the accession of Edward VI., Lord Russell had a grant of the monastery of Woburn, and was created Earl of Bedford, 1550. In 1552, a patent was granted to John, Earl of Bedford, of Covent Garden, lying in the metropolitan parish of St Martin-in-the-Fields, with seven acres called Long Acre, of the yearly value of six pounds six shillings and eightpence; part of the possessions of the late Duke of Somerset. Covent Garden, or more properly Covent Garden, was originally the garden of the Abbey at Westminster. reckoned as of very small value at the time, the lands in and about Covent Garden, and stretching northwards, now covered with streets and squares, realise a princely ground-rental.

Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, who lived in the reign of Charles I., was noted for his ingenious scheme of draining an extensive tract of flat land, on the east coast of England, included in Lincolnshire and other counties, with an area of four hundred thousand acres. Liable to be covered by the sea, and always in the condition of a marsh, the land was of little value, unless it was drained. This work was undertaken by the Earl of Bedford, and carried out by him after incurring much

opposition, and encountering many serious difficulties. He expended a hundred thousand pounds on the work, on condition of receiving ninety-five thousand acres of the reclaimed land. His son William, fifth Earl, incurred a fresh outlay of three hundred thousand pounds to render the work complete; and ever since it has been known as the Bedford Level. With subsequent improvements, the land is a beautiful and fertile plain; being so much added to the available surface of England.

Francis died in 1641, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, fifth Earl of Bedford, who had seven sons and three daughters, of whom the eldest surviving son was Lord William Russell, the distinguished patriot in the reign of Charles II. Born in 1639, and educated at Cambridge, Lord William in a marked degree inherited the elevated ideas of civil and religious liberty, for which the family has always been remarkable. In 1660, he was married to Lady Rachel Wriothesley, second daughter and eventual heiress of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, Lord High Treasurer, and widow of Francis, Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of Lord Carberry. As Lady Rachel Russell, she was destined to derive lustre from her high sense of duty as a wife and mother in the most trying circumstances.

To understand the interesting and pathetic episode now to ensue in the story of the Russells, we have to call to mind the deplorable misconduct of the last three sovereigns of the House of Stuart. It may be admitted that by having to contend with the gloomy puritanism that had sprung up, Charles I. lived at an unhappy period; but he took the worst possible way of dealing with his subjects. His self-will, his falsehoods, his insincerity, and his illegally despotic measures, provoked civil war, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy, and the setting up of the Commonwealth under Cromwell. Next came the reign of Charles II., who by his profligacy, baseness in becoming a stipendiary of Louis XIV., and his general misgovernment through court favourites, created the utmost dissatisfaction among his subjects. Towards the conclusion of his reign, there sprang up plots to get rid of him as well as of his brother, James, Duke of York. Of course, all such plots, however ineffectual, were treasonous, and punishable by law. In some instances, the plots were the mere inventions of a set of perjured wretches, who, for the sake of pay, did not mind falsely incriminating members of the party whose politics were adverse to the unconstitutional measures of the court.

Although perhaps aware of the danger he incurred, Lord William Russell unfortunately visited the house of a person named Shepherd, in which he heard some remarks as to the possibility of seizing the guards, but took no part in the conversation. Immediately, through the machinations of Shepherd and others, the rumour of a plot was carried to the court. Glad to have a man of mark to fasten on, the king and his brother caused Lord Russell to be seized and taken to the Tower. After being examined by the Privy Council, and sent back to the Tower, Lord Russell, says Bishop Burnet, 'looked upon himself as a dead man, and turned his thoughts wholly to another world. He read much in the Scriptures, particularly in the Psalms, and

read Baxter's dying thoughts. He was serene and calm as if he had been in no danger at all.' In answer to every interrogation, he denied all knowledge of any consultation tending to an insurrection. It was all in vain. On the 13th July 1683, he was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, to take his trial for high-treason. As seems to be common in England, he had no indictment previously served upon him, and he pleaded not guilty before he knew what was the crime charged against him. Being provided with pen, ink, and paper, he asked if he might have somebody to write for him. He was told that he might have any of his servants; but on mentioning that his wife was in court and ready to assist him, the Lord Chief-Justice said: 'If my lady please to give herself the trouble.' Thereupon Lady Russell meekly sat down beside her husband, to aid him to the best of her ability. A wretch named Colonel Rumsey came forward as a witness for the crown, stating matters with no foundation in fact; and by his evidence, also that of Shepherd, and others equally disreputable, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of high-treason. Next day he received sentence of death.

The assiduous labours of Lady Russell during the trial are spoken of as something remarkable; nor did she cease the most energetic efforts to move the king to mercy; without avail. When Lord Russell spoke of his wife, the tears would sometimes come into his eyes. Once, he said he wished she would give over her attempts for his preservation; but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards, to reflect that she had left nothing undone, he acquiesced. He expressed great joy in her magnanimity of spirit, and said the parting with her was the severest pang he had to suffer. In the few days he had to live, he was attended by his friend Dr Burnet, and by Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury. On the night before his execution, after parting with his children, he asked Lady Russell to stay and sup with him, so that they might take their last earthly food together. At ten o'clock she left him. Next morning, 20th July 1683, he was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The judicial murder of Lord William Russell, and subsequently of Algernon Sidney, as well as some other patriots, served only to intensify the feelings of hatred entertained towards Charles II., and James, his brother and successor. When beset with difficulties, and ruin closing upon him, James, it is said, applied for advice and assistance to the Duke of Bedford, who sorrowfully replied that once he had a son who might have helped the king in his extremity. We almost doubt the truth of this tradition, for the Bedford family were in politics distinctly opposed to the king, who had been instrumental in bringing Lord William Russell to the block. The illegal, and it would almost seem mad proceedings of James II. lasted until the Revolution, when loaded with the execrations of England and Scotland, this last of the Stuarts ignominiously fled from the country. In the present day, it is scarcely possible to picture the coarse tyrannies, and the distress and confusion they created throughout the whole of James's brief and inglorious reign of three years, 1685 to 1688. Little need be the wonder that after wasting their opportunities, the Stuarts were finally thrown off in disgust, and

unpitied, except by a few zealous adherents, sunk to merited extinction.

Shortly after their accession to the throne, William and Mary, in acknowledgment of the consummate virtue, sanctity of manners, and greatness of mind of Lord Russell, created his bereaved father Marquis of Tavistock and Duke of Bedford; while by an act of parliament the attainder of Lord Russell was reversed. On the death of the Duke in 1700, his honours were inherited by Wriothesley, his grandson, only son of Lord Russell the ancestor of the present Bedford family. The life of Rachel Lady Russell, after the death of her husband, was occupied and imbittered by that grief of which she has left so affecting a memorial in her Letters. This remarkable woman drew out life to the age of eighty-seven, dying as lately as 1723, and is universally quoted as having been a pattern to her sex.

Wriothesley, second Duke, was a man of no mark. He occupied himself chiefly in horticultural and agricultural pursuits. At his death in 1711, he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Wriothesley, as third Duke, who is described as being a reckless devotee to gambling and other disreputable pursuits. He died without issue in 1732, and was succeeded by his brother John, as fourth Duke. John was a person of superior ability. He took part in the political movements at the middle of the eighteenth century, and was noted for his integrity of character and amiable disposition. Vast sums were expended by him in laying out the grounds and plantations at Woburn Abbey, which was now almost rebuilt on a scale of great extent, and furnished with a collection of pictures, scarcely to be paralleled in England. In executing these improvements, his greatest merit, perhaps, consisted in the skilful manner in which he arranged the magnificent park and pleasure-grounds, extending twelve miles in circumference.

Duke John had a son, Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, who married Lady Elizabeth Keppel, daughter of William, second Earl of Albemarle, and had a sad fate. He was killed by a fall from his horse in 1767, an event that caused his widow to die of grief. He left a family of sons and daughters. The eldest son, Francis, succeeded as fifth Duke, on the death of his grandfather in 1771. This Duke Francis was one of the most popular English noblemen in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the country was agitated by the convulsion in France. As a friend of Charles James Fox, and President of the Whig Club, his speeches carried great weight in the House of Lords. Dying unmarried in 1802, his titles and estates passed to his brother John, as sixth Duke.

John, sixth Duke of Bedford, was more noted as an ardent agriculturist, and skilful improver of his estates, than as a politician. In London, he did much to increase the value of the family property. One of his works was the building of the present Covent Garden Market at an outlay of forty thousand pounds. He is understood to have spent a like sum on the church at Woburn. Dying in 1839, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Francis, as seventh Duke, who, like his father, preferred a country life to politics, and by his excellent management added largely to the heritable family revenue, which under him is said to have reached

the sum of three hundred thousand pounds per annum. He died in 1861, and was succeeded by his only son, William, the eighth Duke of Bedford.

John, sixth Duke of Bedford, had two younger sons. One of these, George-William, a major-general in the army, was the father of Francis-Charles, the present Duke, who succeeded his cousin in 1872, and also of Lord Arthur Russell and the diplomatist, Lord Odo Russell, both of whom have been authorised to take precedence as sons of a Duke. The other son was John, the eminent statesman, who was created Earl Russell, Viscount Amberley, in 1861, but is best remembered under his original title of Lord John Russell, for as such he long figured as a member of the House of Commons. We can run over only a few of the leading events in the career of this remarkable person.

Lord John Russell, the youngest son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, was born 18th August 1792. After being at one or two schools, he accompanied Lord and Lady Holland on a journey through Spain. In his 'Recollections and Suggestions,' he says, on returning from this excursion, 'I asked my father to allow me to go to the University of Cambridge. But he told me that in his opinion there was nothing to be learned at English universities, and procured for me admission to the house of Professor Playfair in Edinburgh. There I had my studies directed and my character developed by one of the best and the noblest, the most upright, the most benevolent, and the most liberal of all philosophers.' Again he travelled abroad, and being returned member for Tavistock, he entered parliament in 1813, while yet not twenty-one years of age. Soon he made himself known as an advocate of parliamentary reform, but without improving his reputation, except among a few followers, for the country was unprepared for the measures which he suggested. For a number of years he devoted a considerable part of his time to literature, one of his books being the 'Life of Lord William Russell,' a by no means brilliant performance, but which has gone through several editions. His other productions, including 'Don Carlos,' a drama, are now little heard of.

Lord John was apparently deficient in the salience of fancy requisite for success in literary enterprise. His role was that of a politician, not of a working out certain ideas in the business of legislation. There were abuses to correct, and he put himself in the front rank as their corrector. Very much through his tenacity of purpose, the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed in 1828, and the Catholic Relief Bill was carried in 1829. His next great work, along with Earl Grey, was the Reform Bill, passed after lengthened agitation, 1832. The Corporation Reform Bill followed. In these times, he occupied various positions in the ministry, and was for several years Premier. For a time, he acted as Colonial Minister under Lord Palmerston, and more lately as Foreign Minister. In 1861, as above stated, he was raised to the peerage, after which, in 1865, he was again for a short time Prime Minister. His political career may then be said to have terminated. In his day, and in his own particular line of abuse-corrector, he did meritorious service; but it was generally admitted that in the comprehensiveness of mind

which has a regard for all interests and feelings, there was a marked deficiency.

Residing retiredly at Pembroke Lodge, Surrey, Earl Russell outlived his more eminent contemporaries. Personally, he was almost unknown to the younger generation. Yet, as a public man who had done great things in his day, he was ever spoken of with respect by all parties. Universal sympathy was felt for him on the decease of his son, Lord Amberley. After languishing for years in a poor state of health, Earl Russell died, to the regret of the nation, on the 28th May 1878, when he had nearly attained to the age of eighty-six. He was succeeded in the Earldom by his youthful grandson.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE JOWDERS.

HUGH ASHTON, at Treport, did not, even during the enforced inactivity of the steamer under his command, find the time hang heavily on his hands. First and foremost, there were the repairs of the *Western Maid* to demand his attention. Strictly speaking, it was no concern of the vessel's captain as to when the vessel, now crippled, would be ready for sea. Old Captain Peter Cleat, his predecessor in the command, would have chuckled in his sleeve at the convenient delays which enabled him to draw his pay while tranquilly smoking his pipe on shore. But Hugh was no mere hireling, and he hurried on the work of shipwrights and engine-fitters in a manner which, in one of Her Majesty's dockyards, would have been invaluable, so that there seemed every probability that the tug-boat would soon resume her career of useful activity.

One task, less congenial to Hugh's tastes than that of speeding the repairs of his vessel, was forced by circumstances upon the steamer's young commander, that, namely, of weeding his crew of the worst elements that it comprised. A drunken fireman was cashiered. Three seamen also received their dismissal, and the most notable of these was the late mutineer, Salem Jackson. Hugh was loath to be severe with this man, leniently considering that his bad conduct on the night of the shipwreck had been sufficiently punished by the knock-down blow he had received; but the mate was obdurate.

'Pass over that, and worse'll come of it,' said Long Michael resolutely. 'Must hev an example, for discipline's sake. If you don't report the blackguard, I must, Cap.; that's all.'

So Salem Jackson was reported to the Board, and, by order of the Board, dismissed, and went scowling away over the gang-plank of the *Western Maid*.

At this time, also, it came to pass that Hugh, perhaps rashly, provoked the undying hostility of a powerful though irregular guild, that of the Jowders or fish-dealers—a very important factor in the simple problem of Cornish coast-life. It stirred the young man's free and generous spirit to see the ignoble vassalage in which so many bronzed sea-faring men—fine fellows who seemed to have every good quality but that of mother-wit—were kept by the salesmen, whose illegal combination regulated the market-price of fish. Had this been the Jowders' sole offence, it might have

been condoned. Unluckily these petty capitalists were in the habit of investing a portion of their capital in the pockets of unthrifty fishermen, heedfully secured by certain stringent documents on stamped paper, which gave the lender a lien on boats and nets, goods and gear, and made the debtor the slave, as a debtor always is, or perhaps as inexorable a variety of the genus creditor as Europe could supply. One branch of business was dexterously made to help the other. It is not easy to dispute the hard terms of a purchaser who, while fixing his own price for cod-fish and skate, and turbot and mackerel, never suffers you to forget that the last half-yearly interest at seventy per cent. is in arrear, and that replevin and seizure and foreclosure, and other ugly terms familiar to the law, are only held in reserve, like greyhounds straining in the leash.

Hugh had spoken his mind once and again, with what was very likely an imprudent frankness, concerning these Jowders, and what would probably have been said of them, and possibly done to them, among the more independent colonists whom he had known, or in other parts of our own coast. Why did not the fishermen make a stand, save a bit, help one another in the hour of need, and cease to be borrowers from, and therefore serfs to, the Jowders? Why did they not band together to send their fish direct to market, and so get rid of the middlemen who fattened on their thrift and helplessness, and whom he likened to a set of Tregagles?

Hugh's advice did not do much good. The brave, broad-shouldered, simple-hearted giants to whom he spoke took his well-meant words in very good part, but shook their heads as they puffed at their clay pipes, with a very hopeless air. They were not free fishers, except in name, doubly enthralled as they were by the chains of habit, not to be snapped in a day, and by the traditional bondage to the bloodsuckers who lived on the fruits of their toil and danger. To anger the Jowders was a very terrible conception to those who knew that all home comforts and the future power of winning a crust for the little ones depended on the non-employment of that awful scrap of stamped paper locked up in some salesman's desk. But the comparison of the money-lending Jowders to the legendary Tregagle, that unjust steward whose punishment it is to labour hopelessly and for ever with spade and pail among the sands of the sea-shore, seemed to them a better witicism than any that ever had been uttered at the *Mariner's Joy*, where wit was rare; and they repeated the joke, and told it to their wives, and it was buzzed about from door-step to door-step until—it was not very long first—it got to the Jowders' ears, and raised a corporate feeling of hate against Hugh Ashton.

Presently, an event occurred which brought matters to a crisis. One day a fisherman's wife, Patience Pennant by name, came weeping to Captain Trawl's house. Could the Captain help her, or the young Captain help her, for the love of God, in her sore need? And in truth the poor thing, with two young children clinging to her skirts, and four others left crying at home beside the fireless hearth, was in great distress. Her story was a short one, and the main facts of it patent to all. Jan Pennant, her husband, had gone through a series of misfortunes. First,

he had 'took ill;' then, when able to go out to the deep-sea fishery, a squall had carried away mast and boom, and much tackle in the wreck of the spars; and, last and worst, old Mr Polwhedle of Treport Upper Town, professed salesman and real usurer, regarding luckless Jan as a sponge no longer worth the squeezing, had swooped down upon the debtor's boat and nets, in satisfaction of ninety pounds, principal and interest, then due.

The fishermen, moved by the hardship of the case, had clubbed their resources and made up a purse of twenty pounds. But Jowder Polwhedle would not take the twenty pounds, or grant a respite. Shylock insisted on his bond. It was held essential to the system of terrorism on which the power of the Jowders was based, that a victim should be made now and then. And Jan Pennant had been selected as a very appropriate sacrifice to Mammon. This time, Patience Pennant was enabled to dry her tears. Worthy Captain Frawl, who was not of a saving turn, could indeed produce from the recesses of the tea-caddy which served him for a treasury but one five-pound note, crumpled and greasy, which he flattened down with his heavy hand before presenting it to the fisherman's weeping wife. But Hugh Ashton, who had his share of the salvage reward nupent in his possession, produced, to quote Patience Pennant's admiring words, 'seventy golden sovereigns,' wherewith to pay off old Polwhedle of Treport Upper Town. And Jan Pennant, who had been too shamefaced to beg personally for aid, came to render thanks for the loan, beginning in faint words, and then breaking down and sobbing like a big bearded baby before he got to the end of his speech. And it was all that Hugh could do to prevent the surf-booted fishermen, Jan's neighbours and comrades, from carrying the young Captain of the *Western Maid* in triumph on their shoulders into the town. But old Polwhedle the Jowder was stirred to royal wrath, and his brethren of the craft made common cause with him.

That very evening, as Hugh, in compliance with the pressing invitation of the good simple fellows whose hearts his kindness had won, was present as their guest in the public room of the *Mariner's Joy*, there was a hum and an uneasy stir among the company nearest to the door, and there came shambling into the room a little lean old man, wearing horn spectacles, and having a huge black pocket-book ostentatiously protruding from the breast-pocket of the loose brown coat he wore. He took off his hat and adjusted his black wig upon his wrinkled brows as he came in; and as his small ratlike eyes surveyed the assembly, it was evident that the sight of him produced an effect similar to that of the appearance of a ferret in a rabbit-warren. All those big stalwart fellows in the red shirts and blue suits of Flushing cloth seemed scared at the arrival of this lean little old man.

Hugh was the only person present who did not know the new-comer by sight; but he soon learned his name from one of the company, who asked timidly 'if Muster Polwhedle would sit down.'

But Mr Polwhedle the Jowder declined to take the chair that the deferential landlord came bustling to offer. He preferred to stand; and so, lean-

ing against the door-post, he drew out his large black pocket-book and opened it, and rustled over the leaves, looking about him from time to time, and scanning the face of man after man with a malicious enjoyment of the hush that had fallen upon the company and of the terror which his aspect and that of the black pocket-book occasioned. Had he been a prefect of police, and they a band of continental conspirators, the honest fellows gathered in the *Mariner's Joy* could not have looked more cowed than they did.

In a few minutes another new-comer, manifestly a friend of Mr Polwhedle's, dropped in, and then another and another, till the whole of the Jowders in Treport and its vicinity, some six or seven strong, seemed to be collected, like carrion-crows about a carcass, in the public room of that sea-side hostelry. The Jowders were not all, it may well be supposed, little old men, like Mr Polwhedle their patriarch. One or two of them indeed might have been his twin brothers, save as regarded the black wig; but others were coarse, burly, red-faced men, in the prime of life, yet still with an odd sort of family likeness about the hard mouth and the restless eyes that seemed to be heirlooms among them. In the presence of this awful muster of Jowders, the fishermen scarcely dared to draw their breath, and an ominous silence prevailed. The silence was broken by old Mr Polwhedle, who, pointing with a yellow and crooked forefinger at Hugh, as if devoting him to the powers of evil, croaked out: 'There he sits! That's the man!' And there was an inarticulate chorus of suppressed hisses and snarls from the congregated Jowders.

'Do you mean me, Mr Polwhedle, if that is your name? And if you do mean me, what do you want?' demanded Hugh.

'That's the man,' went on Mr Polwhedle, taking no notice of Hugh's inquiry, 'that takes upon himself to advise them that be fools enough to hearken to him, to have nothing to do with us Jowders. That's the man that said, in Australia I should have been tossed in a blanket, long ago. And that's the man that put on us Jowders the nickname of Tregeagles!' Again the same chorus, a little louder and fiercer this time, from the sympathetic fraternity of Jowders. The fishermen, their eyes on the ground, their muscular hands grasping their extinguished pipes, looked as frightened as school-boys in presence of an angry head-master.

'That's the man,' pursued Mr Polwhedle suddenly directing his crooked forefinger and his baleful gaze towards the unfortunate Jan Pennant, 'that borrows cash—or begs it—from a stranger, and an enemy to us Jowders, when he's sold up by his lawful creditor, is it? Very well, Jan Pennant! Then, when you get a new mast aboard that boat of yours, and a new boom, the best use you can make of 'em is to set every rag of sail, and be off out of this, to earn your bread where you can. You don't sell another creel of fish in Treport, or near Treport, from now to your dying day, Jan, my lad!'

Then there arose, mingling with and drowning the hoarse chorus of the triumphant Jowders, a chorus on the part of the sea-faring men there present. Not of indignation—not of anger. No, no! Never before, perhaps, had the threats of a Jowder been so publicly spoken; but conversation, as we know, between man and man is not rebellious,

and the fishermen there had for the most part heard hints, if not menaces, as dire as that freshly uttered. All that the poor fellows, with their wives and little ones at home, dared to venture was a humble plea *ad misericordiam* on behalf of Jan their comrade. His sentence was one of banishment; and for a Cornishman to leave the church town, the sight of the old church tower, and quay, and pierhead, and gabled houses, is bitter indeed. Even Hugh, when he spoke, after a wondering, sorrowful glance to right and left at the bronzed and black-bearded men, so fearless of storm and sea, so meek in presence of the usurers who took the lion's share of their hard-won gains, spoke, since at last he found himself the only spokesman there, with a mildness that belied the tingling of his warm young blood.

'Mr Polwhedle,' he said, 'think it over! Be as angry as you please with me, but spare the innocent. Jan Pennant has done you no harm. You wouldn't, surely, forbid an Englishman, in his native place, to earn his honest bread!'

'Wouldn't I?' replied old Polwhedle, with a hideous cackling laugh. The other Jowders echoed the laugh in deeper tones, and then, in a body, the carrion-crows moved off; and the Treport fishermen were not long in following their example. There was no more talk, no more laughter among them; but silently, despondently, each man went home to tell his wife with bated breath that it was not good to vex the Jowders, and of Jan Pennant's doom.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

Hugh had plenty to do. There was trouble in the 'Rest,' as the old skipper called his dwelling, under the roof of which Hugh was a lodger. Old Captain Trawl had himself fallen ill. Sometimes the unsuspected seeds of disease lie for years and years latent in the constitution, like so many grains of Egyptian mummy-wheat waiting, perhaps from the date of the mythic foundation of Rome to the present year of grace, to sprout when planted and watered, and bear doleful harvest at last. And especially is this apt to be the case when men have spent their best years under such skies as those beneath which the old merchant captain had spent the best of his life, and where fever, and ague, and palsy are easy to catch and hard to heal.

At any rate, old Captain Trawl was ill; and his delicate grandchild Rose would have been unequal to the task of nursing him but for Hugh's help. Hugh Ashton was, like all sailors, a good nurse in sickness, soft of tread and speech and touch, and gifted too with that quick sympathy that divines a sufferer's wants, and which is often believed to be a woman's especial prerogative. Strange it is, by the way, that the bravest men, like the tenderest of women, are the best and most thoughtful beside a couch of pain. No watcher of the night could be more unselfishly patient than Hugh Ashton; and it was wonderful how soothing was the effect that his presence produced on the old invalided seaman, who loved to prattle, when he awoke from snatches of feverish slumber, of the sea.

One other volunteer attendant—other than 'Nezer the faithful dwarf,' whose large feet and clumsy hands and heavy tread unfitted him for service

in a sick-room—the captain had, though it was very seldom that Will Farleigh had time to spare. Will was pretty Rose Trawl's affianced husband, a light-haired, bright, slight young fellow, the sole support of a bedridden mother, and whom it had not been easy to induce old Captain Job, who had a traditionary reverence for bone and brawn, to accept as a suitor for his granddaughter's hand. Will was a bird-hunter and bird-stuffer, an ornithologist he called himself laughingly, not very strong, but as lithe and active as a lizard when scaling a rock, and reputed the most daring of Cornish cragsmen. There are countless birds and rare on those far-western shores—the red-legged chough, the puffin, the osprey, and ducks and gulls of species unknown in many other parts of Britain; and Will, who was a devourer of books, knew more of their ways, and was defter in stuffing and preserving the specimens that fell in his way, than his illiterate competitors.

Will, like most of those who knew him, had been drawn towards Hugh Ashton, as such natures as those of the young Captain of the *Western Maid* do attract generous spirits. To Hugh he confided the hopes and fears of a life sufficiently adventurous. 'You see, Captain Ashton,' he would say, 'I get my bread by risking my neck. Mine's a little trade, as a North-country stuffer I once worked with—killed, I heard, poor fellow, by a fall from the Antrim cliffs, over in Ireland—used to say. Now, when first I began as a boy, I took a foolish pride in playing pranks, to make folks stare; but when I got more sense, I took the rope with me in awkward places, for mother's sake more than mine, since, if my foot slipped, there would be nothing for the poor old soul but the Union. And now, on account of Rose, I never throw a chance away when I am over the cliff.'

To Will Farleigh, whose professional wanderings brought him into contact with people of all grades, Hugh mentioned his desire to be informed as to the present whereabouts of Ghost Nan. 'Ghost Nan—Gipsy Nan,' answered Will, with a laugh. 'Why, she's here, unless indeed she goes on the principle of the old saying, "Here to-day, gone to-morrow!" Anyhow, I saw her, Wednesday evening last, flit, like a bat in the twilight, across the entrance to Holloway. Ten to one she is at Giles Treloar's.'

Hugh proceeded to explain to his new friend that it was no easy matter, according to his experience, to pass Mr Treloar's inhospitable portals. He had been twice at the door of the tramps' lodging-house since the memorable day on which the pot-valiant proprietor of the establishment had refused admission not merely to himself but to the superintendent of the Treport police, and so far from gleaming any intelligence as to Ghost Nan, had not even been able to obtain the dubious felicity of an interview with the redoubtable Giles himself.

'Whom did you see?' asked Will. 'A woman, wasn't it, with a baby in her arms, and a black eye, and smelling of gin and peppermint?'

Hugh admitted the accuracy of this unflattering portrait.

'That's Mrs Treloar—Mercy Judkin that was,' went on the young bird-stuffer. 'She was the daughter of a respectable tradesman, up town, and married this scamp Giles; and all her family

turned their backs on her when she came back with him from London and set up this lodging-house. 'It's out of pity for her the magistrates don't withdraw the beer license; and though she has much to put up with, poor creature, she does her best to go on respectably, and somehow keeps the business, such as it is, together. As for Trelor, he does nothing but drink and bluster, except when he has got the horrors on him; but, after all, he's master of the house; and so, if we want to find out about Ghost Nan, we must do it by stratagem.'

Young Will went on to say that he, dealing not infrequently for scarce birds or eggs with the moor-ranging vagrants who frequented Mr Trelor's squalid house of entertainment, was in a manner free of it. What he proposed was that Hugh should keep out of sight while he entered the place on some plausible pretext of business, and did his best, without exciting suspicion among a most suspicious class of persons, to ascertain whether Ghost or Gipsy Nan were really harboured on the premises.

Hugh's heart beat high as he walked beside the bird-hunter through the narrow and roughly paved streets of the quaint old town; but, at the corner of Holloway, Will Earlegh suggested that he should halt and await his return.

'One glimpse of you, Captain Ashton,' he said good-humouredly, 'would spoil sport. Me they don't mind; but you look so like a gentleman, that, if they lost money by it—and they'd do pretty nearly anything for money—they couldn't help telling you a pack of lies. Mumps and cadgers are queer—very queer!' And with this axiom of practical morality, he went his way; and after a delay which seemed to Hugh interminable, came back, with a shade of disappointment over his bright boyish face. 'Bird flown,' he said, shaking his head; 'and some trouble I had too to find out that much. One thing I did learn—she went off this very morning New-Forest-way.'

'New-Forest-way—indeed!' answered Hugh thoughtfully.

'It's a great place for gipsies, I have heard,' returned the bird-stuffer, more occupied with his own skill in eliciting the information than with the intrinsic value of the information itself. 'I heard it from an old chap that makes a living by sham fits—epilepsy, you know—and travels all England to do it. "What do you want with Ghost Nan, young shaver?" says he. But I said she'd got a brace of kittiwakes to sell, that some gipsy boys had knocked down on the cliff with stones. I was told. And he believed it, and said with a chuckle: "You may go for your kittiwakes to the New Forest then. A'y boy, for she's off thereward since morning." And then Trelor came in, very bezy and quarrelsome, and I was glad to get out of the kitchen.'

As Hugh returned home, baffled for the second time by the whimsically sudden disappearance of this wild woman, who held, he could scarcely doubt, a clue to the mystery which he had made at the business of his life to fathom, he met Jan Pennant.

'I've come, Cap., to say good-bye, and may God bless ye for your kindness!' said the fisherman.

'You are not really going on account of the man's threats?' asked Hugh.

'Yes, I am, Cap'en. I know the Jowders, begging your pardon, better than you. Their bark's bad, but their bite's worse. We should come upon the parish here. But the wife and children are aboard, and I sail with the tide.'

'Where to, Jan?' asked Hugh.

'To Falmouth,' answered the fisherman. 'Tis my wife's native place, and I'm known there, and can live, I hope; though 'tis hard to be hunted out of dear old Treport. But them seventy pounds of yours, Cap.—trust me, if I work my fingers to the bone, I'll pay them back.'

'No hurry. Good-luck to you, Jan!' answered Hugh; and they parted.

A GLIMPSE OF ST HELENA.

AROUND the ocean-girt island of St Helena has always clung a certain amount of historical interest, notably that in connection with Napoleon Bonaparte. Comparatively few however, save the writers of a guide-book or a history of the place, know much about the island as it at present exists; their knowledge in all likelihood being derived from the brief descriptions afforded by travellers, whose acquaintance may have been limited to a transient glimpse of barren and precipitous rocks, from a passing vessel. Discovered by the commodore of a Portuguese fleet returning from India in 1501, on the anniversary of Saint Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, this sea-girt spot was successively colonised by the Portuguese and the Dutch. It finally fell into the hands of the East India Company, to whom it was confirmed by two charters in the reign of Charles II. In the year 1834 it was transferred to the crown.

Though at first sight St Helena may be disappointing, those who tarry for a while are invariably enthusiastic in the remembrance of its balmy atmosphere, tropical verdure, and delicious flowers and fruit. Lonely as is this speck of an island, there is yet a fair amount of life and variety to ameliorate the solitude. *Emus* is kept at bay by men-of-war and other ships which put into the island, occasioning balls, extempore dances, lunches, and picnics by sea and shore. Its glory as a garrison fort has not yet entirely departed, as is certified by the military element which prevails.

And now let us take a peep at the island and offer a few words of description. Leaving our ship at anchor in the safe little crescent-shaped harbour, we are rowed in towards the shore. As we approach through the waters, we have good opportunity to note the rocky cliffs towering upwards like frowning giants anxious to guard some treasure in their keeping. If it happen to be the season when the huge 'rollers,' as they are termed, prevail, we may shudder in fascination at these majestic waves gathering force, and bearing onwards dark and loud, at no great distance from our path, until they break in white wrath on the pebbly beach. To our left is Rupert's Hill, crowned by a battery, and other lofty crags, bare of vegetation. To the right, under Ladder Hill, lie the West Rocks, a level range, intersected with pools of sea-water, mingled with pebbles, sand, shells, and common green weed. Here are two natural bathing-places, one serene and calm, the other a miniature maelstrom.

We pursue our course *ad* the landing-place. Our boats row cautiously through the surf to the steps on our left, and we are on *terra firma*. While the cranes are drawing up luggage and various goods, we walk from the quay along a somewhat narrow road under the eastern hill-side, dusty with reminiscences of coal, where there is some stir and activity, and where a few Lascars are loitering about, or possibly at work. The way widens as we proceed, until we come to a draw-bridge, and our steps awaken a hollow echo over the dry moat that separates the glacis from the parallel line of fortification; the inside wall supports the embankment of the principal raised out-work. Close to this wall are ordnance magazines, formerly well stocked with needful ammunition, and various public stores and offices.

We are impelled to glance back at the mighty billows dashing upon the glittering beach, ere we continue our route along the lines, where we hail the sight of trees. We pause about midway at the Gate, an arched avenue of stone, and the legitimate entrance to the town, whose central doors are closed at sunset, and always guarded by sentries. Thence we pass under the Terrace, or higher range of fortification, distinguished by its parapets, flag-staffs, and cannon; and terminated at each extremity by a battery, beneath Rupert's and Ladder Hill. Upon this abuts the Castle or town government house, with its private entrance and inclosures of commissariat and other stores. We do not now ascend the flight of red sandstone steps, much worn by tread of feet, that lead to the Terrace; but having emerged from the sombre precincts of the gateway into the light of the Square or lower Parade, we observe to our right one of the few hotels of the place, the Custom-house, and the little church of St James. Beneath the Terrace, in this vicinity, there is the lock-up. To our left, are the open gates and courtyard of the Castle. Contiguous we have a row of buildings occupied by the Government Printing Press, the Post-office, Session-house, and the chief public departments. Next appear the iron gates of the Government Garden, which in the good old times of the East India Company was filled with specimens of horticulture from all quarters of the globe. Looking out upon a quiet part of the garden is the Public Library. Here is situated the Town-hall, with cool veranda, where fancy bazaars, concerts, lectures were all wont to be held. The Sisters' Walk, a semi-romantic road or path extending behind and above the gardens, was designed by Colonel Patton, the governor in 1807, as a secluded promenade for his two daughters. The walk has long been open to gentle and simple alike, and here we find rustic benches close to a murmuring streamlet, overshadowed by the gamboge, the pepel, and that freak of nature the banyan. It ends in a hexagonal summer-house directly over the battery where the Terrace begins, and embraces a wide prospect of the wharf, the glacis, the bay, and the western rocks opposite, with a portion of the rugged hill of which those rocks form the base.

Let us quit the town however, and wander inland. The celebrated tomb of Napoleon has often been described, as well as Longwood House; also that first and chosen residence of the fallen conqueror, the Briars, among whose geraniums Thackeray had a glimpse of Bonaparte. The

author of *Vanity Fair* on his homeward way from India at the time, was carried past the house by his black 'bearer.'

The most remarkable elevation in the island is that called Diana's Peak, situated in the central part of the island, two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea; with Actæon in the vicinity. It is wooded and verdant to the summit. Here are found the indigenous tree-fern *Dicksonia arborea*, extending some fifteen or twenty feet in height; the black cabbage-tree, whose gnarled and crooked branches produce vegetation at the top, chiefly leaves resembling the laurel, and daisy-like flowers. In the vicinity of Longwood is the Barn, a square-looking eminence of two thousand and odd feet, hard to climb; and unlike Diana, covered with coarse grass and stunted shrubs. Fossil sea-shells lie strewn on the highest point! One of the curiosities of the island is a tract called The Churchyard, a dreary plain of dry sandy soil, scattered over with boulders, many of considerable size, smooth, and some resembling tombstones in shape. One among them, about six feet in height, is most singular, being hollowed out at the top like a natural font, and containing in the driest season about a quart of pure water, apparently absorbed up from the ground. From this you may quench your thirst in passing; and returning thither an hour after, find another tempting draught awaiting you. There is no sign of verdure in this silent weird place, that might have been aptly called Ghouls' Acre. From this place you may proceed towards the ponds on the sea-coast where the country-people go a-fishing; in passing may be noted the print of a large Foot, firmly stamped into the hard sandy surface, which they say can only belong to the Evil One.

On the way to the ponds there is a yawning fissure in the cliff-side presided over by Lot's Wife, called the Dungeon; stones thrown into its depths were said to go on echoing for ever, like the haunting memory of an evil deed. Of the boulders in the island, one of the most remarkable is the Bellstone, in the eastern district; it is of enormous size, and consists of a detached rugged block, surmounted horizontally by a great flat stone of oblong shape, which when struck sends forth a sound like the clear ringing of a bell, and is heard miles away.

The titles of some of the localities are singular enough, such as—Half Moon Battery, Two Gun Saddle, Man and Horse Ridge, Stitches Ridge, Breakneck Valley, and Mosquito Cottage. Pleasantly suggestive are such names as Bliss Cottage, Myrtle Grove, Rose Bower, Sunny Side, and Mount Pleasant, overlooking Fairy Land.

At one time Chinese labour was extensively employed for domestic and field purposes in the island. The burying-ground still exists, where might be seen little notes covered with hieroglyphics, and attached to the mounds by sticks. Several joss-houses also existed for their convenience. The common and sweet potato and the yam are grown in quantities; the last named is relished by the poorer class as a vegetable in fried slices. Pumpkins, and Indian corn roasted to a crisp brown, are also eaten. Fish and rice are the staple articles of consumption amongst the poor all the year round. Of shell-fish there are the stump, a cross between lobster and crab, of a dull red colour; and the longlegs, a large-bodied lobster,

dark blue, with red spots. Turtle are frequently found; one caught in the same year that Longwood new house was prepared for the Emperor, weighed about eight hundred pounds, the shell afterwards forming the chief portion of a soldier's hut. Of sea-fowl, that commonly known as the Tropic Bird (*Phaeton aethereus*) haunts these shores. It is conspicuous by its immense size when on the wing, and by its glistening white plumage. In the days of the East India Company, the egg of another sea-bird, which was about the size of a small hen's-egg, was esteemed a great delicacy, and cherished by them as one of their peculiar perquisites. Certain days of the week were specified when the public were allowed to collect them. The man who caught a 'sea-cow' ran a risk of being fined five pounds if he did not offer to share his booty with the Company, or 'the cyle of the same.'

Among the live-stock, poultry and fowls flourish, in wild or domesticated state; they are fed chiefly on 'paddy' or rice unthrashed from the husk. Of game there is no lack, although the species is limited; there being a regular season and license. The wild rabbit burrows in the neighbourhood of the luxuriant furze; partridges and pheasants abound. The canary, though not of so pure a plumage as the English and Belgian varieties, is a beautiful songster. But the *rara avis* of St Helena is the cardinal or red-bird, robed in vivid scarlet during the summer months, but when moulting, of a greenish gray tint. It is difficult of capture, swift, and very mischievous, destroying buds and blossoms of fruit-trees. It has no song. The only bird considered to be entirely indigenous is the 'wire-bird,' a sort of plover, not unlike the snipe in appearance and size, and receiving its local appellation from its habit of frequenting the long 'wire-grass' of the more sterile regions. The Java sparrow and a few 'foreigners' are found at St Helena; but no English species.

A few English fruits are to be met with sometimes, such as the currant, strawberry, and gooseberry; but these are rare. All the more common vegetables, such as peas, beans, broccoli, cabbages of every sort, endive, lettuce, cucumber, &c., flourish well in this fertile soil. Pears are abundant, also the English apple. Of really tropical fruits there are the mango, the guava, the loquat, the chirimoya—a custard-apple of delightful flavour from Jamaica; the banana, the plantain, and the peach. The king of peaches is a large golden-yellow globe, resembling the nectarine, but more juicy and sweet. The grape, melon, pine-apple, apricot, fig, mulberry, chestnut, the filbert, and cocoa-nut, also flourish. The purple and the white granddilla is another fruit of no distinctive flavour. The sugar-cane grows to but a small extent, and is never utilised. The date, tamarind, pomegranate, Indian fig, and prickly pear are also to be found amongst the products of the island.

The indigenous wild-rosemary (*Phyllaea rosmarinifolia*) is a tree of graceful form, with small leaves of pale green. It is peculiar to rocky and barren situations, and might be termed the St Helena upas, for nothing will flourish in its shade. The ebony-wood once grew luxuriantly, not alone on Diana's Peak, but in many spots. The red-wood (*Dombeya erythroxylon*), which has also become

very rare, grew to a height of thirty feet, bearing large pendent blossoms of bell shape, white and red. There is another *Dombeya* spoken of in an ancient record; and but that these plants were classified far too long ago, we should be inclined to believe that some lover of Dickens had been botanising among the indigenous vegetation of this favourable spot in the Atlantic. The seed of the elephant-grass is styled locally 'Job's tears.' Of these—solid enough for the purpose—the natives manufacture necklaces, baskets, and other ornaments. The American aloe furnishes material for many a tasteful nick-nack to the skilful manipulator of its fibre. Its abundant blossoms here offer further disproof of the Old-world notion that the aloe blossomed but once in a century. Several of the different species of aloe and cactus, &c. which are preserved in the conservatories at Kew, are found at St Helena. The coffee-plant attains to a remarkable height, and is very plentiful, the berry, which is excellent, being exported. The oak flourishes in great beauty, from acorns first planted about 1750; and there are many familiar trees, English and European; the laurel and holly, the willow, cypress, cork, &c. Such is the geniality of the climate, that the palm, the Norwegian fir, the oak, and Norfolk Island pine stand side by side. The silver-tree, which adorns Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope, also grows in this Fortunate Isle, the narrow silvery leaves of its involucre making a beautiful shield for the innumerable stamens and cone-like centre of the blossom. Nor must we forget the graceful and softly stirring bamboo, that might be the home of some tropical Dryad; and the tall *datura* expanding in perfection its large, white, bell-shaped flowers, closed and shrunk during the day, like mere clinging rags; hence perhaps its local designation in prose—the Petticoat plant. But soft: stay till Night comes, and with her magic touch, we shall behold the drooping blossom transformed into the *Belle de Nuit*! A lovely sight these numberless bells, bending with stately grace in the moon's light, after the 'blood-red' sun has sought his rest.

The Virginia and sweet Madagascar creeper ornament garden bowers and arbours. The passion-flower appears in four or five varieties, as well as all garden-flowers—fuchsia, jasmine, mignonette, pansy, heliotrope, camellia, and roses of many kinds. A red *salvia* colloquially called here 'splendid sage,' is far handsomer than the common English *salvia*. In private grounds where especial care is bestowed, as Plantation House, the Governor's residence and others, the rose, verberna, carnation, pelargonium, and different exotics are brought to some perfection. Geraniums of all sorts are plentiful; the common scarlet growing wild in whole hedges, as well as the nutmeg or strong-scented leaf. The arum-lily is accounted, for some reason, the emblematical flower or badge of St Helena, and is a conspicuous element of church decoration upon festival occasions.

The principal sources of revenue in St Helena are licenses; water-rates; taxes upon carriages, horses, and dogs; wharfage and custom duties; a moderate tonnage-due; &c. There appears to be no police-rate. There are various time-honoured institutions: charity and benefit funds; poor and industrial societies; several schools, besides those

under government; a Benevolent, and an old-established Social Society, of which the Bishop is patron.

In 1847, the island of St Helena was created an episcopal diocese, incorporated with Cape Colony, the first Bishop being Dr Gray. Later, it was altered to a small independent see, of which the lord-spiritual not improbably enjoys a quasi-sinecure. There is no dearth of churches and chapels. The poor are well cared for, both islanders and negroes. Many of the latter are domestic servants (proving generally a faithful class of servitors), or were so until recent years, when a large number were despatched to Lagos and other settlements. The affections of the African are strong and tenacious. At the period of the emancipation of slaves in this island, many craved to remain with their quondam owners upon unremunerated service, rather than be turned adrift to shift for themselves under conditions of 'freedom,' in exchange for a home ruled by the law of kindness. St Helena was virtually one of the earliest colonies to liberate its slaves; a movement which took place nearly twenty years prior to the regular abolition by law.

To take a stroll in the early morning along paths bordered with wild sweet roses, glistening with dew, and shedding their perfection of odour unheeded, is to comprehend something of the *dolce far niente*; fragrance, light, colour, everywhere; banks upon banks of wild fuchsia in ruddy bloom; great bushes of heliotrope side by side with sweet-brier and myrtle; lofty vigorous-limbed trees of the red and the white camellia; these in garden-walks or alleys, but still growing in luxuriance in the open air. To a branch of a camellia-tree in the grounds of a country-seat—of which Liberty Hall would surely have been no misnomer—might be seen a child's swing fixed. Fancy learning the poetry of motion thus! Camellia petals showering around you, mingled with those of the lesser-magnolia, and diffusing through the atmosphere a perfume more delicate than that of its powerful elder sister the *grandiflora*. Imagine again, the sight of two or three juveniles, comfortably ensconced, unhidden and unwatched, in the branches of peach-trees, feasting to their heart's content!

But here we must close our glimpse of this peaceful insular spot, which is becoming better known than formerly, from the circumstance that it lies on the route of Messrs Donald Currie and Company's fleet of splendid steamers to and from the Cape.

MR HIPSEY.

THERE exists a numerous vagabond class of persons—well informed, clever, ready for anything, but unsteady. They have no command over their abominable appetites, and seem as if set on never doing any good, no matter what is done for them. There is another class of the vagabond order, who are only unsettled from a degree of inherent eccentricity. One of these is Mr Hipsev, whom we happen to know something about. He has been a wanderer all his life. We meet him slouching about the Strand and the purlieus of Clement's Inn, always in the same shabby clothes, with his hands stuck in his pockets, apparently doing nothing whatever

day after day. And yet he always has a little money about him, and never appears to be what is usually termed 'hard up.' Only a few persons know how he actually lives; but it appears that while sauntering about the streets with apparently no fixed object, his brains are busy at work devising some method of keeping the wolf from the door. In early life he has been a school usher, and his education is very tolerable. He writes a good hand, and frequently sits up all night doing jobs for the law-writers. Then he has not forgotten his classical studies, still retaining enough knowledge of Greek and Latin to suit his purpose, and is besides a very fair botanist. At the ripe age of fifty-four he has already tried his hand at every 'light' trade you can mention, including of course the three learned professions of the church, law, and medicine; the first as an itinerant preacher, the second as a law-writer's clerk, and the third as a purveyor of herbs and pills on a truck. People will naturally wonder why with such versatility of genius the man has not long ago made a fortune, for he does not drink, or at anytime it takes so much to affect him that nobody can say they ever saw him the worse for liquor. But the one failing to which may be attributed his non-success in life is negligence. If you give him a job in your counting-house, he will go on admirably with his work until you are busy and cannot very well spare him; when he will suddenly desert his post without warning. Having no wife to scold and drive him, he treats all your animadversions with the utmost complacency. Why should he trouble if your accounts have become confused? Something else will be sure to offer to him shortly, and that is quite enough to satisfy him.

Like his more aristocratic brethren the loungers of Pall Mall, he must have his summer outing—or as he terms it, 'a run at grass' every year. As his means do not admit of railway charges, he puts into his pocket a pipe and tobacco, matches, a pencil and plenty of paper, and a knife. Thus equipped he sallies forth about the third week in June, and in a couple of days or so gets well up into Hampshire. As for money, why, he had eighteenpence in his pocket when he started, but now has nearly ten shillings. And this is how he has become so rich. Whenever he hears a village, he inquires the name of the parish clergyman, and scribbling a short message in Latin, sends it in by the servant-maid. This is the 'open sesame' to the clergyman's heart and purse-strings, who usually sends him out a shilling or two, not unfrequently coming to the door and asking him questions. But Mr Hipsev is always equal to the occasion. He is of course an unfortunate scholar driven to do any menial work in London when he can get it; but the town is empty, and there is nothing to be had. If the clergyman thinks he may perhaps be an impostor, and asks him to read a little Horace, he can do that; and as for the police trapping him, why he never found a fellow-reader of the classics yet who would even hint that he was committing an offence under the Vagrant Act. Besides which, he always reserves a point of law in his favour, for he has carefully worded his note to imply a loan; and if by any possibility a mishap should occur, he will be certain to battle out his Latinity before the magistrate.

Going a few miles farther with Mr Hipsey, we learn from him the botanical names and medicinal virtues of many wild plants; and coming upon a bed of water-cress, he fills a tolerably large canvas bag full; and as it is now noon and the sun is hot, he thinks he will have a plunge into the river to refresh himself. Soap he does not need, for there is plenty of yellow clay about, and that answers as well; neither does he trouble about a towel, but simply sits still until he is dry. After this he invites us to lunch, which consists of something better than bread-and-cheese, washed down with something out of a tin bottle rather stronger than beer. After a pipe and a snooze upon the grass, he starts off to sell his water-cresses at the houses of country gentlemen by the road, who are usually, he informs us, lamentably ignorant of the classics. He knows nearly always the character of the master of the house by the sort of servant who opens the door. If a neat-handed Phyllis or a six-foot-high footman comes, he is pretty certain of custom, or at all events of a civil answer. But he detests those places where a page in buttons appears, for he says he invariably finds their masters 'stuck up' and poor, and the boys rude as Boreas. Occasionally he is offered by his customers something to eat and drink; but he is never allowed to help himself; and even farmers, at all events in the southern counties, are becoming horribly stingy to what they were when he was a boy.

Towards five o'clock he collects some sticks and lights a small fire between a couple of stones, on which he places a tin bottle full of water, with a few pinches of tea at the bottom; and when it has boiled he produces a child's mug from his pocket, and bread and butter, purchased with his water-cress money. The evening is spent rummaging over some large woods and fields; for on the morrow he expects to make a 'haul,' as he terms it; and as the sun sets, goes in quest of a bed at some rustic public-house. If he fails to procure one, either because they cannot accommodate him, or else will not do so at his price—namely sixpence, he makes himself comfortable in the hay-fields. With the first streak of light in the east, he is astir, and lighting his pipe, bids us accompany him, for he must do his work speedily before the gamekeepers are up. Then with knife in hand he proceeds to cut and tie into large bundles the *Atropa belladonna*, growing plentifully around, and this with our assistance he conveys to a place of concealment; for he it observed that herb has a market value of about eight pounds per ton in its green state, and if he were caught cutting it, he might be stopped. Long before the gamekeepers are about, he has culled all the belladonna worth having, and then prepares his breakfast. While having this meal, he avers to us that he is thoroughly enjoying himself, and that the excitement of gathering wild plants is every way as pleasurable to him as fox-hunting is to others. The next thing is to borrow a rickety old truck, or hire an old man with a donkey-cart to take his herbaceous spoil to the nearest railway station, and thence to London; whence in a day or two he will have a post-office order for the quantity he has sent.

It must not be supposed however, that he is always fortunate either in finding saleable herbs or in gathering them when found; for the country-

people in some parts will rather allow the plants to rot than permit him to take them; and he not infrequently has to pay hush-money to gamekeepers and others who have come to be aware that herb-gathering is at times rather lucrative. Usually he goes to his old frequented haunts, sometimes finding however, on arrival that another has been there a day or two previously, and carried away everything. In such cases, he reminds his clerical friends pathetically that he is unfortunate as a herb-gatherer, and reduces his luxuries of eating and drinking. In about a month, he will have done all he can; and with ten or twelve pounds in pocket, will return to town to take a short period of rest before the hop-picking season commences in Kent.

Laden with a mysterious bundle of greenery despoiled from the woods and hedgerows of sunny Hants, he reaches his room in Great Wild Street, Drury Lane, and immediately begins to complain how badly the streets smell, whereupon he proceeds to throw out the stuffing of his palliasse, which he replaces with a quantity of fresh-dried ferns. His bedstead he has manufactured himself out of a few planks and a couple of tea-chests, and the rest of his household surroundings are of an equally primitive description. Round the wall he hangs some of his idolised roots and plants to dry, and proceeds to wash his shirt; for he has but a very small stock of linen, and sends nothing out to the laundress. He is too his own tailor, and as far as possible his own cobbler, buying whatever he is compelled to buy second-hand, and making it last as long as possible. With regard to cookery, he is great at stews, and will manufacture you a pie out of liver and bacon seasoned with some wild marjoram, which will go down very well even if you are not hungry. Then if reduced to rather a low ebb, he will make a very palatable mess out of a pennyworth of mussels, or half a cow's heel and a few onions.

With all such qualities to recommend him, and being able, as he usually is, to pay his way, it is not surprising that some of the fair sex occasionally pay him attentions with a view to matrimony; but he turns a deaf ear to all their hints, feeling quite certain that he should either forget the appointed day, or else flatly refuse to take the bride-elect to wife when interrogated by the clergyman. By the time the hop-picking season has commenced, he has usually reached the bottom of his purse, and has again to tramp it down into Kent. As far as earning money is concerned our Bohemian friend does not find hop-picking of much use, as he has no family to assist him; and children with their nimble fingers can earn as much as he can. But what with a little work by day, and playing a cracked fiddle in the public-houses at night, he manages to make a pretty fair thing of it; and upon returning home will be sure to call at some of the wharfs where he is known, and beg as much stray wood as he can carry to serve him for firing.

Like a skilful general, it will be seen that he has a great many strategical points to fall back upon. In fact our vagabond can turn his hand to so many things that he is rarely at fault for resources, and as it is said of all of us that we each have a mission to fulfil in the world which nobody else can accomplish, we must not consider that the

life led by Mr Hipey is devoid of good points. Men like himself, of versatile powers, fill, undoubtedly, a gap in the social system, and give us some insight into the life of a literal vagabond.

A STITCH IN TIME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

HAD Mr Burton's money been in jeopardy but a very few years later than the real date, the electric telegraph would have laughed to scorn all his efforts; but he was just before that marvel—in its communication with Australia at any rate, and he was glad to think he had yet a chance. Swift as may be the progress of a clipper steamer, yet even by the swiftest, the voyage to Australia is a long and monotonous passage, and to a man with such anxiety in his mind as was the lot of Mr Burton, it seems endless.

Their passage was as prosperous and uneventful as a passage could be; yet even then, one or two trifling incidents occurred to disturb him and to fill him with the gloomiest forebodings of failure. One evening—they were far on their way then, and the greater part of the waste of water which they had to traverse lay behind them—Mr Burton was lounging on a bench at the stern of the vessel, watching the setting sun, which was spreading a sheet of gold over the calm sea, and thoughtfully smoking a cigar, when he heard a seaman, who was engaged in some duty near him, remark to his comrade: 'I say, Bill, do you see that line, right under the sun there?'

Bill nodded his assent.

'Well,' continued the other, 'that must be the smoke of a steamer. I shouldn't wonder if it's the mail.'

In an instant Burton was on his feet, the cigar was flung into the sea, and he was gazing, with his hand shading his eyes, in the direction of the setting sun. He could see nothing. The practised eyes of the seamen were probably able to trace the line of which they spoke; but the passenger could see nothing. He did not care about speaking to the men on the subject, lest he should shew too much anxiety; but he paced the deck until the last of the passengers had retired to his cabin and the moon was full in the sky, yet nothing had he been able to discover; nor did the fresh watch who came upon deck refer to any following vessel, so he hoped that at any rate the strange ship—if one there really had been—was not gaining on them.

It is certainly not necessary to dwell on the closeness with which Mr Burton followed their progress on the chart, or the constancy with which he was present at the heaving of the log; all this goes without telling, as the French say. But another result of his intense anxiety to reach Australia was that he became very nervous, and the least thing, such as the slightest surmise uttered in his hearing, was enough to startle him; and one morning he could not touch his breakfast because he heard the officer who had charge of the watch during the night, say to the officer who relieved him: 'I thought I saw the smoke of a steamer about two bells. She was to the northward, and going faster than ourselves—at least so I thought at first; but I could make nothing out for certain, and there was no sail in sight at sunrise.'

Yet the lieutenant—they are all lieutenants and captains to landmen—might have been right in his first conjecture! There might have been a steamer 'to the northward,' going faster than themselves, and this might have been the dreaded mail!

These examples will give a fair idea of the tension of Mr Burton's nerves; and as they drew nearer their port, as a matter of course his anxiety increased. But when they steamed gallantly into the noble bay on which the town, or rather its port, stands, and came nearer and nearer to the quay, and saw no long black hull with double funnel lying there, a great weight seemed taken from Burton's breast, and he felt that his long and exciting struggle had at last won for him a reward.

It was late in the afternoon when the screw of the *Cerberus* at last ceased to churn and forth the water, and her great engines were fairly stopped.

'You will spend the night with us?' said the skipper; 'you will be too late for any business in Pelham to-night.'

Pelham, as the reader will probably have divined without any explanation, was the chief town of the province, the town where the head office of the Gulf Bank was located. They said 'located' there, and used indeed a good many Yankee phrases. Bangung was the name—a native name—of the port at which the *Cerberus* was now anchored, and was connected with the provincial capital by a short line of railway.

Mr Burton returned his best thanks to the captain for his invitation; but his nerve and energy had now returned, and he resolved not to lose one minute in his enterprise. So he declined the invitation; and leaving directions for his luggage to be sent to a certain hotel—he knew Pelham well enough, having lived there once—he quitted the ship, after the heartiest possible farewell from captain, officers, engineers, and crew—went straight to the railway depot and took his ticket; but just as he asked for it, the station-master entered and said to the clerk: 'The mail is in; she is signalled.'

The packet then was inside the Heads! She was not three hours behind them! It was now past five o'clock; all business was over for the day; the letters would be sent on at once; the Pelham branch of the great Gulf Bank would not take down its shutters in the morning; and he was a ruined man. Yet there was just one chance, one bare possibility, and slight as it was, he determined to try it. 'If they don't telegraph,' he thought, as the train slackened speed at the end of its brief run—'and I don't see why they should—I may yet get my money out of the fire. It is worth a trial, and win or lose I'll try it.' He of course knew that he was some hours ahead of even the earliest intelligence which could be sent from the mail-boat, and his scheme would succeed or fail in that time.

Without a moment's hesitation he went straight to the bank, which had long been closed for the day by the time he arrived; but his old acquaintance Mr Fred Rockman, the manager, lived on the premises, and was delighted to see him. 'I thought you had settled down in England,' he exclaimed; 'I had no idea you were in the colony.'

'I daresay not,' returned Burton, who was on thorns during the greeting and inquiries natural to such a meeting. 'I have come to see you as soon as I could—which was strictly true—and I want you to do me a favour. I want you to save me a great deal of time and trouble.'

'Indeed! And what is it, Burton?' was the very natural response.

'I want my money out to-night,' said Mr Burton bluntly.

'What! All?' exclaimed the manager.

'Yes; all,' returned the other.

'Oh! it's impossible; quite out of the question,' said the banker. 'Business is entirely over for the day, as you must very well know.'

'I do know it,' said Mr Burton. 'I know that all ordinary business is over; but I know very well that you have often paid depositors later than this, and that you can give it to me if you like. Admit, Fred—you can if you please.'

'Well,' said the manager hesitatingly, 'I can if I choose, I own; but we don't care about doing things out of the usual course.'

'I suppose it was in the usual course then,' retorted Burton, 'that your directors asked me, as a personal favour not to remove my money, when I had a good offer? You know, Fred, that it was voluntarily promised at that time that I should have my deposit on the instant whenever I chose to ask for it.'

'Yes; that's very true,' said the manager; 'I well remember the understanding; and if it's of importance to you—'

'It is of the utmost importance, I assure you,' interrupted Burton. 'I don't want to bore you with particulars; but I wish to change my investment; and if I don't get the money—in gold if possible—to-night, the chance will be lost. Will you or will you not do it? That is all!'

'I suppose I must let you have it, as your money is only on deposit,' said the manager slowly; 'but it is really very unusual. However, say no more; you shall have it. We will drink a bottle of wine in honour of old times, and then—'

'Excuse my abruptness,' said Burton, who was half-way towards a brain-fever with nervous excitement, and who was every moment hearing galloping horses and hurried steps where all was silence. 'Let me have the money first, and I will stand as many bottles of wine as you choose to drink while I am in the colony. But I must be back at my hotel in half an hour from this time, or it is all of no use.'

'Your people are confoundedly sharp dealers then,' grumbled the manager, as he rose deliberately from his chair. 'They ought to know you are a solvent party, and that your word is as good for the money—as, for our own.'

'Well, never mind that, Fred,' said Burton. 'Let me have the money, and I can get my business done in an hour; and then—'

'Ah! it's of no use making an appointment later on in the evening,' interrupted the manager; 'I have an engagement for to-night, so we can't have a chat after your business is completed. We will leave it till to-morrow.' With this he quitted the room; summoned the watchman, who was already on duty; and after an interval, which might really have been ten minutes, but which seemed to the merchant as though it would never end, the slow step of Mr Rockman, who was

corpulent and heavy in build, was heard returning. He bore a small leathern case, whose distended sides shewed it was crammed with something; and a guess at its contents made Mr Burton's heart leap.

Little divining the condition of his visitor, the manager quietly sat down, drew towards him a sloping desk, on which were writing materials; and after adjusting his spectacles with more care and accuracy than, it appeared to Burton, any man's spectacles could possibly require, proceeded to write out a receipt for the money. Burton executed the slow and formal style in which his friend had been taught to write, as he watched the carefully finished up-and-down stroke of every letter. The manager had got about half-way in his task when, struck by a sudden thought, he smiled, laid down his pen, and then shaking his head, as a man does when he half-regretfully recalls the memory of some past enjoyment, said: 'Lor bless me! you were running in my mind nearly all day on Saturday last. What do you think? Why, I met poor old Dary Lobbins—'

'Oh! confound— Did you though?' exclaimed Burton. 'Well, let us get this business out of hand, and we will have a talk about the old fellow.'

'Poor old chap!' mused Mr Rockman; 'he seems very much broken. Quite a different man from what—'

'Now really, Rockman!' exclaimed Burton, 'you forget how precious my time is. Do go on; there's a good fellow.'

Thus adjured, the manager resumed his writing as slowly as before, but it was done at last. 'Sign that, my boy,' said he, pushing the document towards his visitor. 'You will find that correct, I think.'

Burton signed it instantly without reading a line, and tossed it back.

'You always were a cool hand,' said the manager half-reprovingly and half-admiringly; 'but I think I should look at what I signed, when it concerned a respectable number of thousands.'

Burton smiled feebly; the situation was too painfully interesting for him to do more. The manager carefully placed the receipt in a drawer of the table, opened the case, and taking out a huge bundle of notes, commenced to count them. 'You don't mind Jacob's and Levy's draft on Rothschild for three thousand, do you?' he said. 'If you won't take that, I can't do it until—'

'Oh, never mind!' interrupted Burton; 'anything will do. Cut away; there's a good fellow.'

'Our gold and our own notes are looked up in the inner safe; but here is Colonial Bank paper, which may perhaps serve as well, unless—'

'Quite satisfactory,' interrupted the relieved merchant, as he eyed the welcome notes; 'quite good enough, Fred. Pray proceed!'

Mr Rockman stared impressively at him for a few seconds through his gold spectacles, as though such haste over so solemn a matter were unseemly, if not worse; however, he went on without remark. 'Five—five—two—three—one—two—three—four'—when at that instant a hack—Anglic, a cab—dashed up to the door, and a thundering double-knock followed.

'Hollo! What's up now?' exclaimed the manager, pausing in his counting.

'Go on! go on! Never mind the door,' cried

Burton, half-rising from his seat. 'Why don't you go on?'

'Don't be ridiculous, Burton,' said the manager. 'Any one would think you had been drinking.—Come in.' These last words were in answer to a tap at the door; and the watchman presented himself. 'Well, what is it?' said the manager, turning to him, quite unconscious that his visitor had gathered himself up for a dash at the notes the moment the man spoke. 'Who was there?'

'It was a mistake, sir,' replied the watchman. The hack-driver was a stranger, and drove here instead of to the Royal Colonial.'

'All right,' said the manager. 'You may go, Dennis.—Now then, Mr Burton, we will proceed. Let me see, where was I? Five—five—two threes.—one—one, &c.; and so on he went until his bundle of notes was exhausted. The draft on Rothschild was duly indorsed; the whole were restored to the case, and the case was handed to Mr Burton, after he had given up his deposit note.'

'Of course,' added the manager, 'there's the balance of interest due to you, which to-morrow we shall make out when you call, and'—

'That's all right,' said Burton; 'but now I must be going.'

'You won't stop then? You are quite sure?'

said the manager, as his customer rose. 'Well, good-night. Take care of the wallet. As your hotel is so short a distance from here, you may be safe; but if you had to leave the lamps for an instant, I should say: "Take a hack." Good-night.'

They shook hands and parted. Burton's first act was to inclose his precious case in a small locked satchel, which he then handed to the landlady, and saw it securely deposited in the great iron safe which all such places keep; then he drank off at a single gulp such a draught of brandy-and-water as excited the audible admiration of two or three men who were lounging at the saloon bar. Had it not been for this potent draught, he must have fainted; and as it was, he was fain to lie down, being thoroughly worn out and exhausted by the events of the day. In spite of his excitement, he slept soundly, so soundly and so long that the clanging of the breakfast-bell roused him from sleep, and hastily dressing himself, he went down to the saloon. At the very first glance he could see that something of interest was under discussion, for instead of sitting apart at separate tables, the guests were all gathered in earnest groups, talking and gesticulating like so many Frenchmen. As he made his way to a vacant table, a gentleman who, like himself, had just entered the room, said: 'Pretty state of things this, sir. What do you think of the news?'

'I really have not heard of any news this morning,' returned Burton; 'indeed I have but just left my room, having overslept myself.'

'Why, my dear sir,' exclaimed the other, evidently gratified at finding some one to whom he could be the first to impart the tidings.—'why, have you not heard? The great Gulf of Carpentaria and Northern Australia Bank—the best bank in the province, has gone! Gone, sir! The mail came in last night with peremptory orders to close; so our bank won't open this morning; and it is said the depositors won't get half-a-crown in the pound.—Why,' pursued his new friend with

a sudden change of tone, 'you are not a loser, I hope?'

'I! O dear, no. Certainly not. By no means,' incoherently replied Burton, who found great difficulty in collecting himself sufficiently to say anything.

'I was afraid you were hit,' said the other, 'you turned so pale. So, as I was telling you'—

Mr Burton had civility enough to pay an outward show of attention to what followed; but the first great announcement had effectually discounted the interest of the narrative.

Directly his breakfast was over, he set out for the Colonial Bank, where he exchanged his notes for a draft payable to himself on his London bankers. He then repaired to the shipping office, to learn when the next packet sailed for England, as he was now ready to return, ay, even at so short a notice as that on which he had started. He had not gone fifty yards from the bank before he came face to face with Mr Rockman. He felt, it must be owned, a little sheepish at this rencontre; but no such sentiment appeared to influence the manager.

'Hollo! old fellow!' he exclaimed, as heartily as he could, under the depressing circumstances. 'I'll be shot if you were not in luck last night. But I'm glad you got your money, as I well know you only left it in to oblige the directors, and perhaps myself as an old friend. If you had left it in one day longer, you could not have touched a penny.'

'You don't say so!' exclaimed Burton.

'But I do though,' returned his friend; 'and I think, old fellow, as you have been so lucky, I may justifiably say I will drink that bottle of wine to-night at your expense. I think, friend Caleb, you may stand that.'

'My dear fellow,' exclaimed Burton, immensely relieved to find how philosophically the manager was treating what had been almost life or death to him, 'if there is a good bottle of port in Pelham, you shall have it, or fifty such if you will drink them.'

'Come, that's handsome,' returned the manager good-temperedly. 'But what is your hurry now? Where are you running to?'

'I am off to the shipping office,' said Burton, 'to see when the next packet sails for England.'

'The next packet can make no difference to you,' said Mr Rockman; 'you won't finish your business in time for her; every one could have told you that the *Hercules* sails to-morrow.'

'To-morrow?' echoed Burton. 'Good! I will send round the port wine to-night, Fred; but at present you must excuse me.'

The tale need be no longer drawn out, as nothing of interest remains to be told. The *Hercules* did sail the next day, Mr Burton being a passenger; his friend the manager was intensely astonished to hear this at first; but having received a hint that Mr Burton had only arrived by the *Cerberus*, his astonishment was changed to a feeling of the deepest admiration; and harassed though he was, consequent on the change in the fortunes of the Bank, he saw his friend off, and over and over again expressed his admiration, which as just said, was of the deepest, at his tact and energy.

The voyage of the *Hercules* was a speedy and prosperous one, so that when Mr Burton reappeared in his accustomed haunts, after what

seemed to his acquaintances a very brief absence, few suspected that in the short interval he had travelled thirty thousand miles and saved a fortune. The shabby Captain never knew what Mr Burton had done; but he had reason for saying, as he often did over his glass of grog at his favourite tavern, that 'Caleb Burton was one of the most liberal fellows he had ever met, and bore no grudge against a man for owing him a trifle.'

It only remains to add that the hero of this perfectly true tale is alive and well, and belongs to a race of shrewd-headed Scotchmen.

CALCULATING BY MACHINERY.

We have been asked whether a brief description, intelligible to readers not versed in the abstruseness of mathematics, nor much inclined to the dull details of mechanical construction, could be given in this *Journal* of a Calculating Machine adverted to at a meeting of the British Association? Anything very attractive the subject cannot well be; but perhaps a few words bearing on it may be interesting.

Dr Spottiswood is the present President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, his twelve months' occupancy of that office extending from the autumn of 1878 to the autumn of 1879. In his opening address at Dublin he discoursed learnedly on the recent progress of science, especially those branches which touch mathematical and physical investigations. Accuracy in calculations he pointed to as one of the most important elements of scientific progress; seeing that the truth of an asserted principle or general law must necessarily be greatly dependent on the correctness of the figures relating to quantities, numbers, measures, weights, ratios, proportions, and the like. Mr Babbage, the celebrated inventor of the two calculating machines which bear his name, used to say, when speaking of the difficulty of insuring accuracy in the long numerical calculations of theoretical astronomy, that the science which in itself is the most accurate and certain of all had, through its innate difficulties, become inaccurate and uncertain in some of its results. This feeling had much to do with the determination he formed to bring mechanism to the aid of calculation.

There was certainly something likely to whet the curiosity of his hearers in the remarks made on this subject by Dr Spottiswood. Going far beyond mere calculating machines is a contrivance introduced two or three years ago by Professor James Thomson, who occupies the chair of Civil Engineering and Mechanics at Glasgow University.

'Professor James Thomson,' said Dr Spottiswood, 'has constructed an apparatus which by means of the mere friction of a disk, a cylinder, and a ball, is capable of effecting a variety of the complicated calculations which occur in the highest applications of mathematics to physical problems. By its aid it seems that an unskilled labourer may, in a given time, perform the work of ten skilled mathematicians. The machine is applicable alike to the calculation

of tidal, of magnetic, of meteorological, and perhaps also of all other periodic phenomena. It will solve differential equations of the second and perhaps even of higher orders. And through the same invention, the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories, is reduced to the simple process of turning a handle.' All this makes one think that the turning of a handle is a work more worthy of respect than the brain is generally in the habit of supposing; the brain-work consists in determining and arranging what shall follow this merely mechanical process. Dr Spottiswood added: 'When Faraday had completed the experimental part of a physical problem, and desired that it should thenceforth be treated mathematically, he used irreverently to say: "Hand it over to the calculators." But truth is even stranger than fiction; and if he had lived until our day he might with perfect propriety have said: "Hand it over to the machine."'

All calculating machines of earlier invention are much more complicated than 'a mere disk, ball, and cylinder.' The Roman *abacus*, the Chinese *shwanpan*, the graduated rods called *Nuyier's bones*, and the *sliding-rule*, are, it is true, not very intricate in construction; but when calculating machines are spoken of, we understand something comprising a greater number of working parts, conjoined in action by various mechanical contrivances. Pascal constructed a machine for working out sums in the first four rules of arithmetic. It consisted of a series of cylinders working on a system through the medium of toothed wheels; each cylinder had figures or numerals marked on it. One wheel had twelve teeth to calculate pence; another had twenty to calculate shillings; while the rest had ten teeth each for the purpose of adding up units to make tens, tens to make hundreds, hundreds to make thousands, and so on. The apparatus was 'set' to its work as a boy would set a sum on his slate, and by turning one cylinder, the other cylinders and the wheels were set in action, producing a result which made its appearance as a sum, a difference, a product, or a quotient, according as the setting might be for addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division.

More than half a century ago the late Mr Babbage described before the Royal Astronomical Society two machines, which he had designed (not constructed) for working mathematical problems, and printing the results with inked type. The English government, after an investigation of the matter by a fully competent scientific committee, consented to bear the cost of perfecting one or both machines for performing and printing mathematical tables useful in navigation and other branches of science. So badly was the affair managed however, that the scheme has never been brought to a successful issue; the details were frequently being changed, the working drawings were exceedingly elaborate, new tools had to be invented, workmen had to be instructed, and Mr Babbage himself was a difficult man for the officials to deal with. First and last, the government advanced *seventeen thousand pounds* for this enterprise; and the result is an unfinished machine, placed in the keeping of King's College,

London. If finished, this machine, called by Babbage a *Difference Engine*, would have performed a vast number of arithmetical and algebraical calculations, presenting the solutions of problems with unerring accuracy. Another, which he called an *Analytical Engine*, but which only exists on paper, would have grappled with problems of a higher mathematical grade. To describe either of these inventions in a popular periodical is out of the question; the complexity of wheels, cylinders, axles, movable bolts, toothed gear, wedges, levers, pins, pivots, pointers, triggers, claws, cogs, spiral springs, ratchet wheels, &c., is such as to render the task hopeless.

Numerous other combinations of moving parts have been devised, less elaborate but more practicable than those of Babbage. Stäffell has invented an arithmetical machine, in which three cylinders are so arranged that they can work all the simpler rules of arithmetic, carrying multiplication up to millions by millions; if the machine is required to solve an impossible sum, such as subtracting a larger number from a smaller, or dividing a smaller sum by a greater, it refuses, and rings a bell as an admonition! Colmar invented an arithmometer in which the calculation is rather by plates sliding in grooves than by rotating cylinders; like Stäffell's, it can perform addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and evolution. Wertheimer, by means of a metal plate with indexes, notches, teeth, and holes, has contrived an apparatus for adding and subtracting sums of money. Baranowski's invention is for calculating wages, prices, interest, and other sums of money; it is known as the Ready Reckoner, and is worked by means of a handle which reveals figures or numerals in openings in a brass plate. Schott, Lalanne, Roget, Maurel, Roth, Slovinski, and Schentz have in like manner invented machines for solving arithmetical problems. Of these, Schentz's excites great admiration among scientific men; Mr Babbage highly extolled it, and deplored that it had found a purchaser in America instead of in England. It can compute mathematical tables, calculate to sixteen places of figures, and stamp on a plate of lead the result up to eight places, producing a matrix or mould from which a *cliché* cast in type-metal can be obtained, suitable for printing from; it does its work at the rate of twenty-five figures or numerals per minute, calculated, recorded, and stamped in metal—an error either in the calculating or the printing being almost impossible.

Professor James Thomson's machine is specially remarkable for its simplicity. Dr Spottiswood, as we have seen, characterised it as comprising little more than a disk, a ball, and a cylinder. From the inventor's own description, given before the Royal Society in 1876, it appears that the disk rotates on an inclined or oblique axis, that the cylinder rotates on a horizontal axis, and that the ball simply rests at one point on the inclined disk, and at another against the curved side of the cylinder. The cylinder is wholly disconnected from the disk, by any wheel, lever, or other mechanism. When the disk is made to rotate by turning a winch-handle, it gives a peculiar motion to the ball, and this imparts rotary motion to the cylinder. Simple as is the action, all simplicity departs when we come to the Professor's account of the mode in which abstruse mathe-

matico-physical problems are solved by its aid: we here enter a region into which the *Journal* humbly confesses its unfitness to accompany the accomplished inventor of the apparatus. When Board schools have had twenty years' operation, perhaps the boys will duly understand the achievement of 'finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories,' by merely turning a handle.

A few words on a somewhat allied subject—mental calculation as compared with machine calculation.

Mr George Bidder, C.E., whose death was recently reported, attracted great attention while a mere boy by his amazing quickness of mental calculation. Many scientific persons visited and tested him, and from a contemporary record we extract the following as a few examples of the questions he answered, and the time taken to answer them: 'How many times does a wheel 7 feet 3 inches in circumference revolve in a distance of 12 miles 3 furlongs? Answer (in one minute), 9740½ times.—What is the product of 62,473,864, multiplied by 27,356? Answer (in three and a half minutes), 1,709,035,584.—What is the cube root of 122,615,327,232? Answer (in two and a half minutes), 4968.—If the Bible contains 743 pages, each page 57 lines, and each line 17 words, how many words are there in the book? Answer (in less than a minute), 719,967.—A statue stands between two trees; the pedestal of the statue is 80 feet from the top of each tree, the one tree is 60, the other 64 feet high; required the distance between the two trees? Answer (in one minute), 139 feet.'

A number of other questions put to the boy, he answered with astonishing rapidity and accuracy, the process being entirely mental. The numbers were in no case reduced to writing, but merely spoken aloud to him, and by repeating them to himself he kept them in his memory. It was noticed that in getting the product of two or more numbers, he generally found the highest numbers first, showing that he did not work by ordinary rules. The answer to the second question given above is obviously wrong; but the error is probably in the newspaper report, as three figures are left out. This question, it may be noticed, can be done by an ordinarily quick arithmetician within the time taken by the famous 'calculating boy'; but the difficulty of arranging five long rows of figures in the mind and then adding them together makes the feat a remarkable one.

TO MY SWEETHEART.

THAT one and one make really two—
Most people will acknowledge true;
Yet even to *this* rule we find
Exception dear to lover's mind;
Thus, you and I, and I and you,
Are one and one, and still *not* two;
Least, so to me the figures run,
For surely, darling, we are One!

J. F.

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ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

LOVERS of Art are becoming more numerous year by year; and—though not perhaps in exact proportion—there is in consequence a growing interest in the men who are producing and have produced the wonderful works which delight us so much. A number of very interesting facts and anecdotes about Art and Artists have been recently collected and published by Mr. Diprose, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. A few of these we append.

Sir David Wilkie from the character of his delineations will always be a great favourite. We are here told how he became a painter. 'Sir John Sinclair happening once to dine in company with Wilkie, asked in the course of conversation if any particular circumstance had led him to adopt his profession. Sir John inquired: "Had your father, mother, or any of your relations a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that art?"

'To which Wilkie replied: "The truth is, Sir John, that you made me a painter."

"How! I?" exclaimed the Baronet. "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

'Wilkie then gave the following explanation: "When you were drawing up the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish; in the course of which you sent him a coloured drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it; and thus, insensibly, I was transformed into a painter."

'Never,' relates Haydon, 'was anything more extraordinary than the modesty and simplicity of Wilkie at the period of his production of "The Village Politicians." Jackson told me he had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to send this celebrated picture to the Exhibition; and said he: "I remember his bewildered astonishment at the prodigious enthusiasm of the people at the Exhibition, when it went May 1806."

'On the Sunday after the private day and dinner,

The News said: "A young Scotchman, by name Wilkie, has a wonderful work." I (Haydon) immediately sallied forth, took up Jackson, and away we rushed to Wilkie. We found him in his parlour in Norton Street, at breakfast. "Wilkie," said I, "your name is in the paper." "Is it really?" said he, staring with delight. I then read the puff *ore rohuado* (in a clear voice); and Jackson, I, and he in an ecstacy joined hands and danced round the table.'

We must not pass from Wilkie without relating the following amusing story. 'On the birth of the son of a friend—afterwards a popular novelist—Sir David Wilkie was requested to become one of the sponsors for the child. Sir David, whose studies of human nature extended to everything but infant human nature, had evidently been refreshing his boyish recollections of kittens and puppies, for after looking intently into the child's eyes' as it was held up for his inspection, he exclaimed to the father with serious astonishment and satisfaction: "He sees!"

'During the residence in England of Haydn the celebrated composer, one of the royal Princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint his [Haydn's] portrait. Haydn went to the residence of the painter and gave him a sitting; but he soon grew tired. Sir Joshua, with his usual care for his reputation, would not paint a man of such distinguished genius with a stupid countenance, and in consequence he adjourned the sitting to another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Sir Joshua communicated the circumstance to the commissioning Prince, who contrived the following stratagem. He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl who was in the service of the Queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time; and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native tongue with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly and successfully seized its traits.'

'Opie was once painting an old beau of fashion.

Whenever this gentleman thought the painter was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said very quietly: "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."

To return to Sir Joshua Reynolds. We are told of his 'Puck' that 'this merry imp is the portrait of a child, which was painted without any particular aim as to character. When Alderman Boydell saw it, he said: "Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck for my *Shakspeare Gallery*, I will give you a hundred guineas for it." The painter smiled and said little, as was his custom. A few hours' happy labour made the picture what we see it.'

'Sir Joshua once hearing of a young artist who had become embarrassed by an injudicious marriage, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence, to inquire into the case. The unfortunate artist told the melancholy particulars of his situation; adding that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation, Sir Joshua rose to take his leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him. When bidding him adieu at the door, Sir Joshua took him by the hand, and after squeezing it cordially, hurried off with a benevolent triumph in his heart; while the astonished and relieved artist found in his hand a bank-note for one hundred pounds!'

Of Gainsborough we are told that 'both himself and his neighbours were ignorant of his genius, until one day—he was then residing at Sudbury—seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over his garden wall at some pears, he caught up a bit of board, and painted him so imitatively well that, the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighbouring gentry and farmers immediately recognised the figure of a thief who had paid many unwelcome visits to their gardens; and being, by means of this impromptu portrait, charged by one of them with the robbery of his orchard, the thief acknowledged his guilt, and agreed, in order to avoid a worse fate, to enlist.'

Haydon's 'Mock Election' was painted in this wise. As many other artists have been both before and since, Haydon was in difficulties, and in July 1827 was an inmate of the King's Bench Prison. One day some of his fellow-prisoners got up a burlesque of an election. 'I was sitting in my own apartment,' writes the painter, 'buried in my own reflections, melancholy, but not despairing, at the darkness of my prospects and the unprotected condition of my wife and children, when a tumultuous and hearty laugh below brought me to my window. In spite of my own sorrows, I laughed out heartily when I saw the occasion.'

Haydon sketched the grotesque scene, painted it in four months, with the aid of noblemen and friends, and the advocacy of the press in exciting the sympathy of the country. The picture proved

attractive as an exhibition; still better, it was purchased by King George IV. for five hundred pounds; and it was conveyed from the Egyptian Hall to St James's Palace. A committee of gentlemen then undertook Mr Haydon's affairs; and with the purchase-money of the picture and the proceeds of the exhibition, the painter was restored to his family. In 1828 he painted, as a companion to this picture, 'The Chaining of the Members,' which was bought by Mr Francis of Exeter for three hundred guineas.

"Not one in ten thousand perhaps," it has been said, "can move his ears." The celebrated Mr Mery used, when lecturing, to amuse his pupils by saying that in one thing he surely belonged to the long-eared tribe; upon which he would move his ears very rapidly backwards and forwards. Albinus the celebrated anatomist had the same power, which is performed by little muscles not seen. Mr Haydon tried it once in painting, with great effect. In his picture of "Macbeth," painted for Sir George Beaumont, when the Thane was listening in horror, before committing the murder, the artist ventured to press the ears forward like an animal in fright, to give an idea of trying to catch the nearest sound. It is very effective, and increases amazingly the terror of the scene, without the spectator's being aware of the reason.'

A very interesting fact, which will be new to many, is thus given. 'That Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands does not appear a whit more strange than that in the Foundling Hospital originated the Royal Academy of Arts. Yet such was the case. The Hospital was incorporated in 1739, and in a few years the present building was erected; but as the income of the charity could not with propriety be expended upon decorations, many of the principal artists of that day generously gave pictures for several of the apartments of the Hospital. These were permitted to be shewn to the public upon proper application; and hence became one of the sights of the metropolis. The pictures proved very attractive; and this success suggested the annual exhibition of the united artists, which institution was the precursor of the Royal Academy in the Adelphi, founded in the year 1760. Thus within the walls of the Foundling the curious may see the state of British art previous to the epoch when King George III. first countenanced the historical talent of West.'

'Among the earliest "governors and guardians" of the Hospital we find William Hogarth, who liberally subscribed his money, and gave his time and talent towards carrying out the designs of his friend the venerable Captain Coram, through whose zeal and humanity the Hospital was established. Hogarth's first artistical aid was the engraving of a headpiece to a power-of-attorney, drawn for the collection of subscriptions towards the charity. Hogarth next presented to the Hospital an engraved plate of Coram. Among the

other early artistic patrons of the charity we find Rysbrach the sculptor, Hudson, Allan Ramsay, and Richard Wilson the prince of English landscape painters. They met often at the Hospital, and thus advanced charity and the arts together; for the exhibition of their donations in paintings, &c. drew a daily crowd of visitors in splendid carriages; and a visit to the Foundling became the most fashionable morning lounge of the reign of George II. The grounds in front of the Hospital were the promenade, and brocaded silks, gold-headed canes, and laced three-cornered hats formed, with their wearers, a gay sight in Lamb's Conduit Fields.

We turn now from our own countrymen to foreign artists and the ancient masters. 'Vernot, the grandfather of the late famous French painter of the same name, relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave and St Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said: "The landscape and the cave are well made; but the saint is not in the cave."

"I understand you, sir," replied Vernot. "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The purchaser took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the figure was not *in* the cave. Vernot then obliterated the figure, and gave the picture to the purchaser, who now at last seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he shewed the picture to strangers, he said: "Here you have a picture by Vernot, with St Jerome in the cave."

"But we cannot see the saint," the visitors would reply.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," the possessor would answer; "he is there; for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it!"

Rubens seems to have been a remarkably diligent painter. "We are enabled to form some estimate of his astonishingly productive powers, when we consider that about one thousand of his works have been engraved. An extraordinary number of his paintings adorn the most celebrated public and private galleries, and many churches in different parts of Europe. Yet of the countless pictures everywhere attributed to Rubens, but a small proportion were entirely painted by his own hands; the others contain more or less of the workmanship of his pupils. Like many other great painters, Rubens was an architect too; his own house and the Church and College of the Jesuits in Antwerp were built from his designs."

We shall conclude with the following amusing list of anachronisms in painting. "These are to be found in works of all ages. Thus we have Verrio's *periwigged* spectators of "Christ healing the Sick; Abraham about to shoot Isaac with a pistol; an Ethiopian king in a *surplice, boots and spurs*; Belshazzar's "Virgin and Child" listening to a *violin*; and in Albert Dürer's "Angel driving Adam and Eve from Paradise," the angel wearing a *flounced petticoat*. Then we have Cigoli's "Simeon at the Circumcision" with *spectacles on nose*; the Virgin Mary helping herself to a *cup of coffee* from a chased *coffee-pot*; and St Jerome painted with a *clock* by his side. N. Poussin

has represented "The Deluge" *with boats*; and "Rebecca at the Well" with *Grecian architecture* in the background. And in a picture representing "Lobsters in the Sea listening to the Preaching of St Anthony of Padua," the lobsters are *red*; though yet it is to be presumed *unboiled*."

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—IN WHICH LADY LARPENT RECEIVES A VISIT.

'A PERSON, my Lady, that very much wishes to see your Ladyship, please!' said the chief-butler, sliding deferentially on noiseless feet up to the corner of the Dowager's writing-table, in that study wherein the lady of Llostthuel, as has been mentioned, transacted most of the business that forms a necessary sequence to the possession of landed property.

'What sort of person?' asked Lady Larpent, putting down her pen.

The butler coughed. 'Very respectably dressed, my Lady. Did not seem to like giving his name. From another part of the country, he said.'

Now the butler-in-chief at Llostthuel Court knew his duty, as he would himself have modestly declared, and was as thoroughly imbued with the traditions of butlerdom as any member of the fraternity of men-servants within the compass of Britain. It would, to him, have been a labour of love to turn from the door any person of either sex, however decent in manner and apparel, who should presume to seek admission without stating a reason and giving a name. But Lady Larpent had some peculiarities. She was as easy of access as Dryden's rhymes record Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury to have been, and would rather have endured impertinence than run the risk of shutting her ears against some well-founded complaint or cry of distress.

'You may shew the person in, Parker!' said the mistress of Llostthuel; and the obedient butler forthwith went in quest of the anonymous applicant for admission, ushered him into the Dowager's room of business, and retired.

'You wished to speak to me, Mr.—Mr.'—said Lady Larpent, to give the visitor an opportunity for self-introduction.

'I do, very much, wish to say a few words to your Ladyship,' returned the man with grave politeness; and there was something in the inflection of his deep voice, harsh, but modulated as those of the uneducated never are, which struck upon her ear, and made her eyes the speaker more attentively than she had done before. At first sight she had set down the man, middle-aged, swarthy, ill-favoured of feature, and neatly clad in a suit of glossy black broadcloth, as a farmer seeking a farm, or perhaps a mining captain. Now, she was more disposed to consider him as a civil engineer, or possibly the promoter of some Company travelling in search of shareholders, to be recruited by the aid of a fluent tongue and an alluring prospectus.

'On what subject, may I ask? Please to be seated,' said Lady Larpent.

'I thank you, my Lady; but I prefer to stand,' replied the man, in whom the reader has no doubt recognised the Miller of Pen Marth. 'And I will be as brief—knowing your Ladyship's time to be of value—as I can. All I ask is a fair and

patient hearing—yes, and one thing more, my Lady; that is, that you will be so kind as to bear in mind that, in doing what I do, I have no private object to gain, no selfish ends to compass, but act, in this instance, wholly and solely for the sake of truth and justice.'

This was very plausibly spoken, and with a weight of emphasis that would not have been thrown away upon any audience. Lady Larpent was impressed, in spite of herself, yet she did not altogether like the speaker, and did not by any means feel inclined to put implicit confidence in his assertions.

The Black Miller was not one of those who carry about with them that most ancient and natural of all letters of introduction which a frank and honest face affords. Still, the man might be honest. And Lady Larpent was not one of those rich persons who drape themselves in the comfortable mantle of indolence, and who would sooner be cheated, if only the cheating were decorously conducted behind their august backs, than submit to be pestered with unwelcome revelations. The Dowager had in her, in fact, somewhat of the turn of mind which has prompted kings and caliphs are now to go about their capitals in mean disguise, and under the cloud of their incognito to feel, as it were, the popular pulse.

'I shall be happy to listen to whatever you may have to tell me, Mr—— By the way, you have not yet mentioned your name,' said the Dowager.

'I have not told you my name, my Lady,' answered Ralph Swart with perfect composure; 'and with your permission, I will continue to be nameless. My poor personality goes for nothing in what I have to say. I am well aware,' he continued, as his keen eye noted the signs of displeasure in Lady Larpent's face, 'that by withholding my own name I excite prejudice against myself and my story. The current of vulgar opinion sets strongly against those who blame others, and refuse to be confronted with the object of the accusation. Such persons are called by evil names. They are calumniators. They are base and malignant, and cowardly to boot. They are stabbers in the dark. Yet a man may have good and sufficient reasons for not backing up the word of warning which he finds it his duty to utter, by weighing his own credibility against that of the subject of it.'

This was very artfully imagined. It is sometimes good diplomatic policy to outstrip the judgment of an unfriendly critic, and to forestall, so to speak, all the severe things that he will be sure to think; just as Napoleon in a campaign was accustomed to discount the inevitable strategic blunders of his adversaries. The Black Miller, too, may have divined that Lady Larpent was precisely the person to pique herself on her own exemption from common prejudice. At any rate, the stratagem met with at least a partial success, for the Dowager knit her judicial brows, and said calmly: 'I will hear whatever you have come to tell me, sir, although you do not give me your name.'

'I thank your Ladyship,' rejoined the Black Miller, in a voice as weighty as her own, 'for your courtesy.—And now to business. There is a young man in Treport here in the position, thanks to your Ladyship's patronage, of Captain of a coasting steam-vessel.'

'Are you speaking of Captain Ashton, of Hugh Ashton?' exclaimed the Dowager, half-incredulously, and opening her eyes a good deal wider than before.

'That is the name he bears,' replied the Black Miller, as composure as before; 'Hugh—Ashton.'

'Do you mean to imply,' asked the Dowager, with feminine quickness, 'that his name is not Ashton?'

'I imply, my Lady, nothing of the sort,' returned Ralph Swart slowly. 'One thing I do say, and that plainly—Hugh Ashton is absolutely unworthy of your Ladyship's favour and protection. That much I know; and that much, and no more, I repeat. Hugh—Ashton, if you please—is not deserving of the station he fills, or of the confidence reposed in him.'

'Are you aware,' demanded the Dowager, in a glow of generous indignation, 'that the noble young fellow whom you traduce has rendered the very greatest service to our family—that he saved, at the risk of his own, the life of my niece, Miss Stanhope?'

'I never denied his courage, my Lady,' replied Ralph Swart, with a slight sneer, that made him even uglier than before. 'He is bold enough, and a smart lad in his way; and more's the pity that he should have deceived you, as he has done.'

'Deceived me!' repeated Lady Larpent, with an involuntary echo of the man's words, and then she looked the accuser full in the face. 'You must prove your words, and explain them, if you wish to be believed.'

'I beg your Ladyship's pardon, I am sure,' returned the Black Miller, with an affected humility which seemed genuine, so well did he control the voice in which he spoke. 'I have given offence, I fear, by unmasking the real character of one in whom your Ladyship feels an interest, and perhaps I had better go.' And Ralph Swart picked up his hat, which had been placed on the chair beside him, and seemed about to depart. Of course Lady Larpent bade him stay. She would have been more or less than woman if she had not. A secret undervalued, and this grim, stern, mysterious denouncer threatening to leave the whole problem an insoluble riddle!

At the Dowager's request, then, Ralph Swart of Pon Mawth Mill laid down his hat again, and addressed himself to speak. 'For the sake of truth and justice, my Lady,' he said, 'I have come here, and for the sake of truth and justice I will comply with your Ladyship's wish that I should speak out more positively than I have hitherto done. You think me a coward perhaps, my Lady, because I do not choose to make my charges in the young man's presence, face to face, and stand or fall according to their proved truth. Now, I am not good-looking—not nice, as you ladies call it—a queer, cross-grained lump of a man. But I ask your Ladyship, do I look the sort of person to flinch from the angry looks, or words, or blows of any man, be it even your fisherman hero—if I thought fit, my Lady, to confront them?'

As he spoke, he seemed, like some vulture or other bird of prey, to draw back the dull film that coated his fierce eyes, and all the defiant ferocity of his rugged and masculine nature kindled in them at once. Lady Larpent noted

the rigidity of the tigerish mouth, the black frown on the massive brow, and the ominous brightness of the strong man's terrible eyes; and, with female rapidity of logic, he jumped at the conclusion that as her visitor was palpably not a craven, so he was presumably not a rogue. 'I do not believe that you would be easily alarmed,' she said.

'Then credit me, my Lady,' answered the Black Miller, with his ponderous emphasis of diction, 'with telling the truth, until evidence proves me to be a liar. I say that young Hugh, there, is unworthy of your confidence. I intend the young Captain of the *Western Maid* to be his own accuser. Test him! Ask him if, in what he has told your Ladyship regarding his past life, he has kept nothing back. Ask him if it be not true that he is not what he seems. Ply him with fair, simple, straightforward questions, most easy for an honest man to answer, and mark the effect. His own conscience will do the rest. He will be uncertain as to the extent of your Ladyship's knowledge of his antecedents, and you will see him wince, and hear him stammer, and see the red of conscious guilt suffuse that bold forehead of his. If he give you the explanation you have the right—I feel your Ladyship has the right—to demand, then, Lady Larpent, say and think the worst of me that ever was thought. But, if not, thank me for my warning!'

As he spoke, the slouching attitude of the Black Miller grew erect and dignified, his arm was outstretched, and his voice almost lost its habitual harshness, to become sonorous and clear in its fierce earnestness. Then with a bow, not such as rustics give, Ralph Swart took his leave, briefly declining all offers of refreshment, and striding to the outer door before the hurrying servant could reach it in response to the summons of the bell.

'Done the trick, I reckon, unless the legacy of Mother Eve to her daughters has, for once, gone astray!' muttered the Black Miller to himself, as he strode rapidly down the well-kept winding road.

A GLIMPSE OF OVERSEERING IN DEMERARA.

From a gentleman of experience in the sugar-estates of Demerara, we have received the following useful and interesting observations. He says: 'As many young men go out to Demerara as overseers on sugar-estates, I purpose putting before those now contemplating such a step the following short statement of what they really will experience on reaching that colony. I am induced to do so from the fact that many young men arrive in the colony to become overseers who are totally unfitted for such a life, and who very soon acknowledge the truth of this themselves. I intend dealing with the profession of a planter only so far as it concerns Demerara—which includes Berbice and Essequibo—and my remarks do not apply to planting as a beginner would find it in the islands. I have, however, good authority for saying that the profession in Trinidad, Barbadoes, and Jamaica for instance, is very much more trying and less remunerative than in

Demerara. The writer has been a planter himself in Demerara for several years, and the information which will now be placed before his readers may be relied on as correct.

'To commence then. What sort of a place is a sugar-estate in Demerara? A plantation is a piece of land having from three to fifteen hundred acres in cultivation. The usual size of an estate is about nine hundred acres; but the largest—as for instance the plantation Anna Regina in Essequibo—have as many as fourteen or fifteen hundred acres planted in canes; while there are some possessing only three hundred acres, or even less. I may remark here that a beginner should if possible try to avoid getting placed on one of these very small properties. On each estate there are always to be found the following buildings—generally situated close together. 1. A large and commodious manager's house. 2. An hospital for the indentured and resident labourers when sick. 3. The manufactory, termed in local phraseology the "buildings." 4. The labourers' cottages and ranges, including what is termed a Portugee shop. 5. And last, but not least, the overseers' house, about which I shall say a few words. This is generally a long one-storied building on brick pillars, from eight to fourteen feet high, containing four to eight rooms, with a gallery in front about eight feet wide, running the whole length of the house. On some estates these houses are very wretched and old; but they are generally improving.

'The estates are situated from one to eighteen miles distant from Georgetown in Demerara, and from one to nine from New Amsterdam in Berbice, with a few exceptions. The estates on the east coast of Demerara are the most conveniently situated for visiting, as there is a railroad running past them to Malaica. Mail-wagons however, are in use all over the colony, and the roads, generally speaking, are very good.

'A young man reaches the colony either indentured to a certain employer or merely on speculation, carrying with him perhaps a few introductory letters. In the latter case, it is certainly probable that he may procure a situation as overseer; but in my opinion, a young man has a far greater chance of ultimate success and promotion if he lands in the colony under a three years' indenture to a certain firm. The Colonial Company, London, the Messrs Ewing & Co., Glasgow, and Mr St Quintin Hogg, himself a large proprietor, send out many young men thus yearly. An overseer going out from home under agreement will have his passage paid for him, and be supplied with the necessary articles of furniture for his room on reaching the estate to which he is assigned; whereas an overseer not under one of these three-yearly contracts will have to do all this for himself. The Southampton mail-steamers charge twenty-one pounds for the passage, and sailing-vessels less.

'The writer was not indentured himself, but

has had plenty of opportunities of seeing and judging of the advantage to be derived from such an arrangement. The salary for a beginner is seldom more than fifty pounds per annum, generally speaking only forty pounds; and this is paid quarterly. An indentured overseer usually receives fifty, sixty, and seventy pounds per annum for his three years' term of contract; while perhaps an unindentured man may be in receipt of a larger salary at the end of one and a half or two years' service, as the reward of his industry and steady application to work. In addition to the salary, a pound a month is allowed on all estates to each overseer to defray the expenses of a servant and for washing. The overseers board at the manager's table, who is allowed fifty-two pounds per annum for each. The Colonial Company however, make an exception to this rule, they being more generous, allowing sixty-two pounds, which enables their managers to afford a more liberal diet. This it must be clearly understood is over and above the salary each overseer receives. At the manager's house the overseers receive three meals a day. Few hard-working young men however, find this sufficient, and are obliged to provide themselves with something extra in the way of luncheon at their own expense.

Each manager of a sugar-estate boards the overseers under him exactly as he thinks fit; and I am sorry to remark that some try and do this as shabbily and economically as possible, so that the whole amount allowed them may not be expended, and the surplus serve to defray the cost of any extravagance in which they may have indulged. Those gentlemen, however, who act differently are well known in the colony, and are greatly respected as men who treat their overseers like gentlemen; while the less said about the characters bestowed on the former the better.

Each overseer is expected to be in the "field" in all weathers from seven in the morning, with intervals of rest, to four or half-past four in the afternoon. On large properties, where some of the fields are four and five miles distant from the buildings—the manufactory usually goes by the name of the "buildings"—each overseer is allowed a mule to ride "aback" on. When the field is reached, he dismounts, and the actual superintendence of the work is all done on foot. Some estates have not many mules, and allow *balleaux* (small flat-bottomed punts) instead, with a boy to haul each *balleau* "aback" along the navigation canals, while the overseer sits inside and steers with a paddle.

On Sunday or in the evenings the manager will generally be found willing to lend a mule to an overseer anxious to go off the estate on business or to visit a friend; but it is a distinctly understood thing that no overseer shall leave the estate he belongs to without having first received the express sanction of the manager, or in his absence that of the deputy-manager or head-overseer. Only the very large estates employ a deputy-manager; but every plantation has a head-overseer, who not only is in receipt of a better salary, but enjoys greater privileges than the other overseers. On returning from the field in the afternoon, the books have to

be made up—that is, the money earned by the labourers during that day entered up against their names in the pay-lists, and their names all called over, to ascertain if any have been absent from work without special leave. This occupation takes one or two hours, and sometimes much longer. On Mondays, and sometimes on other days, the work may be a little less arduous than I have described it above; but this is not often the case, and it is frequently much stiffer.

I have now to speak about the night-watches in the manufactory. During crop-time, when sugar-making—or "grinding" as it is called in the colony—is being carried on, the boilers, machinery, and other parts connected with the manufacture of the sugar and rum are constantly at work. Sometimes indeed fire may be hauled from under the boilers for an hour or two in the middle of the night; but generally speaking, the machinery is at work day and night during the period of "grinding." In the daytime an overseer specially set apart for this work takes charge of the manufactory; but the superintendence at night is carried on by each overseer in turn. For instance, if there are five overseers on an estate, each has one night-watch during five consecutive days, and so on for weeks together. If one or two overseers happen to be ill at the same time, the watches follow each other in quicker succession, rendering the work doubly fatiguing. After an overseer has been at work all day and then up all night, one would imagine him unfit to go about his work at all on the ensuing day; but nevertheless he has to do it, and that with the best grace possible. It is needless to say that the consequences of the overseer in charge of the manufactory at night falling asleep may be very serious, and were he detected in such an act, he would receive instant dismissal. These watches are greatly dreaded by most overseers, and do more to make them ill and produce fever than anything else they experience. It is a striking fact that a manager only gets ill perhaps once in six months, whilst an overseer will have been laid up four or five times during a similar period; and it is during crop-time that overseers are nearly always taken sick.

The colony fever, though not often fatal, is a fearful thing in its consequences, utterly prostrating and reducing a man's strength after a few days' illness, and rendering him incapable of doing anything. A sick overseer receives medical attendance, such as it is, gratis; but if ordered wine or other luxuries with which to recruit his strength or tempt the appetite, he will have to provide them himself except in very rare instances. In cases of a very severe sickness or disease attacking an overseer, the manager sends him to an admirable institution in Georgetown called the Seamen's Hospital. A fee of thirty-three shillings a week in advance is asked; and there he receives attendance and every requisite. This hospital, which is open to every one who can afford to pay the above-mentioned fee, is attached to the Colonial Hospital, and a properly qualified doctor is always resident on the premises. There is a similar institution in Barbice, but not so well managed or comfortable as that in Georgetown.

All managers have been once overseers themselves, and a few have been fortunate enough to have obtained managements in so short a period as four and five years after embracing the profession.

The rub then is to keep them. The shortest time however, in which an overseer can hope to become a manager, unless favoured by extraordinary circumstances which seldom occur, is six years; and many have to wait eight, nine, and ten years before obtaining the coveted position. An overseer will have greater chances of accomplishing this by remaining in one employ and bearing up manfully against all trials and disappointments. The colony is full of disappointed planters, who are only too ready to attribute every imaginable thing as the cause of their ill success but the right one.

'He who contemplates becoming a planter should be physically strong, active, steady, and endowed with that rare gift which will be of more use to him than anything else—common-sense. Scotchmen are now and have been for a long time the most successful planters in Demerara, holding the best and most lucrative appointments all over the colony. Such were mostly farmers' sons at home; and young farmers have always appeared to me to be better fitted for, and more able to withstand and cope with the hard work and toil of planting than those reared in any other station in life. Some of the Creoles and coloured men of Demerara make very good overseers, and two or three hold managements in the colony; but they rarely possess the energy and smartness that belong to a European.

'A beginner must expect to meet with what may appear to be great hardships and disappointments in the profession. He may have to put up with indignities and insults from those over him in authority; be always liable to dismissal for trivial mistakes, according to the whim or fancy of the manager for the moment under whom he is situated; and then perhaps, after bearing up against these and other trials, lose his health, as many have done before him. If however, he can overcome all difficulties and keep his health into the bargain, which he will be most likely to do if he abstain from the every-five-minute drinks and swizzles of Demerara, he will surely succeed at last; and the reward it must be remembered is considerable, a manager seldom being in receipt of less than five or six hundred pounds per annum, besides everything found him.

'And now if the reader, being physically fit for the life and inclined towards it, should feel dismayed at this summary of evils, let him not be disheartened, but remember that all occupations carry with them their peculiar trials and drawbacks in possibly as great a degree as does the calling of a Demerara planter. Let him bear in mind that without energy of purpose he can never be successful anywhere.

'I have written this paper in the hope that it will be of use to those in doubt on the subject, by affording them a slight glimpse of what they will have to expect, and by enabling them to judge correctly if they are really fitted for the life they will have to encounter, should they determine to embrace the planter's profession. And lastly, I wish all old planters in Demerara who read this paper to understand that it was not written for their benefit, amusement, or criticism whether friendly or hostile, but solely for those who, not yet planters, are in doubt on the matter, and who do not really understand what Demerara and overseeing mean. And I think

it will be plain to any one from what I have written, that these words mean far more than I have either ability or inclination now to discuss.'

'BEST-MAN' AT A WEDDING.

CALCUTTA, June 8, 187-

MY DEAR OLD CHUM—In a P.S. added to my letter as the last mail was closing, I told you I had just been foolish enough to promise to be 'best-man' at the wedding of my friend Captain A—, and I said I would give you an idea of how these interesting occurrences are conducted in India—or perhaps I should speak less generally, and say in the 'City of Palaces.' The wedding in question, however, having been a very quiet one, and not on the usual elaborate—and wearisome—scale of Calcutta *wallahs*, it will be necessary to digress a little from the details regarding Captain A—'s wedding, to give you an idea of the general routine.

Shortly before the close of last year, I acted in the same capacity as at this last wedding; and that having been on a large scale, I learned the order of things to be anticipated on getting married in Calcutta, which in addition to giving me the necessary information, created a wholesome horror of ever appearing as principal in a similar scene. Weddings in Calcutta are celebrated either early in the morning or late in the afternoon: generally at the latter time. Small wedding-parties in Calcutta would be considered very large ones in England. On the occasion I mention above, something over two hundred invitations were issued. This is the form, as nearly as my remembrance serves me:

'MR and MRS BROWN-JONES, with compliments to MRS SMITH and family, beg the favour of their attendance at St Timothy's Church on Saturday afternoon next at 5 o'clock, to witness the marriage of their daughter SUSAN MARIA JANE, to MR JOHN THOMAS TOMPKINS.

Cake and wine after the ceremony at No. 6 Guddahwallah Rustah.'

Then for the favoured many—you really cannot under the circumstances say few—who are to tread the light fantastic during the evening and knock themselves up for next day, a gentle hint is added to the invitation just given: 'An evening party at 8.30 P.M.'

The day having arrived, those interested in the couple to be married, or others having a weakness for cake and favours, find their way to church, where the ceremony differs not, I believe, from that performed in England. The subsequent rush for favours most certainly is not less. Those who have received invitations, make their way after the ceremony to the house of the bride's parents, where sundry toasts are proposed, cake and simpling—Anglo-Indian for champagne—go the merry round, favours are stolen, bridesmaids worried, the clergyman surrounded as he does the correct thing

in saying something appropriate, and then every one leaves the house : those so invited, to prepare for the evening party ; those who are not, to grumble over the omission and feel dissatisfied. Violinists—or rather, to be common-place, fiddlers—carry on the music during the evening ; the bride and bridegroom leave later on ; and the party is much the same as would be the case in England, excepting perhaps, that the heat is greater, and the dusky servants in attendance more troublesome. And there it ends.

So much for the generality of weddings. Now for Captain A——'s. On the evening preceding the day itself, I went in company with the bridegroom-elect to dine with the future Mrs A——. I saw much more of the family than of my friend and his bride. (I believe they went into the garden to study botany—it was a full moon—but I am not quite certain.) They appeared on the scene as we, remaining mortal, and not having been travelling mentally in ethereal regions, were beginning to get sleepy ; so wishing all 'Good-night,' Captain A—— and I went home. (He didn't say a great deal on the way.) Arriving, inquiries of the kindest—yet somewhat peculiar—nature were made by two or three friends, and we sat up rather late, silently grieving over the last night of Captain A——'s bachelorhood. Although the wedding had been for some time on the *tapis* , its celebration was brought about rather hastily, in consequence of Captain A—— having to leave for another district.

On each side the river Hooghly, a few miles from Calcutta, are several small towns, favoured by newly married couples as resorts to pass that period of supposed felicity, the honeymoon. To one of these—we will say its name begins with Z—Captain A—— had telegraphed a few days previously for a purpose easily surmised. Up to the last night he had received no answer ; so it was arranged that I should call upon him as early as possible next morning, and in the event of his not having then heard, that I should go to Z—— and make arrangements. About half-past five next morning, I was walking across the Maidán in Calcutta, and made my way to Captain A——'s quarters. No reply had been received. Taking a conveyance, I crossed the Hooghly into Howrah, and had the satisfaction of seeing the train I wanted leaving the station just as I entered it. In Calcutta railway arrangements, there is 'railway time' and 'Calcutta time ;' the former being, I think, the same as Madras, and thirty-three and a half minutes behind the latter. The next train to Z—— left in about three hours' time ; so making an early call upon a bachelor friend, I passed the interval. In time not to be too late, I was again at the Howrah railway station, where I found the train waiting.

After a small matter of forty minutes behind time, I arrived at Z—— ; and inquiring for the next return-train, found I might catch it if I hurried. I got into a gharry—a four-wheel conveyance very similar to a cab—drawn by as miserable a pair of three-quarter-starved, broken-down ponies as ever had the misfortune to behold the light of day. I told the driver to go quickly,

promise of a 'bucksheesh' (Anglicé, a tip) having the desired effect ; and telling him to go to X——'s hotel, he did his best to exhaust his strength in 'larruping' the wretched ponies aforesaid most zealously. After driving about three-quarters of a mile, the conveyance stopped at a fair-sized building, but which was closed. This was a great disappointment ; and I quite understood then how it was that Captain A——'s telegram had remained unanswered.

With the loss of as little time as possible, I made the best of my way to another hotel, Y——'s, whence after having completed the arrangements for the reception of the 'happy pair' in the evening, I hurried back to the station as fast as the miserable ponies were capable of taking me. I found I was too late. The station-master (a native) said the train had been late every day for the past fortnight, but to-day, for a wonder, had been up to time. I regretted its punctuality. There was no other train until five o'clock ; at which hour it was expected that I should be standing at the altar of St——'s Church, effulgent in a black coat, something nice in the way of neckties, and tender in pants. It was now a little past two o'clock. I knew a boat could not reach Calcutta in time, as the tide was contrary, and the road was far too long for a conveyance to be successful. Whilst considering the difficult situation, I thought I had better let Captain A—— know what was going on. There was a spirit of wickedness in me to frighten him on his wedding-day. I wrote out a message thus : 'X——'s hotel no existence—no other here—self delayed until six.' I imagined the tearing of hair and the distress of my friend as he sent word to his lady that the hour for her sacrifice had not yet come, as there was no place for them to go to. But I remembered the bright blue eyes of the bride, the long attachment, that Captain A—— had seen the roughest phase of this world's ups and downs, and that his own inconveniences or annoyances would be forgotten in regret for unnecessary trouble given to the good lady who was to be his wife that day ; so I tore up the form and wrote another : 'Delayed—no X——'s hotel—arrangements made.'

Then came the necessity for making my own arrangements. The line of rail on which I had travelled that morning skirted the river Hooghly. I knew from previous roamings that another line also skirted the other side of the river, and in some places close to it. I sauntered outside the station, and asked the first man I met whether there was a railway station near to the other side. He said there was one directly opposite, and that there were lots of boats to take me across. I knew that on this line trains were frequent on Saturday, because the Volunteers came for rifle-shooting. I went to the station-master and said : 'Babu, it is absolutely necessary for me to be in Calcutta by half-past four, and as your train does not arrive until five, I am going to try the other line. Can you give me any idea when the first train leaves the opposite station ?' No, he couldn't ; he thought the first train went at half-past six. I called a gharry, and was telling the driver to go as fast as possible to where the boats were. Finding he spoke Bengali, of which I knew but a little, I asked the station-master kindly to tell the man what I wanted. The

station-master's advice, translated, was: 'Go slowly to where the boats are, and the Sahib will give you a bucksheesh beyond your fare.'

I didn't know much Bengali; in fact all I knew of it was from its similarity to another up-country language which I knew pretty well, and which was supposed to be a corrupted version of pure Bengali. By this I was able to understand what the station-master said. I therefore addressed him in what would probably be called the arrogant voice of the rampant Anglo-Saxon, and then drove off in the gharry.

Ah! that conveyance! Its memory haunts me as I write. Calcutta 'hackney carriages' are of three classes. Z—possessed one of the first—always retained by the hotel at which I had arranged for my friend—none of the second, but a more than ample supply of the third. Riding in the last named reminded me of a description of travelling on a camel: 'sitting on a music-stool screwed up to its highest, placed on a heavy cart without springs, travelling on a newly macadamised road, and drawn by a stumbling blind horse.' My unlucky head was constantly coming into contact with the roof of the gharry; an intoxicated man in a superior conveyance would have sat still compared with how I sat; turning corners made me tremble visibly; and all things considered, I almost wished, with a view of equalising my personal misery that day, that I had allowed the first telegraphic message to go! Here was I being bruised and shattered all because another man was to be married. Enduring that third-class gharry journey must have been as severe to my unfortunate person as I should imagine was the shock, at contemplated matrimony, to my friend's nervous system.

The distance was much longer than I expected; or perhaps, time being so precious, it seemed longer. Passing the hotel on my way, I went in and ascertained about a conveyance for Captain A—. The only 'first-class' one was to be sent to meet the mail-train that night; and lest any other passengers should take a fancy to it, I arranged with the coachman to retain my card until a gentleman accompanied by a lady asked for it, and they would be the right persons to take the gharry. Reaching the ferry station at length, I called for a boat. Several men offered to ferry me. All the boats save one were heavy and cumbersome-looking; so I took the exception, a very small narrow craft. Our destination was exactly opposite; but it was not possible to cross in a straight line. We crept along the bank against the tide for a long long way. The sun was dreadfully hot; my small hat afforded scarcely any protection; I had no umbrella; there was shelter of no description in the boat; so there I had to sit, exposed to the scorching sun of that hot May day, and nearly blinded by the intense glare from the water. It seemed as though an immense furnace had been let loose amongst us. After going a long distance up the river, we got into the middle of it, and then went down with the tide in a slanting direction to our destination. It was unnecessary to row in going down, for our speed was fast enough in itself.

When the boat stopped, I asked the boatmen the direction of the railway station, not seeing it from the river. They pointed it out, or professed to; but being no wiser than before, I asked them to

accompany me, that I might save time. O no! They couldn't think of going in such a sun!

'Very well,' I said; 'then I shall not pay you until I am in the station.'

This had the desired effect; for they rose to accompany me, and we reached the station, running, in about three minutes. I had time only to get my ticket when the Calcutta train was off. I was very tired indeed. What with being up late the night before, early this day, the anxiety, worry, and uncertainty, together with standing in the full glare of the sun in a small hat and without any shelter, I certainly had had quite enough of assisting other people to get married. The train, a slow one, stopping at every station, had nineteen or twenty miles to go, and so I went fast asleep. When I reached Calcutta, four o'clock had struck. I hastened to the house where I was staying, snatched up my clothes, got into a gharry, went off to Captain A—'s quarters—who said as a consolation that he was certain I should not be late—jumped into the black coat and the neat thing in neckties, and was alongside the altar precisely at 5 P.M.

I trust you will not be disappointed at my failing to give a few pages descriptive of the ladies' toilets. Let it suffice to say that every lady looked superlatively nice, and that amongst so much silk, lace, muslin, fans, and perfume, I was considerably confused. This I am sure you will take for granted.

The ceremony over, favours fastened on, names signed, and so forth, we hid to the bride's house. The simkin had a very soothing effect; for to tell the truth, I felt rather upset. Glancing at the bride and bridegroom, I repeated that I had ever been heartless enough to think for a moment of deceiving them with a telegram. Some one came and whispered that I should propose the health of the newly married pair. Speech-making is a thing I have never excelled in, for the simple reason—I have scarcely ever tried it, and I was at a loss to know what to say. Whilst considering, the bridesmaids gave me some cake. They had made me a victim. One refused to believe I was not married, so pinned the favour on the right side of my coat. Another—I fancy she hoped I wasn't—fastened it on the left; so I was resplendent in double rows. My coat-tails were similarly adorned; and according to a recently married lady, I looked like a sheep dressed for Christmas. This ceremony over, the toast again came forward.

'My dear friends!' No; that would not do, because several were present whom I now met for the first time. 'Ladies and gentlemen?' This scarcely reached the tender years of the bridesmaids. There was one resource left, and I availed myself of it as follows. 'Ahem! Never having been either a bride or bridegroom, I am quite at a loss to know what to say. I believe, however, that on painful occasions such as these—' Here came a small shower of corks from the gentlemen; the ladies threw pieces of cakes at me, or rather the icing, which I suppose they thought, being harder, would have a better effect upon my head, which was probably, &c.; and in the general confusion I proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom.

I almost forget how the evening passed. It was late before I began to prepare to get ready to

commence to think about the time. I remember there was music and singing. The wedding had been so hurriedly brought about that but few friends were present; otherwise I doubt not dancing would have been largely patronised. As it was, we enjoyed ourselves wonderfully. The next occurrence was going into supper, which passed in the pleasant manner that such things should. Shortly after, the bride and bridegroom took their departure. They were profusely pelted with rice; a sad proceeding, considering that there was a famine raging in Southern India at the time. Coming in from the veranda, it appeared that I was guilty of being a bride, bridegroom, or some other equally miserable being, for every one commenced to pelt me with rice in the most energetic and undignified manner. For some reason or other I appeared to be a fair object whereon to perpetrate picaresqueries (!) of all kinds, which brought the evening's amusement to a happy issue. In fact I began to feel so used up with the duties pertaining to quartermaster in the first place, and master of ceremonies in the second, that I hailed the approaching break-up with secret delight.

Wishing my friends 'good-night,' I got into the carriage kindly reserved for me, and was driven home; and whilst dozing on the comfortable cushions, I thought that it was all very strange. I had gone to church a single being, and was returning home as such. My friends had gone a couple of singles, and left a single couple. Yes, it was strange. Here was I, tired and sleepy; whilst I supposed that the newly—

Excuse this abrupt ending. I did not expect to fill so much space. The postman is in the veranda, and I cannot longer stay. Salams to all.—Ever yours, S—B—.

RAILWAY CLAIMANTS.

A serious item on the debit side of the half-yearly balance-sheets of all big railway companies is the amount paid to the public as compensation for the loss or pilferage of, or the damage done to, merchandise in transit or while in the Company's possession. Many thousands of pounds have, as a rule, to be deducted from the current half-year's receipts on this account, although the companies do to some small extent recoup themselves by the periodical sale of all lost and damaged goods of which they find themselves the unwilling depositaries. Another more or less serious item on the wrong side of the balance-sheet is the compensation paid for personal injuries; but with that we have nothing now to do.

In addition to the amount paid in hard cash to the public, the Companies have to maintain a numerous and costly staff of clerks for the investigation and settlement of merchandise claims. This is an item of expense which might be very materially reduced if the claims sent in by the public were, as a rule, just and reasonable ones, or even if they were not in many cases actual breaches of commercial morality—little better, we are sorry to say, than barefaced attempts at

swindling. For even setting aside such claims as may be sent in by people who 'live by their wits,' which but too often means a habitual infraction of the eighth commandment, it would really seem that many otherwise respectable people, who would scorn to rob their neighbours of a penny, and would as soon think of committing suicide as of picking a man's pocket of his watch or purse, become strangely perverted in their views of *meum* and *tuum* when they have to deal with a corporate body like a railway Company. There is an old saying that a 'board' has no conscience; but there are many thousands of people in business who seem to think that every railway Company has a purse, and a long one too, into which, if they can only succeed in dipping their fingers without detection, they are rather to be congratulated than otherwise, as having done a smart thing for themselves without any one being the sufferer by it.

I have been led into these remarks by a little incident which happened to me the other day. I was travelling by railway, when, at a certain station, an old acquaintance, whom I had lost sight of for many years, rushed at the last moment into the compartment in which I was sitting. After mutual recognition and handshakings, we began to compare notes. It was then I learned for the first time that my friend Keene was employed in the Traffic Claims Department of a certain railway Company. In the course of our conversation he supplied me with sundry particulars concerning the duties of his situation, and gave me, in addition, several illustrations of the peculiar phase of commercial dishonesty commented upon by me at the beginning of this paper.

When a claim is sent in to the head-office (said Keene) for loss or detention of, or damage to, goods, annexed to the actual complaint of the public there come certain explanatory particulars from the chief of the station at which the claim has in the first instance been made. As soon as possible after a complaint has been made at a station, either the chief himself or a properly accredited officer goes down to the warehouse or wharf to inquire, on the Company's behalf, into the extent of the alleged loss. This inquiry having elicited a report, the next step is to ascertain where and how the loss or damage originated. It may have originated at the station from which the goods were sent, or even, as not unfrequently happens, before the goods were put into the railway Company's hands at all. It may have taken place in transit, or it may be due to carelessness or accident on the part of some of the Company's servants after the goods were received at their destination. In any case, further minute inquiries have to be made, and in the majority of instances, a number of letters to pass between the two points of transit, before the case can be finally summed up and reported on by the chief of the station, who recommends to the head-office, either that the claim be paid in full, that it be declined *in toto*,

or that the intermediate course be adopted of offering say one-half or two-thirds of the sum demanded by the aggrieved claimants.

It is now that the head-office takes the case in hand and decides what shall finally be done. Each batch of papers is carefully gone through, new points being raised, and fresh correspondence with the station entered into when necessary; and if, after all this, the claim seems to be a really fair and reasonable one, instructions are promptly sent that it shall be paid in full. But should the claim be an unusually heavy one, or should any element of doubt or suspicion have entered into it, some one is sent from headquarters (your humble servant, for instance), who traverses the whole question afresh on the spot, sees every one concerned in the matter, and generally winds up by visiting the person or firm making the complaint, and arguing or persuading them into some reduction of the sum originally demanded.

When a claim arises on goods which have been carried over more than one line of railway, if on investigation it cannot be decided on which particular line the damage occurred, the Companies concerned agree to divide the loss by a mileage proportion in accordance with the distance the goods have travelled over each line. The division in such cases is made by the Railway Clearing-house.

Persons who claim for damage or delay in transit, usually display a strong desire to throw the goods concerned on the hands of the railway Company, by which means they are enabled to claim for their full value. One great point with our officers is to induce the public to accept the goods, sell them to the best advantage, and make their claims for actual loss only. When we cannot succeed in so doing, the goods are stored away at headquarters, there to await the annual clearance sale of all lost and damaged property, unless they be of a perishable nature and require to be sold at once, in which case they are offered to the first likely customer, and the Claims Account debited with the balance of loss on the double transaction.

Some time ago we had two hundred quarters of wheat consigned to a certain firm with whom we had done business once or twice previously. Owing to bad sheeting, two truck-loads of the wheat were slightly damaged by wet. A claim was sent in for the full value of the grain. It then became my business to wait upon the consignees, with the view of inducing them either to receive the whole of the wheat and claim for actual loss only, or to accept that portion of it which was undamaged, and charge us with the value of that which the rain had partially spoiled. They positively declined to accede to either proposition. They threw the whole of the wheat on our hands, ordered a fresh consignment of two hundred quarters, and pocketed their profit on both transactions.

What was to be done? The damaged portion of the wheat would quickly deteriorate with keeping. A customer must be found without much delay. Now, it is a habit of mine, and one which I find rather useful for a person in my position, to keep an eye on the fluctuations of the produce and other markets as notified in the various published price-lists. I was aware that at this particular time grain was slowly but surely rising in

value, great fears being expressed that the coming harvest would be a partial failure. For several days I watched the prices go up a fraction per *diem*. Then, when I doubted the wisdom of waiting any longer, and taking with me samples of the wheat both damaged and undamaged, I made my way as fast as steam could carry me to certain large starch-works in the north where the purchase of inferior and partially damaged grain is a matter of frequent occurrence. I saw the manager, produced my samples, struck a bargain on the spot; and found that, leaving out of consideration the carriage which had to be allowed for, the Company were something like seven pounds in pocket by the transaction.

On one occasion a claim for fifty pounds was sent in, for damage in transit to a large driving-wheel consigned to a well-known firm of Yorkshire manufacturers. Subjoined to the claim came a report from our station-agent, who stated that he had seen the wheel; that the fracture in it was a very serious one; that before the wheel could be used it would either have to be sent back to the founders, or else some skilled workman be sent from there to repair it on the spot; that the manufacturers would be put to great inconvenience while such repairs were being effected, and that in his opinion the claim was perfectly just and legitimate.

Our people at headquarters were inclined to coincide with the views of the station-agent and to settle the claim off-hand. It was only by accident that I saw the papers. When I had read them through, I asked that they might be given to me for a few days, and that the settlement of the claim might be delayed till I had made my report. I hardly know what it was that roused my suspicions in the case, but roused they certainly were. I went down to the station and examined all our people there who were in any way connected with the affair, but still I found nothing tangible to lay hold of. Not satisfied, I went away for two or three weeks about my other business, letting my beard grow meanwhile. Then I went back to H—, and without letting any one at the station know of my arrival, I took up my quarters at a lowish public-house in the workmen's quarter of the town. I had previously rigged myself out in a second-hand slop, a pair of fustian trousers and an old travelling-cap. After this I had not much difficulty in finding out which were the two public-houses chiefly frequented of an evening by the hands employed at the works to which the wheel had been consigned. Being Yorkshire born, the dialect came natural to me.

It was only necessary that I should 'stand treat' now and then, and avouch myself as a 'chap' out of work, as a mate in want of a job, to find myself hail-fellow-well-met with the very men whose acquaintance I was just now desirous of making. Their talk naturally turned a good deal on the 'shop' and matters connected therewith, in all of which I professed to be greatly interested. Were they in want of hands? Was it likely I should get a job if I applied? They didn't know. I'd better see th' gaffer. Mappen I might get taken on.

But the engineer was the man whose company I most affected. What sort of machinery had they? How many boilers? What was the dia-

meter of their driving-wheel? It came out at last what I wanted to hear, either on the third or fourth night after my arrival at H—.

'We had a new driving-wheel a few weeks ago,' said the engineer, a south-country man, as he rapped on the table for another tankard of ale. 'The railway Company contrived to break it, and it was thought at first it would have to be sent back to be mended. However, I persuaded the governor to let me try my hand at it; and with that I fitted a plate over the crack, and contrived to bolt it down so hard and fast that I believe it's now the strongest part of the wheel. Anyhow, there it is at work in the engine-house, and I'll wager my head that it lasts as long as the old one did.'

My friend the engineer was evidently proud of his handiwork.

Shaven and properly dressed, I called next morning on the manager. 'I am from the railway Company,' I said; 'and have called respecting your claim for damage done to your driving-wheel.'

'Yes, to be sure,' responded the manager smilingly. 'Fifty pounds. You gentlemen are rather long-winded in such matters; but better late than never. I will draw up a receipt in three minutes.'

'A receipt for five pounds,' said I.

'For fifty, my dear sir—fifty.'

'What!' said I; 'claim fifty pounds when I happen to know for a fact—a fact, mind you—that this very driving-wheel is now at work in your engine-house, and that the damage done to it was so trifling that one of your own hands repaired it without difficulty at a cost of certainly not more than a couple of pounds for labour, time, and material. We are willing to meet you in a fair spirit, but nothing more. I am empowered to offer you five pounds in full discharge of our liability. If that will not satisfy you, you may take the case into court and leave it for a jury to settle.'

For ten minutes the manager raved and stormed, but at the end of that time he gave me a receipt for the five pounds.

The next case to which I shall refer was one in which the Company were assessed for damage alleged to have been sustained by a printing-press on its way from London to a certain small market-town. The claim was for sixty odd pounds, and was accompanied as usual by the report of our agent at the station. It was stated that the press was so broken as to be utterly valueless, and would have to be replaced by an entirely fresh one. In this case everything seemed so reasonable and straightforward that the claim was paid in full and the matter looked upon as at an end. The conduct of the case had not been mine, and I had only a superficial knowledge of it; but for all that, when I was next at the London terminus and found myself with an hour to spare, I made it my business to find out the address of the senders of the machine. To those senders I went, introduced myself, and then asked them to be good enough to inform me whether such-and-such a press had ever been sent back to them for repairs, or whether another one had been sent to replace it. Neither one nor the other they told me. They were not even aware that the press had been broken in transit.

A few days later, I found myself at the station to which the press had been consigned. Our agent, on being interrogated, was clearly of opinion that the press had been damaged beyond the possibility of repair, and had been sent back to London; but when requested to trace the back-entry through his books, he was unable to do so, neither could he trace that a second press had been sent to replace the first one. Inquiry in the town elicited that our friend the printer was doing a capital trade for so small a place, and that he seemed to be at no loss for machinery to carry out his orders.

Armed with the information thus obtained, I determined on taking an exceedingly bold step, and that entirely on my own responsibility. When I explained my views to the chief of our detective force, he agreed to join me in the adventure; so, on a certain fine afternoon, we marched together into the printer's shop. We were both utter strangers to the man.

'You do printing here?' I said interrogatively.

'Yes, sir; printing of all kinds.'

'If I were to give you an order of some magnitude, could I rely upon its being completed expeditiously?'

'Without a doubt, sir. No one in the town or neighbourhood has got such a plant as I have, or can turn out as much work as I can in the same space of time.'

'That will do,' said I. 'I am not here to give you an order, Mr —, but to ask you a few questions. I am in the service of the ——— Railway Company, and this gentleman is a detective officer.' Here my friend rattled the handcuffs in his pocket. 'I want to know what has become of the printing-press, for damages to which the railway Company paid you sixty odd pounds on the fourth of last month.'

'The press was so much damaged,' said he, 'that I was glad to sell it for a mere song.'

'Perhaps you can oblige me with the address of the person to whom you sold the broken press?'

'The man was very pale by this time, but he answered brusquely enough: 'Perhaps I could oblige you, but I certainly won't.'

'Probably you replaced it with another?'

'I did.'

'From the same firm that supplied you with the first one?'

A moment's hesitation, and then: 'That's my business, not yours.'

'In any case, the second press would reach you by railway. On what date did you receive it?'

'My business again.'

'Am I to understand that you positively decline to answer any of the questions I have put to you?'

Another rattle of the handcuffs. He hesitated, pulled his beard, glanced from one to the other of us, and then spoke. 'Look here, Mr Whats-your-name, the railway Company settled my claim five weeks ago. If they hadn't been satisfied with my statement, they wouldn't have done that. The affair's at an end. I have got my money, and I mean to stick to it.'

'We shall see about that,' said I. 'Look you here, Mr —. The very printing-press for which we paid you over sixty pounds as being irreparably damaged, is now at work in these premises.'

You never obtained a second press either from London or elsewhere. Your claim was an utterly fraudulent one, and you have laid yourself open to a criminal prosecution by acting as you have. However, not to be too hard on you, my friend and I are willing to wait here for a couple of hours; and if at the end of that time, you bring us back the sixty odd pounds obtained by you under such dishonest pretences, I will engage that no further proceedings shall be taken in the matter. But should you decline to accede to this very reasonable request, I shall go from here to the nearest magistrate and obtain a warrant for your arrest.' His bravado vanished in a moment. He vowed and protested that he had not sixty pounds in the world, nor half that sum. He would remit it next week—in a day or two—tomorrow. But he failed to move me from the position I had taken up. Then he put on his hat and went out, presumably to see his friends; and before the two hours were quite over he returned with the money. My detective friend and I went on our way rejoicing.

LAND TELEGRAPH LINES.

WORKING.

In a recent paper we gave an account of the nature and construction of land telegraph lines, especially those of our own country. It shall now be our aim to explain the modes in which they are worked for the conveyance of intelligence.

In each of our great towns there is one central office, through which all foreign and provincial messages pass on their way to their destinations; and a number of local offices for local traffic. At these central offices we see the working of the lines carried out on a great and varied scale; but the essential arrangement of apparatus is the same in all. In all countries the arrangements at central offices are much alike. We shall take as our chief example the metropolitan office at St Martin's-le-Grand.

An important feature of a central office is the *switch* or *connecting-board*. It is a contrivance on which all the lines centring in the office are made to focus. It is generally in the form of a mahogany board fitted with a number of screw terminals, to which the line-wires can be brought. The iron wires of the open-air lines are never themselves brought inside the building; but copper wires coated with gutta-percha or india-rubber are used as connecting-wires or *leads* between the iron line-wires outside and the various instruments within the office. The advantage of a switch is that it enables lines in different parts of the country to be connected-up together, or cross-connected as it is called, and permits a line to be connected to a different instrument for working, if its proper instrument should get out of order—all at a moment's notice, and by the mere shifting of metal pegs or plugs, without the need of disturbing a single wire. At the London Central Office as many as eight hundred lines thus centre on one board.

In the instrument-room the work of transmitting and receiving the messages is carried on. There are several different kinds of receiving instruments in use in the United Kingdom. On the most important circuits, for instance between London and Glasgow, or London and Liverpool, the ink-writing receiver of Morse is used in connection with the automatic transmitter of Wheatstone, and the line is in addition worked on the 'duplex system' of sending two messages *in opposite directions* at the same time. On less busy circuits the 'Sounder' is employed in connection with the duplex system. On circuits where the traffic is great only in one direction, there is no need of the duplex system, and the Morse or Sounder is sufficient in itself. On country and local town circuits, the Single Needle Instrument is used, with or without duplex as the case may be; and in some out-of-the-way places, the Hughes Type-printer or the Bell Instrument is still to be found at work, although they are relics of the days before the lines passed into the hands of the government.

The Morse and Sounder are the instruments principally to be seen in the Central Office, London. They are fixed upon long mahogany tables, at which the operators sit and manipulate them, or work the signalling-keys in sending messages. Twelve hundred operators, chiefly young ladies, are daily employed in the instrument-room, which contains two-thirds of a mile of tables. Batches of messages are distributed to the different operators by means of pneumatic tubes, so that the noise and bustle of messengers in the room are avoided. This large hall, over twenty thousand square feet in area, with its hundreds of beautiful instruments, worked by female clerks, its admirable order and stillness, is indeed one of the sights of London.

The telegraphic circuit is, as the reader knows, composed of the line-wire, the earth, and the apparatus connecting them at each end. At the sending end the wire is connected to the earth or ground by the signalling-key or sending instrument, the battery and the earth-plate all in circuit. At the receiving end the wire is connected to earth by the receiving instrument and the earth-plate there. The signalling-key is a lever or pair of levers worked by the fingers so as to complete or interrupt the circuit, according to the order of signals in the Morse code, and allow certain succession of currents to flow along the line to the distant station, where they will render themselves sensible by their effects on the receiving instrument, and be readily interpreted by the same code. The kind of key employed depends on the receiving instrument. All receiving instruments act by means of some well-known sensible effect of the current. The Morse instrument is one of the earliest of all. In the 'fall' of 1832, Samuel Morse, an American artist, conceived the idea of it while on a voyage from France to the United States, and entered it in his note-book. Three

years later he constructed the first rough working-model; and in 1837 it was first tried on an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. The principle of the instrument, discovered by Sturgeon, a Londoner, is, that when a current of electricity circulates in an insulated wire round about a piece of soft iron, it magnetises the iron; and the polarity of the magnetism depends on the direction of the current in the wire. When the current stops, the magnetism vanishes; but remains while the current flows. Morse applied this property in the following way. He took a soft iron core wound with a coil of insulated wire, and over one end of the core he pivoted an iron lever, so that when one end of this lever should be attracted downwards to the core, the other end should 'cant' upwards. To this end he attached a small metal disc, smeared in ink, and over the disc he caused to pass continuously a strip or tape of paper. With this contrivance, whenever a current was passed through the coil of the soft iron core, the armature end of the lever was attracted downwards to it; while the other end pressed the inky disc upwards against the paper, on which it left its mark in the form of a line drawn in ink. The length of this line corresponds with the duration of the current in the coil. A momentary current marks a dot on the paper; a longer current marks a dash. Morse combined these two elementary signals the 'dot' and 'dash' into a code of signals representing letters, which now goes by his name, and is even more universal than his instrument, for it is used in connection with all instruments except those which indicate with printed characters. A despatch by the Morse Instrument then, is simply—as we have on a former occasion indicated—a tape of paper with a series of dots and dashes marked along its middle. The speed by the Morse is from thirty to thirty-five words a minute by hand-sending.

The Sounder is merely a modified Morse. The ink and paper are dispensed with, as the clerk reads the message by ear. The free end of the lever is made to tap up and down between two stops of different material, and the difference in tone of the two sounds produced serves to characterise them to the ear. Strange as it may appear, the ear is more easily educated to read by the Sounder than the eye by the Morse; hence the Sounder is growing in favour; partly owing to this and partly because of its simpler nature.

The Bell Instrument—formerly introduced by Sir Charles Bright, and still in use on some Irish circuits—is also read by the ear. It consists of two bells of different tone, and the clapper of each is worked by electro-magnetism, like the lever of the Morse or Sounder. Unlike these instruments however, it is worked by 'double currents'—that is to say a positive current is made to strike one bell and a negative current the other.

The principle of the Single Needle Instrument is the discovery of Oersted the Danish physicist,

that when a current flows in a wire round about a magnetic needle in the direction of its length, the needle tends to set itself at right angles to the wire. On reversing the direction of the current in the wire, the position of the needle is reversed. It is clear that by the use of positive and negative currents, and the corresponding movements of the needle to right or left of the wire, an intelligible telegraph could be arranged. In 1832 Baron Schilling of Cronstadt found that by coiling the wire a number of times round the needle the force of the effect was correspondingly increased. In 1836 Professor Müntz of Heidelberg exhibited Schilling's discovery to his students, among whom was William Fothergill Cooke, a young Indian officer. His was the eye that saw the great value of the discovery as a telegraph. Fired with the idea of its importance, he devised and put in trial at Heidelberg, within three weeks after, a working system of telegraph. His instrument consisted of three coils of wire, each having a horizontal needle free to move on its pivot. He employed three circuits, one for each needle, and by the movements of these needles, made out an alphabet of twenty-six letters. In England he united his plans with those of Wheatstone, and together they brought out the first working system.

The first public line in England between Paddington and West Drayton was opened for traffic in 1838, just forty-one years ago. It was worked by Wheatstone's improved Needle Instrument, which had five vertical needles, required three circuits, and made each signal by the combined movements of two needles at a time. The clever capture of a murderer named Tawell by means of the new telegraph, soon gained for it a wide popularity. The Single Needle is, through the Double Needle, the direct descendant of Wheatstone's Instrument. In it there is only one coil and one vertical needle; it is operated by double currents in a single circuit, and the alphabet is the Morse code, a 'dot' being indicated by a right-hand deflection of the needle, and a 'dash' by a left-hand deflection. The deflections of the needle are curbed by stops. Over three thousand of them are in daily use in the postal service of the United Kingdom; and their well-known forms, resembling an American clock with a green face, are to be seen at almost every railway station. Its speed is from twenty-five to thirty words per minute.

On all long circuits an important instrument is the Relay. Owing to the leakage from a land-line, and the weakening effect of the resistance of the wires, a current in a long circuit is too feeble to work the ordinary receiving instruments such as the Morse and Sounder; but it is sufficiently strong to work a special instrument called a Relay. The Relay is merely a go-between, and enables the weak current in the line to work the receiving instrument by the help of a local battery at the receiving station. As early as 1837, Samuel Morse saw that a current far too feeble to move the

heavy lever and inking disc of a Morse, would be strong enough to move a very light lever, and thereby close the circuit of a local battery which should be strong enough to work the ordinary Morse. This is the principle of the Relay, and the Translator or Repeater, which is in reality an automatic sender. The Relay enables a weak message to work the receiver; the Translator forwards a weak message farther on by repeating it automatically with fresh battery-power. In America they work from New York to Chicago, a distance of one thousand miles, by the use of a single Translator at Buffalo. The most useful European Relay is Siemens' Polarised Relay. On the great Indo-European line it enables London to work with Teheran, a distance of three thousand eight hundred miles, without retransmission by hand.

We come now to Wheatstone's Automatic Transmitter. On lines where there is no great pressure of traffic, the ordinary hand-signalling suffices. A clerk can transmit at the rate of thirty words a minute, or even thirty-five. But there is no reason why the speed should be limited by the quickness at which a clerk can work the sending-key, since the speed of the current on land-lines is practically instantaneous, and automatic mechanism can be made to take the place of the clerk's fingers. All the clerk does in sending is to regulate the succession of contacts between the battery and the line, and this can be done equally well automatically. As far back as 1846, Alexander Bain, a well-known Edinburgh clock-maker, conceived the idea of regulating the succession of contacts by a strip of moving paper punched with a succession of holes, just as the cards in a Jacquard loom regulate the pattern of woven cloth. Bain's idea was taken up and brought to practical success by Wheatstone in 1855.

In Wheatstone's Automatic Transmitter, the message is first punched out in a double row of holes along a tape of paper; the right-hand holes correspond to dots, the left to dashes. This perforated tape is then passed through the automatic key or Transmitter, and regulates the succession of contacts. The contacts are made by two spring plungers, one for each row of holes. As each punched hole passes under the plunger, it falls into it, and makes contact with a metal plate underneath as a hammer falls on its anvil. When the paper space between two punched holes is passing a plunger, it is kept apart from the anvil, and contact with the line is for that time broken. Thus currents of definite length, and from one or other pole of the battery, can be transmitted automatically with great rapidity. The paper is moved by clockwork at any desired speed. The actual rate of sending between London and Edinburgh is sometimes as high as a hundred and thirty words a minute.

Without the Automatic Transmitter the Post-office could not forward the Press Association news. Sometimes as many as four intermediate stations are introduced in circuit, and supplied with news simultaneously at the rate of a thou-

sand words in twenty minutes. A number of clerks can be employed punching several portions of slip, which are one after another passed through the Transmitter in order, the same punched slip serving to send the message over several different lines.

As the Automatic Transmitter increases the speed of sending four-fold, so the Duplex system of working doubles the carrying capacity of a wire. By this system a message can be sent while another is being received, the messages seeming to cross each other on the way. It was invented by Dr. Gintl, an Austrian telegraph director, as early as 1853; but subsequently modified by various electricians, and recently revived, after a period of neglect, by Mr. Joseph Barker Stearns, an American. In duplex working, the ordinary apparatus slightly modified suffices, and the whole secret lies in the arrangement of it at each end of the wire. There is a receiver in circuit at each end; but it will be sufficient to confine our attention to one end of the line, since the arrangement at both ends is precisely similar. The essential feature of duplex consists in connecting-up to the real line an 'artificial line' or circuit in every electrical respect equivalent to it, and placing the receiving instrument intermediate between them in such a position that the sending current from the battery divides itself into two equal streams, which flow in opposite directions through the instrument, and neutralise each other's effect upon the needle or marker. In this way the sending current setting out from a station does not affect the receiver at that station; one half of it flows along the line to earth through the receiver at the distant station, where it signals, and the other half passes harmlessly to earth through the artificial line at the sending station itself.

The condition that currents sent out from a station shall not affect the receiving instrument there, but shall leave it quite free to be affected by currents coming in from the distant station, is the essential condition of duplex.

We have now to see how it is that currents sent out by the distant station produce their effect at the end we are considering. We have seen that so long as the sending current divides itself equally, and each half flows freely through the real and artificial circuits, no signal is made on the receiving instrument. If however, one of these currents were stopped either in whole or in part, this balance of currents would be disturbed, and the receiving instrument would be affected. This is what the sending currents from the distant stations do. Each signal current sent from the distant station stops, either wholly or partly, the sending current from the near station in the line, and disturbs the balance, so that the instrument at the near station makes a signal. Thus the sending of each station upsets the electric balance at the other, and in this way each station has power to make the receiver at the other to signal.

The duplex system is now in general use on land-lines in America and England. The quad-ruplex system is a more recent advance, and is also in use in America and England. In 1857, two years after Dr. Gintl shewed the feasibility of duplex telegraphy, Dr. Bosscha of Leyden expounded the possibility of transmitting two messages in the same direction simultaneously, and

pointed out that by the combination of this system with duplex, a quadruplex system of sending would result. In 1874 Messrs Edison and Prescott of New Jersey invented a thoroughly practicable system. It consists in employing two sending-keys at each end of the wire, so arranged as to give rise to four distinct electrical states of the line, when they are worked together in sending two separate messages simultaneously. These four distinct states are interpreted by two distinct receiving instruments. The duplex or counter system of Stearns is combined with this plan for double transmission; and thus two messages are sent both ways at the same time.

In the ordinary or simplex system of telegraphing, each station sends and receives messages by turns. The operator can by the mere turning of a handle or 'switch' connect-up his key to the line in order to send, or his receiver in order to receive. In the duplex system however, no switch is necessary, since no change in connections is required, and sending and receiving go on simultaneously. This is one incidental advantage of the system; and another is to be found in the facility with which operators can speak to each other and get words repeated. On the New York to Chicago circuit, one hundred and eighty-two American messages—equivalent to one hundred and thirty English messages—are sent per hour by the quadruplex system. On our own circuits worked by the Wheatstone Automatic Duplex, one hundred and sixty English messages are sent per hour; so there is a gain of thirty messages for our method. From thirty to forty thousand messages pass through the Central Telegraph Office, London, daily. Of the daily number, about one-sixth are foreign messages. The two busiest occasions of the telegraphic year are the Derby race-day and the sending of the Queen's Speech.

To provide for the exigencies of the Derby of 1878, a staff of thirty-five first-class hands were sent to Epsom. Six special wires besides the ordinary local wires were employed; and to 'put through' the enormous traffic to and from the field, as many as six Wheatstone Receivers, five Wheatstone Automatic Transmitters, six Morse Instruments, and two Single Needles, were kept at work. In the four days of the races, 15,519 messages—in value L.750, 4s. 8d.—were taken. At Goodwood and Ascot, the traffic is almost as great. The Queen's Speech is however, the more important event; and telegraphists all over the country vie with each other in their eagerness to rapidly transmit the royal address. Arrangements are made beforehand to send it from the central station *direct* to as many places as possible. It is usual to send it to nearly two hundred towns, including such places as Wick, Oban, Tralee; and to about sixty of these it is sent *direct*—that is, without retransmission. 'The work of signalling,' says one of the Post-office officials, 'commenced at 2.8 p.m., that being the moment at which the signal to "start" was received from the House of Commons. In a twinkling, the fingers which had been nervously grasping their "keys" for some minutes, came down in the shape of "dots" and "dashes" to the tune of forty words a minute or more (punching); and the Wheatstone Transmitters, wound up to the highest pitch of eagerness, were let loose with their familiar "whirr." While we were only as yet looking on to see what it

all meant, "Finished to Leicester!" shouted one excited operator, and "Ditto to York!" shouted another at the same moment. This was at 2.14 p.m. to the moment; so that the nine hundred and eighty-three words of which the Speech was composed were transmitted to these towns in six minutes, or at an average speed of nearly ten thousand words an hour.

'The great towns—Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, Nottingham, Leeds, and Bradford—received the Speech simultaneously, on what are called the "express circuits;" and to these the work of transmission was accomplished in the short space of eleven minutes. To Scotland and Ireland—including Aberdeen, Dundee, Belfast, Cork—the Speech was finished within twenty minutes; and to the great majority of places where transmission was effected direct, within half an hour.' In order to send these nine hundred and eighty-three words, fifty thousand separate holes would have to be punched on the Wheatstone slip, and fourteen thousand separate signals would have to be recorded in ink by the receiver at the receiving station.

SWEET VIOLETS.

SENT BY A LADY IN THE COUNTRY TO A FRIEND IN TOWN
(APRIL 29).

BROWNED boughs are leafless still,
And the wind is keen and chill;
On the hedges brown and bare
Scarcely one bursting bud I see;
Only, in this sunny nook
Scented violets welcome me.

Ah, that fragrance! how it brings
Back old days on rosy wings—
Days when Life's blue sky was clear,
When the simple hearts of youth
Gathered treasures all the year
Of unfading love and truth!

Fragrant are they now as ever;
And as each small flower I sever
From its sheltered woodland home,
Forth beneath the cold earth sleeping
Once more down the pathway come
With glad eyes that know not weeping!

Violets! ye bring to me
Many a sunny memory;
And as one by one I gather
You, the first, best gems of Spring,
Seemeth it to me your sweetness
To sad hearts some cheer must bring.

Friends the token might receive
Your lowliness is meant to give;
So, with wishes true and kind,
I shall send you where the city—
Growing nothing half so fair—
Shall receive with tender pity,
Your small blossoms, sweet and rare!

J. C. H.

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MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

ONE of the American humorists lays it down as a fundamental law concerning human nature, that we are each of us at some period of our lives subject to an intense desire to play a musical instrument. Upon this text he bases an amusing history of how he himself had once been bitten in that way, and had had in consequence often to shift his quarters, flying from unsympathising landladies and others whose savage breasts utterly refused to be charmed by his well-meant efforts to gain musical proficiency. Jestings apart—there is a substratum of truth in the 'fundamental law' referred to; and most of our readers will acknowledge that they have at some time of their lives really experienced a desire of the kind. It is doubtful whether our very first toys are not most prized if they be capable of making some kind of sound. The eagerness with which a baby will shake a rattle, or later on will blow away at a tin trumpet or knock a drum to pieces, is evidence that even at a very early age noise is far from being distasteful to us.

Watch an errand-boy in any of our crowded thoroughfares. Can he be quiet? Not a bit of it. Noisy he must be, or nothing. Whistling a popular melody with that earnestness of purpose peculiar to him, or with forefingers stretching wide his mouth, emitting a shriek only excelled by a railway engine, he goes on his way rejoicing. Perhaps he accompanies his performance by dragging a stick along the palings which he happens to be passing, making them ring again. But in some way or other he will have noise, for he delights in it as part of his very nature. As he grows older, he is sure sooner or later to fulfill his destiny and procure some kind of musical instrument. A penny whistle is generally his first investment, and the National Anthem his first tune. Later on, when the period of hobby-dehoyhood grows upon him, he affects that dreadful instrument of torture, a cheap concertina. With this, and one or two boom companions similarly armed, he parades the streets when

work is over, and enjoys himself in his own way.

If we examine the contents of a modern toy-shop, we shall find that nearly fifty per cent. of the stock is intended for the production of noise. First we may notice the corals, which no well-conducted baby would condescend to notice unless they were decorated with noisy little bells. Then we have several types of rattle. There is the rattle proper, made of basket-work, and containing some mysterious articles which tinkle whenever it is moved. Then there is the improved rattle, a kind of small drum fixed on a handle, and occasionally crowned with a cap and bells. Next we have drums of all sizes, made of real parchment, and capable of any amount of acoustic display. (By the way, we have remarked that toy drum skins are often covered with legal matter, reminiscences of forgotten lawsuits. It is a question therefore whether some of them were not very noisy subjects before being brought to the drum-head.) Trumpets galore—only capable of producing one solitary note; but that one note is of such distressing nasal qualities that it is more than sufficient to make good all deficiencies. Then comes the harmonicon tribe—plates of brass, glass, or even hard wood placed in a frame and tinkled into melody by little wooden mallets.

Our list is not half complete, for we have not yet touched upon the delicate subject of whistles. We have noticed in this connection with some sadness, that not content with the whistle *per se*, a degenerate custom has lately obtained of attaching surreptitious whistles to other toys. The baby's coral has often this exasperating addition. Riding-whips and pop-guns are also to be regarded with suspicion for the same reason. There is also a numerous class of vulcanised india-rubber dolls and animals which are squeezed into expressing their feelings through a small metallic whistle which forms part of their internal economy.

Another wide field for the invention of noisy toys is comprised in the wire-stringed class. These are generally in the form of carts or wagons, and the peculiarly aggravating feature of their con-

struction is not guessed at until the wheels revolve. This operation is accompanied by a most irritating tum-tumming on three or four wires, which are plucked by bristles on the axle of the wheels. Sometimes the same apparatus is inclosed in a box and is set in motion by means of a handle, with the same pleasurable result as that achieved by one of the old-fashioned London street organs with a monkey. (We mention the animal element with intention; for it is a fact that organs carrying monkeys are invariably more out of tune than those without such appendages. Why this should be the case, we cannot guess, unless it be that the itinerant musician is afraid of spoiling the public by giving too many good things at once.) It would be impossible in the space at our command to enumerate all the toys of a noisy character; but we have said enough to shew that there is an endless supply of them, and it is therefore fair to assume that the demand keeps pace with it.

Now it is a curious fact that the acoustic principles on which the construction of most of these toys is based, were known and utilised by savage nations all the world over for many centuries before intercourse with Europe became possible. Indeed some of their musical instruments—in use at the present day—are of unknown antiquity. Thus the North American Indians make rattles of dried gourds filled with pebbles, an instrument capable of making a formidable noise. Baked clay vessels are also turned to the same purpose. Gourds are used in another way by the Hindus, who attach them to a species of stringed instrument to increase its resonance, in the same way that we employ sound-boards in the present day. Pandean pipes made of reeds seem to be the common property of every nation under the sun; indeed all kinds of pipes and flutes are common to all countries, and in many cases the term flute is applied to all wind-instruments indiscriminately. Savage nations make their flutes either of pottery or bone, the tibia or perhaps the thigh-bone of a fallen foe often furnishing his enemies with music for many years after his decease. And this is not the only case of human remains being turned to musical account, for travellers tell us that drums are often stretched with human skin. Thus savages are not content with belabouring their foes during life, but continue the castigation after they have ceased to exist.

Instruments of percussion, whether adorned with human skin or not, seem to be very favourite things with primitive man. This is no doubt owing to the ease with which such instruments could be made and used. The same reasoning applies to instruments of the harmonicon class, which have been constructed of every conceivable substance from which can be extracted an atom of resonance. Stringed instruments are also found in different forms in all quarters of the globe. The most primitive form is a rough board with a few strings stretched across it. This is the parent of

the dulcimer, which in its turn is undoubtedly the prototype of most of our modern stringed instruments. The older method of procedure was to pluck the strings of all such instruments with a small pointed piece of bone or stick, the violin bow being of later date altogether.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which gives colour to the assumption that the love of music is natural and not acquired, that the various instruments used by savage tribes in widely separated countries are almost identical in character. This shews that the same ideas have arisen and have been acted upon by people who can have had no kind of communication. More than this; where the art has so far advanced as to give a definite structure to instruments, making them capable of affording a regular scale of notes, the particular arrangement adopted is the same in different countries. For instance, in Mexico and Peru we find an instrument which produces a scale of five notes (the Pentatonic scale), sometimes called the Scotch scale, because the arrangement is a characteristic feature of many of our northern melodies. In an opposite quarter of the globe altogether—namely in China, we also find a clay instrument having five finger-holes and giving the same scale.

These facts prove that musical ideas are not the result of civilisation, but are naturally acquired. The same delight with which a child shakes its rattle urges the savage to act in the same manner. It may be imagined that the first step in the process of musical education was prompted by the wish to imitate the calls of birds, either for the mere sake of imitation or as a help to snaring them for the purposes of food. The voice would naturally be the agent employed, until some accident, such as the whistling of the wind through the reeds, or past some favourably placed hole in the rocks, would suggest that art might be capable of producing sounds of louder quality.

It is probable that every nation under the sun has contributed in some degree to the various instruments used in our modern orchestras. We have arrived at a pitch of perfection in their manufacture which renders any great improvement in them simply impossible. Not only has the skill of the best workmen been devoted to them, but the aid of science has also been enlisted in their service. We now know the conditions under which sounds are made manifest to our senses. We can analyse them, and by suitable materials and mode of workmanship, can give them a certain quality or *timbre*, a judicious blending of which constitutes the charm of a complete orchestra. There is no more interesting field of inquiry than this question of the *timbre* of musical sounds. We have no English word to express this quality, and therefore we use a French one; but the great German physicist Helmholtz makes use of a far more expressive term for the same thing—that is, *Klangfarbe*, the English equivalent for which would be clang-tint. He tells us that the peculiar

clang-tint of every instrument by which we can identify it is due simply to the number of harmonics or over-tones which fill the air when any one note is sounded. It is difficult for even a practised ear to detect these superposed sounds; but by suitable apparatus their presence in all instruments is rendered audible. In the piano and violin these over-tones follow one another in a regular series. For instance, we will suppose that a certain note on the violin gives five hundred vibrations in a second of time. The over-tones to that note will give respectively twice, three times, four times, &c. five hundred vibrations; and such a series will form the octave, the fifth, the super-octave, the third, &c. of the note sounded. But in the clarionet and other instruments, the harmonics follow a different order, and therefore the *timbre* of the sounds produced is entirely changed. A curious fact in connection with this subject is that Helmholtz's beautiful theory was long ago anticipated in practice by the builders of church organs. In all old organs we find what are called *mixture* stops. In these stops, instead of one pipe to each note, there are three or four; so that when a single key is depressed, a full chord is sounded. Now these pipes are tuned to the harmonics or over-tones of the notes to which they are attached, and therefore add a richness of clang-tint to the full organ.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXIX.—ON THE LEDGE.

THERE was one lofty cliff, known in local parlance as the Spanish Beacon, that overlooked Treport, and from the peak of which many a fire had probably gleamed forth through the blackness of the night to give warning that some floating castle, with high poop and gilded stern-gallery, and grinning cannon ranged in tiers, and the red and yellow standard of Castile at her masthead, was perilously near the ill-defended coast. In later and more prosaic days the Beacon had been a favourite patrolling place for Custom-house officers and coast-guardsmen, commanding, as it did, a view of more than one creek and cove, and especially of St Mary's Bay, which was screened by high crags from nearly every stand-point but this. To the Spanish Beacon, on the day succeeding that which had witnessed the last fruitless visit to Giles Treloar's lodging-house in Holloway, as well as the enforced self-expatriation of Jan Pennant the fisherman, Hugh Ashton, telescope in hand, made his solitary way.

It was a call of duty, in this case, which caused the young sailor to breast the steep hillside that overhung Treport. A merchant brig, heavily laden, was reported to have got aground in St Mary's Bay; and, although in no present danger, thanks to the fineness of the weather, might require assistance to get her fairly afloat again. Thanks to Hugh's own zealous efforts, the steamer was nearly ready for sea, and there was every chance that on the morrow the *Western Maid* should once more glide out of harbour to render aid to the embayed vessel.

Hugh's spirits rose at the prospect of a more stirring life than he had led of late, and it was with an elastic tread and a quick step that he

climbed the steep road, Neptune bounding cheerily by his side. The great Newfoundland had taken a remarkable fancy to the young stranger—Hugh Ashton was indeed one of those whom dogs and children love—and was fond of accompanying him when he went abroad.

Once on the highest point of the cliff—where a flagstaff, erected by command of H.M.'s Board of Revenue, occupied the spot where once, by sanction of the Queen's Highness, furze and fagots were stacked around the stout tar-barrel that was to apprise Elizabeth's liege subjects of the two religions that tyrant Spain, rich with the gold of Mexico and the silver of Peru, and drawing recruits for her ships and regiments from three European countries beneath the sceptre of the gloomy bigot of the Escorial, threatened their shores with his costly navy—Hugh adjusted his glass, and with a practised eye, surveyed St Mary's Bay. There was work going on, evidently, on board the brig. Carts and horses were busy on the beach, and a black line of men, busy as ants, could be seen to form a living bridge between the ship and the shore.

'They are landing a part of their cargo,' said Hugh, shutting up his glass. 'They will be light, and the rising tide will float them off without help from steam. I don't think, unless the wind shifts and freshens,' he added, taking that deliberate, steady look at the horizon which only shepherds and sailors take, 'that the *Western Maid* will be wanted in St Mary's Bay.—What ails the dog? Why, Nep! Nep!

Hugh Ashton had some reason for his surprise, since Neptune, ordinarily as staid and mischievous an animal, once the first moments of frisky enjoyment at sallying forth were over, as Cornwall could supply, suddenly began to run up and down on the very verge of the cliff, precisely as you may see an intelligent sheep-dog pace up and down an invisible boundary-line beyond which his woolly charge are not to pass. Presently Neptune came up to Hugh whimpering, and thrust his cold nose into the young man's hand; then with a quick hoarse bark, he bounded towards the edge of the cliff, and finding that he was not followed, lifted his head, and howled eloquently. 'What d'ye want Nep, boy?' asked Hugh, walking slowly towards the precipice. Again the dog barked, reproachfully, as Hugh fancied, as dogs do bark when they find it hard to impart their meaning to their human friends. 'I wish Nep could speak,' said the young sailor, as he reached the dizzy edge of the cliff. 'Why,' he exclaimed, as he looked down, and his very heart seemed to stop beating at the sight he saw, 'the dog was right!'

What Hugh saw was, forty feet below, a man clinging, as lizards cling, to a slanting and slippery ledge of splintered rock, jutting from the dull crimson face of the storm-beaten cliff; while many hundred feet below, gleamed the white line of surf upon the narrow beach studded with jagged rocks, and resounded, hollow and hungry, the low roar of the sea. Some two yards off, beyond the reach of mortal arm, grew in a cleft a withered furze-bush, and this afforded the only branch, or root, or trunk, for a considerable distance to left and right, to which a desperate hand might cling. As for scaling the cliff in front, beetling as it did, a fly might have done it; but neither goat nor

man, nor even the sure-footed hill-fox. And, below, roared and yawned the hungry sea.

Hugh had seasoned nerves, and a sailor's steadiness of brain; but he felt sick and giddy for a moment as he saw the dire peril of the unfortunate one beneath. How the poor creature, whoever he was, had reached the place where he now hung suspended in mid-air, was explained by the rope that dangled, tantalisingly out of reach, above his head. Instinctively, Hugh looked for the other end of the dangling cord. It was made fast to an iron peg firmly driven into the earth near the verge of the cliff, close by which two other coils of slender rope were nestling amidst the rank couch-grass. The dog barked again. Then the man below lifted his pale young face, and Hugh and he knew each other at once. 'Why, Will Farleigh!' exclaimed the former.

'Yes, Captain!' gasped out poor Will, clinging to the ledge. 'All my own fault; I don't deny it. But you see I've had Death for a playfellow so long, that I am like the pitcher that went to the well once too often. These granite cliffs have got crystals in them as sharp as a glazier's diamond. One of them has cut the rope, that rubbed across its edge, as clean as a knife would have done. I went down because the red-legged choughs make their nests still among the fissures, and a Cornish chough is worth two gold guineas any day, at a London bird-stuffer's. And the wether wants port-wine and comforts that— But I was a fool, wasn't I? Break it gently to her and to Rose, please!'

'Hold on, hold on!' cried Hugh, encouragingly, as he hauled in the severed rope, and, with a sailor's dexterity, proceeded to splice it with one of the other coils of cordage. 'I'll lower away, and haul you up with the help of the coast-guard yonder. I see his glazed hat, and the gleam of the pistol in his belt, as he comes on his patrol along the path.'

'That's just what's impossible, Captain Ashton,' answered the bird-hunter despairingly. 'See how I've had to drive my fingers and feet into the earth, to hold on. As it is, they're getting main-tired, and soon I'm thinking I shall have to give in, and let go. My hands are cramped and numbed, and I could not spare one to catch at the rope.'

'Then I'll try another plan, returned Hugh; and, hastily making a running noose at the end of the cord, he lowered it over the cliff edge, and taking a firm hold of the rope, went boldly down, hand over hand, availing himself of every projection or angle of the crag on which his feet could rest.

'Ware! You'll go down two hundred yards into that murdering sea!' cried out Will Farleigh unselfishly, as he saw his rescuer swing himself over the giddy depths below. But in less time than it takes to write it, Hugh was kneeling among the gnarled roots of the withered furze-bush, and was leaning forward to pass the running noose around Will's body.

'Let it slip over, so as to take you beneath the armpits. It will never keep firm, else!' cried Hugh. It was a moment of deadly peril to both. There was a fatal fascination tempting the adventurers to look below, where the cruel rocks and the roaring sea awaited their victims, and where the giddy depths of air would have caused the soundest

brain to reel. With no slight risk and trouble the noose was at last slipped beneath the bird-hunter's arms. 'Now, go up, my lad!' said Hugh encouragingly. 'I shall do well enough until you let down the rope for me.'

'I can't do it, with these stiff hands, and joints racked with pain,' gasped out Will Farleigh, who was evidently much exhausted. 'God help me! Save yourself, Captain Hugh, and never mind me.'

'Keep your heart up, and hold on to stone and earth for a minute or two longer, to save a jerk on the line,' called out Hugh; and then, hailing the coast-guard'sman, who by this time was peering over the verge of the precipice, he begged him to make fast and lower away the third piece of cord. The man was quick in complying with his injunction. The rope was lowered; and once, twice, Hugh caught at it in vain; but the third time it swayed near him, he succeeded in grasping it; and, with surprising boldness and agility, struggled upwards to the beetling brow of the cliff, where the coast-guard, kneeling and stooping over, caught him by the arm, and drew him safely over the edge.

Then came the work of hauling up Will Farleigh from his precarious post on the slippery ledge; a laborious task, since the bird-hunter, expert cragsman though he was, could do nothing in his spent condition to expedite the process; and when at last he stood on firm ground, and the tightened noose was withdrawn, he staggered from physical exhaustion, and was compelled to lean on Hugh's shoulder for support. 'If ever there comes the chance, Captain Ashton, that a man's life would need to be risked to do you a good turn, mine's ready and willing,' said the poor fellow, with moistened eyes, as, leaning on Hugh's strong arm, he walked slowly down the steep path that led to the town. 'But such a near shave as that almost sickens a chap of his trade!'

It was quite evident that Neptune, as with joyous bark and rough gambols he frisked his way down the hill, was perfectly well aware of his own share in the rescue. Once arrived at the cottage, Will told his tale, dwelling, characteristically, but little on his own sufferings, or the fearful suspense he had endured as he hung helpless in the presence of a terrible death, but painting in glowing colours Hugh Ashton's bravery and strength.

And Rose Trawl, coming suddenly forward, caught up Hugh's hand and pressed it to her lips. 'You have saved dear Will!' she said. 'You have been so good and patient with my grandfather! How shall I thank you enough, Captain Ashton, or how shall we all thank you as we ought to do? It seems but the other day that you came among us a stranger.'

Hugh laughed. 'Nep rarely does deserve some praise, Miss Rose,' said he, 'since but for him we should have known nothing. And Will Farleigh, in time of need, would have done as much for me.'

At this moment there was a knocking at the outer door; and Nezer, the dwarf factotum of the establishment, who went to answer it, returned, carrying a letter which one of the grooms from Lloethnel Court had just brought down.

'For you, skipper!' said the dwarf, handing the letter to Hugh.

'Lady Larpet wishes to see me instantly; she does not say why,' said the young man, as he finished the perusal of some half-dozen lines in the Dowager's bold black handwriting. 'I will go up to the Court at once.'

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY.

IN the absence of any complete biography of the late William Makepeace Thackeray, every anecdote regarding him has a certain value, in so far as it throws a light on his personal character and methods of work. Read in this light and in this spirit, all the tributes to his memory are valuable and interesting. Glancing over some memoranda connected with the life of the novelist, contained in a book which has come under our notice, entitled *Anecdote Biographies*, we gain a ready insight into his character. And from the materials thus supplied, we now offer a few anecdotes treasured up in these too brief memorials of his life.

Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. While still very young, he was sent to England; on the homeward voyage he had a peep at the great Napoleon in his exile-home at St Helena. He received his education at the Charterhouse School and at Cambridge, leaving the latter without a degree. His fortune at this time amounted to twenty thousand pounds; this he afterwards lost through unfortunate speculations, but not before he had travelled a good deal on the continent, and acquainted himself with French and German everyday life and literature. His first inclination was to follow the profession of an artist; and curious to relate, he made overtures to Charles Dickens to illustrate his earliest book. Thackeray was well equipped both in body and mind when his career as an author began; but over ten years of hard toil at newspaper and magazine writing were undergone before he became known as the author of *Vanity Fair*, and one of the first of living novelists. He lectured with fair if not with extraordinary success both in England and America, when the sunshine of public favour had been secured. His career of successful novel-writing terminated suddenly on 24th December 1863, and like Dickens, he had an unfinished novel on hand.

Thackeray's generosity to others in a struggling position is well known. The following are fair examples.

One morning Thackeray knocked at the door of Horace Mayhew's chambers in Regent Street, crying from without: 'It's no use, Horry Mayhew; open the door.' On entering, he said cheerfully: 'Well, young gentleman, you'll admit an old fogey.' When leaving, with his hat in his hand, he remarked: 'By-the-by, how stupid! I was going away without doing part of the business of my visit. You spoke the other day of poor George. Somebody—most unaccountably—has returned me a five-pound note I lent him a long time ago.

I didn't expect it. So just hand to George; and tell him, when his pocket will bear it, to pass it on to some poor fellow of his acquaintance. By-bye.' He was gone! This was one of Thackeray's delicate methods of doing a favour; the recipient was asked to *pass it on*.

One of his last acts on leaving America after a lecturing tour, was to return twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of one of his lectures to a young speculator who had been a loser by the bargain. While known to hand a gold piece to a waiter with the remark: 'My friend, will you do me the favour to accept a sovereign?' he has also been known to say to a visitor who had proffered a card: 'Don't leave this bit of paper; it has cost you two cents, and will be just as good for your next call.' Evidently aware that money when properly used is a wonderful health-restorer, he was found by a friend who had entered his bedroom in Paris, gravely placing some napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written: 'One to be taken occasionally.' When asked to explain, it came out that these strange pills were for an old person who said she was very ill, and in distress; and so he had concluded that this was the medicine wanted. 'Dr Thackeray,' he remarked, 'intends to leave it with her herself. Let us walk out together.' To a young literary man afterwards his amanuensis, he wrote thus, on hearing that a loss had befallen him: 'I am sincerely sorry to hear of your position, and send the little contribution which came so opportunely from another friend whom I was enabled once to help. When you are well-to-do again, I know you will pay it back; and I darsay somebody else will want the money, which is meanwhile most heartily at your service.'

Unlike Charles Dickens, he was never happy when he had the prospect of a speech to make or had to act as chairman at some public gathering. One morning his amanuensis found him in bed, and discovered that he had passed a restless night. He was to preside that evening at the dinner of the General Theatrical Fund. His assistant ventured to remark that he was sorry he did not see well that morning. '*Well!*' he exclaimed; 'no; I am not well. I have got to make that confounded speech to-night.' It is well known that his speech at the founding of the Free Library Institution, Manchester, which lasted for but three minutes, when he sat down, was a conspicuous failure. He good-naturedly remarked to a friend afterwards: 'My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator.'

When enjoying an American repast at Boston in 1852, his friends there, determined to surprise him with the size of their oysters, had placed six of the largest bivalves they could find, on his plate. After swallowing number one with some little difficulty, a friend asked him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he gasped; 'and as if I had swallowed a little baby.' Previous to a farewell dinner given by his American intimates and admirers, he remarked that it was very kind of his friends to give him a dinner, but that such

things always set him trembling. 'Besides,' he remarked to his secretary, 'I have to make a speech, and what am I to say? Here, take a pen in your hand and sit down, and I'll see if I can hammer out something. It's hammering now. I'm afraid it will be stammering by-and-by.' His short speeches, when delivered, were as characteristic and unmistakable as anything he ever wrote. All the distinct features of his written style were present.

It is interesting to remark the sentiments he entertained towards his great rival Charles Dickens. Although the latter was more popular as a novelist than he could ever expect to become, he expressed himself in unmistakable terms regarding him. When the conversation turned that way, he would remark: 'Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so; but I will say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against his—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But *Pickwick* is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good English ale.' When *Dombey and Son* appeared in the familiar paper cover, number five contained the episode of the death of little Paul. Thackeray appeared much moved on reading it over, and putting number five in his pocket, hastened with it to the editor's room in *Punch* office. Dashing it down on the table in the presence of Mark Lemon, he exclaimed: 'There's no writing against such power as this; one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!' When *Vanity Fair* was at its best and being published in monthly parts, with a circulation of six thousand a month, Thackeray would remark: 'Ah, they talk to me of popularity, with a sale of little more than one half of ten thousand. Why, look at that lucky fellow Dickens, with heaven knows how many readers, and certainly not less than thirty thousand buyers.'

In a conversation with his secretary previous to his American trip, he intimated his intention of starting a magazine or journal on his return, to be issued in his own name. This scheme eventually took shape, and the result was the now well-known *Cornhill Magazine*. This magazine proved a great success, the sale of the first number being one hundred and ten thousand copies. Under the excitement of this great success, Thackeray left London for Paris. To Mr Fields, the American publisher, who met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, he remarked: 'London is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence. Good gracious!' said he, throwing up his long arms, 'where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst come to the worst, New York also may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress.' His spirits continued high during this visit to Paris, his friend adding that some restraint was necessary to keep him from entering the jewellers' shops, and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and 'other trifles; for,' said he, 'how can I spend the princely income which Smith* allows me for editing *Corn-*

hill, unless I begin instantly somewhere!' He complained too that he could not sleep at nights 'for counting up his subscribers.' On reading a contribution by his young daughter to the *Cornhill*, he felt much moved, remarking to a friend: 'When I read it, I blubbered like a child; it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it.'

Dickens in the tender memorial which he penned for the *Cornhill Magazine*, remarks on his appearance when they dined together. 'No one,' he says, 'can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.'

Thackeray sometimes made a good point in his replies. He was pestered on one occasion by a young American, who questioned him as to what they thought of this person and that in England. 'Mr Thackeray,' he asked, 'what do they think of Tupper?' 'They don't think of Tupper,' he quietly replied. At the weekly *Punch* dinners, Jerrold and he used to sit together, when the former seemed inclined to wrangle when everything was not to his mind. 'There's no use quarrelling,' said Thackeray; 'for we must meet again next week.'

Beneath his 'modestly grand' manner, his seeming cynicism and bitterness, he bore a very tender and loving heart. In a letter written in 1854, and quoted in James Hamyay's sketch, he expresses himself thus. 'I hate Juvenal,' he says. 'I mean I think him a truculent fellow; and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred; and when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind ways, I think, rather than the cruel ones.' The pathetic sadness visible in much that he wrote sprang partly from temperament and partly from his own private calamities. Loss of fortune was not the only cause. When a young man in Paris, he married; and after enjoying domestic happiness for several years, his wife caught a fever, from which she never afterwards sufficiently recovered to be able to be with her husband and children. She was henceforth intrusted to the care of a kind family, where every comfort and attention was secured for her. The lines in the ballad of the *Bouillabaisse* are supposed to refer to this early time of domestic felicity:

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

In dictating to his amanuensis during the composition of the lectures on the *Four Georges*, he would light a cigar, pace the room for a few minutes, and then resume his work with increased

* Of Smith, Elder, & Co., the well-known publishers.

cheerfulness, changing his position very frequently, so that he was sometimes sitting, standing, walking, or lying about. His enunciation was always clear and distinct, and his words and thoughts were so well weighed that the progress of writing was but seldom checked. He dictated with calm deliberation, and showed no risible feeling even when he had made a humorous point. His whole literary career was one of unremitting industry; he wrote slowly, and like 'George Eliot,' gave forth his thoughts in such perfect form, that he rarely required to retouch his work. His handwriting was neat and plain, often very minute; which led to the remark, that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of one. Unlike many men of less talent, he looked upon calligraphy as one of the fine arts. When at the height of his fame he was satisfied when he wrote six pages a day, generally working during the day, seldom at night. An idea which would only be slightly developed in some of his shorter stories, he treasured up and expanded in some of his larger works. When he received an adverse criticism, he remarked in a letter to a friend regarding it: 'What can the man mean by saying that I am "uncharitable, unkindly, that I sneer at virtue?" and so forth. My own conscience being pretty clear, I can receive the *Bulletin's* displeasure with calmness—remembering how I used to lay about me in my own youthful days, and how I generally took a good tall mark to hit at.' That he felt the gravity of his calling is evident from a reply written in 1848 to friends in Edinburgh, who, presaging his future eminence, had presented him with an inkstand in the shape of a silver statuette of 'Punch.' 'Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind,' he wrote, 'and to laugh at many things which men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me. And if in the exercise of my calling I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel, and am thankful for this support.'

While Alfred Tennyson the future Laureate received the gold medal at Cambridge given by the Chancellor of the university for the best English poem, the subject being *Timbuctoo*, we find Thackeray satirising the subject in a humorous paper called *The Snob*. Here are a few lines from his clever skit on the prize poem:

There stalks the tiger—there the lion roars,
Who sometimes sets the luckless blackamoors;
All that he leaves of them the monster throws
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows;
His hunger tuns the forest monarch gnu's,
And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa-nuts.

The personal appearance of Thackeray has been frequently described. His nose, through an early accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the bridge, and stubby at the end. He was near-sighted; and his hair at forty was already gray, but massy and abundant; his keen and kindly eyes twinkled sometimes through, and sometimes over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what he 'should call the predominant expression of the countenance was courage—a readiness to face the world on its own terms.' Unlike Dickens, he took no regular walking exercise, and being regardless of

the laws of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had ever received the best medical advice, his reply was: 'What is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I do drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I do smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I do eat. In short, I do everything that I am desired not to do; and therefore, what am I to expect?' And so one morning he was found lying, like Dr Chalmers, in the sleep of death with his arms beneath his head, after one of his violent attacks of illness; to be mourned by his mother and daughters, who formed his household, and by a wider public beyond, which had learned to love him through his admirable works.

TOO LATE TO SAVE, BUT NOT TO AVENGE.

A STORY OF THE LAST DASUTO WAR.

It was evening, and for about the space of four hours the earth had been enveloped in almost Egyptian darkness. One by one the stars resumed their silent vigil in the dark canopy overhead, like so many sentinels mounting guard over the weary and travel-stained warriors who slumbered on the plain beneath. All day we had been scouring the country, under a fiery African sun, in quest of small parties of the enemy who might have felt inclined to cross the frontier on some marauding expedition. A small band we were—only about one hundred and fifty strong; and when darkness overtook us, many miles yet lay between us and the camp of our comrades. Inwardly bewailing our hard fate, we turned our horses' heads towards an open part of the country where we could encamp for the night, safe from a surprise from our wily foes. We lighted no tell-tale fires; but each man, with the hard ground for his couch, his saddle for a pillow, and the sky his only covering, tired and supperless, stretched his weary limbs beside his jaded steed, and with the exception of those on guard—who lay in pairs upon their faces a short distance apart from the main body—were soon all fast asleep.

Two days before, we had left the town of Winberg behind, and marching in a south-easterly direction, fully intended to have reached the camp of Ta-Bosogo on the night in question, where both troopers and horses might have reasonably expected better than their present fare; but before many hours passed away, we had reason to be thankful for our previously considered misfortune. The darkness had gradually given place to a comparatively clear starlight night, when suddenly the stillness was broken by the sharp clear challenge of a sentinel, accompanied by the ominous clicking of rifle-locks. A reply came back in the Dutch language: 'Do not fire. I am a peace Kaffir, and alone.'

He was allowed to approach; and a glance satisfied us he was really what he represented himself to be; but from some cause or other he was evidently in a state of great excitement. Inquiring

into the cause of his disquietude, his story was soon told. Within an hour or so of sundown, a band of over two thousand Basutos, under the command of Pollos Moperrie, a son of the chief, came up to the kraal where they were located, and under the guise of friendship, induced them to lay aside their arms and prepare some food for himself and his captives. A bullock and several sheep were immediately slaughtered by the unsuspecting peace Kaffirs; and within a short time after their arrival the Basuto leaders sat down to a comfortable repast, generously provided them by the friendly natives. Upon the conclusion of their meal, at a private signal from Moperrie, his savage host fell upon their entertainers, who, before they could obtain possession of their weapons, were murdered in cold blood, old men, women, and helpless infants being stabbed to death by the assegai, or hacked to pieces by their murderous *chakus* (battle-axes); finishing off by burning the huts and driving off the stock of their victims along with them. The only crime of which these poor people had been guilty was an enormous one in the eyes of Moperrie—namely that of living within the limits of Free State Territory and not rising in arms against its subjects. Our informant, who suspected treachery on the part of the Basutos from the outset, had been engaged at the time of their arrival in driving in some goats from the *veld*, and had contrived to slip into the cover of the friendly bush unobserved, whence he had been an eye-witness of the terrible scene.

During this recital, anathemas could be heard falling freely from the lips of the troopers upon the head of the savage commander, a fiend in human shape. A thrill of horror ran through the men when they learned from the Kaffir that the enemy had resumed their march in a north-easterly direction. The town of Brandfort lay in that quarter, only about three hours' ride from that last scene of slaughter, and no doubt could be entertained that it was their destination. The very thing we were here to prevent; and if darkness had not overtaken us when it did, we must have crossed their track, and gained at least six hours of valuable time; every moment of which, unknown to us, had been of the greatest importance. The town was utterly defenceless; women, children, old men, and invalids constituting at the time its entire inhabitants. All the men capable of bearing arms were then *on commando*, or in other words were volunteers and soldiers serving under the republican flag; and in fact the place contained all that was near and dear to many among ourselves. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, sweethearts and wives rose up before our minds supplicating in vain for mercy at the hands of their savage foes, until blood-thirsty feelings sprung up in our breasts which would have done credit to the instincts of the sable warriors themselves. Ignoring our numerical inferiority as compared with the enemy, we sternly resolved that if too late to save we would at least avenge them.

On went the saddles; and away we sped across country in the direction of Brandfort, straining our eyes to catch the first glare of fire upon the sky,

which might proclaim we were too late to save. But our hopes began to rise as nearer and nearer we drew to the place without sighting that much-dreaded sign. Gray dawn was breaking as we halted our weary steeds upon the Wimberg road surmounting the hills overlooking the valley in which stood the town of Brandfort. No sound came from the valley indicating the presence of either friend or foe; all was silent as the grave. Impatiently we awaited the return of the scouts who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, cheerful to a degree; for if the enemy was in the valley below, their escape was effectually barred. Before them lay a comparatively clear and level plain, stretching away towards Bloemfontein; while behind them were the mountains, the summits of which were in possession of their vengeful opponents. The scouts returned to inform us that they had actually entered some of the houses in the outskirts of the town, which in some cases betokened the hasty flight of their inhabitants, and in others the recent presence of the pilfering savage. The sun had by this time arisen which was to look upon a terrible and sanguinary lesson in store for the hoary chieftain of the Basutos, and whose setting rays were destined to view his chosen warriors stretched in death by hundreds upon the plain, and their leader and his favourite son a captive in the hands of his detested white foes.

Remounting our horses, we rode into the town, where we had plentiful indications of the presence of the enemy, in the shape of the household effects of the inhabitants strewed about the place. The residents had saved themselves by flight before the arrival of the enemy in the place, having suspected their presence and intentions through the glare of a recently burned kraal having been perceived by some of the native shepherds from the hill-top above the town. This circumstance had doubtless been the means of withholding the marauders from burning the place, so as to allay the fears of the fugitives, whom they expected—seeing nothing unusual occur during the night—to remain in the immediate neighbourhood of the town; when daybreak would disclose their whereabouts, and they with their cattle would become an easy prey. Too well skilled in the tactics of the Kaffirs however, the good folks of Brandfort had pushed steadily on through the darkness in the direction of Bloemfontein, and before daybreak had placed a good many miles between themselves and their deserted town. At dawn of day the enemy was on their track, little imagining he was hurrying on to his own destruction, and blissfully unconscious that the avenger was already close upon his heels.

Emerging from the south end of the town by the Bloemfontein road, we pushed smartly across the plain, and soon gained the top of a low range of hills a few miles distant, when, as we expected, we got our first sight of the enemy in the open country beyond them; and about two miles ahead of the Kaffirs we perceived at the same time the white-tented wagons of the fugitives. Overjoyed at finding them safe as yet, it was our intention not to charge the Kaffirs, who far outnumbered us, and thus imperil the safety of our friends, but to get between the two parties, and cover their retreat for a few miles; while the enemy could scarcely be so imprudent as to follow much farther in that direction. They awaited our onset in

silence; and making a feint at the left of their line, so as to concentrate their attention upon that one spot, we advanced towards them at a sharp trot, intending to wheel round by their right, and so attain our object. We had scarcely started, when our attention was attracted towards a body of men emerging from the bush skirting the banks of a river beyond the enemy, and who were instantly recognised by us to be the Bloemfontein Volunteers. The Kaffirs at the same time perceived that this sudden change of affairs had at once rendered their situation critical, if not hopeless. Their minds were soon made up; and in the vain hope of cutting their way through and gaining the hills, they advanced in our direction.

On they came, slowly at first, then with a rush, rattling their glittering assegais upon their shields, leaping and yelling as only Kaffirs know how to yell, and stopping within a few yards of us to let fly a shower of these deadly missiles; when we discharged our double-barrelled rifles full in their faces, the effect of which sent many a sable, ostrich-plumed warrior rolling in his tracks; then, with a ringing British cheer—we were mostly English Volunteers—we dashed into their shattered front. Breaking the shaft from the stabbing assegai short by the blade, so as to convert the weapon into a formidable dagger, they fought with the desperation born of despair. With these they thrust viciously at our horses and men, the once bright but now dimmed blade of whose sabres gave a good account of their savage opponents. Soon the steady crash of rifle-fire told the fight was raging fast and furious in another quarter of the field, and 'every man for himself' immediately became the order of the day with the Kaffirs.

They broke in disorder, and flying across the plain in all directions, were overtaken by our vengeful horsemen; while many rushed into an adjoining marsh, afterwards called Fir-Keirde Vley (the Wrong Spot), to escape their vengeance, only to add their numbers to those already slain, by the rifles of the Volunteers. Their rout was complete; and it was only the setting sun that staid the pursuit and put an end to this terrible fray which was mainly instrumental in bringing the war to a termination. Their leader had only saved himself from death by taking refuge in a wagon among some of the women and children, and there besought his intended victims to hide him from the vengeance of the soldiers; for had he attempted to escape from the field when the fight was at its height, he would have been marked out by his dress, and in all probability fallen a victim.

The opportune arrival of the Volunteers was in obedience to an order received from the seat of war to march at once to the defence of the town, information of an intended attack upon the place having been gained by two spies from some of the Basutos themselves. We bivouacked for the night upon the field, as the horses in some cases, owing to the great exertions so recently imposed upon them, actually tottered from fatigue under their riders; while the troopers themselves, from want of food since the previous day, now that the excitement and danger were past, were as far spent as their jaded steeds. There was abundance of stock at hand; and willing hands were soon at work preparing a meal for the rescuers; after which and

a good night's rest, they were ready by the rising of the sun to view the terrible battle-field.

Our loss was trifling; but in many places the ground was thickly strewn with the dying and the dead enemy. In the *vley* where they made their final stand, they lay across each other in some places to a depth of five and six. Some of the slain savages presented a grotesque sight, which under other circumstances might have drawn a laugh from our ranks. Here lay a young man whose only clothing was a lady's crinoline of bright scarlet, which he had donned for the adornment of his stalwart figure, having fastened it round his neck, and stuck his arms through between the bars. A few yards further off, reclining against the body of a dead horse, sat another dead warrior, his head surmounted by a white dress-hat with a deep crepe band round it; and within arm's-length of him lay one of his comrades, whose dress in all likelihood belonged to the original owner of his companion's hat, and consisted of a black dress-coat, a dirty paper collar fastened round his bare neck by a strip of skin passed through the button-holes, and a pair of silver-plated spurs strapped upon his bare heels; while fastened in his hair were a number of fine black ostrich plumes. These and nothing more constituted his rather peculiar costume; while others were masquerading in ladies' bonnets, hats, &c. Laughable as these grotesque uniforms might have appeared to us at another time, the effect was far different then. Their appearance upon the bodies of the now harmless warriors told of the dangers which their former wearers had escaped almost by a hair-breadth.

The enemy who survived that day of reckoning made their way with all haste back to Basuto Land, the bearers of far different news than was anticipated by their chief. Some of them coming across an outlying farm in their flight, made the attempt to secure some memento of their visit in the shape of the cattle which were shut up in a kraal adjoining the house. The peace Kaffirs about the place had each been supplied with a strip of white cloth to be worn round their hats, so as to render them distinguishable at first sight from the enemy. This, by means unknown, must have come to the knowledge of the enemy; for about midnight a Kaffir wearing that distinguishing badge approached the cattle kraal, and commenced to undo the fastenings of the gate; and if he had been successful in his object, the oxen would have walked quietly out one by one, and been driven away in the darkness. The design was frustrated however, and the attempt cost the would-be cattle-lifter his life. Crouching behind the wall on each side of the gate were two peace Kaffirs on guard, minus the white band, which rendered them less noticeable in the darkness, and who were attentively and suspiciously watching the movements of the wearer of that badge of peace on the outside. Stepping inside, he was recognised at once to be a Basuto; and in another instant he lay dead, pierced through the heart by the assegai of one of the peace Kaffirs. The alarm was raised, and a few shots were discharged into the darkness from the windows of the house, which had the effect of driving off the remainder, who although they had the courage left to steal, had none to fight, after the terrible lesson of a few hours before. That was the last we

heard of them upon that occasion. They retired within their own territory, after an unsparing measure of vengeance had been meted out to them for the slaughter of our black allies, whom we came too late to save, but not to avenge.

A NIGHT IN LLANTHONY CHURCH.

For the first time in his life the writer has experienced the sensation of spending a night in a church. How he came to do so he proposes to explain. The descriptions of Llanthony Abbey and of its singular site, given by the old chroniclers, as well as those of later authors, had long since excited his curiosity; but it was not till the occasion of which he has now to speak that he was able to put his design of visiting it in practice. Llanthony lies far from the ordinary track of tourists; and from the nearest railway station—that of Llanfihangel, on the line from Hereford to Abergavenny—the only means of transit to be procured was found to consist of a solitary farmer's cart. But this, after some difficulty, the writer and his companion secure. Our way lies up the deep valley of the Houndy, close beside the rushing river, and between the vast, steep, and in some places precipitous masses of the Black Mountains. The valley for some miles is little more than a defile, with little of interest except the rude, bold mountain-wall on each hand.

But presently the scene suddenly changes. As we turn somewhat to the westward, the valley opens before us to quite a respectable breadth. It now reaches, in the words of its oldest describer, to 'a bow-shot's width.' Fine forest trees are interspersed with green pastures; and above them, on a slight elevation north of the river, tower up great gray cliffs of stone which now mark the once famous minster of St John the Baptist of Llanthony. As we near it, we quit the main road, mount a somewhat steep ascent, and are driven into a large grassy court-yard. Everything around us wears an air of neatness, yet there are ruins on all sides. We have entered at the bottom of the court-yard, through a wall whose stones betray that they have once supported a groined roof. To the right, the rude architecture of comparatively modern farm-buildings contrasts strangely with the shapely shafts and sculptured capitals among which they nestle. To the left is a small house with its offices, old and quaint in themselves, yet things of yesterday compared with the massive Norman stone-work on which they are ingrafted. The upper side is bounded by a noble arcade, which once supported the nave of the great church.

We draw up before a low archway in the north-west corner of the quadrangle. Its door stands open, and admits us to a long low room, roofed with the stone barrel-vaulting of the twelfth century. It is cosily furnished in a rustic way, and is lighted at its farther end by a fine Norman window. It once formed part of the abbot's lodging, and is now the half-kitchen, half-bar of the little inn of Llanthony, one of the most curious houses of entertainment at which, in his journey through life, it has ever been the lot of the writer to halt.

As the sun is now fast sinking behind the Hatterills, we are well pleased to learn that some sort of shelter can be given us for the night; and whilst a meal is prepared, we take a quiet stroll among the ruins. The great roofless minster is no bad place for contemplation in the twilight hour. The turf within is short and even; one may pace it without being impeded by fallen stones, or one may sit and meditate on the defaced tomb of some old benefactor or abbot. Solemn the place may be, but it is at the same time beautiful in its decay. The crumbling walls are crowned with ivy, whilst from every chink and cranny hang festoons of tiny blue flowers. Hundreds of martins have hung their nests beneath the arches of the great tower; and they, with their twitterings and restless wings, alone break the quiet of this peaceful spot. We pass an archway in the southern transept, and find ourselves in a trim garden. It is gay with flowers, and fruit-trees are nailed to the old Norman walls. There are vegetables in abundance, and the leek still flourishes on, perhaps, the very spot where St David raised it for his hermit fare, and thus consecrated it to become a national emblem. We make some little circuit to obtain a view of the western front. Before it we find that there is a farm-yard, in which some fine Herefordshire cows are being milked by the farmer's pretty daughter and a maid. The young lady is as daintily dressed as if she were sitting for her portrait in a mock-pastoral by Watteau. But she is in earnest about her work, and only with difficulty is to be drawn into conversation. She in her light dress and hat, the red cows with their white faces, the gray Abbey towers, and the dark mountains as a background, form altogether a picture worthy of the art of a Royal Academician.

But the thin air of the hills makes us hungry. We return to the grassy courtyard, once doubtless the cloister garth. A flight of stone steps leads from it to an outhouse, a kind of storeroom, having a sloping roof. The most attractive of its contents are some sacks of fragrant malt. From this a door opens into our sitting-room, an old, low, but not uncomfortable apartment, with a large window looking into the quadrangle. And now we find that healthy appetites, edged by mountain air, can conquer the toughest mutton.

The meal finished, we again stroll forth. By this time the harvest-moon, full and round and red, is looking down upon us over the eastern ridge of the Hatterills. What fair Melrose may be when visited by the pale moonlight, the writer has never experienced; but he is of opinion that it can scarcely be more beautiful than Llanthony under similar circumstances. Hours pass, and we are still lingering among the ruins. Grand and picturesque as are these walls by day, they are doubly so under these sharp lights and deep shadows which the moon alone can cast. Nor by day is the vast belt of mountain, with its undulating outline, which on all sides incloses us like a colossal cloister, half so overpowering. By this dim light the summits of the hills seem even more closely than ever to shut in from all outer and less hallowed influences the chosen resting-place of the patron saint of Wales. Well might Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, seated at table with Henry I., declare that not all the gold in the

king's treasury would suffice to build so magnificent a cloister as that with which the monks of Llanthony had surrounded themselves!

Leaving the ruins, we descend the track by which we had at first approached them, and follow the main road in its upward course. After a short distance, however, it turns to the right and climbs the bank till it reaches the level of the Abbey. Here it seems suddenly to end at the high gable of a building which is overshadowed by a grove of trees, and has in front of it two ancient yews. We approach, and then find that the road, as if by an afterthought, abruptly turns to the left when it has reached this gable, and proceeds up the valley. But this was indeed its original termination; for this building, now a barn, was the great gateway of the abbey. Its broad archway is walled up, but not hidden from sight, and the ornamented windows above are still open. Standing in the shadow of its trees, with its dark yews before it, this old gateway has a mysterious interest in the moonlight.

Slowly we retrace our steps. All is silent except the ever murmuring Honyd, and the owls which are hooting dreamily to each other from wood to wood. The shattered minster stands gleaming and quiet in the moonlight. The martins are all asleep in their nests under the great tower. It seems hard to leave this scene of solemn beauty, but it is time that we, like the martins, were retiring for the night.

But, as regards the writer at least, this retiring to rest was a far less easy matter than with the martins. 'Here we go up; here we go down; here we go round, around, around,' would seem to be the rule by which to get to bed at Llanthony. To reach my allotted sleeping-place, I walk along a passage and ascend a crooked stair; then I traverse another passage, evidently across a vaulted ceiling, and descend a second stair; presently I find myself in the narrow corkscrew which threads the south-west angle of the south-west tower of the Abbey church, and then I begin to climb in earnest. The turnings of this spiral seem endless; but at last I reach its top, and enter a tiny room—my bed-chamber—in form something like a bee-hive, if a bee-hive could only be square at bottom instead of round. The door is placed in one of its angles. The arrangement of the solitary window-aperture is unique, being nearly triangular in shape, and reaching upwards from the floor some three feet. Through it, however, a bright ray of moonlight enters, and as I cannot look out in a standing posture, I fall on hands and knees and creep into the aperture. It is like creeping through a miniature tunnel, for the wall is several feet in thickness. Under these difficulties I reach the casement and peep out.

I am well repaid. My cell is in the very summit of the south-west tower, and my queer casement is the apex of the tall Gothic window in its eastern front. From this great height I am looking down into the south aisle, and across the nave of the ruined church, where the moon is throwing the long shadows of broken arches across the grass which covers the bones of abbots and Norman barons. The extremity of the aisle is beneath my feet; and now it first occurs to me that my lodging is actually within the sacred building, that my bed is above the graves of the dead, and that I am really about to spend the

night in a church. From this altitude the ruins form new and picturesque combinations in the moonlight. Under some circumstances I might be inclined to gaze upon them unwearied; but the fact is that I am less practised in kneeling than were the old ascetics of Llanthony. My position is decidedly uncomfortable, so I creep backwards from my tunnel. My bee-hive looks clean and cosy. The walls are the freshest of whitewash. The furniture of my small bed vies with them in purity. The bed itself does not feel uncomfortable. At least I shall rest more at ease than did the good knight, Sir William of Llanthony, who in the days of Rufus used his iron armour as a night-shirt, till it was eaten away by rust. Musing of him, and of St David, and of the monks I fall asleep. Not one of the sainted dead who rest beneath rises to trouble my slumbers. No ghostly terrors attend my first night in a church.

Giraldu Cambrensis, writing of Llanthony towards the close of the twelfth century, observes that so great is the height of the surrounding mountains, that the sun rarely appears to rise before the 'first hour of the day.' At the stroke of seven I am again upon my knees in the tunnel at my airy look-out, when the first rays of the sun, as he rises above the Hatterills, fall on my face; and I am well pleased to note so exact a coincidence with the words of the old chronicler. I emerge from my cell and descend a few steps of my corkscrew stair. An opening presents itself to the left, and I explore it. It is merely a passage in the thickness of the wall, and so narrow that I have to move edgewise. It needs no history to tell us that these stairs and passages were built in those early and exciting times when the monks fasted much. Those jolly members of the brotherhood of whom we read in later days as feasting on the fat of Gloucestershire, could never have squeezed through such openings as these. Perhaps that was one reason why the brethren accustomed to the Gloucestershire Llanthony objected so strongly to this, their mother Abbey. I make my way through the western and northern sides of the tower, and see before me the open light of day, broken only by hanging curtains of ivy. These I push aside, and step out upon a projecting crag of masonry. Far beneath me to the left lies the nave; to the right, the southern aisle. I am high above the great arcade, above even the broken windows of the triforium; I am on a level with the long since vanished clerestory, with which this passage formerly communicated. Mine is a commanding position, but it is a giddy one, and I am not long before I leave it.

In the course of the morning we make a fuller examination of the ruins. The two massive towers which flanked the western front of the Abbey church are still entire. Little of the aisles remains; but the six fine pointed arches, with the rounded ones of the triforium above, which formed the northern side of the nave, still stand. The arches on the south are more broken. The western and southern sides only of the great central tower are left. Much of the northern transept is gone; but that to the south, with its fine double Norman window, is almost entire. To the east, the once famous great window is now but a shapeless gap between the two masses of stone-work, which, with their flat Norman buttresses, form the

corners of the building in that direction. Beyond the southern transept, and mostly converted into farm-offices, are considerable remains of the refectory and some other monastic buildings.

In one respect, Llanthony differs from almost every other great ecclesiastical structure of ancient date in the kingdom. In most of our cathedrals and minsters we can trace the several changes in architectural taste which developed themselves between the Norman Conquest and the Reformation. Here, however, everything is of a single period. It was in the twelfth century that this Abbey at once rose to its greatness, and that in a few years it as suddenly began to decline. Hence all its architecture is of that mixture of the Rounded Norman and Earliest Pointed styles known as the Transitional. The cause of the early decline of Llanthony was chiefly the troubled state of the Welsh Marches at the period. It became anything but the abode of peace, and the monks were forced to withdraw. Thus a second and more secure Llanthony sprang up at Gloucester, which from that time forward attracted the brethren and diverted the revenues from the older establishment. The mother-church was stripped of even its bells and ornaments; and Llanthony Prima becoming a mere hospital for the infirm, and place of discipline for the refractory among the brotherhood, dragged on but a lingering existence.

With these reflections we regain Llanfihangel and its railway. And thus will I end the reminiscences connected with my first and only night in a church, with the recommendation to those who are curious in such matters, to go and do likewise.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Council of the Royal Agricultural Society announces in their Report that their meeting for the present year, which will assume the form and proportions of an International Agricultural Exhibition, is to be held at Kilburn from June 30 to July 7th. The site chosen includes one hundred acres, easily accessible by railway, and not more than two and a half miles from the Marble Arch. Handsome prizes will be offered for sewage-farms and market-gardens, and 'in addition to the exhibition of British and Foreign Implements, Livestock and Produce, it is proposed to enhance the interest and the instructiveness of the meeting by shewing some of the processes of foreign dairying in actual progress in the inclosure, as well as traction-engines and automatic implements in action.' There will also be an exhibition of ancient and modern farm-implements side by side, which will exemplify the great advances made in agricultural machinery since the Society was formed forty years ago.

Considering that London requires one hundred and twenty thousand gallons of milk every day, it is to be hoped that the promised foreign dairying will excite such a spirit of emulation as shall make dairy-farms more productive and profitable than ever. There will be prizes for the best butter, cheese, bacon, hens, cider; for bees, hives, and honey; and a separate prize for the competitor who shall in the neatest, quickest, and most com-

plete manner drive out the bees from a straw skep, capture and exhibit the queen, and transfer both combs and bees into a hive on the movable-comb principle. And fifty pounds and a gold medal are offered for the best way for conveying perishable goods, meat, poultry, fish, and the like, by railway, at a low temperature, a journey of five hundred miles. It is required that the temperature of the interior shall not exceed forty-five degrees Fahr. The Society's prizes are open to all the world, and any one may write to the secretary for particulars.

In a paper read to the Quekett Microscopical Club, Mr J. Hunter states that a fertile queen-bee will in four years lay a million eggs. Twenty-one days are required for the production of a worker-bee; 'but the same egg that produced the worker in twenty-one days could, had the bees been so minded, have been bred up to a queen in sixteen days. The bees,' continues Mr Hunter, 'only rear queens when necessity calls for them, either from loss of their old monarch or apprehended swarming. If I remove the queen from a hive, the first of these contingencies occurs, and after a few hours' commotion, the bees select certain of the worker-eggs, or even young larvae two or three days old. The cell is enlarged to five or six times its ordinary capacity; a superabundance of totally different food is supplied; and the result is that, in five days less than would have been required for a worker, a queen is hatched. The marvel is inexplicable. How a mere change and greater abundance of food and a more roomy lodging, should so transform the internal and external organs of any living creature! The case is without a parallel in all the animal creation. It is not a mere superficial change that has been effected; but one that penetrates far below form and structure, to the very fountain of life itself. It is a transformation alike of function, of structure, and of instinct.'

An important line of demarcation between the vegetable and animal world has been removed by recent investigation. Plants assimilate carbonic acid, give off oxygen, and form starch. By experiments on a species of *Planaria*, a flat worm, described as *Convoluta Schultzei*, Mr P. Geddes has demonstrated that that animal disengages oxygen in large quantity, decomposes carbonic acid, and produces starch. This worm abounds in the shallow water on the margin of the sea, and on exposure to sunlight pours forth a stream of bubbles containing, as proved by analysis, from forty-five to fifty-five per cent. of oxygen. And, on subjecting a number of *Planaria* to chemical treatment, a quantity of ordinary vegetable starch was obtained. Pointing out the significance of these facts in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society, Mr Geddes says: 'As the *Drosophila* and *Dionea* [two species of well-known vegetable fly-traps], which have attracted so much attention of late years, have received the striking name of Carnivorous Plants, these *Planarians* may not unfairly be called Vegetating Animals, for the one case is the precise reciprocal of the other. Not only does the *Dionea* imitate the carnivorous animal, and the *Convoluta* the ordinary green plant, but each tends to lose its own normal character.'

Professor Hughes, whose microphone established his reputation as a scientific experimentalist and discoverer, has brought out an Induction Balance; that is an instrument in which the

weighing or testing is done by induction currents. There are a few cells of a Daniell's battery; primary and secondary coils, from which currents run in opposite directions; and connections with a telephone, or with an electric sonometer. So long as the currents are undisturbed they balance or neutralise one another; but the slightest disturbance or alteration produces a sound in the telephone or sonometer, as the case may be. For instance, a sovereign is placed in the interior of one of the coils; a disturbance is at once indicated. Place another sovereign in the opposite coil, it restores the balance, and the disturbance ceases, provided the second coin be exactly of the same size and weight as the first. But should any difference exist, however slight, it is immediately indicated by a sound; and if shewn on a scale, offers a ready means of detecting 'sweated' or debased coins, with an accuracy never before attained. And the same with all other metals; consequently, metallurgists and chemists will be able to ascertain the exact molecular constitution of a metal, the amount of alloy, and the degree of chemical purity or impurity. That this instrument will render important, and as yet unforeseen, services to science may safely be predicted; for besides what is already stated, it will detect the changes, produced in the substances under examination by magnetism, strain, pressure, or heat. An instrument that can do so much will, we may assume, do more, when the best form shall have been discovered and tested by a variety of practical applications. Professor Hughes' first microphone was a rough and ready putting together of odds and ends, and his new Induction Balance is a similar exemplification of his skill and genius.

The sonometer or audiometer, as some practitioners will call it, promises to be useful to the medical profession, as well as to the physicist. It measures all gradations of sound, and may be employed to test ears as well as electric currents. In an examination for acuteness of hearing, it would prove infallible, would discover the slightest difference in sensitiveness to sound between the two ears, and detect the changes produced by ill-health. Just as we are going to press, we learn that by employing the sonometer the beating of the pulse can be heard.

Among recent inventions, the Writing Telegraph is remarkable for the combination of philosophical principles and ingenious mechanical devices by which its inventor, Mr E. A. Cowper, can excite a pen thirty miles distant, or more, from his hand to write in distinct and legible characters the message which he wishes to communicate. The sending instrument, at the hither end of the line wire, is provided with a coiled band of paper, which uncoils (by mechanism) as the operator writes his message with a vertical pencil. To this pencil are jointed 'contact rods' which, as their name indicates, play an important part in the reproduction of the message at the farther end, where a glass pen moving up or down, backward or forward, in exact obedience to the hand of the distant sender, records it in ink, also on a revolving band of paper. So sensitive is the mechanism, that differences of handwriting are immediately shewn as different persons manipulate the pencil. In consequence of the continual uncoiling of the paper, new beginners find it difficult to avoid

leaving gaps in their *as*, *os*, and *ms*; but this is soon overcome by practice, and the words as they pass from under the mysteriously moving pen appear clear, bold, and unbroken. The result is so complete, that the instrument is, so to speak, invested with a charm which inspires an onlooker with surprise and admiration. The importance of this invention must be our excuse for thus again referring to it in these columns.

Can teeth be transplanted? If recent accounts of operations by dentists are trustworthy, the answer must be in the affirmative. But the question has been formally discussed at a meeting of the Odontological Society, and from this we learn that it was in *replanting* (which is not the same thing as *transplanting*) that the foreign dentists, whose names had been cited, achieved their success. Among them, a Frenchman, Dr Magitot, has published full particulars of cases in which diseased teeth were taken out, and the root or a portion of periosteum was cut away, and then were replanted in the same socket, where, after a few days or weeks, they became firm and serviceable. Out of sixty-three operations in four years, five were failures; but some of the cures were painful and tedious, owing to local discharge. In technical phraseology, Dr Magitot holds 'the indications for an operation to be the existence of chronic periostitis of the apex of the root, its denudation, and absorption of its surface. . . . The resection of this, which plays the part of irritant, is the essential aim of the operation. And the extraction having been performed with due care, if no other lesion be detected save the alteration in the apex of the root, the tooth is to be replaced as soon as this has been excised and smoothed, and the hemorrhage has ceased.'

From this it will be understood that the pulling of teeth from one human jaw in order to plant them in another is very far from being an accomplished fact. And it is fair to mention that some English dentists practised the replanting of teeth ten years ago; and there is an instance on record of a replanting successfully performed in 1853. For further information, the *Transactions* of the Odontological Society, the *Review of Dental Surgery*, and the *Bulletins et Mémoires de la Société de Chirurgie* may be referred to.

After many years of trials and experiments to convert iron into steel by a short and simple process, the endeavour has been crowned by success. In Cleveland, that north-eastern corner of Yorkshire, where iron ore is as abundant as salt in the sea, excitement prevails, and years of prosperity are anticipated; and it may fairly be assumed that all ironstone districts will be stimulated into activity by this last metallurgical discovery. As is pretty well known, the long-standing difficulty had been to get rid of the phosphorus present in the iron, and many were the ingenious devices put in practice to overcome it. At length Mr Sidney G. Thomas, F.C.S., commenced a series of experiments on the effect of different materials as a lining for the 'converter'—the receptacle in which the molten metal is subjected to the blast. Experience had demonstrated that the usual siliceous lining favoured retention of the phosphorus; but what other could be devised that would resist the intense heat? By perseverance the alternative—a mixture of limestone and silicate of soda—was discovered. This expelled the phosphorus. The

preliminary results, necessarily on a small scale, were confirmed by large experiments made at the Blaenavon Iron Works, in Wales; and now the process has been adopted by one of the leading firms in the Cleveland district, by whom it will be fully developed, and the conversion of 'pig' into good steel, free from phosphorus, will become an everyday operation. Still we see as a consequence modification and quickening in the manufacture of machinery and ships; and will cheap steel have any effect on the trade of Sheffield and Birmingham?

National water-supply is a great question; and when the Crown Prince recommends it to the consideration of the Prime Minister with a view to a Royal Commission thereupon, we may assume that it will be attended to. Civilisation as developed in our day is not favourable to purity of water; and if some remedy be not applied, the deterioration of rivers will be accelerated with consequences that may be imagined. Of course when the inquiry is once started it will have to comprehend all available sources of water-supply, including those that lie deep underground, as well as those on the surface. Statements concerning the deep-lying reservoirs have already been given in this *Journal*: estimates of the quantity of water they contain, and systematic explorations for additional supplies will have to be made. Judging from past experience important discoveries may be expected to follow. Leamington may be taken as an example. The town is situated on an easterly extension of the saliferous deposits of Shropshire and Worcestershire, and derives thence the saline springs to which it owes its reputation. Until about six years ago the water-supply was drawn from the river Leam. The corporation then sought to substitute spring-water, and bored to a depth of three hundred and forty-six feet, but found so much salt water that the undertaking was abandoned. They consulted Professor Ramsay, Director-general of the Geological Survey, and on his advice began another boring at the foot of a hill a mile distant; and after penetrating mostly through sandstone to a depth of two hundred and two feet, they struck an enormous supply of fresh water (pure spring-water), which now yields two million gallons a day. From this it may be inferred that by a sufficient number of borings in the right places any quantity of water may be obtained. Rugby is an instance of a wrong place, for a boring there more than a thousand feet deep produced brine only. Coventry on the other hand gets a million gallons a day of clear spring-water from four bore-holes, the deepest of which is four hundred and fifteen feet.

Some time ago, Dr Stevenson Macadam pointed out in a communication to the Royal Scottish Society of Arts that the dirty condition of water cisterns in dwelling-houses was highly prejudicial to health, and he gave analyses of the sediments, which consisted of putrescent matters impregnated with lead. The water at the supply-pipe may be pure, but soon becomes impure if not properly cared for in the cistern. 'The remedy for the evil,' says the Doctor, 'lies in the periodic cleansing of the house cistern, which should be regularly done every month or two with a very soft brush, and every care must be taken that the natural skin of the lead be not disturbed. A wire or perforated zinc cover might be placed over the cistern, to keep

out mice, fragments of plaster, and so forth; but a tight cover, which hinders the aeration of the water, should not be used.'

From the official returns of minerals and metals for the year 1877, we learn that the quantity of coal dug out in the twelvemonth was 134,610,763 tons; of iron, 6,608,664 tons; of lead, 61,403 tons; of tin, 9500 tons; of copper, 4486 tons; of silver, extracted from lead, 501,435 ounces; and of gold, nearly all obtained from Merionethshire, one hundred and forty-three ounces. More than fifteen million tons of the coal were consumed in producing the more than six million tons of iron from the ore. The total value of these metals and minerals was £58,398,071. Future years will see a falling off, for the Cornish mines are now so deep that the cost of working is enhanced; and every year greater quantities of copper and tin are brought to this country from Australia and the Straits Settlements.

As is known to many readers, large masses of iron have been discovered by explorers in different parts of Greenland, and discussions as to their origin have ensued. Were they meteoric or not? The answer arrived at by recent researches is not. In the words of the Report above quoted, it is 'now shown conclusively that the iron masses are all geological productions of the immense lava-field which covers to an enormous (and northwards to an unknown) extent the greater part of Northern Greenland.'

It has often been stated that the railway 'cars' built in the United States are much stronger than the railway 'carriages' of this country. An example occurred in Philadelphia during a tremendous gale, with wind rushing seventy-five miles an hour, in October last. A shed under which trains were drawn up ready for service was blown down. The cast-iron columns, ten inches diameter and twenty-five feet long, supporting the iron girders of the roof, fell upon the cars; but the cars were bruised only, not broken. In one instance a column struck a car near the middle, and snapped off; but the framework of the car was not fractured. Most readers will agree with what has been remarked on this fact, that a car that will stand without injury the impact of a ten-inch cast-iron column, with six tons of extra weight, driven by a gale of seventy-five miles an hour, contains an excess of strength very assuring to the traveller.

WANTED, A HAT.

MODERN scientists are fully agreed that the Human Hat is not congenital, and many instances are on record of races totally devoid of any form of it. As a general rule, it may be laid down that a hat of any kind is unknown among barbarous tribes; while it is an indispensable adjunct of civilisation. But there are exceptions to this rule. Captain Cameron has told us that some of the natives of Central Africa cultivate a hirsute head-covering which is either typical or imitative; we have been told that in the Southern Seas some of the aborigines use a head-covering which serves alternatively as the family soup-tureen; and we of our own knowledge are aware that in this country

there are many educational institutions where youth is free to go unencumbered with artificial head-gear. In stating the rule we readily admit these exceptions, and proceed. The hat makes its appearance at a very early stage of existence. In a few weeks after birth, the first incipient growth appears in a soft concave form, enveloping three sides of the head. This develops in the course of years, and according to circumstances, into a somewhat harder and broader form covering only the top; then it extends a margin and stiffens; while ultimately it elongates and assumes a cylindrical form. It is a remarkable fact that in the earlier stages of its history, this latter form, which one may call the full maturity of the Human Hat, did not develop until about the age of twenty-one years; whereas now it makes its appearance occasionally at about the fourteenth or fifteenth year, although more generally at about the seventh or eighth year. In many cases it is simultaneous with admission into church-membership.

That there is a sex in Hats is of course well understood; but here we treat only of the male gear. The female hat is too complex and various to be treated of within the limits of this article, and it is indeed questionable whether any member of the male sex is competent to treat of it at all. It is after passing the second and third stages that the hat begins to work its influence upon man. Then it becomes an inseparable necessity. To remove it forcibly calls up all the worst passions of his nature; while its voluntary removal argues the possession of a certain refinement of soul exhibiting itself in deference to age or beauty, tribute to worth, and in veneration for institutions. And the non-removal voluntarily indicates conversely the rude boorish animal which has assumed the outward signs without the inward grace of civilisation. Again however, we must note an exception. Among the many species of mankind, there is one which is never known voluntarily to remove its head-covering, and yet is devoid neither of grace nor of refinement. It is popularly supposed that Quakers sleep in their hats, but to this calumny we are enabled to give an authoritative denial.

A full-grown man without a hat of some sort is a *luxus natura*. His appearance in conventional garb in a public thoroughfare without this excessiveness will produce almost as much sensation as a runaway horse. How inseparable the thing is from our daily thoughts and actions is evident from the multitude of common colloquial expressions referring to it. One phrase—'As mad as a hatter,' has often puzzled inquiring minds; but it is probable that its explanation may be found in the scientific theory with which we set out. If madness is traceable to the malformation of brain-cases, then it is directly traceable to the work of hat-makers.

There is this curious anomaly about the Human Hat, that while it is inseparable from man, who seizes it as one of his most precious inheritances, pressing it closely on to his head when abroad, and clinging tenaciously to it whether in the company of friends or enemies, yet its shape and colour and quality may be changed at pleasure. There are some men whose vanity enables them always to cultivate successive crops of new

glossy bright hats, and others whose vanity enables them always to maintain a supply of very bad old ones. There are some men who are always cultivating new hats, and some who never change their first growth. Some men, again, have the faculty of assimilating the hats of others very readily, and it is noticeable that these persons usually display a fine discrimination. In the abstract, one hat may be as good as another; but in the concrete, a good hat is certainly better than a bad hat. To enter a house or public place with an old hat and to leave it with a good new one, without pecuniary expenditure and without physical exertion, argues the possession of mental grasp and adaptive capacity very admirable from a certain point of view. The inheritors of the old hats may probably be disposed to characterise these traits differently; but their opinions are biased. The Human Hat is a capital index of character, as well as an infallible professional indicator. Who, for instance, can mistake the Clerical Hat, the Sporting Hat, the Travelling Hat, or the Miller's Hat? So also in the often close assimilation of the female to the male head-gear in shape and material, we have striking evidence of that tendency whose aim is to equalise the sexes. It is idle to speak of the supremacy of man when he is fast losing even the distinction of his own head-gear!

But dearly as a man prizes, and carefully as he cherishes and fondles this precious inheritance, it is fruitful of much mental anguish and much physical discomfort to him. As evidence of the former, we need only remind our fellow-sufferers that the careful thought and diligent research of centuries have not yet determined what is the best method of disposing of a hat in church or in other place of public meeting where space is limited and female skirts abound. Nor has any amelioration been yet afforded to city possessors of the stovepipe variety in the hot brain-oppressing days of summer, and in the wet gusty days of autumn and winter, when Boreas runs riot along the streets and down the cross-lanes. How many pious thoughts are checked, how many benevolent intentions are frustrated, how much evil language is engendered by these defects in this otherwise admirable human organ, it is beyond our power to calculate. Most people can associate some sin of omission or commission with a hat, and charge it as the very 'head and front of their offending.' It is truly lamentable that such a state of things should continue in these days of scientific research. That we have not yet passed the acme of mechanical invention, the telephone and the phonograph have assured us. There is still possible originality in the walks of science and in the appliances of daily life. What Stephenson or Wheatstone, or Hughes or Edison will now arise to supply a universally felt (or silk) want? That want is a Patent, Universal, Adaptable Hat—suitable for all climates, positions, and circumstances—which will enable man to dispense with umbrellas and physical discomfort, with hat-cases and mental torment—which will be brain-stimulating and not head-crushing—and which will be in all respects a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. For the inventor of a truly perfect Human Hat, there is an enormous fortune in store. The late king of Burmah we were told had devoted himself to cultivating a paper variety; but to this we can

see, in our climate at any rate, many objections. In Hat-philosophy there is still room for a Teufelsdröck.

ABOUT LOCUSTS.

FROM a resident in Smyrna we have received the following interesting communication regarding these Eastern pests, the locusts. He thus writes: 'In the month of May 1878 I went by rail to a village situated about five miles from the town of Smyrna. On one part of the line there is an incline, which I noticed we were ascending at an unusually low rate of speed, and the engine was puffing and labouring in a most unaccountable manner. On looking out of the window to ascertain the cause, I perceived that the ground was literally covered with locusts; and scarcely a minute had elapsed ere the train ceased to move, owing to the rails having become wet and slippery from the number of these insects that had been crushed on the line. Sand was thrown on the rails, and brooms were placed in front of the locomotive, by which means the train was again set in motion; and we finally reached our destination in thirty-five instead of fifteen minutes, the usual length of the journey. On entering the village, I called at a friend's house, and found the inmates assembled in the garden, drawn up in battle-array, armed with brooms, branches of trees, and other implements of destruction, waging war against their unwelcome visitors the locusts, which, it appears, had sealed the outer walls of the premises, taking the place by assault, and were committing sad havoc on every green thing to be found in the garden. The united efforts of the household, however, were powerless against their enemies, which were momentarily increasing in number; so they were compelled to beat an ignominious retreat, and seek refuge in the house.

'I now propose to give some account of the nature and habits of these insects, which may possibly not be uninteresting to European readers. Locusts are first seen towards the end of April on the slopes of the hills, where the eggs of the females had been deposited the previous autumn. When born they are about the size of ants, but develop in a wonderfully short time to their full size. Early in May they are sufficiently strong to travel all day on foot, collecting together at night in dense masses. At sunrise they recommence their march—their heads invariably turned to the south—devouring every green herb that comes in their way, grass especially being their favourite food. In the rear of these advancing armies others are following, which subsist on what is left by their more fortunate companions of the advanced guard. Towards the end of May locusts are sufficiently developed to take short flights on the wing, and wherever they alight woe betide the unfortunate owners of the property! In June and July they rise to a considerable height in the air, their infinite numbers occasionally darkening the sun. As at this season of the year there is no more grass in the plains and the corn has been harvested, the vineyards are unmercifully attacked as well as the leaves of trees; and when hard pressed for food, even the bark of trees is not spared by these voracious insects. Locusts die off in August; but before this occurs the females bore holes in the ground on the slopes of the hills, sufficiently large

to insert their bodies; then the males—I am assured by eye-witnesses—cut off their wives' heads; and thus the eggs which are contained in the females' bodies—averaging about seventy in number—are preserved against the inclemencies of the winter season.

'It occasionally happens that locusts disappear for a number of years in succession; it is therefore presumed that in seasons of scarcity they are compelled—before the breeding season—to take long flights in search of food; and when this occurs, millions of their dead are found on the shores of the sea, and the effluvia from their bodies often occasion great sickness. In the year 1832 locusts lay two feet deep in the Bay of Smyrna. Shipping and typhus and other fevers became so prevalent in the town that many families in a position to leave, took refuge in the country villages. With a proper government, this Eastern plague could by degrees be done away with; but the Turks leave everything to Fate; and although occasional orders are given by the governors in the interior for their destruction when they first appear in the spring, only half-measures are taken, and little is gained by these futile attempts to destroy them. In former times, Cyprus was annually devastated by locusts; but of late years this great infliction has almost ceased to be a source of anxiety to its agricultural population, owing to the intelligence of a European who holds property on the island, and who invented the following simple method of destroying them in their infancy, which has been already alluded to in the public journals.

'Locusts, as mentioned before, are born on the slopes of the hills, and when they are sufficiently developed to commence their work of destruction, descend into the plains in long and regular columns, never deviating from their path. Anticipating this method of progression, trenches are dug at the base of these hills; and when the locusts are within a few yards of the pits, they are inclosed between two long strips of canvas placed perpendicularly in parallel lines leading to the mouths of the pits. A piece of oil-cloth is then spread on the ground, extending a few inches over these trenches in a slanting position, over which the locusts continue to advance, and are precipitated into these traps in innumerable quantities, and immediately destroyed. If the Turkish government followed the example set them by the inhabitants of Cyprus, Asia Minor would soon be free of locusts; but as there is little chance of this being the case, we must expect a yearly increase of these insects, and trust to natural causes for their destruction.'

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LITERARY WORK.

WITHIN the memory of middle-aged persons, literature has become more significantly an independent profession than it ever was before. In the early part of last century, as is well known from many factious traditions, an author was ordinarily a poor creature who required a titled patron to countenance his production, and bespeak for it public favour. Hence the grovelling adulatory dedications to noblemen which we see in old books. That sycophantic period had its day. Then came the time when writers looked only to publishers possessing sufficient enterprise and judgment to purchase and bring their works into notice. There is no end of anecdotes about the alleged overbearing arrogance of these tradesmen, and their cruel dealings towards authors. A sad time it was, no doubt, when men such as Goldsmith went about asking publishers to give them a few pounds for a poem, a prose fiction, or some other product of their genius which they timidly offered for inspection.

Sad as such a picture of humiliation was, we in justice ought not to hurry to the conclusion that long ago publishers were a set of heartless scoundrels, who made a point of plundering authors of their wares. It is to be recollected that in these past times there was a comparatively limited reading or book-buying public. Few of the operative classes could read or write. Female domestics, sempstresses, and farmers' wives were quite as ignorant. Hardly any among what we call the middle classes bought books. Many country-towns had no bookseller at all. Only at fairs and markets was anything in the shape of paper and print offered for sale, and generally of a very humble kind. A taste for literature of a superior order, honoured with the imprints of London booksellers, was confined mainly to the wealthy in large cities, and to members of the learned professions. In some country mansions of the landed gentry there was not a single volume in general literature, and newspapers were almost as rare. With so poor a prospect of customers, the

publishers required to be cautious in their dealings with writers, however estimable might be their productions. Although placed in the front rank of authors by his poem of 'The Traveller,' Goldsmith was fain to sell the copyright of his 'Vicar of Wakefield' for five-and-twenty pounds. By no words could we more emphatically refer to the mean reward still given for literary exertion a hundred years ago, than that so insignificant a sum should have been paid for this matchless fiction.

Matters were not greatly mended in the early years of the present century. A crowd of novelists had grown up to supply materials for circulating libraries, and the price they got for their productions was usually thirty pounds for three volumes; which, considering the quality, were dear at the money. Miss Edgeworth gained higher rewards, still nothing to speak of. The 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews were now beginning to stimulate the public taste for literature. Though the war with France, which was felt to be a kind of death-struggle with Bonaparte, was obstructive of social advancement, it did some good, by creating a thirst for intelligence through the newspapers. Reading was greatly on the increase when Scott and Byron burst on the world like unforeseen meteors. The earlier poems of Scott created quite a furor. When it was known that two thousand guineas had been paid for the 'Lady of the Lake,' it was received as a fact in authorcraft which at that time had never been paralleled. Notwithstanding this success, Constable was doubtful if Scott would shine as a novelist, and offered him only seven hundred pounds for 'Waverley,' which was refused. It was a mistake keenly regretted, for 'Waverley' very shortly ran through eight editions, and was rapidly followed by other works, which were received with an equal amount of favour. 'There were giants in those days!' We have seen nothing like them since.

The most remarkable feature in modern literary work is the rise of periodicals appealing to large numbers of readers. The old five-shilling reviews—great in their day—are almost left in the condi-

tion of a vessel stranded for want of tide. There are now weekly and monthly periodicals of a cheap class which give employment to thousands of skilled writers, and which, in point of circulation, leave the old respectabilities immeasurably behind. In the Victorian era, we may be said to have got into a new literary world. The dull solemnities and political partisanship of the Georgian era will no longer do. There has grown up a hatred of shams, and of views perverted by political prejudice. Along with the sparkle of humour, readers desire to have something like impartiality and common-sense, no matter what may be the subject under treatment.

The revolution has been brought about by a demand for light reading consequent on social development. It may be admitted that this demand is not in all respects wholesome. Many writers of fiction seem to draw on the wildest fancies, and their productions are pretty much on a par with the old *Minerva* class of novels, the remuneration for which was rated at ten pounds a volume. But besides these, there are writers of a higher stamp who devote themselves to the composition of fiction on quite a comprehensive scale. They sell the product of their brain three or four times over. Their novel first appears in a weekly or monthly periodical, and according to reputation, will be paid by an honorarium varying from a hundred to a thousand pounds. While so running its course from month to month over half a year, advance proofs are transmitted by the writer to a publisher in the United States or Australia, perhaps both, and there, in these distant lands, the novel is appearing in a periodical at the same time it is going on in England. Having done its work in the periodicals all over the globe, it is issued in London as a three-volume novel, at a guinea and a half, in which shape it flourishes in all the circulating libraries. The next form it assumes is probably that of a volume bound in cloth at five shillings, which suits a certain class of customers. The life is not out of it yet. It is reprinted in a volume in small type, with a blazing yellow paper cover, at the modest price of a shilling. This is the form in which it appears on the railway book-stalls; after which usually no more can be made of it.

For these manifold successes the novelist has to thank the prodigious number and variety of readers. In every form in which the fiction appears it suits a particular class, and to every class in turn it seems new and attractive. In our days therefore authorcraft has a scope far beyond what was known or imagined in former times. The rewards of literature are increasing in proportion as people are taught to read, and as in the progress of affairs the taste for literary recreation is extended. Walter Scott used to say that literature was a good cane to walk with, but not a staff to lean upon. Since his time, literature has become a staff of a very effectual kind. It has risen from amateurship to a recognised and honoured profession.

London is of course the centre of literary work in England, because the metropolis offers every appliance—the library of the British Museum ready at all times to aid the literary man in his researches, publishers who have business relationships with all parts of the world, printers with every appliance in typography, wholesale sta-

tioners who have ever on hand huge stocks of paper, artists to promptly furnish every kind of illustration, newspapers and critical journals to record novelties, and added to all a literary society in which the author and authoress find an agreeable fellowship. For some kinds of literary work, Oxford and Cambridge possess peculiar advantages. Edinburgh is less favourably situated; yet with the aids generously offered by the Advocates' Library, it maintains a brave struggle, while as respects certain departments in printing and forwarding it has an advantage over London in the article of cheaper labour. Where large impressions have to be produced, this is a matter of first concern. With this in its favour, the cost of transmitting masses of paper and print to branch houses in London is comparatively insignificant. Edinburgh, however, labours under the drawback of having for the most part to procure supplies of the lighter kinds of writing from the metropolis. In these days of cheap and rapid postage, this is got over to some extent; but there still remains the discouraging local and national deficiency, arising not only from the superior attractions of London, but from the constant misexpenditure of excellent brain in Scotland on the dreary mudslide of sectarianism.

Wherever produced, English literature is now a large matter of export to every English-speaking country except the United States, in which there are heavy import duties, and no protection from invasion of copyright. A few novelists and other writers are able to secure a definite payment for advance-sheets; but the great bulk of English literature is exposed to unlicensed appropriation in the States. In other words, there is no law in that country to prevent a publisher from reprinting any new book from England he can lay his hands on. This is an exceedingly convenient process of rearing a business on the brains of British writers. While a London publisher is paying probably a thousand pounds for the copyright of a book, the American publisher has the pleasure of getting the book for nothing. Carried on from year to year on a wholesale plan, this species of appropriation has led to the natural result of discouraging the growth of American authorship, which for a great nation is not a creditable state of things.

The truth appears to be that, as regards literature, the United States are under the thrall of a few large publishing concerns in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. They contrive to get so heavy an import duty imposed on English books as to keep them out of the country. They then proceed to execute reprints from copies procured by mail, and so keep the market to themselves. It is a beautiful instance of trade protection, which inflicts a wrong on a whole nation to serve the purposes of a few selfish individuals. Hitherto there has been an understanding among these monopolists, that any one of them who was the first to issue an English book should not be competed against by others. By priority, he acquired a special privilege known as the 'copyright of the trade.' When some unscrupulous individual attempted to issue a rival edition, he was immediately run down by the publication of a cheaper edition, and thus the monopoly was sustained.

The proper cure for all this is, of course,

an international law, by which English writers would secure copyright in America, and American writers secure copyright in England. But to every proposal of this kind the Americans, under the influence of the confederated publishers of New York and other places, have steadily objected. According to recent accounts, leading members of this unscrupulous body have been brought to a consciousness that some kind of international copyright is desirable. The cause of their conversion to a sense of propriety is amusing. In late years, publishers have sprung up in Chicago, who look with contempt on the 'courtesy of the trade,' and possess the tact as well as the means to baffle it. When a New York publisher brings out an edition of an English novel at a dollar, the Chicago tradesman issues an edition of the same work at ten cents or fivepence, which at once reduces the monopolist to despair. As regards that particular book he may as well shut up shop. It is a case of diamond cut diamond, out of which possibly good may come.

Circumvented, humiliated, the confederated monopolists have taken up new ground. They will be content to give British authors copyright for their works in America, provided the works are issued by American publishers. The meaning of this is, that a limited number of firms may still have the privilege of keeping everything to themselves; for that would be the result under any such arrangement. If not devoid of decency and honesty, they will frankly unite in promoting a system of international copyright, by which all on both sides of the Atlantic would start fair, and allow freedom of trade in literature to take its course. Surely there are large numbers of people in the United States who must be not a little ashamed of the shabby shifts of a few publishers in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, to live by the systematic reprinting of English copyrights, and who on reflection would endeavour to put an end to a state of things so exceedingly disreputable. Meanwhile, we are rather glad that Chicago interlopers have had the audacity to break up the monopoly of the few firms which have so long domineered over the general interests of literature. The result can scarcely fail to be beneficial.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXX.—UNDER A CLOUD.

LADY LARPENT, after the visit of the Black Miller of Pen Mawth, was in anything but an enviable frame of mind. The Dowager was, as women go, a thoroughly good woman. There might be a little worldly rust about her heart, but the heart itself was of sterling gold. In truth, her weak point, as often happens with us, was precisely what she deemed her strongest coign of vantage, her shrewd, cool, prudent head. She had the pride of intellect far more than the coarser pride of rank or money. If she detected a knavish servant, or struck out a wrongful item in a tradesman's bill, she was vain of her victory than of the fact that her wealth and rank and strength of will made her a personage and a power in the land. Now she was wounded, galled, stung, and that precisely where the smart was sharpest, in that her knowledge of the world had to all appearance been grossly at fault.

She had thought so well of Hugh Ashton!

Other protégés she had, in common parlance, taken up, merely to find them fall short of her estimate, or break in her hands. But this noble young fellow had borne himself hitherto with a gallantry and a discretion that did credit to her choice. Secretly, she had sighed more than once as she contrasted her own comeliness of a son, callous, flippant, dead to generous impulse, and this brave young Hngh. Had she but had such a son as Hugh Ashton— But that being impossible, she had cherished vague projects of future promotion for the fisherman of Bala Lake; and all the bitterness was the disenchantment that followed. Nobody likes to have wasted kindness on an unworthy object, and Lady Larpent the least of all. And that Hugh was unworthy, the Dowager very much feared. She had taken him on trust. Of his past life she knew, save from his own lips, nothing at all. And how if his own account of his past life had been untrue; how, if he had left out something, the mention of which would have condemned him!

That the Black Miller was an enemy of Hugh's she never for an instant doubted. But then, enmity is not necessarily co-existent with calumny. But for private hate, for private resentment, the law would most rarely be invoked to redress wrongs or to punish the wrong-doer. Justice awaits, in passive attitude and with bandaged eyes, the moment when the cry of human suffering shall cause her to make use of sword or scales. And Ralph Swart had done his work well. Lady Larpent hardly knew how much her crafty visitor had contrived to suggest, and how little he had managed to affirm. He had said, roundly, that he intended Hugh to be his own accuser. He had laid down, as if unconsciously, the lines on which the Dowager might act. There was to be no formal charge, but merely a query or two; and the Black Miller had shewn a grim confidence as to the result, which, although unwelcome, was contagious. Under the influence of these newly formed suspicions, the lady of Liothuel had written to Hugh requesting his prompt attendance at Liothuel Court.

The missive sealed and despatched, Lady Larpent awaited, with a nervous impatience that surprised herself, the coming of him whom she had summoned to receive, it well might be, his sentence of dismissal and disgrace. For a time she remained in her study, making an elaborate pretence of being extremely busy; but the figures in her columns of accounts swam and danced before her eyes, and the letters she perused joined in one monotonous chorus of 'Hugh Ashton—guilty—guilty—guilty!' Then she looked up her letters, and went back to the drawing-room, and was absent, moody, and snappish in her talk with her niece, until Maud marvelled what had befallen her kind, shrewd aunt, to change her thus.

'Captain Ashton—in the study, please, my Lady,' murmured obsequious Parker; and to the study Lady Larpent once more repaired. Hugh wondered that his patroness answered his salutation by so cold a bow.

'Please to sit down, Captain Ashton,' said the Dowager stiffly, as she took, with a more judicial air than usual, her own seat in her high-backed chair. 'I have sent for you—on a painful errand this time, Captain Ashton.'

'Indeed, Lady Larpent?' returned Hngh, turn-

ing his frank eyes towards his kind old friend, whose changed manner puzzled him.

'Yes; I have heard—no matter what—suffice it,' continued the Dowager, 'that it seems as though you had not told me, Mr Ashton, all that I had a right to know.'

Hugh started and reddened. Start and flush were very slight, but quite sufficient to be marked by a keen observer on the look-out for such signs, and ready to draw deductions from them.

'I do not quite, Lady Larpent, apprehend your meaning,' he said.

'I will put the case more clearly,' resumed the Dowager, with a look of annoyance. 'I do not think you have been as explicit with me as—as—perhaps you might have been. Are you sure, for instance, that your right name is Ashton?'

Again Hugh winced perceptibly. 'I bear the name as my father bore it,' he replied with some awkwardness.

'Of that I am aware,' rejoined the Dowager coldly. 'You have led a wandering life, Mr Ashton, and it signifies little, no doubt, as to a mere name. There is a more important topic on which I must speak. Of my own regard for you, and—and the high opinion we have all had of you, and the debt of gratitude due to the preserver of my niece's life, I need not speak. I have done my best to be your friend, have I not?'

'Indeed, Lady Larpent, you have,' answered Hugh; and his handsome young face looked so honest and true as he spoke the words, that it was almost with a sob, which she turned into a cough, that Lady Larpent resumed: 'The more shame for you, Hugh Ashton, then, if, as I fear is the case, you have deceived me!'

'Deceived you, Lady Larpent!' cried Hugh, starting to his feet.

'Deceived us all, I may say,' continued the Dowager, who, the ice once broken, went on with all of a woman's outspoken vehemence of complaint, 'since we have all had an opinion of you which—which I hope may have been deserved. I believed what you told me, the very little that you told me, of your past years, as sailor and colonist, and was content to take you and your father for plain, honest boatmen, with education and manners, I admit, superior to your station. Since then, it has come to my ears—'

The Dowager hesitated here; and Hugh Ashton asked, half sternly: 'I have not yet learned what it is which has reached your Ladyship's ears concerning me.'

'That you have not been open with us, and candid, and sincere, Captain Ashton,' answered Lady Larpent, eyeing Hugh as though she hoped to search his heart with the intensity of her gaze; 'that you have exercised a reticence—perhaps a prudent one—as to secrets which—'

'Secrets!' Hugh could not help repeating the word, although he did it with a quivering lip and a troubled mien, which added fuel to the fire of the Dowager's very natural suspicions.

'Secrets,' said the Dowager, knitting her impetuous brows, 'are never desirable, of course; but they need not imply sin or shame. You best know, young man, if that which you have hitherto kept is innocent or not.'

'Spare me this!' muttered Hugh huskily, as he shaded his eyes with his open hand and turned his face away.

'I have been most friendly towards you, Mr Ashton, in thought, and word, and deed,' pursued the Dowager. 'It is, then, as a friend that I ask of you, has nothing, nothing of serious import been kept back? Are you, in fact, what you seem to be?'

'You have been well informed, I fear, Lady Larpent; by what means I cannot guess—too well informed,' answered Hugh in a broken voice.

In the Dowager's ears this was tantamount to a confession of guilt. And yet it was pity of him too, she felt, this hidden sin, done years ago, it might be, coming home, like a halting Nemesis, to this gallant youth, who had seemed the very soul of unselfish courage and stainless faith. What had he done? It was difficult to connect the idea of Hugh Ashton with any mean crime, such as peoples our jails, with forgery or theft for instance. But a bushranger's career of desperate adventure might have had temptations for so daring a spirit, or there might be blood on that hand—the hand that had saved Mand's life!

'If you could explain'—began Lady Larpent, with weighty patience; but Hugh interrupted her.

'I cannot!' he said, with a groan. 'I would give the best years of my life, if— But that is useless now. I had hoped, in an obscure situation and lonely place, that the past might be buried. It seems,' he added bitterly, 'that I was wrong, and that the finger of shame may be pointed at me even here.'

'Then, Captain Ashton,' said the Dowager, with a touch of magisterial severity, 'is it not for yourself to decide whether you will risk exposure to—unpleasantness, by remaining any longer in Treport? I cannot—that is to say, the Board cannot, deprive you of your post as Captain of our steamer on mere suspicion, certainly. But if you stay, and challenge proof of what you scarcely affect to deny, the whole story will become public, and you could scarcely avoid resigning your appointment, even if—'

'You are right, Lady Larpent. Yes; I feel I ought to go,' returned the young man, hiding his face and letting his head droop sadly upon his breast. 'What I regret the most is the loss—so it seems—of your good opinion.' The dejection of his attitude, the muffled sound of his low voice, moved the Dowager to pity while confirming her suspicions.

'I would have given much, Hugh Ashton, to have heard you justify'—she said falteringly.

'The task, though I would lay down my life for it, is beyond me,' said the young man gloomily. 'I can but go, and that, Lady Larpent, I will do at once. May I hope that you will be silent as to what you have heard?'

'Certainly I will, if you consent to quit Treport without delay,' replied the Dowager. 'Nor do I forget your services to the family, or your good conduct here. Money may enable you to go abroad, and efface, by time and distance, the memory of the past. If a cheque for four hundred pounds, or five—'

'I thank you, Lady Larpent; but I need for nothing,' answered Hugh, drawing himself up to his full height, and speaking with a quiet dignity that became him well. 'The day may come, perhaps, when you may regret the severe judgment which you have formed of me.' He said no more,

but, with a slight inclination of the head, turned and left the room and the house. The last glance of the young sailor's sad, proud eyes haunted the Dowager's memory for many a day afterwards.

CHAPTER XXXI.—FAREWELL, MAUD.

It was a bright and beautiful morning which dawned upon the west of England, on the day following that on which Hugh Ashton had saved the bird-hunter's life, and had his own unsatisfactory interview with Lady Larpent. He was not one to loiter or to lose time when once his mind was made up, and already his few and simple preparations for departure had been effected. He had written to the Secretary of the Board, his employers, giving in the resignation of his command. The keys of the lockers in his cabin on board the steamer, with the telescope and some other objects belonging to the Tug and Salvage Company, he had intrusted to old Captain Trawl's care on behalf of their lawful owners. His own boxes were packed, and were to remain under the charge of his late kind host, until he should write to indicate the address to which they were to be forwarded.

A harder task than these merely mechanical duties Hugh Ashton found to be that of bidding farewell to his good friends beneath whose roof he dwelt, and without explaining the cause of his abrupt departure. That the young Captain of the *Western Maid* should suddenly throw up his appointment, quit the town in which he had come to be regarded with liking and respect, and renounce the occupation in which he had already won high credit with all, seemed utterly unaccountable. That Lady Larpent was somehow connected with Hugh's apparently capricious change of plans, was easily to be conjectured; but what could be the reasons that could have induced the imperious Lady Paramount of Llosthuel to desire the absence of one who had so lately been a prime favourite, and whose conduct since his promotion had surely been such as to content the most exacting patroness that ever lived! The thing was inexplicable.

Hugh, who alone possessed the key to the enigma, shook his head sadly when the old Captain and his grand-daughter questioned him on the subject of his abrupt change of plans. 'Do not ask me, dear friends, why I must leave you. Some day, perhaps—But now I can merely tell you that go I must, and that the *Western Maid* will never know my tread upon her deck again.' He avoided all unnecessary leave-takings. 'Wish Long Michael, and the crew, and the good fisher-folk, good-bye for me; and give them my best wishes,' he said to Will and Rose and the aged Captain; 'I shall not go among them again for a last hand-shake, but would rather get quietly out of Treport.'

Hugh had decided wisely when he determined not to bid his outspoken acquaintances on Treport quay and its vicinity a personal adieu. It was of course impossible to take a crowd into his confidence, and there would have been remonstrance, and regret, and cheering; for no stranger in the little coast town had ever become in so short a space of time one-half so popular as Hugh Ashton had done. As it was, he said farewell, sorrowfully enough, to his friends at the cottage door, and set

off on foot, with stick and bundle, like any poor sailor going to seek employment in some distant port. At the garden gate he turned for a last look at the group that remained, sadly watching him beside the door. There was the gray-haired old Captain, leaning on a staff, and by no means the sturdy figure to look upon that he had been a few short months ago; there was pretty Rose, with her affianced husband by her side; and there was the dwarfish form of Nazer, holding back the dog, which struggled boisterously in its efforts to follow Hugh. The young man waved his hat to them in token of farewell, and then was lost to sight.

Hugh had come into Treport, when first nominated to the command of the steamer, cheerily enough, and with fair prospects opening out before him. He was leaving the place now, sorrowful and weary-hearted, but steadfast as a leath-bound to the purpose to the fulfilment of which he had devoted his young life. Many thoughts passed through his busy brain as he climbed the steep hill-side, choosing unfrequented paths and by-lanes, where he was not likely to meet any who knew him. It would have been painful to him to have to stop and converse now with one who had made his acquaintance during his brief season of prosperity, and could not now perhaps refrain from expressions of curiosity or condolence. Once, from a turn in the road, he looked down upon the sea-side portion of the town, where the gabled houses clustered thickly together, where the nets were hung to dry from masts protruding from the windows, and where, in the quay-pool itself, in the midst of sails of many colours—orange, tawny, and red—lay the *Western Maid*, taut and trim. He shook his head sadly, and walked resolutely on.

Threading his way by devious tracks and those sinuous lanes which in country places often appear to have sprung spontaneously into existence, so trifling appears to be their utility to the common-weal, Hugh at length drew near to Llosthuel. The Court, as has been said, stands nobly forward on a swell of rising ground, and commands a pretty prospect of Treport nestling below, and a grand one of cliff and headland, and the measureless Atlantic flashing far away. But the grounds are less notable than the house. Many a Kent or Sussex squire with only three or four poor annual thousands to form his rent-roll, has a far more spacious and stately demesne to girdle in his red-brick Hall than had my Lady Larpent of Llosthuel, who was so rich. The facts that Cornish gentlemen of fair estate, like Francis viscounts or Belgian barons, were in bygone times less desirous of privacy than were those of the squirearchy who dwelt east of the Tamar, and thus there was a tract of uninclosed common land which came very near to Llosthuel Court.

Hugh Ashton knew the place well. It was a spot where the wild rocks, with golden gorse and yellow broom rooting themselves in every cleft and crevice, came close up to the tall paling that shut in the well-kept rose-garden of the Court. No contrast could have been greater than that of the barren tract outside that charmed barrier—with its scarce grass and brown heather, the bushes, the bare stones, and a few black pine-trees bent and distorted by years of hopeless contest with the mighty sea-wind—and the trim parterres and velvet

lawns and wealth of colour within. But, bare, bleak, and uniniviting as the ragged patch of rocky common land might be, it afforded to Hugh Ashton the opportunity which he sought, to gaze from afar, unseen, at Maud's windows, and to bid her an unspoken farewell. With a lover's ingenuity, he had found out, in the course of his occasional visits to the Court, which were the apartments that the Dowager had assigned to her beautiful niece. Those curtains of white and pink belonged probably to Maud's own chamber; the blue silken ones beyond, to the morning-room attached to it. Might it not be possible that if he did but watch long enough, he might catch a glimpse of Maud herself at a window! He smiled sadly enough at the boyish dream. No; he should not see her then; should see her, perhaps, never more. Never more! To a lover, that means much; means the loss of life's choicest zest and savour, a dull grayness in the pellucid atmosphere and the sparkling sky, an uneasy sense that there is something out of tune in the grand harmonies of the universe. And it was probable enough that Hugh and Maud, the one so high in station, and beauty, and prospective wealth, the other destined to earn a livelihood by dint of sheer hard work, would never meet again. Would she quite forget him? he wondered. And did she care for him, even a little, even as a friend of humble degree? for, mindful of the difference of position, he had never breathed to her a word that could reveal his love.

And yet how he loved her! how warmly and how truly, and yet with a knightly devotion and tenderness such as we are apt to consider as having died out with the death of the best era of semi-mythic chivalry. Had Hugh but lived six centuries before, he would have worn Maud's colours, and broken lances in tournament and battle-field for the fame of her beauty, and perhaps touched her heart, at last, by the renown of gallant deeds of derring-do performed for her dear sake. As it was, he was leaving Treport—he knew it—under a cloud of most undeserved disgrace. He had innocently forfeited Lady Larpen's good opinion; and he shrank from the thought that Miss Stanhope, like the rest of the world, might put some uncharitable construction upon his abrupt exit from Treport.

'Farewell, Maud—farewell!' he murmured, as his gaze lingered long upon the windows of the rooms she occupied at Llosthuel. 'I go, perforce in silence, burying in my breast the love I have not dared to tell. Shall I—can I—ever hope to win her—ever hope that Maud will be my wife? It seems the mere madness of presumption even to dream of such a future of bliss. What am I in her eyes? Merely, no doubt, a poor fisherman, who once had the luck to render her a service, and was rewarded for it by a promotion that turned out to be short-lived. And yet I have rights—could I but venture to claim them—and a word from me would—— But this word must remain unspoken!'

Very sad, to judge by the almost despairing expression of his handsome young face, were the thoughts that now traversed the brain of Hugh Ashton. Twice he turned, as though to leave the place, and twice he checked himself, and again fixed his eyes upon the house that held the beautiful girl whom he felt to be so hopelessly out

of his reach. 'Never, never!' he muttered at length. 'The Dowager herself, so kind before, was quite changed when that accursed rumour, whence I know not, came to her ears. I could see that she looked on me as a sort of outlaw—outlawed for no fault of his own, it is true, but none the less to be hounded and hunted out of the place. So dreadful and so tenacious is the stain of imputed guilt! And he, so noble and pure and gentle, lived and died, without right being done, hidden from the face of day; and I alone, perhaps, of all the world, believe in the cruel wrong that he endured so meekly.'

Hugh was silent for a space, and then, with a last lingering look at the windows of the two pretty rooms, he murmured once more: 'Farewell, Maud, farewell!' and tore himself away. Ten minutes of hard walking brought him to a turnpike road, down which he turned almost mechanically, as if he cared not whither he went, now that Treport was left behind him. 'Farewell, sweet Maud—my love, my love—of that, at least, they cannot rob me,' he said bitterly, as he looked back and caught one more distant view of Llosthuel, and then in silence pursued his way.

HAPPY LAND.

ON the coast of Suffolk, and not far from Ipswich, there is a certain sea-side place called Felixstow, which as yet is little known to tourists. There we have spent such delightful days that we have christened it Happy Land; and in gratitude for the enjoyment, we are glad to let others know of a spot where they can escape from fashion, brass-bands, nigger minstrels, barrel-organs, and rapacious landladies.

Come therefore reader, and join us in Happy Land. Bundle up a few things, not fashionable; take your ticket for Ipswich, and drive thence to Felixstow; and when you arrive at the dear little spot, engage one of its pretty cottages, and prepare for a week or two of pure unsophisticated enjoyment. Our neighbours to the right and left in the row in which our cottage is situated, are old farm-servants who have got on, saved a bit of money, and can now afford to live in a seven-roomed cottage, with pretty gardens railed from the road and each other by a low wooden fence. In front of us is a barley-field, with houses, about four or five, dotted here and there at the further end. We are on the cliff, down which we shall ask you to come presently. The view beyond the barley-field from the window of our cottage parlour gives only a thin line of sea, on which a steamer, ships, or fishing-boats are passing.

How delighted are we when we find ourselves taking a cup of five o'clock tea in such surroundings! How luxurious the flowers! Was there ever such barley! And then the sea; and better still, the glorious energy-giving breeze! We are impatient now to be off and away on the beach. We have not far to go. A hundred yards takes us to the end of our road, which is struggling into life. It will be a street some day. Now there are blocks of small houses only at intervals, with gaps between; and opposite, the barley-field holds its own. But we feel the day is coming when half our happiness will be removed away, and the golden barley will have given place to bricks and

mortar for ever. Still we must not meet troubles in this way. At the corner, we come upon the one provision-shop in the place. What an *olla podrida* it is! Post-office, baker, grocer, shoemaker, butterman, toy-shop, druggist, all in one. It is here we run if the butcher from the nearest village fails us, for something to make good his forgetfulness and to feed our ravenous appetites. We won't say anything about his prices. Naturally a man expects to be paid handsomely if he sets up a shop on a cliff, and finds himself without a competitor for the custom of a place whose inhabitants, judging from ourselves, are always hungry.

But now we are at the edge of the cliff. What air! We stop to inhale and admire. Along the top there is a pathway, and seats for those who are not inclined to descend, where the breezes can bless them all day long while they lounge with book and pencil. There is a wide spread of beach beneath their feet, but it is disfigured for a good way by breakwaters at regular distances. The sea has encroached so much of late years, that these have been found indispensable to prevent it damaging the shore, and even washing away the buildings. As an instance of this, a local informant tells of a 'famous castle that once stood on the edge of one of the cliffs as being wholly lost, and the ground on which it stood is now far out at sea.'

But these breakwaters do not extend all the length of the beach, and where they do, are much appreciated by the youngsters, who play gymnastics over them; to say nothing of the older children, who find them comfortable resting-posts when lounging on the shingle. Beyond them, on each side, there is a good stretch of shingly and sandy beach, where we can walk for miles, and find the way pleasantly beguiled. For are we not looking out for things we never met with before until we came to Happy Land, which is full of interest for the curiosity-hunter! Here we come upon a beautiful bit of carnelian; there, a shark's tooth (an antediluvian shark, be it remembered). Then again a wonderful impression left in stone of some dead-and-gone animal. All that loose shingle we see, now that we know these treasures are to be found for the seeking, how interesting it all becomes! Hour after hour we sit grovelling among the stones if perchance among them we can be lucky enough to find a fossil; and then what a shout of delight when one is discovered! We think of Hugh Miller, and wish we had his books at hand, that we might search in them, and find out all about the specimen, which we shew as a trophy of our perseverance and our ignorance! 'Antediluvian' we cry indefinitely, and are satisfied.

But we don't find carnelians only; amber and jet are to be picked up by the diligent searcher. We saw one splendid bit of amber measuring nine inches in length by four broad and three in depth, which had been picked up on this beach, and purchased by a resident friend of the lucky finder; for this was a very 'lucky find,' by no means common, the amber and jet found here being in small quantities, as a rule.

But what are these 'finds' to the treasures of antiquity that lie buried in the cliff, or crag as it is called here, filled full of prehistoric remains? If you take a knife and cut a piece of

the soft sandy rock, you find that it is composed of nothing but pulverised shells—shells that Shem, Ham, or Japheth might have picked up had they been wandering here as little boys before the Flood. Now and again we come upon perfect shells, preserved throughout the ages in their bed of sand, and carefully we handle them. They are yellowed by time, and venerable even to brittleness. Some are scallops, others whelks, whose spires turn the reverse way to their brethren of the present day! We also find some exquisite minute shells, that we manage to pick out whole from the debris.

But the things that are most novel to us are the coprolites. Imagine polished-looking black pebbles of all sizes and shapes, varying in form from a smooth round black bean to a large turkey's egg, some long, some short, some round; in fact they must be seen to be realised. A slight thing will break them, and the substance looks as if it could be reduced easily to powder. Our local informant declares 'that no one has satisfactorily accounted for their origin, but it is supposed to have something to do with antediluvian animals.' Science has discovered a means of reducing it to a manure which is used for agricultural purposes.

Anxious to discover some of these old-fashioned things, we started off one afternoon to some coprolite pits near; for pits have been dug inland to keep the scattered fragments together which the pickers are employed to collect. Here we found a mound of these pebbles, of all kinds and sizes. Among them we came upon a petrified crab; and we have seen, though we were not fortunate enough to find, a *whale's ear*, also in a state of petrification, that was found here. Some fossilised bone, one crab, five sharks' teeth, and some coprolites, consoled us instead, and we returned well satisfied with our plunder.

The sea-bathing here deserves special mention. The machines are the best ever built, and the attendance excellent. The water is buoyant; but unless a swimmer, we do not recommend any one leaving hold of the long ropes attached to the machines, by which the most timid bather is given confidence and can defy the roughest waves. A boat is always on the beach in case of accidents, but no instance is on record of any one having been drowned.

Happy Land is one of the few places still left to us where ladies go ungloved, and forget that they ever looked into *Le Follet*; where sober men of banks and business do not scorn to be seen on the back of a donkey; where a gallant but choleric officer is not ashamed to be seen at his garden gate looking out impatiently for the milkman who is keeping him waiting for his breakfast. In fact, this 'waiting for the milkman,' jug in hand, is a morning rendezvous, and ends in a gossip about various matters of local interest with our neighbours to the right and left.

The drives about are as pleasant as different roads can make them. Being in Suffolk, of course we drove to Ipswich to see the Museum (one of the best of its kind in all these counties), and to lunch at the *White Horse* of Pickwickian notoriety. We were shewn up into No. 27 bedroom, where Mr Pickwick was supposed to have strayed in, and to his confusion found when too late that it belonged to another, and

that other a lady. There are the identical curtains out of which he popped his venerable head to see a lady at her toilet. All hail, imagination that could so convert illusions into realities! After luncheon we sallied forth in search of Angel Lane, at the bottom of which was the celebrated passage in which 'Sam Weller' saw 'Job Trotter emerge from a green gate'—the same green gate by which Mr Pickwick was taken to answer for his conduct before the Ipswich magistrate. We had some trouble in finding it; and to facilitate matters asked an elderly female standing at her house-door if she knew which was Mr Pickwick's gate.

'Mr 'oo, did ye say? Peek'—

'Pickwick,' we reiterated.

'Na, I've lived 'ere naigh upon twanty year, and I niver hard of Mr Peekweek.'

'Not Dickens's Pickwick?' we asked.

'Ay; I knows Dickens, and read about 'm when I had my sight; but I don't know no Mr Peekweek.'

So we left her, regretting she had missed one great pleasure in her life.

We made some valuable acquaintances among the humbler but well-to-do folk, and found them the best of company. We shall not soon forget one drive we took, when our Jehu—an old man of seventy-two—volunteered to act as cleerone. Of course we wanted to know who lived in every well-looking house we passed, and his descriptions were unique. The School-board is busy here, and their bright red buildings are plentifully scattered about in different villages.

'Well, Jehu,' we asked, 'and what is the effect of all this learning? Is it making the people better or worse?'

'Warse!' he grunted. 'I niver had no larnin', nor my old 'ooman, nor niver wanted it. I *warked* [worked]; and they be all lazy.'

'Ah! there is a pretty place. Whom does that belong to?' we cried.

'That there,' giving the horses a flick with his whip—'that there belong to a maid. She's fifty year old, and got a bit of money, and she's niver bought a 'usband. Yoo should hear her speak. She's got a meetin'-oonse. Oh, she'll talk to ye, and give ye a little book to read, and tell ye aboot no end o' things; but'—giving a knowing look round—'she'll niver give ye neither bite nor sup.'

On we went, passing farm after farm, until we reached a public-house, where Jehu without permission pulled up to refresh his thirsty palate with a glass of ale.

'Do you always pull up for beer?' we inquired.

'Yes, yes,' he replied patronisingly. 'I likes to help them to *pay the rent*.'

We got on theology at last, and here Jehu came out strong.

'Do ye know [pronounced like *cow*] the prayers I say every day? I prays in the mornin' that I may do as much good as I can all the day, and as little harm.'

But best of all was when he descended upon Church versus Dissent, or Parson versus Minister.

'Wall, yoo see the parson he hev tithes ten-and-sixpence in the acre; yes, that's what of pays' (for Jehu rents land as well as being a cab proprietor); 'and the minister he hev none. But for

all that, I likes the parson best, for in church he do pray "as well for the *body* as the *soul*." But the minister, he *all* for *sowl*.'

Who wouldn't have stood Jehu a treat after that! Dickens would have loved him. A friend declared they must have known each other, for he has a face, our Jehu, that brings one back to Cruikshank, who has immortalised it, or one like it, in one or more of his characteristic illustrations. We only wish we could convey the tone and gesture with which each remark was made, and then perhaps our readers would enjoy our drive with Jehu as much as we did, and laugh as heartily. Perhaps, however, they may yet have the opportunity of doing so for themselves.

THE SCOTTISH BANKER'S DILEMMA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

MR DUFF, the worthy and respected agent of the Central Bank at Tollkirk, was startled by his teller, James Hamilton, coming to him to say, just as the banker had signed the last official letter before proceeding to lock up the safe: 'I am sorry to say, sir, the cash appears to be one hundred pounds short.' James was very pale as he spoke, and despite his efforts to prevent it, his voice trembled. A stranger could not have told whether the youth's agitation was the result of fright or guilt.

Mr Duff knew him too well to let the latter alternative dwell in his mind for even a moment; but the lad's excitement was somewhat infectious, and it was with just a little throb that he replied: 'You're joking, Jamie.' Mr Duff leaned back in his chair and nibbled the feather-end of his quill as he looked in the lad's face.

'I was never more serious in my life,' reiterated Hamilton.

'It is some marn'-nest, depend upon it,' said Mr Duff in a tone that partly reassured the poor fellow. 'Have you been very busy at the desk to-day, James?'

'That is the mystery of it, sir; we have not been busy. Hardly three pages of our cash-book are filled.'

'A hundred pounds! Hm! I am going upstairs to dinner. In the meantime, check your summations and your cash, and by-and-by I'll come in to lock up the safe with ye.'

The teller went from the banker's room to the outer office with a very grave face. Mr Duff, who lived with his family, as is customary in Scotland, in the very commodious house attached to the bank, sent his letters to be copied by the junior clerk, and then went leisurely up-stairs to dinner.

Mr Duff's was, for a man who does not object to permanent residence in a provincial town, a very easy and pleasant mode of life. His work was not hard, nor were his responsibilities very heavy. He had a pretty and comfortable home in an old-fashioned country town, and although his wife lay in the churchyard on the brae by the river-side these ten years, still he had two of the prettiest girls in Tollkirk—Minna and Mary Duff (besides Jenny, the married daughter, who lived in Edinburgh), whose delight it was to make his life sunny and happy. He was naturally—being known to possess private means, and on account of his official capacity as the dispenser

of discounts and custodian of the wealth of the neighbourhood—a man of some importance in Tollkirk, and formed part of, as well as moved in, Tollkirk's best society. He was magistrate and farmer as well as banker; and on Sundays, for many a long year, he had stood beaming behind 'the plate' at the entrance to the 'auld kirk'. Everybody knew him, and he knew everybody; and perhaps nobody respected him the less because he pretty well knew to within a pound or two what every ratepayer on his side of the county was worth, financially.

He took life very easy, as I have said; making no undue fuss when an accommodation bill was presented to him, if he knew—as he was certain to know—the pedigree and progress through life of drawer and indorser. He was respected too by his Edinburgh employers as a man of prudence and sagacity, who never made bad debts, never troubled them with applications for rise of salary or transfer of agency—whose books always stood the minutest inspection, and who, speaking generally, wanted no favours from them. Rather, granted favours, by occasional invitations to visit him at Tollkirk, where there is unsurpassed trout and salmon fishing, besides magnificent 'links' for golf, and where the local distillery yields a liquid of more than local reputation. The city-birds were not slow to accept such invitations, Mr Duff being over a tumbler of toddy the best of company, and generous in the matter of horses and fishing-rods. The chief inspector of the bank came often enough to woo the fair Jenny, the eldest of the family, and took her away with him one summer day, to the general bereavement of Tollkirk.

The banker did not hurry over dinner on the particular afternoon of which I write. When he went up-stairs he did not give a second thought to James Hamilton's pale face, but quietly settled himself in his arm-chair, after doing justice to his simple repast, to read for the second time the report of his own recent great speech at the parochial board, given at length in the *Tollkirk Herald*, the fine roll of his own—somewhat improved—spoken sentences seen in black and white, communicating a pleasing sense of complacency and importance as influencing public opinion. It was nearly seven o'clock before Mr Duff remembered that he had not yet locked up his safe, and that his clerks were probably waiting below for him. He was surprised when he opened the office-door—leading to the hall of his house—to find Hamilton still bending over his cash-book with an expression of deep anxiety on his face, and bundles of bank-notes lying on the desk before him.

'What, James, still in a fog?' he asked cheerfully as he came in. 'Not found your difference, eh?'

'I am a hundred pounds short, sir, without doubt.'

Hamilton had toiled through every entry over and over again, had counted and recounted his bundles of notes, and now had a very sharply defined fear in his heart, and a vision in the background of his imagination of a dearly loved old mother waiting for him at home, and who was ill able to bear the responsibility of such a loss—if loss it should prove to be.

'A mare's-nest, I'll be bound,' Mr Duff said

good-naturedly, taking Hamilton's place before the cash-book. Very carefully and with a keen eye he went over each entry; very carefully too he counted the cash, and recounted it; but only to find that Hamilton's words were too true. The cash was undoubtedly one hundred pounds short.

'I think we had better sleep over it,' Mr Duff said at last, looking at his watch. 'The difference will turn up in the morning, you may depend upon it.' Then the cash and books were carried into the safe, and the office closed for the night.

Poor Hamilton lay awake nearly all night thinking over some probable clue to the whereabouts of the missing money. Never before had he left the bank with such a dread on his mind, for he felt certain he had gone over each item of the day, that he had not over-paid any one to such an extent; and he knew that on him devolved the responsibility to make good any such deficiency. He hardly spoke to his mother as he ate what she called his 'ruined dinner'—spoiled by three long hours' waiting in the oven; nor could she get from him all through the evening a hint of the cause of his trouble. She guessed, and hinted that perhaps Minna Duff, 'the little flirt,' had something to do with his gloom; for she knew how her boy's heart lay in regard to the banker's younger daughter; but her son's reply was equivalent to a snub.

He was in the office two hours before official bank-hours on the following morning; but no trace of the missing money could be found. During the day, all the banker's customers who had on the previous day been paid large sums, were asked to check their payments; but when four o'clock arrived and the cash had again to be counted, the balance still showed one hundred pounds short. If the money had been paid away in error, no man had been honest enough to return it. Then for the first time in the history of the Tollkirk branch, a deficiency in the cash had to be reported to the head office. A hundred pounds to a rich man may seem a small matter to worry over; but to James Hamilton, whose yearly salary, after ten years' faithful and conscientious service, did not amount to one hundred pounds, and whose mother—save for the help of a trifling annuity left by her husband—was in great measure dependent upon him—the liability to refund this sum weighed heavy. He became anxious and nervous, not being altogether certain that the authorities of the bank might not suspect him of having appropriated the money; and from very nervousness was guilty during the next few days of making several small mistakes in his cash dealings, which confirmed him in the belief that he had paid the money to some unscrupulous rascal who did not mean to acknowledge it.

It seemed an age, although in reality barely a month had passed, before a note from Mr Tait, the chief inspector (Mr Duff's son-in-law) set the matter at rest. 'In consideration,' the note ran, 'of the admirable mode in which the business of the branch at Tollkirk has hitherto been conducted, the Directors have agreed to wipe off the deficiency in cash, which it may be hoped will yet turn up and be re-credited; but in doing so it must be firmly kept in view that the Directors by no means establish the present case as a precedent, and must remind the gentleman who has charge of the

bank's cash at Tollkirk that at no future time will the Directors be disposed to relieve him of the responsibility attaching to his office.'

'There, Jamie; take that to your mother,' said Mr Duff kindly, handing the official note to Hamilton. 'I thought Peter would manage it' (referring to his son-in-law, the inspector); 'but we mair ca' canny,' said the banker, relapsing into broad Scotch, to put the reproof, if such it might be called, in the gentlest form, to spare the lad's feelings.

There were tears of relief in Hamilton's eyes as he read the note. 'That is generous treatment, sir; I was afraid they would rous [sell by auction] me and my old mother out of Tollkirk.'

'Rous ye? I couldn't spare ye, lad.'

Then the youth went home to his mother jubilant, a burden lifted from him.

But on the next evening, after business hours, Hamilton's face was whiter than ever. His hands were trembling as he fumbled over his cash, and 'cast' and 're-cast' the long columns of figures in his cash-book. It was market-day, a busy day, and large sums had passed into and out of his hands. To his horror, he found his cash *three hundred pounds* short! He had not the courage on this occasion to go to Mr Duff's room with his plaint. But the banker saw at once as he passed through the office on his way up-stairs that something was wrong.

'You are late, Mr Hamilton.' (Mr Duff never in a general way called James 'Mr.' His doing so now implied misgivings.)

'Yes, sir; but I think I won't be long; his lips felt parched from excitement.

'Are ye ready to lock up the safe with me?'

'Not quite. If you are in no hurry, sir, perhaps we can lock up when you come down.'

'Very well.'

Mr Duff went up-stairs; but on this occasion he did not linger over his meal. When he came down half an hour later, Hamilton was not ready to lock the safe. He was sitting looking into space, his head resting on his hands.

'Have you balanced your cash now?' Mr Duff asked with just a perceptible edge of annoyance in his tone.

'No, sir. I differ three hundred pounds.'

'Over or short?'

'Short, sir.'

'Mersey on us! This will not do. You must bestir yourself and—find it. I have to go out to a meeting to-night.' The banker spoke sternly.

Hamilton once more, under Mr Duff's eye, nervously went over his figures and counted his cash. The deficiency could in no way be accounted for.

'This is terribly awkward, James.'

There were tears in the youth's voice as he uttered: 'Yes sir; and it will drive me mad.'

When Mr Duff returned from his meeting at eleven o'clock, Hamilton was as far from peace as ever. The younger clerks had gone away. Again the banker and Hamilton went over each item together—in vain.

'We can't report this to the head office, whatever happens,' quoth Mr Duff grimly.

'What is to be done, sir?'

'Find it!'

They looked blankly in each other's faces.

Both men went to bed with heavy hearts; nor did the search next day throw any light on the mysterious transaction. Mr Duff could not bring himself to report this second deficiency to his head office; and the only alternative left was to refund the amount from his own private means. This, as may be imagined, he did very reluctantly; and for the first time in his experience he watched the younger men, and perhaps his trusted teller too, with just a faint and irrefragable glimmering of suspicion. A mistake of this sort might happen once; but to happen a second time at so short an interval, made him uneasy on other matters than mere loss of money. He had a framework of mahogany and glass made for Hamilton's desk, so that no one could come near the cash in future but Hamilton himself. And so, with what grace he could summon, and with many grave warnings, Mr Duff paid the 'short' money, having, as he said, to 'grin and bear it.'

For a week or so things worked well under the new arrangement; but for the third time Mr Duff was destined to see Hamilton poring over his books long after bank hours, this time to hear on inquiry that the luckless lad was short by no less an amount than five hundred pounds! Had the shrewd, quick-witted James Hamilton, after ten years of faithful service, become suddenly dolt?

'This is beyond endurance,' the banker said sharply, as the fact was communicated to him.

'It is most strange,' replied the helpless teller, feeling that the Fates were against him.

'It is impossible you can have paid the money away.'

'It is gone, sir.'

'Then you *must* find it. I can no longer be responsible for your blunders. Here is no less a sum than nine hundred pounds in less than six weeks to be accounted for. Many a one has been sent across the sea for less.'

The youth put his hands over his face and fairly burst into tears. 'I must give it up, sir. I can't stand this. I must leave the place.'

Mr Duff was looking at him with very keen eyes as this was sobbed out. 'Leave Tollkirk? Understand, Mr Hamilton, that you *dare* not leave Tollkirk before this matter is cleared up.'

For the greater part of the night the men sat up searching; but when the morning came they were as far from the mark as ever.

Mr Duff, much to the surprise of customers of the bank, next day 'took over' the cash himself, and, rather awkwardly from want of practice, became his own cashier. Hamilton was degraded to subordinate duties. His spirit, poor fellow, was fairly broken. No trace of the missing money could be found. Of course Mr Duff could not long continue acting as teller. The work interfered with even more important duties.

A son of Mr Traill the parish minister, who was employed at the Aberdeen branch of the same bank, at this time visited Tollkirk, and being of the same craft, spent a good deal of time in Mr Duff's company. The subject of the missing money was broached and discussed between them. It so happened that George Traill was engaged to be married to Mary Duff; and the banker having lost confidence in Hamilton, and feeling sorely in need of capable help, proposed that George should apply to the Directors of the bank

for the appointment of joint-agent or partner with himself in the management of the Tollkirk branch. So it came about that in a short time George Traill, a shrewd, practical business man, relieved Mr Duff at the telling-table, in order to familiarise himself with the faces of the bank's customers. For some days all went well. Then came market-day. At close of the day Mr Traill's cash was five hundred pounds short!

ODD AND WHIMSICAL FUNERALS.

THERE are some people whose love of singularity is not limited to the scenes and events which they themselves may witness or enjoy. They may be said in one sense to wish to live again on this earth after their death, and to participate in their own *post-mortem* celebrity. This eccentricity is not confined to the questions whether or not their dead bodies shall be inclosed in coffins for interment, nor whether they shall be buried standing up, sitting down, or prostrate on their backs. (See 'Burial Eccentricities,' *Chambers's Journal*, September 22, 1877.) It manifests itself also in the vestments to be worn by the deceased in the grave, the procession or cortège to the place of interment, the selection and treatment of the mourners, the position and materials of the grave, the nature and arrangement of the tomb or monument, and the provision for keeping it in repair. Individual whimsicalities these, not belonging collectively to any special nation, creed, age, or profession.

Feasting and drinking at funerals used to be carried to great lengths, and it is only in recent times that this form of unseemly extravagance has disappeared, except in remote situations. Pretentious display was also carried to extremes. At Old Swinford, in Worcestershire, some years ago, a coffin on being opened was found to contain the remains of a lady dressed up in a full old-fashioned costume; there were a multiplicity of pins in her dress, all blackened with age and tarnish. In 1763 a young lady, in fulfilment of her last request, was buried in her wedding garments—in this wise: Her white negligée and petticoat were quilted into a mattress, pillow, and lining for the coffin; her wedding shift was used as a winding-sheet, with a fine point-lace tucker, handkerchief, apron, and ruffles; a point-lace lappet was on her head; and she wore her earrings, finger-rings, necklace, white silk stockings, and silver-spangled shoes with steel buckles.

Many persons in medium circumstances formerly made a great effort to emulate the magnificent at the burial of their friends. A case in point was that of a cheesemonger in Thames Street, whose body 'lay in state' for a week, and was followed to the grave by a train of coaches each drawn by six horses, and flanked by mutes and flambeau-bearers. The Emperor Charles V. is said to have rehearsed his own funeral, to see and hear how it would 'go off.' Tomb, coffin, black trappings, monks, domestics, taper-bearers, all were duly provided; and the imperial reclusé

(he had abandoned the splendours of sovereignty over Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, Naples, Sicily, and the Indies, and retired to a monastery in 1557) caused himself to be carried in his own coffin. Not only did he hear his own requiem sung, but joined in it himself! His funeral obsequies were observed in reality soon afterwards. A somewhat less important person in the eyes of the world was Mrs Margaret Crosins, of Cuxton in Kent, who was buried (in 1783) in a costly dress of scarlet satin. During her lifetime she caused a pyramid-shaped monument to be erected; under it was a vault with a glass door, a green-silk curtain in front of the glass, and a lock and key placed inside. Resting on tressels in the vault her mahogany coffin was placed, but not fastened down. Gossips would have it that she had provided the means of letting herself out, in the event of reviving after interment.

In a great number of instances, oddity has been more studied than magnificence, costliness, eating, or drinking, at the funerals of whimsical folks. A dust-contractor in the days of George IV. left instructions that the procession following him to the grave should comprise twelve boys carrying links, twelve men carrying dustmen's whips and shovels reversed, a favourite horse provided with cloth spatterdashes, a dust-cart covered with black baize, the coffin in the cart, surmounted by a very large plume of white feathers, twelve dustmen and brickmakers as pall-bearers, all clad in white flannel jackets and leather breeches, the whole wound up by a long string of carts filled with dustmen, cinder-sifters, and chimney-sweepers. A few years earlier, one Mr Woodford, of Fetter Lane, displayed oddity with a little more gentility than the dust-contractor. Being a member of the Lumber Troop (a Volunteer corps in the City of London), he left instructions that after his death, his body should be carried to the troop-room and thence borne by troopers to the grave; that minute-guns should be fired during the funeral procession; that a military salute should be fired over the grave in St Bride's Churchyard; and that a crooked guinea (crooked, we presume, for luck) should finally be spent in punch and tobacco to regale the troopers. A crotchety old York-shireman about half a century ago left directions that the day of his burial should be ushered in with a great public breakfast in the town where he might die; that the coffin, slung upon towels knotted together, should be borne along by relays of men, and 'bumped' three times upon a particular heap of stones; that the *Lamentation of a Sinner* should then be sung; and that every man, woman, and child who entered the churchyard with or after the procession should receive a dole of sixpence. Never, we may fairly believe, was that particular churchyard before or since so plentifully filled with living beings: mourners only in this sense, that they longed for a succession of men who would order their funerals in similar fashion. One old lady, an inveterate snuff-taker, left a will in which the bequests were mainly dependent on the observance of certain rules connected with her favourite excitant. Snuff was to be thrown into the coffin before the snuff-taking testatrix was 'screwed down'; snuff to be strewn on the threshold before the funeral cortège passed out; the coffin to be borne by the six most

determined snuff-takers in the parish; six old maids as pall-bearers, with well-filled snuff-boxes in their hands; snuff to be strewn on the ground at every twenty yards in advance of the coffin; and the officiating clergyman's large retaining fee to be in some way proportionate to the quantity of snuff he took during the ceremonial.

An eccentric Nottingham man known as Ned Dawson was strong in his Toryism as in his eccentricity. He caused his coffin to be made during his lifetime, and painted true-blue (the Tory colour). He used it as a cupboard for twenty years; but once each year, on the anniversary of his birthday, he brought it into requisition in a still more singular manner. He dressed in his best clothes, and lay down in his coffin to see that it was all right in dimensions; then emerging, the coffin was filled with goodly viands, and carried on the shoulders of his associates, he himself following as chief-mourner with a large pitcher of ale in his hand; and so the procession made a tour of some of the rooms and passages of his house—ending, as may be readily guessed, in a repast partaking of the nature of a 'jollification.'

Early in the present century one Captain Backhouse, a military man who had been in the East India Company's service, was buried in a style singular enough though not outrageously extravagant. He built himself a house in eccentric fashion at Missenden in Buckinghamshire, and made anticipatory arrangements for his funeral, certainly marked by no great reverence for established usages. 'I will have nothing to do with the church or the churchyard; bury me in my own wood on the hill, and my sword with me; and I'll defy all the evil spirits in existence to injure me.' His remains were deposited according to his will. A kind of dwarf pyramid of flints and brickwork was constructed, about eleven feet square by fifteen feet high, with a small Gothic window on the north side and another on the south. Being partly overgrown with ivy, and in a thick plantation on the top of a hill, it is about as far removed from the eye of a passing stranger as a monument can well be. The coffin is placed upright in the tomb, and the captain's sword on the top of it. One of his descendants, some years afterwards, wishing to consult public sentiment a little more closely, had the coffin quietly removed from the pyramid and interred in the parish churchyard.

The Rev. Langton Freeman, who was rector of Bilton, in Warwickshire, about a century ago, did his best to obtain for his own funeral a very detailed attention to his own wishes, by certain clauses in his will. 'For four or five days after my decease and until my body grows offensive, I would not be removed out of the bed or place I may die in. And then I would be carried in the same bed, decently and privately, to the summer-house now erected in the garden belonging to the dwelling-house where I now inhabit, and to be laid in the same bed there with all the appurtenances thereto belonging; and to be wrapped up in a strong double winding-sheet, and to be in all other respects interred as near as may be to the description we read in Holy Scripture of our Saviour's burial. The doors and windows to be locked and bolted, and to be kept as near in the same manner and state as they shall be in at the

time of my decease. And I desire that the building or summer-house shall be planted around with evergreen plants, and fenced off with iron or oak palings, and painted of a dark-blue colour. And for the due performance of this in manner aforesaid, and for keeping the building ever the same, with the evergreen plants and the palings in proper and decent repair, I give to my nephew Thomas Freeman the manor of Whitton, &c. The wishes of the testator were duly carried into effect. When two or three generations however, had passed away, and the tomb was well nigh forgotten, an entry was effected by making a hole through the roof, and there the body of the old rector was found nearly dried up. Of course there is no entry of so very unclerical a burial in the parish register, for his successor in the parish could not have signed it if he would.

Some persons, as we have already said, seem determined to make merry after they are dead, or at least afford their survivors the means of doing so. One old man left a bequest to a City parish on condition that the church bells should ring a merry peal once a year; but there was a dark side to this picture, for the peal was to be rung on the anniversary of his wife's death, whereas a tolling was to mark the anniversary of his wedding-day. An advocate of Padua in the sixteenth century directed that none of his relatives should shed tears at his funeral; singers and musicians should be engaged to supply the place of mourners; fifty of them were to walk with the priest before the coffin, each receiving half a ducat as a fee; twelve maidens in green habits were to carry the coffin to the church, singing cheerful songs as they went; lastly, all the clergy of Padua, and all the monks except those who wore black hoods, were to be invited to follow. Every man to receive an honorarium. A Frenchman who died about half a century ago had some time before left instructions concerning the mode in which his obsequies were to be observed. All the musicians of the town were to be invited to attend, and play dancing and hunting tunes during the procession; his house and the church were to be decorated in the liveliest way possible; and (but this must have been a very difficult point to settle) his property was to go to the relative who laughed the most joyously on the occasion.

Some men (in the old days) directed that they should be buried in the very substance of church walls; some that their hearts should be interred separately, or kept in an urn, or bequeathed to a church or a monastery. In a particular lease of a small estate, one family had a right of interment in the garden of a house occupied by another family, leading to a strange mixture of scenes witnessed from a drawing-room window.

A bequest as curious in its provisions as any of the foregoing, comes to us from America: Mr John R. Reid had been gas-manager of Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for fifty-four years, during which long period he is said never to have missed a single performance. In his will was the following provision: 'My head shall be severed from my body, and my body shall be placed in a vault; but the head shall be brought to the Walnut Street Theatre, there to be used as the skull in *Hamlet*, and I do bequeath my

head to the said Walnut Street Theatre for that purpose.'

[In offering the foregoing examples of eccentricities connected with burials, we would take the opportunity of adding that in all civilised countries there prevails amongst surviving friends a more or less ardent desire to decently bury their dead. This is as it ought to be, and is a feeling which will doubtless continue to exist. Amongst certain classes, however, there prevails what we might term an exaggerated idea of what is due to departed friends. No expense is spared to turn out what is termed a 'respectable funeral,' which in too many cases tells sadly upon the means of the well-meaning but foolish persons involved. Pomp and show far beyond what is required, or indeed what is seemly, take the place of what ought to be a soberly ordered ceremony. A costly array of carriages, and a needlessly incurred cost for funeral trappings, involve the victims to an extent which, though ignored at the time, too frequently cripple the family resources. We also take occasion to remonstrate against the vain practice lately introduced of interring the bodies of relatives in strong and elegantly constructed oak coffins. The practice is not only costly, but positively mischievous in retarding dissolution into that dust which is the universal doom and privilege.—Ed.]

GOLD DREDGING ON THE CLUTHA.

GABRIEL, a shepherd, tending his flocks on the billowy downs and placid flats of Tuapeka, in Southern New Zealand—deputy-lord of a solitude seldom broken by human footfall or other sound saving the occasional grunt of a wild-pig or the impatient cry of a few paradise ducks in eager flight to inland waters—was the man who, on the fourth day of June 1861, broke the spell of pastoral simplicity under which the province of Otago had lain since its first settlement, by the discovery of gold. 'Gold in New Zealand!' The words rang through the Australian diggings like a call to arms. Veteran gold-diggers who had served their novitiate on the streams and plateaux of California, to whom the diminishing returns of Victorian fields had become a weariness, jerked aside the implements of their industry, and declared that they were wanted 'thar.' Quartz-reefers and puddlers from Bendigo and Kangaroo Flat, ground and box sluicers from Jim Crow and the Ovens, and miners from the deep gutters of Ballarat, hurried, as in desperate case, to take ship from Melbourne. The tent of the prospector glinting white in the depth of the forest, knew its place no longer. Away over the seas, in the gully opened by Gabriel, its place should be, where the yellow metal lay thick strewn and plentiful, and might be washed with ease from its earth-wrappings.

Thus it happened that before the flock-owners and other few settlers of Otago had fully recovered the composure disturbed by Gabriel's discovery, there came to the jetty at Dunedin shipload after shipload of high-booted, free-handed, *debonair* gold-hunters, equipped at all points for the self-reliant

prosecution of their search, and eager to contest their right to 'follow the gold' with any who might gainsay it. Spreading themselves over the face of the bald treeless country, they explored and tested its secret places, unearthing hoards hitherto concealed. Nor did it take long to gather the richest of the golden spoil; for where the precious grains lay thickest, they lay at little depth from the surface of the ground; and as these diggers gave themselves to the work under a sense of territorial right, the areas of country to which they devoted themselves soon shewed evidences of their activity. Soon the flowing lines of the low downs were broken by intersecting trenches and mounds of upturned alluvium, the level expanses of the valleys heaped with the detritus from innumerable excavations, and the whole landscape crowded with inartistic detail. But vital, the country was made glad with the play of human life; towns, to be towns in perpetuity, were founded; Commerce built her palaces; and patient Agriculture took such courage that soon, alongside the golden fleece, the golden sheaf was quartered on the provincial shield.

At an early period of the 'rush,' the probable secretions of the Clutha river afforded a theme on which miners loved to speculate, though for a while none save the most adventurous tempted discovery beside its waters. The Clutha, greatest of all the rivers of Southern New Zealand, has its sources in the Lakes Wakatipu and Wanaka, the former being by far the larger of the two lakes. The clear bright water of the Wakatipu, extending from the base of the dividing range in a south-easterly direction, mirrors the pinnaled mountain ridges by which it is bounded in a surface some fifty miles in length by five miles in breadth. Its depth is untold; at least so say mystery-impressed citizens of Queenstown, who dwelling on its shore, have made it their highway to south and west. Distant some thirty miles from the Wakatipu, the Wanaka sends its overflow to join the stream from the sister lake. The impetuously hurrying streams rush together at the township of Cromwell, and seem to dispute for a time the common passage to the sea; for the heavier volume of the Wakatipu branch, now subsidised by the contributions of the Shotover and Arrow rivers, pushes aside the less forceful sweep of Wanaka waters, till a union is compelled by impeding slips from the neighbouring mountain-range. Then the savage Clutha speeds on its way in power; through rock and ancient lake-bed it surges and roars, as it cuts still deeper the furrow already defined by high ramps, and carries to the Pacific tribute of the pilfered land.

Hartley and Reilly are the names of the men who secured the bonus offered by the New Zealand government to whomsoever should open payable gold-workings on the Clutha; and they made their discovery some two years subsequent to the discovery by Gabriel. The season had been propi-

tious. Over the whole extent of country drained by the river and its tributaries, the snowfall and rain of the year had been light. The river, stinted in its supplies, ran at a very low level, leaving long strips of pebbly strand exposed to the scrutiny of the prospectors. In these strips of accidental beach the men found their coveted opportunity, and plying pick and shovel, discovered, underlying the loose gravel and boulders, a stratum of tightly compressed brown clay, the crevices of which were in places filled with the lustrous particles they sought for. Self-isolated in an almost naked country, these two men had thus quieted doubt as to the wealth of the river; and if through some invisible telephonic apparatus the certified fact had been sent vibrating through the length and breadth of the low country, the secret had scarcely been disclosed with more immediate effect. Over the jagged spurs and steepes of the Lammerlaw ranges—ranges beset by all the dangers of torrent and precipice, and as yet unmarked by any well-assured pathway—the roused diggers of the lower country, heavily burdened with their equipments of tents, bedding, and rations, urged their way to the river. Strings of pack-horses, laden with all sorts of stores and merchandise, picked their steps over the difficult country; and even woman herself lent her accompanying presence to the advance.

One hundred and ten miles from Dunedin by the mountain road, the Clutha careers through the Dunstan Flat. Here it is a river from eighty to one hundred yards in width, with a current varying to perhaps thirty feet in depth, moving at the rate of about six miles an hour. From its western bank, a semicircular plain recedes, hemmed in by winding spurs and offshoots of the Old Man Range, whose topmost peak, the Old Woman, is some eleven thousand feet above sea-level. At the foot of the Old Woman, the township of Clyde arose; a township reared of calico, biscuit-tins, and gin-cases. For a while Clyde flourished and reported itself in wanton riot. But as the busy thousands were yet delving in bank and beach, the rays of a summer's sun fell on the wide and deep-lying snows of a hard winter; the river resumed its wonted volume and velocity, and the beach-workings were flooded by the swift-flowing current. Then a general abandonment of the river ensued. To the gorges, creeks, and terraces of the adjacent country, a country scarcely tenable in its bareness, but over which gold in small quantities lay scattered, the unlucky dwellers in tents to whom the genius of the river had been unkind, were fain to remove their domestic gods. Reticent men on whom fortune had smiled, withdrew from the rock-bound region, and the river was left in possession of the 'shepherds,' who for months awaited its subsidence; and those rarer spirits, endowed with giant will and strength, who set themselves to resist its encroachments. These latter were the men who fenced the beaches in. They would wade out mid deep in the cold snow-water, building up bays of sand or slabs of rock, till the walls rose above the stream, and inclosed the space sufficient for working pur-

poses; then, by perilous toil of pumping and excavating, they laid the inclosure bare to the gold, and won their reward. Still the revived river maintained its ascendancy; the sounds of revelry waned daily fainter in Clyde; and the town shrank disconsolate within her borders.

It was high-holiday in Clyde the day on which the first dredge was launched—an apparatus that was to make its owners independent of low rivers and dry beaches. Nearer to the front of civilisation, the event would have attracted but little notice perhaps, for the dredge exhibited no novelty in floating architecture, and except for its deck-furnishings, was in fact not different from any ordinary flat-bottomed barge. But it had been built at considerable cost; its planks had been hauled from the Tapanui bush fifty miles away; its anchor, winch, purchase-chains, and shore-lines brought by wagon from Dunedin; and Clyde took pride in it, as giving tangible proof of its own irrepressible enterprise. All the town was at the launch. The mayor and town-councillors; for Clyde, with a population of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and eighty, was now incorporated. The proprietor and editor of the *Dunstan Times* was there; for Clyde, elevated to civic dignity, supported a gazette of her own—a gazette, moreover, with a motto which gave rather exceptional moral status to the town. 'In the hands of men supremely just, the pen is mightier than the sword'—so the motto ran. Old Plodge, master-shipwright and builder of the craft, his face wrinkled and set to stern importance, stood by the bows; and Big Andy, who had received his appointment as skipper, held to the steer-oar. For who better than Andy knew the reches and beaches of the river, the eddies and swirls; in what places the gold had been traced into water too deep for the paddockers to work in, and where the duffler ground lay! No more nautical man than he could be found on that river. A Shest-lander by birth, he had as a boy played on rocky ledges where sea-fowl laid their eggs; and as a man had followed the sea round the headlands of every continent. He knew the work; and integrity looked out from his merry resolute blue eye. Of course the *Dunstan* pen of justice recorded for the world its tale of the proceedings. How the fair hostess of the *Clyde Hotel*, gallantly directed by Old Plodge, took fair aim at the bows of the vessel with the orthodox bottle of champagne, and named her after the town; and how the people raised cheer upon cheer, as Big Andy, steer-oar in hand, guided the craft down the current to her anchorage below Hospital Point.

At 10 P.M. of a certain night in the merry month of May 1870, the *Clyde* dredge lay over good gold. She had struck the metal heavy in about ten feet of water, and her 'spoon' was kept busy night and day. At the hour named, the night-crew, captained by Big Andy, were assembled on the beach to go off to their night's work. Tyke also was there. Tyke! the skipper's wonderful tailless dog. Not even Andy knew of what breed Tyke came; or how, unlike ordinary dogs in that as in other things, he should have but the merest apology for a tail. It was said that he was of the Smithfield breed of drover-dogs; but whatever his origin, the children of the Dunstan Flat would uphold him as the kindest and boldest dog in all the colony. They would dress him in cap and

vest, put a short pipe in his mouth, and at a sign, he would rise on his hind-legs and walk about, a wonder of canine pedestrians. But let the biggest dog in the district cast a supercilious eye on him as he engaged in this self-sacrificing amusement, and Tyke would instantly vindicate his own dignity by testing the courage of his critic.

This particular night being dark, Tyke appears in front of his master with a lighted lantern swinging from his mouth, which he puts down beside the boat, and now with deprecatory air awaits further orders. 'All hands here? Right!' says Andy. 'Let us get aboard.—And Tyke, you go home!' whereupon Tyke vanishes in the darkness, and the boat is shoved off. The oars are not wanted, as the force of the river is itself the motive-power used to propel the boat to the dredge. It is a common practice on the river to utilise the current in this way. All coaches, wagons, and bullock-teams that cross the stream are punted over by contrivances similar to this on which the dredge's crew depend for transit. A line is stretched taut from the shore to the dredge, which lies out in the stream; and on the line is placed a blocked sheave, so that it runs freely along it. To the eye of the sheave-block the boat's painter (bow-rope) is made fast; then by movement of the rudder the boat is laid across the current at an angle of forty-five degrees or so, in which position it receives on one side alone the impetus of the rushing water, from which it recedes, followed along the line by the running sheave to which the boat's painter is fastened. In this way the deck of the dredge has been gained; and after the boat has been secured, and the kerosene lamps lighted, all is declared in readiness for a start. 'Over!' cries Andy; and the dark sullen gleam of the river, as it hurries from the beaming light of the lamps, is fretted for a moment with white spray where the heavy spoon strikes it in its descent to the bottom. 'Heave away!' presently comes the voice of the skipper; and the three men at the winch bend to their work, as the purchase-chain is slowly coiled round the drum, and the spoon reappears above the surface of the water filled to the lip, from the top layer of loose non-auriferous gravel that must be cleared away before the golden dirt can be reached. The spoon is a bag about four feet deep, made of thick sole-leather riveted together with copper rivets. The open end of the bag is laced with thongs of green hide round a circular iron rim, of about thirty inches diameter. From the outside of this rim, at right angles to the pendent bag, a socket projects for the reception of the spoon handle, a Manukau pole about thirty feet long; and opposite the socket, the lip of the spoon, a well-tempered steel-plate, rises above, and is carried for a third of its circumference round the top surface of the rim. Sympathetic movement of spoon and winch is insured by the purchase-chain, which passing over a loose sheave in the craned neck of the davit, connects the two.

The work of the night proceeds. There on the deck, unwound from the barrel of the winch, lie several yards of slack-chain. Hughie the cradleman takes a grip of this chain some two feet back from where it passes over the davit-sheave to the spoon attachment; while Jack the paddockman seizes the spoon by the rim and lifts it as Hughie

pulls on the chain. The skipper has taken the spoon handle on his shoulder; and as Jack swings the leathern excavator over the side, Hughie lets go his hold of the chain; the spoon falls on the water; the slack-chain flies through the davit as the current sweeps into the leather-bag, which, humoured by Andy, is borne to the very spot on the river's bed into which he intends to dig. The skipper takes two turns of the stopper-rope round the spoon handle, that the spoon shall not recoil from its sub-aqueous work; then once again his cheery 'Heave away!' is heard; the winch goes round, and the spoon moves through the gravel down below. So long as the clearing away of the loose drift-gravel continues, the spoon appears and disappears at short intervals, as there is comparatively slight resistance to its progress along the bottom. The work goes on quietly and smoothly. Jack, whose business it is to keep the paddock clear, and who is, moreover, an adept in the use of the long Yankee shovel he flourishes, having to return all this barren stuff to the river over the stern of the dredge, is the most hotly engaged at present.

'Any amount of tailings coming up to-night, Hughie,' he remarks to the cradleman, who is assisting ubiquitously till his cradle is wanted.

'O ay; that's the way of it,' replies Hughie; 'a shipload of tailings to an ounce of gold, Johnnie.'

But presently there is a change. Hitherto the men at the winch have kept the drum revolving in even steady motion. Now they stand straining at the handles in the freezing atmosphere, perspiration pouring from them, and the pinion-wheel refuses to budge an inch. Hughie and Jack jump to the rescue, and the skipper unwillingly slackens his stopper, for the sharp lip of the spoon has cut into the hard cemented boulder-wash in which the precious metal lies. 'Try it again. Something must come, or something must go!' cries Andy; and as he speaks, the men heave with a will, and the spoon slowly comes. As it is swung on deck this time, it will be observed that its contents differ greatly from the stuff it has brought up previously. Here is no longer a bag packed with clean-washed vitreous-lusted quartz and schistose shingle; but a bag of smooth water-worn pebbles, nestling in black sand, flecked with golden spangles and nodules, and showing boulder-stones of feldspar white as the new-fallen snow, and deep-hued porphyritic greenstone veined in lighter shades.

'You had better go to the cradle, Hughie; the child's crying,' says merry Andrew the skipper.

'Ay, ay,' responds Hughie. 'We'll have to bring up the child in the way it should go, I suppose.'

'Was that the way they brought you up, Hughie?'

'Faith, I wasna brought up at all; I was draggit up,' says Hughie mournfully.

'Well, then, they didn't give over dragging till they got you up a good height, Hughie.'

'O ay,' answers Hughie, taking off his Scotch bonnet and exhibiting a bald pate as he goes to the cradle; 'they draggit o' the hair oot o' my head, the caterans.'

The cradle occupies a space at the opposite side of the dredge to that at which the spoon works. It oscillates on rockers, as other cradles do. It is shaped like a baker's trough, its length being

about five feet and its height two. One end of it is open, and projects over the side of the dredge, so that the sand and fine grit that pass through with the water may escape freely. Inside, the cradle is fitted with two plush-covered wooden slides, the one discharging on the other at a sharp angle to the plane of the cradle. When the machine is in motion, the gold and silt are sifted from the gravel on to these slides—the gold by virtue of its density remaining—through the holes in the hopper-plate, over which the coarser dredgings travel, and drop once more into the river. Water falls, shower-bath fashion on the hopper, from a cistern into which it is pumped by the up-and-down movement of the same handle that rocks the cradle. And now the cradle is in full swing, Hughie rocking away at high-pressure as Jack fills the mouth of the hopper with the rich provender lifted by the spoon.

Arduous, straining work to human muscle and sinew, and monotonous to the senses, is this same dredging by night in the black flowing Clatha. The surrounding darkness yields no surprise to the eye; and though you may gaze into the cold depths of that austere firmament where the stars tremble, till you fancy yourself attuned into space by relays of visual force, the 'Heave away!' of the river-god who handles the spoon will recall you from the exploration of infinitude, and still your fancy in muscular effort. By-and-by the bottom of the boulder-wash is touched, and Andy springs to the bag to examine the slices of stiff brown clay, speckled with yellow, that appear on its surface as it is hauled on board.

The skipper is in great lee to-night; he pitches his yarns with gusto. In disengaged moments he indulges in a step or two of the sailor's hornpipe; anon there is given to the darkness a rhythmical souvenir of far-away Shetland, as he sings some old-fashioned Scandinavian ditty. Or visions of sunny Victoria inspire him, and he calls on his mellowest accents as he looks into the night and sings:

Scrumptious young girls, you tog out so finely,
Adorning the diggings so charming and gay;
With your beautiful smiles you look so divinely,
That lovers come round you their homage to pay.

Again he cheers Hughie and tells him that when he is rocking the cradle for the wife, he won't forget the good training he's had.

And thus the toilsome night wears on, till suddenly a faint wan streak sharpens the outline of the eastern hill against the dim background:

The yellow Dawn
Wanders along Night's borders, like the fawn
First venturing from its dappled mother's side—
A timid bound on darkness, swift withdrawn,
Then bolder tried again, the starlight dies.

And presently the snow-frilled brow of the Old Woman is radiant in the smiles of the new-born day. The sullen river, kissed by the morning sunbeams, glides along more lightsofely, and King Frost mitigates his claims in presence of the King of Light.

'Three pound-weight; not so dusty!' the skipper remarks as he secures the product of the night's work. 'Let us get ashore.' And so ashore we go, and then to tent and blankets.

THE MAGPIE AND THE RAT.

A CORRESPONDENT in the north of England favours us with the following anecdotes relating to the above-mentioned well-known animals.

'About three months ago I brought a tame magpie with me out of Staffordshire to my residence here, and shortly after its arrival, it flew on to the window-sill of my sitting-room, seemingly frightened; and on looking out of the window for the cause of its sudden appearance, I found several wild magpies in some trees opposite the window chattering away very loudly to the tame one, which I found they must have previously assailed, as it was strutting about on the sill and chattering back to them in defiance. A short time after this occurrence, Mag flew to the window and knocked on it with its bill, which it invariably does when wanting food. The window was opened, and some pieces of bread put out, one of which Mag immediately picked up and flew with into the trees referred to, and gave it to one of several wild magpies which were there; and this performance Mag repeated several times until it had fed the whole lot of them. And many times during the heavy storm we had at the beginning of the year, Mag fed these wild magpies, who no doubt would have often been sorely pinched for food but for the charity of my bird. But Mag's benevolent deeds, I am sorry to say, are counterbalanced by very bad ones. One of the latter I will relate. On Saturday morning last, my aunt before leaving her bedroom put her watch into its case, fastened it up, and placed it on the mantel-piece. Now Mag must have been at the window and witnessed this; for as soon as the lady's back was turned, the wily creature flew into the room, unfastened the case, which was fastened with two hooks, opened it, abstracted the watch, and broke the glass; and was just on the point of flying off with it, when my aunt fortunately returned to the room just in time to rescue her watch from the feathered thief.

'Not many hundred yards from here, in the village of Sparrow Pit, which is distant from Chapel-en-le-Frith about three miles, there is a farm occupied by a Mr William Turner. This gentleman has on several occasions lately missed some eggs from the place where his hens lay; and one day last week he was accidentally let into the secret of their theft, when upon entering his yard, he was amazed at being the spectator of a wonderful amount of instinct displayed by two rats, one of which had a hen's egg across its shoulder, with its two fore-legs turned round over the egg as far as they would reach to hold it on; whilst the other rat had hold of its tail, by which it was pulling it across the yard, egg and all, to where their holes were. Such a feat as this for two rats to perform seems almost incredible; but nevertheless it is a fact, as the gentleman's word who witnessed it is to be relied on.' This intelligent method of abstracting eggs has been witnessed before. Sometimes the first rat incloses the egg by clasping it firmly with all four legs, while the assistant rat drags it, egg and all, to a place of safety.—Ed.]

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PERVERTED INGENUITY.

It has often been remarked that the amount of ingenuity applied to unworthy purposes might, if directed to honest pursuits, be rewarded with prosperity and happiness, instead of so often reaping a harvest of detection and disgrace. It is not however, very flattering to our vanity to know that while sharpers and swindlers abound, there is never any lack of ignorance and credulity to keep up the supply of dupes, in whose simplicity, imposture and assurance find an easy prey. Continual disclosures of fraud seem to have little effect in acting as a warning to imprudence, or in bringing about further public safeguards against repetitions of this form of dishonesty, the victim being generally caught by the same much-used but apparently not yet worn-out baits of the unscrupulous. Even the cautious may, as we have repeatedly shewn, occasionally be victimised by bubble companies and other cunningly contrived pitfalls; but tradesmen are constantly being taken in by the same transparent tricks, exposed by police reports every week. A person goes for instance, into a shop and orders goods to be forwarded to a certain address—that of a respectable householder. The things are sent there, and left; and in due course somebody calls at the house, saying that he has come from the shop for the parcel, as it had been left in mistake. The parcel is delivered up to the supposed shopkeeper's messenger, who of course decamps with it and is never heard of again.

Numbers of Londoners lately fell victims to the feathered cheat of a certain bird-fancier before it was found out. In his window was exhibited a cage containing two birds, one an ordinary greenfinch with such plumage as Nature had been pleased to endow it; the other, also a member of the same family of birds, but as pretentious a humbug as its fellow was the reverse. On the head of the unconscious bird was a snowy top-knot, while plumes of brilliant colours branched out from among the ordinary feathers of its tail, glue having unquestionably

something to do with the appearance of its borrowed plumes. Yet this palpable burlesque of a tropical bird was palmed off on numerous unsuspecting persons by the vendor, who pretending ignorance of its name and value, trumped up some story about a nautical friend of his having brought it home from 'foreign parts.' Appearing indifferent to its supposed rarity, and not caring to be bothered with the unknown specimen, in a sudden fit of generosity he parts with it to the purchaser for the absurd consideration of a sum ten times its real value.

It is not often that what is known as 'shop-lifting' brings much ingenuity to the fore, yet there are sometimes rather remarkable exceptions. One of these may be instanced in the female shop-lifter not long since arrested for committing robberies from drapery establishments in a somewhat singular manner. When setting out for her predatory expeditions she wore large flat shoes, and had the toe-part of her stockings cut off to form a sort of mitten; and being very dexterous with her toes for prehensory uses, she was able to pick up articles from the floor and secrete them in her slipper. In looking over some pieces of lace in a shop, she had, while the assistant's attention was directed elsewhere, dropped one or two and adroitly secreted them as described.—As brought an example of perverted ingenuity was developed in Paris during the time of the Exhibition. Three persons it seems are necessary to carry out the trick, the *modus operandi* of which is as follows. A man accompanied apparently by his wife and daughter enters a shop in which the articles lie about a little carelessly, and the gentleman at once goes up to the head assistant behind the counter and makes a confidential communication. 'I must warn you,' he says, 'that my wife is afflicted with kleptomania. Be so good as to watch her, but not to say anything to her which might make her think you have any suspicions.' The elder lady is consequently watched with great care, all the shop being on the alert. Some article is pilfered in due course—the theft noticed; and the gentleman on going out quietly and promptly pays for what

has been taken. While the shopkeeper is congratulating himself on the honesty of the husband, the trio are making off with a valuable booty secured by the younger lady, whose movements had not been watched at all. But the best part of the stratagem remains to be told. In case the disappearance of the articles really stolen should be perceived a little too soon, and the party be followed by the indignant shopkeepers, nothing is easier than to express regret and surprise that there should have been other mistakes, and to return the articles with profuse apologies. By this ruse a considerable degree of safety is insured even if the swindlers are balked of their booty; the scheme provides for escape as well as for success.

A German in Paris lately adopted a plan which was successful in despoiling shopkeepers of their goods. Provided with a loaf of bread, which he carried unconcernedly under one arm, he would saunter up and down in front of the shop-windows, till watching his opportunity, he would seize some small article exposed outside or otherwise within his reach, and secret it in his loaf. Suspected, and at last arrested, he was subjected to a strict search, and was on the point of being released, when some one thought of the loaf, which the accused had laid unnoticed on a form. On examining it, a watch, some rings, and other missing articles were disclosed to the surprised spectators, and another swindling dodge thus exposed. —Equally successful for a time was another system of robbery practised not very long since in the streets of London. A man dressed like a clergyman would walk about the crowded thoroughfares carrying a half-opened umbrella in his hand. Innocent as that useful article appeared, it was acting all the time as a convenient receptacle for sundry articles of value dexterously slipped within its folds by two or three female pickpockets, who were active in their depredations amongst the foot-passengers, but were captured together with their respectable-looking accomplice.

But such petty attempts at fraud are far eclipsed both in audacity and ingenuity by the swindling transaction revealed some little time ago in Italy, and which might well deceive the sharpest tradesmen. The method of its proceeding is not without interest. A gentlemanly looking man accompanied by his daughter, a prepossessing young lady not out of her teens, put up at the chief hotel of the town. They gave themselves out to be English, and among their luggage had four large boxes containing two complete sets of drawers like those used by officers in camp. A salon and two bedrooms, one of which opened into the salon, were chosen by them. When these drawers were unpacked, one set was placed against the door in the salon, and the other on the other side of the door in the gentleman's bed-chamber, the door in question being a very thin one. The gentleman was liberal, and most particular in

paying his hotel expenses weekly. Before he had been long in the town, he paid a visit to the principal jeweller, made some small purchases, paid for them in cash, and let it be seen that he was not short of bank-notes.

Anxious to please his new customer, the jeweller brought out many beautiful articles to tempt him; but at first his purchases were moderate, though liberally paid for. In a few weeks the gentleman came alone, and while making another purchase observed that his daughter was about to be married, and that he thought of sending to Paris for a set of diamonds. On this the jeweller declared that he had the most beautiful set in Europe, the property of a Princess, which he was sure only a 'Milord Inglese' could buy, and begged his customer just to inspect them. The inspection was made, but no decision arrived at that day. Another inspection followed on the next day, and Milord agreed to take them, the price being four hundred thousand francs. The delighted jeweller thought it would be best if he should send them round that evening, but the straightforward answer was: 'I do not keep so much money about me; I must draw upon my bankers in London.'

About a week after, he was requested to call one morning at eleven, and bring the diamonds, for which he would be paid. The jeweller was punctual, and found his customer in his dressing-gown sitting alone at the set of drawers referred to, a front flap of which turned down so as to form a writing-table. Advancing respectfully, the jeweller laid the casket open on the flap in question. Merely examining the gems, Milord remarked that of course he did not wish his daughter to know anything of the transaction at present, and then proceeded to take out a bundle of beautiful crisp notes. The door at that moment opened, and in bounded the young lady in question graceful as a young fawn. Nothing was more natural than that Milord should close up the flap of the desk and ask the young lady to go away, as he wished to be alone. But she was a wilful young lady, and would have her own way. She had come to tell 'papa' that the tailor was waiting for him in the next room, and he must go, and she was quite sure that the jeweller would like her company better than his; besides she had a locket she could not open, and the jeweller must help her. The jeweller was not proof against the playful charms of the young lady; his goods were safe, as he thought, so he begged her father to go and he would wait. Milord left the room, and the poor dupe enjoyed half an hour of delightful flirtation with the young lady.

She was very winning; the time passed like a dream, till at last the lady herself passed away, and hurried to join her father. The jeweller sat in meditation, his thoughts engrossed with the young bride who had just left. Then he began to wonder how long his customer would be, and

presently tried the flap of the drawer. It was 'all right'; it was locked. So he sat down and mused again. When an hour or so had elapsed, he began to think that he must have been forgotten, so he rang for the waiter, and was told that Milford and the Signorina had gone out a considerable time ago. After another long interval he consulted the landlord, but was assured that his guest was a perfect gentleman, whose only fault was forgetfulness. Hours passed; and at early morning the landlord again returned, beginning now to grow suspicious himself. The jeweller became furious, made a dash at the drawers, and with the aid of a poker broke open the flap and made an attempt to take the casket. He thrust his head into the compartment, and sank back into his arm-chair. He saw nothing before him but a square open void, that had been cut out of the door, and which led into the set of drawers in the next room. The landlord had a look, and so had the waiters. They then sat and looked at each other, and at last ordered restoratives for the jeweller, who had fainted.

Thefts by means of any kind of ruse are bad enough, but when they are committed under the cloak of religion they are immeasurably worse. A Sister of Charity called on a family in Paris to enlist their sympathies for the poor; she was most pleasant and attractive in her manner. Eventually she induced those present to join with her in an act of devotion, and the party knelt side by side in the drawing-room while the Sister offered a prayer. From the time of her entering the house and during this act she had kept her hands crossed upon her bosom. When therefore, in the middle of the prayer a lady felt somebody's hand in her pocket, it required some nerve to seize the Sister and accuse her of the theft. This she nevertheless did; and then the mystery was revealed. The crossed arms were of wax, and being partially hidden under the sleeves, seemed real, while the actual hands were at liberty to enable the lady to pursue her fraudulent calling.

The Bill Sikes fraternity in following out their profession of house-breaking sometimes give evidence of an amount of ingenuity worthy of a better cause. A burglar concealed under the bed of a married couple, by some inane movement almost betrayed his presence, the noise he made being sufficient to make the wife call her husband's attention to the sound. 'It's only one of the dogs,' was the sleepy answer, and snapping his fingers, he called by its name one of his favourites which was supposed to be present. The thief's presence of mind did not desert him though on the brink of discovery; for divining the situation at once, he immediately licked the extended hand, in the hope of confirming the gentleman's surmise. This clever ruse was not however, we believe, successful, though one might say it deserved to be for its boldness and ingenuity.

When Moore Carew, the 'king of the beggars,' among his numberless impostures had a well peppered raw beefsteak placed round his leg to simulate disease, he only used one of many clever dodges to impose on the charitable. Fever has been imitated by swallowing tobacco, the tongue whitened by chalk, and the cheeks heated by rubbing. The appearance of ulcers is obtained by gluing a bit of spleen or the skin of a frog to the parts supposed to be affected, and keeping them

moist with blood and water. They are created by the use of corrosives, and their healing prevented by the application of irritants. An obstinate sore limb has before now been cured by locking it up in a box. Pricking the gums to shew actual spitting of blood, eating roughly-powdered glass to produce internal hemorrhage, making soap-pills for epileptic frothing at the mouth, feigning insanity, and lying rigid to simulate catalepsy, are all tricks familiar to prison officials. Even doctors may sometimes be deceived by impostors who display so much ingenuity in the art of deception. Those who gorge shell-fish for the sake of getting nettle-rash, who put lime in their eyes to inflame them, and even thrust a needle down to the lens of the eye to get a cataract, furnish a few of the forms of imposition resorted to at times either to evade punishment or escape military service. Such deceptions are known to have been kept up through fearful ordeals of torture with an obstinate firmness worthy of a better cause. Much ingenuity has been shown by prisoners in communicating with each other despite all the vigilance of the prison authorities. Notes have been passed about in a mysterious manner that has quite baffled every precaution, and communication has been carried on among prisoners by opening and slanting the mouth as if in speaking, yet allowing no sound to escape; a system of silent conversation that is well understood among them.

The methods resorted to for evading the law are very numerous, and the devices of smugglers for concealing contraband articles are sometimes specially ingenious. One of the most amusing of these attempts to defraud the revenue was exposed by some vigilant French authorities. The heavy duties on spirits made the smuggling sisterhood (most of the smuggling nowadays is by women) doubly eager to bring into Paris an extra quantity of the precious liquors, and this they accomplished in an ingenious manner—namely by wearing full-bodied zinc corsets which could easily contain four or five gallons of brandy. For a time the trick succeeded admirably; but at length the officers began to be suspicious of the unusual embonpoint, which contrasted oddly in some of the ladies with their inadequate necks and faces; so a staff of female searchers was enrolled, and the cheat discovered.

A daring and ingenious plan to evade the obnoxious stamp-duty on newspapers was lately alluded to by a well-known literary gentleman in relating some of his experiences. An unstamped newspaper called the *Weekly Despatch* was published, and to escape the vigilance of the police, a clever device was hit upon, which was entirely successful in baffling the efforts of the authorities. The *Maggie and Stamp* in Drury Lane was at the time one of the most mysterious places in London. It was full of mooks and crannies, passages and staircases, all leading various ways in the most puzzling manner; so that one could leave the house in half-a-dozen different directions. By a skilful plan of organisation the papers were despatched from this house packed up in coffins, and while they had boys with mock-parcels to throw the police off the scent, the newspapers left the house with perfect impunity.

It is not long since unhappy little poodles were systematically employed in smuggling foreign

lace into this country, by being passed to and fro across the Channel with two curly coats upon their backs and a layer of the fragile commodity between them. More recently, pigeons have been employed for the purpose of diverting attention from consignments of tobacco, over which sat the innocent-looking birds, while the Custom-house officers were in quest of contraband goods, concealed in the double-bottomed boxes in which the pigeons came over from the continent. Quite lately have the services of these birds been required in carrying out smuggling operations on rather an extensive scale. An enterprising proprietor of about eighty of them was charged, we believe in one of the French frontier towns, with having repeatedly evaded the duty on imported tobacco by flying them across the boundary each with a packet of the weed, varying in weight from a third to half an ounce, tied carefully on its body. This practice might have continued for some time but for an accident to one of the birds, which brought it toppling down with its burden into the hands of somebody, who drew the attention of the authorities to this novel mode of smuggling.

Seldom do we hear an instance of so successful an imposture in evading the sentence of the law as was revealed at the Wiltshire assizes. A man apprehended for stealing a mare was lodged in Malmesbury lock-up previous to his transmission to the assizes. When the police visited his cell next morning they found him lying on the floor unable to move. His statement was that he had got up to look out of the window, and that he had fallen backwards across the corner of the bedstead and injured his spine. Medical aid was obtained, and his sad condition duly commiserated. He appeared to be almost irremediably injured, and in the greatest agony; and as it would have been extreme cruelty to remove a man in his condition, he accordingly remained at Malmesbury for nine weeks. During this time, everything which humanity could suggest to mitigate his sufferings was resorted to, and his comfort was studied in every particular. At the end of nine weeks he was removed with great care to the infirmary in Devizes, where two men were appointed to attend him, the medical officer there being likewise of the opinion that the poor fellow's spine was seriously injured. In this pitiable state he was brought before the judge, a murmur of sympathy running through the court as they beheld the pallet with the injured man lying helplessly upon it. 'It is a dreadful thing to pass sentence upon a man in such a state,' said the judge. 'The infiction you are suffering under surpasses any punishment I can give you. Had the culprit been in ordinary health he would have had penal servitude, for it was not his first act of felony; but the judge pitying his condition, sentenced him, amidst a breathless silence, to twelve months' imprisonment; and the pallet with its occupant was carried away.

But now came the sequel. To prove a former conviction, the deputy-governor of Gloucester Jail had been summoned to Devizes; and on going over the jail, a close inspection enabled him to recognise in the culprit an old 'invalid' with whom he formerly had to deal. 'What! at your old game!' exclaimed the deputy-governor, scanning the prisoner's countenance. 'That fellow is an impostor. There is no more the matter

with his spine than there is with mine.' This was thought to be impossible; and several doctors put the invalid through a severe examination; but he protested that his injuries were real, and seemed unable to move. To put the matter to a further test, a galvanic battery was introduced, and shocks were turned on pretty strong, but without the expected results. The doctors went away; but the suspected impostor was threatened with severer tests on the morrow if he was not found sitting up when visited. On the next day, as he was still found in the same position, the electric machine was again set to work, and so sharp was the effect, that the leg which appeared most affected by the spinal injury began to move, until at last, unable to stand the shocks any longer, the fellow jumped out of bed, and in a few minutes afterwards was walking across the court-yard as agile on his limbs as any other prisoner!

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE PENZANCE COACH.

MISFORTUNE, like a gale of wind, acts very differently upon different natures. There are trees that bend, and trees that break beneath the violence of the storm; and as it is with the higher forms of vegetable life, so it is with men. There are light shallow temperaments that yield to the crush of adversity like fen-reeds and bulrushes to the tempest, but that spring up, not a whit the worse, when the danger has passed by. There are other and sturdier dispositions that creak and groan, like obstinate oaks, and throb in every fibre, until perhaps they go down with a great ruin. And, again, there are those that fight so long as resistance serves, then bow to the inevitable, and presently assert their elastic life by rising, bruised but not killed, to tower aloft as of yore.

Hugh Ashton, as he walked rapidly along the muddy road that led—whether he knew not, and cared not, for the moment—could only half realise the weight of the heavy stroke that Fate had dealt him. The blow had been unexpected, and it had left its bitter smart. The kind hand that had led him to Cornwall and Treport had suddenly become estranged and hostile, and had thrust him out again to do as best he might in the eternal battle of life. To earn his bread was, in truth, no very dire necessity for Hugh Ashton. It was not as when some timid girl, some inexperienced stripling, is thrown on his or her own resources, to swim, as it were, without swimming-belt or life-buoy, in that great sea of struggling humanity where to sink is to starve. But Hugh had a double purpose, even if he forgot the high-born girl who had so entwined herself with his very heart-strings. He must live, and though he had, even after his bounty to Jan the fisherman, nearly a hundred and eighty pounds in his pocket, he must live by work. And then he had an object in view that was in his eyes sacred.

What was he, the late commander of the *Western Maid*, to do? His most natural course would have been to take to the sea, and to seek, and probably after some seeking find, a place as officer on board some Australian liner, or clipper in the China trade. He was precisely what a

prudent skipper, knowing the little world of a ship, and what squalls and mutinies and headwinds mean, would wish his mate to be. But to go to sea was to leave England, to take again to a roving and a restless life, and to renounce the active prosecution of the search to which he found himself committed, as the Knights of the Round Table were bound to pursue the quest of the Holy Grail. His great desire, when first, after his mother's death, he came over to England with his father, had always been to obtain certain proofs, most valuable, most hard to discover. Hitherto, he had been able to do little or nothing to effect the object to which he had professed such entire devotion; but, now he should have leisure, he trusted to be more earnest in the task that lay before him.

'Perhaps,' Hugh muttered to himself, as he strode on—'perhaps it is all for the best. New ties and new duties are done with and broken—love itself is hopelessly left behind me—and it may be better so. In yonder little Cornish seaport I should have had small prospect of finding any better clue to the hard riddle which has perplexed me so long, than could be afforded by the flitting visits of that female Will-o'-the-Wisp, Ghost Nan. And for one gipsy I shall meet on this side of Tamar, or for that matter, of Poole Harbour, I shall find ten nearer to London. London! There is nothing like the great city with its vague possibilities and shadowy futures. London should surely be the goal of all such aimless wanderers as myself.'

'Hi, hi, young chap!' cried out a cheery voice, somewhat hoarse from a protracted course of rough weather and alcoholic stimulants, and which mingled not inharmoniously with the clatter of wheels and the clash of horse-hoofs. 'Hi, there!'

Hugh glanced over his shoulder, and stepped aside to let the Penance coach, as it came rattling up, pass by. The good-humoured coachman who drove it, getting a better look at Hugh than he had had before, jerked up his elbow in professional style.

'Going down the road, sir, our way? Just in time to catch the up-train, if you are,' he said, pulling up the four horses with no apparent effort; and Hugh, who in his present frame of mind found the invitation irresistible, sprang to the roof of the coach with a sailor's activity, and the four horses were gathered up and set in motion again.

The coachman looked inquisitively round at his young passenger. The box-seat was occupied by a heavy bucolical person, who thought very much of sheep, bullocks, and oil-cake, but of horses very little, and on miscellaneous topics not at all; so that the coachman found the journey, unenlivened by eleemosynary ale or congenial conversation, a dull one. Hugh's appearance puzzled him somewhat. The young ex-captain wore his plainest clothes, and had a stick and a bundle, exactly like any common sailor 'ashore and atramp,' as the coachman worded it; but he did not look, to the coachman's experienced eye, like Jack of the fore-castle, even when Jack is at his best. 'Left your yacht, sir, somewhere?' asked the coachman politely. He had been a nobleman's coachman before he became the charioteer of the public, and he prided himself, like

many of his class, on his unerring recognition of a gentleman. Hugh Ashton, mud-bespattered, and with a stick and bundle, seemed to him to be, somehow, a gentleman.

'I have left my ship—no yacht though—as you say,' answered Hugh, smiling in spite of his sadness.

'Ah, well!' said the coachman meditatively, 'there's a good many, now, of you young ones, that turns their hands—swells, mind ye—to all sorts of things. And as well take to the sea as take to the tea!'

Hugh laughed good-humouredly, less at the driver's sally than at the pertinacious curiosity of the man. 'I, at anyrate, have turned my hand to more trades than one,' he said, forcing himself to be cheerful. 'Among others, I drove the Geelong coach over in Australia there, beneath a burning sun, one Christmas-time, and warm work it was.'

'Hot weather at Christmas, eh?' returned the loquacious coachman. 'Well, I've heard of that before, seeing I've a brother of my own on the underneath side of the world. Perhaps you've known him, sir? Name of Mathews, John Mathews.'

Hugh explained that Australia was rather a large place, and that people were less likely to come in contact with one another there than in the crowded mother-country. And then he had to reply to questions as to the wonders of Topsy-turvyland, as the driver called it, its duck-billed quadrupeds and black swans, its cherries with their stones worn conveniently outside, its scentless flowers and songless birds, its kangaroos, muggats, and other natural productions of the rugged Australian world; at the mention of which, the complacent agriculturist on the box-seat gave a grant of contented incredulity, and murmured something, manifestly very much to his personal satisfaction, about 'traveller's tales.'

Chatting thus, the milestones seemed to succeed one another with reasonable promptitude; and presently the houses, that had hitherto been sparsely scattered, began to line the road, and a town came in sight, and a railway, the thin black telegraph-wires and white posts standing out in bold relief against the wintry sky.

'Here we are,' said the driver, tossing down his reins as the coach drew up to the station door; 'and, as I said, just in time.'

Hugh took his second-class ticket, as befitted a traveller of his modest pretensions; and the up-train, flashing like a meteor through the country, whirled him off Londonwards. On the tireless wings of the enslaved genit, Steam, he was borne along, past mine and waste, past croft and garden; now traversing some billowy moor, on whose rugged and heathery surface one rolling tableland seemed to succeed to another, while great gray rocks reared their defiant heads like so many towers built by Cyclopean masons of old; and anon running through the midst of moist green pastures, where sleek red cattle, that by their long horns and their colour might have been of the original British breed, huddled shyly together to low forth deep-toned expressions of distrust at the fiery dragon, with rush and roar, flashed by.

Then a change came in the domestic architecture, visible to voyagers by the iron road. No

more stone houses, no more slates, met the eye, but red roofs and brick gables peeping out from lane and hedgerow and orchard. No more smelting-works, with heaps of glassy clinkers piled in dismal profusion outside, and foul black smoke rising in clouds to darken the ambient air. Here and there a limekiln, here and there a malthouse or a brewery, seemed the only signs of anything like manufacturing industry; and the only machinery to be heard or seen was the complaining windlass that made the heavy water-bucket come slowly up some deep old well, or the whirling steam-flail that sent up showers of feathery chaff in some farm-yard, as it thrashed the golden wheat or brown barley from the straw.

That is blue wood-smoke that rises in thin, ghostly wreaths above yonder cottage-home, ivied until the dull red of the bricks can hardly be seen through the dusky greenery of the parasitic plant that clings so lovingly to the short massive chimney where swallows build their nests in the pleasant summer-time. How small, if picturesque, are the lozenge panes of those casements that let in so little light, shine the sun never so brightly. The hoary apple-trees so near to the little house are all entwined with white-berried mistletoe, and the thick hedge must in May be glorious with hawthorn bloom and honeysuckle. To all appearance, the indwellers there are utterly unaffected by anything that has been done for the last few centuries. Progress has spared their little Sleepy Hollow. Steam flits past them, but that is all; and all the wonders of modern industry and invention are, to them, living much as their forefathers lived before the Wars of the Roses, as if they had never been.

We are out of the pure, slumberous, old-world country now, and among the interminable suburbs that girdle in London as the pavilions and gardens of the Andalusian Vega girdled in old Moorish Granada. And this is London at last, with its canopy of fog and smoke, and its glow and glare of light breaking through the thick atmosphere, and the low, deep, mysterious roar that never seems to cease, until the hours of toil and pastime give place to the more solemn time for that temporary death which we call sleep.

'*Shadwick's Inn, Shadwick Place!* Where may that be, sir?' asked the cabman whom Hugh engaged, and whose experience of London was for once at fault.

'Drive to St Lawrence's Lane—you know that, I suppose,' answered Hugh; 'and any one thereabouts will tell you where to find the place I speak of.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE OLD INN.

The inn to which Hugh Ashton chose to drive was hard to find, and, when found, not very easy of access. Shadwick Place, situated in the purlieus of the long and straggling Lane dedicated to St Lawrence, in the City of London, has, at first sight, an inhospitable aspect. Not only are the words 'No Thoroughfare' conspicuously painted on a corner house; but there are rusty iron chains which span the grass-grown apology for a street, and that effectually prevent cart or carriage from intruding on the sacred territory. It is necessary for intending patrons of *Shadwick's Inn* to alight and go on foot up to its darkling doorway. The

house of entertainment in question was the very antithesis of one of those crowded and noisy caravanserais that boast of their many hundred bedrooms, their lifts, baths, and palatial dining-halls. There was no bustle at Shadwick's, which meekly called itself an inn, as if to disclaim any rivalry with modern hotels, and which in no way courted publicity.

A queerer, less obtrusive hostelry than Shadwick's could not have been found even in the City, where quaint old inns not seldom drag on a secluded and humble existence. On the lamp above the door might be traced, in attenuated black letters, the words '*Shadwick's Inn*;' but there were no other signs of its status; and, indeed, the old house, with its dingy blinds and its closed door, seemed to affect a private air, and to deplore the meagre official announcement, in compliance with law and the dictates of a harsh excise, over the porch, to the effect that somebody was licensed to sell wines, spirits, and tobacco.

There was no touting, just as there were no advertisements, on behalf of Shadwick's. The odd little inn appeared rather to repel than to attract custom. When a guest of more than common resolution insisted on effecting an entry, he was tolerated, but not welcomed. It might have been supposed that Shadwick, or his successor, received a fixed annual subsidy, perhaps from the corporation, to entertain travellers gratis, and that he pardonably did what he could to discourage too brisk a demand for accommodation beneath his roof. London hotels, among which we may sweepingly classify inns and coffee-houses, are prone, it is said, to prize the traveller less for what he is than for what he has, and to measure the respectability of a new-come by the amount of his luggage. Hugh had no luggage, unless a bundle can be dignified by such a term. And voyagers with bundles are expected to put up with very humble, not to say very queer quarters. But Hugh's face and voice and address were so much in his favour that the bundle was condoned, even at Shadwick's, and the young man was grudgingly inducted into a bedroom which, if dingy, was conventionally clean, and was made free of that well of gloom, the three-cornered little coffee-room. Hugh Ashton had a reason, of a sentimental character, perhaps, for this apparently capricious selection of a hostelry. He had been at Shadwick's before. It was at this old, out-of-the-way, and almost inaccessible inn that his father and himself had put up on landing after their homeward voyage from Australia. George Ashton had known of the place, through some accident, most likely, and had treasured the recollection of it in his memory, precisely as Romeo cherished the remembrance of the Mantuan Apothecary who might be counted on for the supply of poison at a critical moment. 'I wanted to find a place!'—Hugh well remembered what his dead father's words had been—'where I should be in London, and yet as far remote from the London I once knew, as if I were in Africa or Greenland; a place, in fact, where no Pall-Mall lounge or gossip of the clubs could possibly come across me. A better hermitage than this, no man could wish for.' And for his father's sake, and because of that strong and viewless chain of which habit and memory forge the links, Hugh had come back to Shadwick's.

In his then frame of mind, Hugh might have taken up his abode in much more pretentious establishments without finding any that suited so well with his humour. Shadwick's was a good deal more comfortable, in a smoke-dried and sunless sort of way, than might at first sight have been conjectured. Shrinking strangers from the country wondered that its beds were so clean. The scrubby little waiter and the sad-eyed chambermaids knew their duties. The old clock that ticked so loudly in the triangular coffee-room was right to a minute. The steady fire gave out much heat. The dark old boxes of worm-eaten wood, a sort of gastronomic pews, within the dusky walls of which several generations of Britons had dined, were snug, if ill-ventilated. Steaks were underdone, but succulent; and the same might be said of chops, and of the cut from the joint; while for oyster-sauce, fried whiting, mackerel, and marrow-supper, Shadwick's owned few equals, and no superior.

The great charm for a man of leisure and of a vivid imagination, in this extraordinary old inn, was the poetry of it. An inn is rarely romantic, and the City of London is a very odd place in which to seek for the spirit of poetry—and yet it may be found. Nowhere else can there be such contrasts, between clamorous eagerness and silent, dull decay, between swarming crowds and empty courts or lanes, as in the commercial kernel of the most populous city in Europe or the world. There was something solemn, and almost touching, in the hush and quiet of Shadwick Place, with the surging roar and hum of the metropolis faintly audible, and ever and anon the striking of a score of simultaneous church clocks, or the deep-toned thunder of the air-shaking bell of St Paul's hard by.

From this old inn, secluded, if ever inn was, from the pomps and vanities of the restless world that seethed and surged outside, Hugh Ashton made his way, not to Mr Dicker's place of business, but to Mr Dicker's private residence. So great a man as the railway director and capitalist, he reasoned, would be more likely to be found at that genial season of the year (for it was close upon Christmas, and the young literary lions of the *Daily Astonisher* were sharpening their pens for a new prose carol, in the shape of leading articles, wherein mince-pies and morality, orthodoxy and plum-pudding, punch and the cardinal virtues, were most picturesquely to be blended together) at home than at his civic counting-house.

The name and address of Arthur Wadmore Dicker, Esq., had been easily discovered by the help of the obese Postal Directory which decorated a mahogany shelf in the coffee-room of *Shadwick's Inn*. And Hugh Ashton, who had no social scruples to deter him from availing himself of the good offices of whatsoever omnibus, blue, green, yellow, or of that rich magenta which such public stage-carriages occasionally affect, would serve his turn, easily got himself conveyed to the vicinity of the rich man's dwelling. Mr Dicker's town-house was a town-house indeed, what in France would have been known by the style of hotel, and in Italy could not have escaped being dubbed a palace, one of those tremendous stuccoed mansions that dominate over Hyde Park, like so many robber fortresses tamed down to suit the present

law-respecting epoch, and at the stately doors of which bewildered foreign travellers have been known to knock, addressing the disgrusted footmen as 'garçon' or 'kellner,' and asking, in continental speech, for rooms, dinner, and hot bath, under the mistaken idea that the 'Grosvenor' or the 'Langham' had been reached at last.

Hugh walked up and down once or twice before he applied his hand to the steel knocker, with anvil to correspond, a pattern of severe simplicity, on Mr Dicker's door. It is not always without some excusable hesitation that a poor man ventures to pay Dives, in the midst of his purple and fine linen, the compliment of a call.

A magnate's surroundings are often by far more formidable or imposing than the magnate himself; just as a Lord Mayor, divested of his pomp and state, his robes and jewel, his javelin-men, sword-bearer, chaplain, gilt coach, and men in armour, might be mistaken for any undistinguished citizen with an umbrella. Hugh, however, grew vexed with himself for his own diffidence, and brought the steel knocker into close contact with the steel anvil.

Mr Dicker's powdered lackeys and Mr Dicker's apoplectic hall porter did not receive Hugh with any enthusiasm. They were evidently of opinion that 'the young seafaring party,' as they afterwards described him over their beer in the servants' hall, had committed a grave offence in knocking where he should have rung. But they forgave him, in consideration of his youth and air of manly confidence, and told him, languidly, that Mr Dicker was in the City, and would not leave the City until four o'clock, 'or perhaps five,' a piece of information that was imparted regretfully, so it seemed, and with a sort of pity for the unfortunate master of the fine house, and who probably worked a great deal harder than any servant in his pay. Even Hugh could see a certain incongruity between Mr Dicker's palatial mansion, with its liveried loungers in the marbled entrance-hall, its innumerable plate-glass windows, and the hammer-clothed carriage at the door, with the wigged coachman dozing on the box, and the superb bays clattering their silver harness, and tossing their handsome heads, and the feverish flurry and care of Mr Dicker's own existence.

Hugh turned his back on fashionable London, and went eastwards again among the narrowing streets which even the Great Fire failed to widen, and the thickening swarms of business men, from the merchant-prince to the messenger fresh from his bracket, that jostled one another where once the Wild Prince, with overgrown Sir John rolling along at his side, and all the ruffianly swash-bucklers, Nym, Burdolph, Pistol, and the rest, swaggering at his heels, received the salutations of flat-capped prentices and smug citizens of Cheape. Arrived at Guildhall Chambers, Hugh sent in his name. 'You'll have to wait a goodish time, young man!' said the clerk whose stool was the nearest to the open door of the waiting-room. 'There's plenty before you, you see.' And indeed there were a good many suitors for the advantage of an interview with the great Mr Dicker. A cabinet minister, or the editor-in-chief of the *Jupiter* newspaper, is not more besieged and beset than are those gold-compelling sons of Fortune who are reputed to be always lucky in their dealings, and who can cull the auriferous rose of

commerce without pricking their deft fingers with the thorns that guard it. However, Hugh had not so long to wait as the sympathetic clerk had predicted.

'Mr Dicker will see you now, sir,' said a messenger, bustling up; and once more was Hugh ushered into the capitalist's presence.

THE UTILISATION OF SUN-POWER.

To us in England who possess practically unlimited stores of fuel, and who on the other hand are supplied with provokingly short rations of sunshine, the utilisation of solar heat has never occupied the attention the subject deserves. We therefore have little hesitation in bringing under our readers' notice one of the many curious machines that were shewn at the Paris Exhibition—a model of the Solar Heat Engine invented by M. Mouchot. The model was adapted merely for the purposes of cookery, and on fine days operated in that important but somewhat limited sphere of usefulness. The original engine—of which we propose to speak in connection with the researches of Captain John Ericsson, and the still more recent experiments of Mr William Adams in the same direction—develops one-half horse-power by the sole energy of the sun's heat, which is collected and concentrated by means of flat reflectors.

The Mouchot engine consists of a gigantic lamp-shade some nine feet wide at the open end, which is turned continually towards the sun by an automatic clock-work movement. The interior of this cone is formed of silvered glass, and the sides being at an angle of forty-five degrees with the axis, the solar rays are of course reflected towards that axis at full right angles. A cylindrical copper boiler is placed within this conical reflector, and occupies the same relative position to it as does the chimney of an Argand gas-burner to the lamp-shade around it. The boiler is annular in shape, being formed of an inner and outer envelope of copper two inches apart except at the bell-shaped top, where a space of eleven inches forms a steam dome. The surface of the boiler is blackened with a dead black, in order to increase its absorptive power; whilst the wasteful effects of radiation and of convection of heat by air-currents are guarded against by the interposition of a glass envelope between the boiler and the reflector. This glass serves two purposes: it cuts off the exit of all heat-rays, to the entrance of which it presents no bar; and it incloses a two-inch thick cushion of air, which serves admirably as a non-conducting jacketing to the boiler. Steam-pipes, safety-valve, and all the usual adjuncts of a steam-boiler, complete the arrangement of M. Mouchot's Solar Engine, which is capable of furnishing a half horse-power to any pump, steam-engine, or agricultural machine to which it may be connected, or else the equivalent of that power in heat to any distillery, brewery, or as at the Paris Exhibition, in the operations of cookery.

Improvements in matter of detail may doubtless be looked for in this machine, which recommends itself by reason of the comparative compactness of its arrangement. In the proportions of the boiler and in the inclination of the mirrors, experience may suggest improvement. As a matter of fact, it was found that the mirrors in use in the earlier experiments were too thin to reflect perfectly the whole of the incident rays. Nevertheless it is evident that the capacity of the machine is strictly limited by the size of the cone, which can hardly be magnified to any great extent without a disproportionate cost in giving to it sufficient strength. This aspect of the question seems to have struck Mr William Adams of Bombay, who has recently published a pamphlet on the subject detailing his experiments. He is very sanguine as to the possibility of utilising sun-power in India, not to replace the use of ordinary means, but as an auxiliary during the dry season. It is at this time of the year that many ginning-mills are alone in action, and he calculates that a general saving of twenty-five per cent in the cost of fuel might be effected in India by the judicious application of solar heat.

Mr Adams had possessed himself of a vertical copper boiler of the Mouchot description, when he abandoned the system of the conical reflector in favour of a number of mirrors formed of flat plates of silvered glass. Seven of these mirrors gave a reflecting surface of one hundred and fifty feet, and in an hour evaporated over one thousand cubic inches of water. This does not represent the actual power, however; for the boiler, being but sixteen inches wide, and the focus of the mirrors being twenty-four inches wide, at least one-third of the effective heat must have been dissipated. Even with this unsuitable boiler, the experiments were very remarkable, and are noteworthy as being made upon the very scene of future promise of practical success. With twelve gallons of water in the boiler, and with the foci of sixteen mirrors turned upon it at 7.30 A.M., there was a pressure of ten pounds effective at eight o'clock; and at 8.30 the steam blew off at the safety-valve at seventy pounds. On the next occasion, at 7.30 A.M. the steam rose to fifty-five pounds effective pressure at 8.30, at which time steam was turned on to a two-and-a-half horse-power pump, which it kept in action at a pressure of thirty pounds. To shew the possibility of utilising the heat in the operations of distilling and cookery, the steam at sixty pounds was turned into a twenty-gallon cask of water, but without producing ebullition. Disconnected and again raised to fifty pounds pressure, the steam when again turned into the cask produced continuous ebullition, so that thirty-two gallons of water were kept boiling by the sole agency of the sun's rays; a circumstance characterised by Mr Adams as wholly unprecedented. He adds that there is no mechanical difficulty in keeping the foci on the boiler from sunrise to sunset.

Mr Adams proposes merely to supplement existing steam arrangements in India by this auxiliary power. In private houses however, for cookery, for the production of ice, and for driving punkahs, there would seem to be an exceptionally clear field for this invention. There is something fascinatingly ingenious in the idea of turning the exuber-

rance of Sol's power to two such opposite purposes as the production of heat for the kitchen and of ice for the dining-room. We must turn now however, to the more comprehensive dreams of Captain Ericsson concerning the future employment of solar heat.

Captain Ericsson is well known as an ingenious and indefatigable investigator of the phenomena of radiation, for examining which he has devised many curious machines. The Solar Engine devised by him was presented to the French Academy of Sciences, and was so constructed as to serve as a meter of the solar energy, and as an example of an engine that could supply motion *without the aid of steam*; the motion to proceed from the direct action of the sun only! The theoretical results obtained by this instrument, as also by a long series of careful experiments in other directions, coincide very remarkably with the practical outcome of the researches of Messrs Mouchot and Adams. Mouchot's one-half horse-power was obtained from about fifty feet of reflecting surface; Adams' two and a half horse-power from an efficient surface of about two hundred and thirty feet; whilst Captain Ericsson estimates on other grounds that one hundred square feet of reflectors afford an efficient energy of one horse-power. It will thus be seen that the proportions are in each of these cases almost identical. The theoretical reasoning is as follows: The solar energy during nine hours a day between the latitudes of forty-five degrees north and south of the equator averages fully three and a half units of heat per square foot per minute, equivalent to a theoretical dynamic energy of two thousand seven hundred and two foot-pounds. Upon a space of ten feet square this energy will be two hundred and seventy thousand two hundred foot-pounds; and this divided by thirty-three thousand, the standard of one horse-power, gives a result of over eight horse-power. It is well known to engineers however, that the theoretical power of heat is never practically educed by even the most perfect of machines, and Captain Ericsson therefore fixes one horse-power as the practical equivalent of each hundred square feet (equal to ten feet square) of reflecting surface. This estimate, as we before remarked, agrees very closely with the results obtained by Messrs Mouchot and Adams.

With such an untapped and inexhaustible supply of power at command as this estimate of solar heat implies, it would seem that the world need never fear the exhaustion of existent coal-fields. There are vast regions of the earth exposed to the blaze of a tropical sun, uninhabited by man, and seemingly destined to be for ever desert. When the necessity shall arise however, these inhospitable regions may very possibly become the grand purveyors of power to the world at large, on a scale much more vast than are at present the coal-fields of England. The New World, Lower California, the table-lands of Mexico, and the west coast of South America present regions sufficient to furnish power almost impossible to calculate or conceive. Captain Ericsson, in dealing with this aspect of the subject, takes a strip of territory eight thousand miles long by only one mile in breadth, taking portions from all parts of the regions we have named. His calculation, which is very simple, but into which we need not enter, gives the astounding result

that this sample of the world's desert lands is capable of furnishing motive-power for over twenty-two million steam-engines, each of one hundred horse-power, for nine hours per day.

THE SCOTTISH BANKER'S DILEMMA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

DISMAI fell on the quiet little bank in Tollkirk. The former uneasiness became in the office a panic. Hamilton had been made ill by the anxiety of his position, and was in bed on the day that Mr Traill's deficiency occurred. After closely scrutinising every entry in the books, Traill came to the conclusion that he had not paid the money in excess to any one, and that the notes must have been stolen by some one on the premises. The bank's safe was duly examined; but the locks bore no marks of being tampered with. The windows and doors of the office were unaffected; and Mr Duff's domestics—who swept out the office—had been his servants and were known to him for years. The matter was on this occasion reported to the bank's head office; but thence came the cold intimation that no further deficiency could be made good, and referring the bank agents to their recent letter to that effect of such and such a date.

Mr Duff began to think the place was haunted. Wherever the money was gone, it had to be paid up; raising the total losses made in this mysterious way to the unpalatable sum of fourteen hundred pounds in less than three months. The mystery was all the deeper that during the day of the difference in Traill's cash it had happened there had not been a single cash payment amounting to five hundred pounds. Then there came vague rumours—such as the police, had the matter passed into their hands, would certainly have made use of—that there was an itinerant locksmith, a gypsy, in the neighbourhood to whom popular rumour attributed almost marvellous power in the manipulation of locks. Yet it would take a very clever locksmith indeed to open the Central Bank's safe unheard in the house, and to close it again without leaving traces of his work. The safe had a foundation of eight feet of stone, and was coated on the floor, wall, and roof with a two-inch plate of solid iron. The doors were of course of iron, and each—there were four doors—had two keys and separate locks. Through the lock of the outer iron door an iron bolt was each evening shot down from Mr Duff's bedroom above, and while that bolt was down, no key in the world could open the door. It was necessary to be in Mr Duff's bedroom before the bolt could be drawn or dropped. It was extremely improbable that there were any in Tollkirk who could, even with the necessary keys in their hands, find their way into the strong-room unaided.

No longer was Mr Duff able to leave the bank with an easy mind for a two-o'clock luncheon—with forty winks to follow—as had been his custom these twenty years. He was closely on the watch. Yet there was no visible cause for suspicion. Bankers and clerks were fast becoming demoralised—in the military sense—from sheer fright, accelerated by mystery, and a sense of utter helplessness in face of it. Mr Duff might far better be losing his fortune on the Stock Exchange, or throwing his

money away on turf speculations; in these there would be some remote chance of profit, if not satisfaction in losing his property. His bark had up to this time sailed in smooth seas, had even, hitherto, floated in a sheltered bay, unexposed to financial tempests or breakers; but now a leak of a dangerous sort had sprung, as likely, he imagined, to engulf him at his anchorage as any buffeting of waves in open sea.

Mr Duff became a changed man. He was thin and worn and ill with anxiety and watching. They were all watching. Traill was watching Hamilton; Hamilton turned a keen glance on the boys; the boys kept their eyes very widely open all round. Mr Duff was unwilling to put the matter in the hands of the local police, knowing that the first to be suspected would be his clerks, and that the affair would speedily become town gossip. Secretly Mr Duff began to think the place was bewitched.

His partner, George Traill, being called upon to pay up half of the five hundred pounds, resolved to get to the bottom of the matter. He had a bed fitted up in the banker's business-room, and determined to spend his nights there until some solution of the problem presented itself. His transfer from the Aberdeen branch seemed just then to prove a bad bargain. The keys of the safe, it should be mentioned, numbering eight, were placed every night after the locking up of the safe and the dropping of the iron bolt from the banker's bedroom, in a strong-box, the key of which was always carried by Mr Duff. George Traill, armed with a revolver, in spite of Mary's protests and Mr Duff's jeers, occupied the room when the bed had been fitted there, and waited philosophically the course of events. He slept little for the first night or two; but no intruder came to disturb his repose. The long dull hours crept on without adventure or other result than to make Traill sleepy and cross during the following days. The bankers were beginning to despair of discovering the thief. Yet Traill—despite Mr Duff's perfectly reasonable argument that if any man broke into the safe it would not be merely five hundred pounds that would satisfy him, nor would he likely risk a second or third visit—continued to spend his nights in the bank.

At daybreak, however, on a certain morning in the following week, Traill, who slept very lightly, was suddenly awakened and startled by hearing the bolt that passed through the lock of the outer door of the safe drawn sharply up. He could hardly believe the evidence of his ears, thinking that perhaps he had dreamed. But the 'click' was still reverberating, exaggerated as all sounds are in the stillness of night. If the bolt was really lifted, the person that drew it up must be in the room where Mr Duff slept. Traill was a courageous man; but in spite of himself, he trembled as he felt for and examined his revolver. When the reverberation subsided, there was a silence for a few moments as of Death, Sleep's twin brother. Then he thought he heard, far off, a door open, followed by a step on the stairs. Then a light shewed at the seam under the door; presently the door opened, and a man entered, carrying in one hand a lighted candle, in the other a bunch of keys. The revolver was firmly held in Traill's grip, and before firing, he was about to utter a cry of warning, when he noted that the figure paid

no heed to his presence, but passed him, making straight for the safe-door. In the dim light, to his astonishment, he distinguished the fixed, even rigid features of his friend and partner Mr Duff! His eyes were wide open, and he moved with his usual deliberation, but with an air of stern preoccupation quite foreign to his working habits. Traill saw at a glance that the banker was walking in his sleep.

His first impulse was to seize him and wake him; but a moment's reflection decided him to wait the natural issue of events. Mr Duff, without hesitation or fumbling, chose the right keys for the outer door, and pushed it, as the lock sprang back, slowly open; then the wicket-gate, the inner iron door, and so on, until he disappeared silently in the vault-like shades of the strong-room. When he reached the inner safe, he took from the well-packed store of pound-notes—Traill eagerly watching him from the door—a bundle containing five hundred; he then noiselessly shut and locked each door as he retreated. He passed within arm's-length of Traill, bearing the bundle of notes, the keys, and his lighted candle; left the office—followed by his partner—walked slowly up-stairs to his bedroom, where he deliberately dropped the bolt back in its place, and finally laid the keys carefully, apparently counting them, in their usual place in the box fixed in the wall for the purpose. Traill expected he would then retire to bed; but it was evident that the somnambulist had not finished his night's work. Having safely put away the keys, he lifted his candle and again went down-stairs, carrying the notes in his hand. Traill followed him through the kitchen and out into the courtyard behind. With the same purpose-like deliberation that he had shewn at the safe, he now marched to—the unvarnished truth, O romantic reader, must be recorded—to the Pig-sty! Arrived there, he lifted a loose fold of thatch that rested on a slab of stone in the rickety roof, secreted the bundle of notes there, replaced the thatch carefully, and then turned with an air of relief and went indoors.

Traill did not disturb him, did not even take the trouble to follow his partner to see if he reached his bed safely, but sprang eagerly to the loose thatch, in which, snugly lying, he found the comfortable sum of one thousand nine hundred pounds in bank-notes! He could not help laughing as he stood there in the dim gray morning, hardly half-clad, for the pursuit had not been without excitement. 'An expensive roofing for Duff's pigs,' he murmured, gathering the various dusty bundles together and retreating indoors from the cold morning air.

'I think, Duff,' said Traill seriously when they met in the office after breakfast.—'I think, to make certain that no thief, or witch, or ghost has been tampering with the cash during the night, we had better count the cash henceforth in the morning as well as at night; that will make certain whether the money disappears by night or during the day.'

Mr Duff assented.

'Suppose you begin this morning.'

Again Mr Duff assented; and with reluctant fingers, at his partner's suggestion, counted the money. 'Powers of Darkness!' he exclaimed, 'I

shall not stay another day in this house. The cash is again five hundred pounds short!" Had Mr Duff not been a remarkably bald man, he would have probably torn his hair in agony.

"How much do you reckon your pigs cost you annually, Duff?" Traill asked with apparent irrelevance and, as Mr Duff thought, flippancy.

"Pigs! Hang the pigs! Hang the bank! and— Yes; I mean to resign my office. I'm not going to remain here to be robbed and ruined."

"I see you are putting a new roof on your sty, and papering it," Traill went on sententiously. "Sparing no expense on it. Doing the thing stylishly, eh?"

"Are you mad, Traill?"

"Well, let me see. At the rate of two thousand pounds, say, in three months, that pig-sty will cost you and me just about eight thousand pounds a year." Traill was apparently in his gravest mood. "That's pretty moderate, eh?"

"Poor Traill! The loss of his money has taken his brain. What demon has entered this house?" sighed Mr Duff in the presence of a despair more tragic even than his own.

"Look here, old fellow!" said Traill, suddenly bursting into laughter—"look here! I found these in the roof of your pig-sty this morning; and what is more, I saw you put them there with your own hands!"

"Fragious!"

Yes, all the missing money was there. The banker gave a champagne dinner to his delighted clerks on the evening of that day. His own health, however, was in rather a bad way. In a month or two he resigned his office, retiring on a liberal pension to his farm; and in order to compensate James Hamilton for all his recent trouble and misery, Mr Duff requested, as a personal and final favour, that the Directors might appoint him to the position of Assistant-agent with George Traill; a proposal which the Directors favourably entertained. These offices both of the gentlemen hold with honour to this day. It may be mentioned too that George Traill and James Hamilton are now brothers-in-law, each having in due time wedded one of Mr Duff's daughters. The bank is James Hamilton's home; while George Traill has rented a farm adjoining Mr Duff's. The fresh country air, and exercise, and fishing, and unlimited golfing—all enforced on him by the doctor as the best medicine—have put an end to the old banker's somnambulistic rambles.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST ON BOARD THE CHALLENGER.

To those who are weary of society and its ways, a cruise such as that of Mr Mosely's on board the *Challenger* must appear in the last degree enjoyable. Around him was the freshness of the briny air, for which the denizen of dusty cities pines in vain; superb ocean views stretched on every side; while on shore an ever-changing scene greeted his eye. One day it might be the rich green valleys of Madeira and the refreshing coolness of its pine-woods; and the next the half-tropic glare of the tawny sun-parched Cape de Verdes.

In his *Notes of a Naturalist on Board the Challenger*, Mr Mosely has dwelt more on the instructive than on the amusing or enjoyable side of his

experiences, but he and the crew were not condemned to the all work and no play which is proverbially known to make Jack a dull boy. Sometimes they tempered their scientific pursuits with occasional recreation. A seining-party, for instance, was organised at St Jago; and among the spoil in the seine-net was a large shark fourteen feet long. It struggled hard for life, but was at last hauled up high and dry, and handed over to the tender mercies of the sailors, who never have any pity for a shark. Very wonderful were St Paul's Rocks and Fernando da Noronha. Barren crags in mid-ocean, inhabited by thousands of sea-birds, noddies and boobies, whose storm-swept nests cluster thick on every ledge. Fernando da Noronha has a Brazilian convict settlement, in addition to its numerous bird colonies. The land is fertile; and the wretched inhabitants have round their huts plantations of sugar-cane, maize, cassava, sweet potatoes, bananas, and melons. The fauna and flora are closely allied to those of South America.

Bahia, on the coast of Brazil, much resembles Lisbon; but has an eastern look, which it owes to the bright tropical verdure of its palms and bananas. An excursion was made to a patch of the primeval forest which creeps up to within a short distance of the town. Here they were wandering in the subdued greenish gloom beneath the shadow of lofty trees, when all of a sudden a short stifled shriek ending in a hiss was heard, and the negro guide in a state of great excitement called out: "Toucan! toucan!" Mr Mosely fired, and hit a large bird with vivid plumage of jet black, bright orange, and brilliant red. This beauty shewed fight even in the last extremity, and in the very act of dying, bit the naturalist's hand severely as he lifted it from the ground. In a small pond close to the town of Caxoeira, in Brazil, is a small variety of the toad, which has a cry like a loud harsh cat's mew. Mounted on mules, the whole party rode twenty-eight miles inland to the Fair of St Anne's. The chief attraction was the cattle-market, which was composed of vast herds of half-wild cattle. These cattle were tended by *vaqueiros*—men of all the intermediate shades of colour between black and white. They wear leather coats, leather breeches, long boots with huge spurs, and high, conical, broad-brimmed leather hats. Slavery still exists in Brazil; but a law is now in force by which every child born in the country is declared free. Slaves are allowed to buy themselves off; and at Caxoeira a very pretty girl came to beg from the English party. "She was collecting money," she said, "to buy her freedom; for her master was very cruel, and beat her every day."

Tristan da Cunha is one of a group of barren and desolate islands. Despite its terrible climate, it is well wooded with a tree resembling the yew, the *Phyllica arborea*. Formerly, rabbits, goats, and pigs were plentiful; but now they are not to be found, and the cattle imported by the settlers often perish during the winter from the severity of the weather. Inaccessible Island, another of the group, was next visited; and here, to the surprise of every one, two men were desecrated by aid of the ship's glass standing on the barren shore, and gazing fixedly at the ship. After breakfast, the captain went ashore and brought them off. They were a couple of Germans, who had been

landed two years before from a whaling-ship on this barren inaccessible rock. Their object was to hunt fur-seals; but in this expectation they had been miserably disappointed, and had endured all manner of hardships and privations short of actual famine. They had a hut and a patch of potato-ground, and kept their larder tolerably well supplied with birds and wild-pig. One of them guided a party from the ship to a penguin rookery. It was in a dense sea of tussock-grass higher than a man's head. In this grass thicket the birds nestle and shelter; a lane a yard wide, beaten black and hard, leads through the entire length of the rookery; and from this main street smaller thoroughfares diverge on each hand. 'The stench of this penguin paradise was,' Mr Mosely says, 'overpowering, and the yelling of the birds perfectly terrifying.' The nests were placed so thickly that it was impossible to avoid treading at every step on eggs or young birds; nor were the penguins slow to express their disgust at the clumsy intruder. Our naturalist thus relates his experiences: 'A parent bird sits on each nest, with its sharp beak erect and open ready to bite, yelling savagely "Caa, caa, urr-urr," its red eye gleaming, and its plumes at half-cock quivering with rage. No sooner are your legs within reach, than they are furiously bitten.' Nightingale Island, the smallest of the Tristan group, has a series of caves in the low cliffs along the shore, much frequented by fur-seals. It has also penguin rookeries, through which are scattered the cylindrical nests of the mollymauk, a species of albatross.

At the Cape of Good Hope the wanderers were reminded of home; the hills about the Cape look not unlike Scotch moorland scenery, and are everywhere covered with low bushes without trees. There are no bright greens in the colouring; a brownish neutral hue prevails. During the flowering season, this sombre tint gives way to a brilliant flush of transitory beauty; handsome heaths, splendid pelargoniums, bright-coloured everlastings, shewy gladioli, and stately white arums vie with each other in lending the most vivid and striking effects to the many-hued mosaic. The slopes and mounds of Table Mountain are covered with the wonderful silver tree, whose leaves shine like burnished silver, and impart a splendid lustre to the landscape. Baboons are plentiful among the hills, their warning cries resounding on every side. Partridges, quails, and antelopes abound. The owner of an ostrich-farm which the party from the *Challenger* inspected, told them that a kick from an ostrich was very dangerous, and that the best thing an unarmed man could do when attacked by an ostrich was to lie down flat on the ground, and let the bird walk over him until it was tired. A simple operation no doubt, but one requiring considerable nerve.

Prince Edward Islands and the Crozet Islands, on which they disembarked, were covered with snow. The lower part of Marion Island stretches along the shore with large compact convex masses of a plant called the *Asorella selago*, which is a typical plant of all these southern islands. Grass was mingled with this plant, and patches of the Kerguelen cabbage. The albatross and different species of gulls build their nests among the rank herbage; and in the bare peaty ground there was

a rookery of king-penguins, enormous birds which stand as high as a man's waist. The Crozet Islands are similar to the Prince Edward Islands, and in addition to sea-birds, are stocked with wild pigs and rabbits. Kerguelen's Land, at which they next touched, is the chosen home of mist, rain, and snow. It lies within the belt of rain at all seasons of the year, and as it has no drying winds, it is as completely saturated with moisture as a wet sponge.

The bay in which they landed was a deep narrow inlet with dark frowning cliffs, reported to be full of fur-seals, of which every one was anxious to shoot as many as possible; consequently a rush was made to a small herd of creatures lying on the grass, which were found to be sea-elephants. While the sailors were looking at them, Mr Mosely saw about a hundred yards off, on a little knoll, the head of an animal cautiously raised; it was a fur-seal, which he managed to kill after a good deal of trouble; and that with three others constituted the 'bag' of fur-seals at Christmas Harbour, as the little bay was called. Heard Island, the most northern of the Macdonald group, was next visited. The flora was very poor; but terns, penguins, Cape pigeons, shags and gulls of many species, were plentiful. Six days after leaving Heard Island, the first iceberg was sighted; and soon forty in a day was no unusual spectacle. These great masses of ice, seen on a bright day, with the sun flashing into the caves and crevasses on their surface, were a most beautiful and striking sight. White was the ground colour of the huge blocks, deepening in the cavities into bright azure or intense cobalt blue. Flushed with the brilliant glories of sunset, they warmed into rosy red or bright crimson, passing into shades of deep purple and amber, which faded as evening fell into a cold gray white.

Leaving the southern icefield behind, the *Challenger* steamed into the warm Australian current, and cast anchor off Sandbridge, the seaport suburb of Melbourne. English house-sparrows were disporting themselves on the beach as saucy and confident as if on a London street; but Mr Mosely had not come so far merely to interview English sparrows, so he made an excursion into the Bush. There he shot a splendid parrot and looked out for opossums; but they, more wary, kept up the gum-trees. He then tried for a lyre-bird; and in scrambling through a dense patch of scrub, almost came plump down upon an astonished kangaroo, which disappeared with a tremendous bound, and left our naturalist, like the father of Lord Ullin's daughter, 'lamenting,' and bereft of that addition to his scientific stores.

In the streets of Wellington, the principal town of New Zealand, tattooed Maoris were to be met at every turn dressed in European costume. The fauna and flora of this island are very different from those of Australia. The general life of the country recalled to them Kerguelen's Land; but all the valleys and inland slopes are covered with a dense growth of forest and bush.

The Kermadec Islands were passed without landing; and in the gray light of a dull, somewhat chilly morning, the *Challenger* approached the Friendly Islands. A pilot-boat, manned by four sturdy Tongans, came out to meet her. Except a girdle of green screw-pine leaves, they were un-

encumbered by clothing, so that their scientific visitors had no difficulty in perceiving that their colour was a light brownish yellow with a tinge of red. Their hair was most elaborately got up in a mop of small curls, sticking right up from the head, and was coloured a rusty red by means of coral lime. Their houses are small and oblong, and contain no furniture except Pandanus mats; a small sleeping-chamber is partitioned off, and is furnished with a kaava bowl and pillows, not of down, but a species of narrow wooden stool supported on four legs, on which the neck is rested during sleep, in order that the elaborate coiffure of the Tongan dandies may not be disarranged. The women are tall, with fine figures, and are most of them handsome. With the trade-wind the *Challenger*, restless as the Wandering Jew, hastened to Fiji. Mbuu, a small island of the group, was one of the principal seats of cannibalism; and Mr Mosely contemplated with shuddering interest the stone against which the heads of the human victims were dashed previous to being cooked in the oven. 'So many heads,' he says, 'have been dashed against this stone, that it has happened that human teeth have fallen into almost all the holes in the slabs, and have become jammed there. The slabs were quite full of them.' Horrible to relate, young women were considered the best eating; and a vegetable, a species of Solanum, was used as a condiment with the baked flesh.

A week's run with the trade-wind brought the *Challenger* to the New Hebrides group, where the natives were found to be a short race, with small, badly shaped limbs. Eleven flowering plants were found on Raine Island; and in a sheltered spot Mr Mosely sowed pumpkin, tomato, capsicum, water-melon, and Cape gooseberry seeds. Birds were the most striking feature of these islands. They were in immense flocks, which literally darkened the air: herons, turnstones, gulls, terns, gannets, and frigate birds. Somerset, Cape York, the northernmost point of Australia, was reached in the beginning of September. The number and variety of birds in the country around seemed surprising. One beauty, a species of the bird of paradise, Mr Mosely considered a great prize, not only on account of the brilliancy of its plumage, but because it is so shy and difficult to shoot. At the entrance of Torres Straits they landed on Booby Island, a bare rock covered with birds. On approaching the Aru Islands, large quantities of leaves, fruits, flowers, and branches floated past them from the shore. They anchored off the town of Dobbo, and were speedily visited by a party of Malay notables arrayed in fine dresses of coloured silk. Sago-palms abound in the swamps, and a species of screw-pine with a fruit as large as a man's head. The trees are so extremely high and large, that Mr Mosely says 'it would take a day to fell one.'

In October the *Challenger* arrived at the Philippine Islands, whose general appearance recalled to Mr Mosely the scenery of India and Ceylon—swampy paddy-fields stretched on every side. One specially interesting fact in regard to the native population is, that all their houses are pile-dwellings. Some of the houses of the Moros, a Mohammedan race, are raised on piles out in the sea, so that they can only be approached

by boats. The Moros are a fierce warlike race. When young, the women are remarkably handsome; they are light-coloured in complexion, and have peculiarly bright eyes. Mound-birds are common. They lay an egg about the size of a hen's egg and bury it in the sand, where they leave it to be hatched by the heat of the sun. In the Philippine Islands the great business of life is cock-fighting. The Chinese shopkeepers generally keep a pet cock tied by a string to a peg outside their doors, and in the intervals of business while away the time by a friendly tussle with a neighbour's bird. At Hong-kong Mr Mosely attended a Chinese dinner-party. The Chinese are very tasteful in flower decorations, and the walls of the room in which the feast was spread were covered with beautiful flowers, arranged on a background of moss. Some of the dainties were peculiar, such as dry dead caterpillars with a fungus growth attached, and eggs pickled and buried for years before being eaten. Women were present at this banquet, but no portion of the good things fell to their share. They sat behind the men, and were supplied with dry melon seeds, which they chewed, cracking them in order to extract the kernels.

After passing the Meangis Islands, the ship steamed into Humboldt Bay, on the New Guinea coast, and was immediately surrounded by natives, whose constant cry was, 'Sigör! sigör!' which means iron. Some of these men had a hole in the septum of the nose, through which was passed a pair of wild-boar's tusks fastened together in the form of a crescent. This extraordinary ornament projected upon each side over their dark cheeks as far as the eyes. Their houses are built on piles three feet above the water, and are connected by bridges.

The Admiralty Islands were sighted on the afternoon of the 5th March; after which came Japan and the Sandwich Islands. Viewed from the sea, all the islands of this group present a remarkably barren appearance. Mr Mosely visited the crater of Kilauca, and looked from the surrounding cliffs into a fiery seething lake of molten rock, which tossed restlessly back and forward, throwing glowing red-hot waves against the bases of the crags.

Tahiti and Juan Fernandez were each visited in turn; then Valparaiso, the Vale of Paradise as it has been called. The party from the *Challenger*, however, found it not much of an Eden, so far as beauty went. Not a tree was to be seen, the Andes were scarcely visible, and the steep hill-sides were covered with a tall candelabra-like cactus. Our naturalist was guided to the top of the Upsellata Pass by a travelling barber, an equestrian hair-cutter, who rode with his scissors dangling from his saddle-peak. The road was rugged and barren in the extreme, and has an unenviable notoriety for highway murders, which are perpetrated by means of the lasso, in the use of which all classes of the population excel. Mr Mosely saw a young girl going to milk cows playfully lasso a young man with whom she had been flirting, by catching him round the neck as neatly as possible just as he was going away.

This brief sketch of the observations made by Mr Mosely during his celebrated voyage, may perhaps suffice to induce our readers to peruse a work full of interest for all who are fond of books

of travel, and especially for those who would desire an acquaintance with the fauna and flora of distant lands. In his company they may survey the glowing tropic beauty of Brazilian forests, or bivouac among sea-elephants on the sunny beach of some landlocked bay, or watch from some cheerless ledge of rock the dizzy coast-line and frowning promontories where the hardy sea-bird nestles and rears its young. If prone to such inquiries, they may speculate upon national character as expressed in the countenance of the sturdy Tongan, the wily Malay, or the dull-eyed native of New Hebrides. They may find in all this variety an infinite charm, travelling round the world, and noting all that is most curious or interesting without travelling beyond their comfortable fireside.

MESS-SCRAPS.

In the days when the sewing-machine was in its earliest infancy, a lady residing in India imported one, and for a long time kept its mysterious working hid from the ken of her native tailor. This functionary was the very slowest of his proverbially slow 'caste,' and wasted no end of time drawing over hem and stitch. One day his mistress comes to him arm-laden with yards upon yards of some dress fabric. 'Dirzee,' says she, 'how long will it take you to run these breadths together?'

'Tree day, Missis,' replies Dirzee. 'Missis please, plenty too much work.'

'Three days? Nonsense! Three hours, you mean. You are a very lazy man, and I'll cut your pay. Give me the stuff; I'll do it myself.' Then the lady retires to her boudoir, from the inmost penetralia of which a sharp and continuous click and whir reach the tailor's ears. He can't make out what the sound is, and he is much too lazy to speculate on it. He continues to 'chew betel,' and yawningly to ply needle and thread.

After an hour or two, 'Missis' comes back, and throwing at Mr Dirzee's feet the raw material, now fashioned into a completed skirt, says: 'There! See! You wanted three days, you sleepy fellow, to finish this, and I have done it already.'

Astonished, Dirzee turns over the drapery, examines the seams, scrutinises the stitch, and satisfies himself that all is proper and according to tailors' rule. He is confounded. It passes his understanding. There lies the work done and no mistake. But how? He springs up from the mat on which he has been squatting; he kicks over the little brass vessel which holds his drinking-water; he scatters right and left thread, needles, thimble; he stops not to put on his sandals or to adjust loosened turban and waist-cloth. Scared and bewildered, he runs for very life into the bazaar, shouting as he goes along: 'Shitan! shitan! [the Evil one! the Evil one!] He do tailor business that Mem's house. I listen! I hear! He cry "Cleck, cleck, cleck!" Two hour time he neber stop cry. Den! Plenty too much true dis word I tell. Ebery bit true. *All work done finish!* I not go back dat bungalow.' And he never did.

The destructiveness of white ants, those pests of the East Indies, is well known: wood, leather,

paper, clothing, anything and everything, if not closely watched or isolated, falls a prey to their insatiable little jaws. Yet it was hardly thought expedient by an examining board of officers to verify the statement of a certain storekeeper who explained a deficit of many scores of copper and iron bolts, rings, locks, and such-like as 'eaten by white ants.' 'Too hard to swallow,' was the marginal note of the president.

In the island of Ceylon a small force of native gunners is maintained to do the drudgery-work of the royal artillery. The men are called Gun Lascars, and except that they are not entrusted with the sole management of the ordnance, are disciplined and dressed precisely the same as the royal artillery; indeed they are the counterfeit presentment of that corps, bar their black faces. A battery of artillery fresh from England was being landed at Colombo, and a few of the Lascars were on the wharf. The European arrivals, unaware of the existence of their copper-coloured 'slaveys,' were anxiously inquiring who and what the 'niggers' in blue and gold were, niggers in uniform, so like themselves.

'Sergeant,' says one man, addressing a veteran, 'who is that 'ere bombardier—him with the Christy-Minstrels'-burnt-cork-face?'

'Him? Why, don't you know him? Tommy Atkins, of the A. battery. Sure, you remember him at Woolwich?'

'Tommy! that Tommy? Why, sergeant, he's black!'

'Of course he's black,' replies the sergeant. 'It's the hot sun as does it all. First it browns, then it reddens, and then—if you stay here long enough—it blackens you, just as you see bread toasting afore the fire. Atkins has been in Colombo more than twelve years; and if you are not in "Bayley's godowns" [Anglicæ, the graveyard] by that same time, to Tommy's complexion you'll come, and a shade or two blacker perhaps. Write that to your sweetheart by the next over-land mail.'

A certain colonial legion now extinct possessed at one time an officer, who would have well passed for own brother to Mrs Malaprop. His knowledge of the meaning of many English and other words and phrases was infinitesimally limited, yet his conversation was always grandiloquent and interspersed with quotations or rather misquotations. The jest-book of the mess teemed with his quaint absurd sayings—some true, some fathered upon him. This one, however, was recorded genuine.

His son became a victim to the tender passion, and while the spooning was at its hottest, S— 'of ours' meets Malaprop pere, and says: 'Old fellow, is it true that son Joe is engaged to Miss Dash? Every one talks so.'

'It matters but little, Captain S—,' replies Malaprop pompously, 'what people talk. There are always so many *cunards* flying about that it is difficult to believe anything. Whatever I hear, I swallow with a dose of salts. Joe is not affianced. Miss Dash has certainly *enamelled* him, completely *enamelled* him. He has put her other *shooters horse à combat*; but no betrothal is yet on the *tapes*. That will come, I suppose, of course; when, I hardly yet know—but *post mortem*, I fancy.'

If the reader will kindly substitute *canard* for the great ship-owner's name, *grain of salt* for dose of salts, *enamoured* for enamelled, *suitors* for shooters, and give the words their usual pronunciation, he will see the force of Malaprop's rejoinder.

At a competition for Sandhurst Military College, there appeared among a host of candidates a young gentleman whom we will call Brass. Cramming had done much for him, but not quite enough; for at the first glance he takes of the examination paper he sees that it is beyond his depth. His heart is heavy; he knows he must be spun; so the happy thought occurs to him of escaping the ordeal with flying colours.

'Sir,' he says to an official perambulating the room to prevent 'cribbing,' 'will you pardon my asking a question anent these papers?'

'Certainly.'

'With what amount of pay per diem does government remunerate a sub-lieutenant of infantry?'

The inquiry is hardly in keeping with the peripatetic's occupation, but he answers it nevertheless, and tells Mr Brass that it is 'five shillings and threepence.'

'Oh,' observes that youth—'five and three—sixty-three pence. Considerate, but trifling;' and he returns to his seat. But presently he is up again, goes to the walking-gentleman, hands him the printed questions, and to use his own expression, 'muzzles.'

Across the returned page he has written: 'Cannot be done at the price in the metropolitan market. Try the provinces.'

There exists in the Indian army a regulation under which colonels after a certain number of years' service become entitled to retire from active duty on a well-earned pension of a good many hundreds of pounds sterling per annum. This allowance, going by the name of 'off-reckonings,' is the ultimatum of an old officer's existence; for this he holds on, braving all the ills that Indian flesh is heir to; and on this he anticipates the reproduction of his curries, pillans, and chauntries in some quiet well-ordered European bungalow. In the year 1877, there was held in the vicinity of Poona a large camp of exercise, and all sorts and conditions of troops were mobilised for the occasion. Among the Brigadiers was a colonel of a native infantry regiment, whom seniority rather than capacity had placed in his responsible command; for truth to say, our friend was somewhat in the sere and yellow leaf, inactive, had done the state all the service he ever intended to, and was but biding his time for the coveted off-reckonings. During the manoeuvres, the force he led had not been distinguished for its *elan* and dash; on the contrary, the tortoise-like pace of its movements had elicited the ire of the commander-in-chief.

One morning the final attack was ordered, and our Brigadier was instructed to advance his brigade, and crown, at the bayonet's point, a ridge which the supposed enemy held. The eagle eye of the chief sees the aforesaid tortoise-like pace at which the troops, headed by the old colonel on his equally old war-horse, are moving, and off gallops like the wind an aide-de-camp to stir him up. 'General,' he says, 'Sir Charles desires that you

will advance much more rapidly. There is artillery playing on you from the right, and a body of cavalry is ready to attack your left flank. Your men will be cut to pieces. Double up; charge, and secure the hill at once!'

To which the Brigadier replies: 'Captain —, is Sir Charles aware of the nature of the ground between this and that?—pointing to the high land. 'Does he know that it is covered with large loose stones, cut up with deep ruts, stuck with stumps and roots of trees and shrubs, crossed by a wide nullah [water-course], and in short is almost impassable?'

'Well, sir, what then?' says the aide-de-camp.

'Only this, my dear young friend, and which, please, respectfully convey to the chief. Say, that for thirty odd years I have been grilling in this presidency; that in three months more I come in for my off-reckonings; and that if he, Sir Charles, were as near that Eden, he'd not risk his life and twelve hundred a year over such a break-neck line of country, for all the imaginative enemies from Cape Comorin to Peshawar. Indeed sir, I can't afford to do it.'

A party of some five or six gentlemen were seated one night in the cool veranda of a Singapore bungalow enjoying Manila cheroots and other Eastern solaces. Among them was a sea-captain of the old school and a major of the then East India Company's Madras army. Local and home topics being exhausted, personal adventures came on the carpet. Says the skipper: 'You chaps of the army are a wild lark set. Me and my mate came foul of a lot of you once at *Bupes's Hotel*, Madras, what time my craft was laying in those rough surly roads, fifteen years ago come next sou'-west monsoon. We had all messed together, and I'm afraid had got rather more than three sheets in the wind, had aboard more than we could carry; so out we sails for a spree; and what do you think we does, we seizes and ties a lubber with a lanyard, digs a hole in the beach, shoves him in chook-a-block up to his neck, then backs astern, and watches the salt spray washing over his figure-head. A rare good lark; but it nearly killed him!'

'Well indeed, that's odd,' exclaims the major; 'marvellous! Of that very party I, then a young lieutenant, was one. I had come down from Arcot, where my old regiment was, and was wasting my time, my health, and my money in Madras. Yes! I recollect it all as if yesterday—the dinner, the sallying out, the *burial*. I remember too one of us putting that part into doggerel verse, one stanza of which ran something like this:

We buried the skipper quite close to the sea;

And how loudly the old salt did bellow,

For his neck, and his head, and his *solo topes*

Were all we left out of the fellow.

'The sea-faring gentleman had been rude in his cups, told us we were only "locals," had no military rank west of the Cape of Good Hope, were only nigger officers, and had otherwise riled us; so, as our friend opposite has just told you, we turned him into the shingle, and didn't care a *picie* if he never got out again.—Stay! stay! The fellow's name and the name of his ship, which I had long forgotten, have suddenly occurred to me. Y-e-s! Mayne Brace—Captain Mayne Brace of the *Smiling Sue*—that's it!'

The company, bar two, burst into a roar of laughter. The silent ones were the major and the skipper. The former did not understand the joke; the latter understood it but too well. Mayne Bruce was his own name, and the *Smiling Sue*, his craft, was at that moment at anchor in the harbour hard by. Never for a moment dreaming that one of the practical jokers could be present, the captain had told as his 'good story' *what had actually been done to himself*. He never told it again.

L—, an army doctor noted for his voracious appetite, was quartered in Kingston, Jamaica, and there got yellow-fever. Bleeding, calomel, blisters, and the other stereotyped remedies of the day failed to kill him, as they were killing scores around; he pulled through, physicians notwithstanding. One morning during early convalescence the highest medico-military authority of the island came to see him. 'I'm awfully hungry,' says the sick man. 'I'd like a first-rate dinner to-day—some pepper-pot, mountain mullet, ducks and green peas, a black crab or two, and a jorum of sangaree.'

The Inspector-general is dumb-struck at the nature and extent of his subordinate's menu. He shakes his head. 'Gad sir, it would kill you, certainly kill you. Take some chicken-broth, a little panda, and one glass—no more—of Madeira. —Ducks and green peas! Black crabs! Black-death, sir;' and he goes his ways. But L— sends for his cook; and although that functionary cannot get all the delicacies his master orders, does manage to secure the birds and the vegetables, which L— eats to the last fragment, washes down with a full allowance of sangaree, sleeps, and wakes in the morning like a giant refreshed. Then comes the chief for his customary visit, feels his patient's pulse, makes the usual professional inquiries, and is quite satisfied with his condition. 'Ah!' he says, 'better; d-e-c-i-d-e-d-l-y better in all respects; cool, quiet, normal. Now, my dear fellow, if you had eaten those things you wanted, and more especially ducks and green peas, we would have been, as I told you, measuring you for your coffin this morning, and playing the Dead March in Saul at your funeral at sundown this evening.—Good-day; you'll be at your duty soon.' And he was. But having told the story, and raised the joke against the P.M.O. (Principal Medical Officer), that administrator sent him to vegetate at one of the most remote and out-of-the-way stations in the command, where even ordinary beef and yams were scanty, and ducks and green peas impossible.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.

We learn from a contemporary that 'a curious revelation has recently been made in the East End of London. One of the chief characteristics of that densely populated quarter is the vast number of animals—cats, dogs, pigeons, fowls, and rabbits—which manage to support a precarious existence amid the gloom and dirt of miserable back-yards and blind-alleys. How such creatures continue to live where human beings die, not merely of starvation, but of downright lack of light and air, is a problem which it must have often vexed the minds of philanthropists to

solve; but live they do; and as their existence was generally supposed to exercise a humanising influence upon their proprietors, no one would ever have thought of interfering with them. Latterly, however, disquieting rumours were circulated that people who had not even a share in a back-yard or a blind-alley indulged in the luxury of poultry-keeping, and the sanitary authorities were at last moved to institute inquiries on the subject. Their activity was soon rewarded. In a room inhabited by a man and woman and their two children, twelve fowls were discovered living under the shelter of the bedstead; while in an adjoining room, owned by the same persons, a colony of one hundred and twenty-seven unfortunate cocks and hens were trying to make-believe at being in a farm-yard. Encouraged by this success, the officials persevered in their search, and in another house in the same street they discovered nearly three hundred fowls enjoying the comparative gentility of the second floor. Immediate orders were given for the removal of the birds to a more congenial atmosphere; and despite the violent resistance of their owners—who are said, by-the-by, to be foreigners—the clearance of these Angean fowl-houses was soon accomplished. But we really need a modern Hercules to keep London clean, and even he would find his place no sinecure.'

MARGUERITE.

A MODEST maiden, yet a wise,
With chestnut hair and hazel eyes,
Whose glance one always liked to meet,
So deep its gaze, so calm and sweet;
Clear beaming with a quiet gladness,
Subdued as by an unknown sadness;
Too trustful in its holy love
For aught but purer worlds above.

A low, broad brow, with dreamy thought
And noble aspirations fraught.
A subtle mingling in the whole
Of earthy clay and heavenly soul.
A face that, meet it where I might,
In joy to-day, in woe to-night,
Would cause (and why I cannot tell)
The hot tears to my eyes to well.

'Twas so, one day she crossed my path.
I half believed her not of earth,
So sweet that wistful gaze; in vain
I turned away, for look again
I must; and then I knew too well
By that, in which e'en lay the spell,
That hidden something told too true,
That ne'er in heavenly gardens grew,
As yet, this blossom, all too rare
For earthy soil and earthy air.

Ah! sweet, shy flower, 'twas not for long
That thou didst mingle with the throng;
Yet thou unconscious shelt'st a ray
Of purity athwart their way,
As thou thy guardian angel wert,
Though now with heavenly armour girt.
I'd not recall thee, though my eyes
Are dim with tears; though choking sighs
Fill my sad heart with many an ache,
I'll still thine all for thy dear sake.

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MONEY.

SIMPLE-MINDED people must sometimes be at a loss to understand the oracular explanations offered respecting the state of what is called the money market. Let us instance the following—

'There is a very slight demand for money. Good bills are done at one or at most one and a half per cent., with no signs of improvement. Things, however, are believed to have reached their lowest depression, and as summer advances, a rise is confidently expected in the money market.' Such is the sort of information with which certain pretentious writers favour us respecting the financial state of the country. Translating their enigmatical language into plain English, their explanations signify that because comparatively few persons are discounting bills, trade is in an exceedingly depressed condition. We should have drawn quite the opposite conclusion. When a tradesman takes a bill to a bank to be discounted, he clearly needs money, for which he is willing to pay so much by way of loan; it may be one, two, or more per cent. according to the general demand. Suppose he does not need to borrow, are we to set him down as an unfortunate being without business? In other words, is it the meaning of these writers on finance that doing business is alone indicated by borrowing, and that if there be no borrowing everything must necessarily be at a dead stand?

We protest against the fantastic reasoning which seemingly leads to these conclusions. Borrowing is usually a symptom of weakness, not of strength. We are told by a venerable authority, that the 'borrower is servant to the lender,' which is quite true; all attempts to uphold the reverse of the aphorism are ridiculous, and must end badly. Taking, for example, the case of a merchant who by a long course of circumspect conduct is at ease in his circumstances, keeps a good balance at his banker's, trades within his capital, discounts no bills, we should think that he represents a wholesome state of affairs. And if such be said of one, so it will apply to all. When

everybody has all the money he requires for the honest purposes of his business, we should say so much the better. That is our doctrine, though to great financial critics it may appear antiquated and heretical.

In whatever manner it originated, there has latterly crept in the very extraordinary and pertinaciously cultivated opinion that the degree of commercial prosperity in a country is to be measured by the demand for money in the shape of borrowing. It is a new thesis, in which people are invited to have faith. If discounts are high, trade is flourishing. If little is doing in the way of discounts, the depression is heart-rending. To all appearance, the country is going to the dogs. One could be amused with these fallacies were they not associated with a species of demoralising perversity. If not expressly said in words, the inference is that borrowing is exalted to a virtue. The man who self-reliantly pays his way, and never for a moment thinks of troubling bankers or bill-brokers, is essentially a poor creature. He is at least an eccentricity. The old admonition, 'Owe no man anything,' is out of date. Owe thousands, or millions, if you can manage to do so. Risk, speculate with other people's money. Such seems to be the outcome of modern financing.

While taking exception to the ordinary disregard of a state of indebtedness, we are far from saying that in honest business, there is anything positively wrong in borrowing by discount. As an intermediary between borrower and lender, the banker performs a useful part by facilitating the settlement of accounts. Where there is a reasonable scope for enterprise, the cost of the loan in form of discount may be deemed insignificant. All depends on the soundness of the transaction. Unfortunately, a constant reliance on discounts leads to a factitious course of business, which ensues in a profligate style of living, and often ends in disaster. For encouragement to excesses of this kind, the banks generally, though some more than others, are not without blame. Indirectly extending their credits, in order to make

advantageous use of their capital, they raise the value of money, excite those wild speculations and courses of over-trading which, by 'leaps and bounds,' are imagined to be significant tokens of national prosperity.

We all know what this extravagant credit system has led to. Shameless frauds and thousands of bankruptcies, which sending a chill through society, have produced the national depression that is mourned over, but which in reality signifies a return to discretion and common-sense. Yet, no lesson is accepted by financial doctrinaires. It would almost seem as if large numbers had a special interest in promoting systems of over-trading and extravagance. Reminding us of the 'wreckers' of old, who threw upon alluring ships to destruction, they appear to live on promoting schemes that, terminating in ruin, yield a rich harvest from the sufferings of miserable dupes. Mariners used to be told to beware of the false signals of wreckers. In the present day, the advice to be given to all who have anything to lose is to beware of 'promoters.' There may be well-meaning men amongst them, but we see that the general upshot is disastrous. In particular, we observe how persons with a title have been induced to become directors, or more correctly decoys, to allure confiding capitalists to their ruin. Considerations of this kind suggest extreme caution in taking shares in any project, or in giving credence to the lamentations over dreadfully low discounts. Why should any one volunteer groans about money being a drug in the market? Let it be a drug. Who cares? If nobody wants it, there is little need for lamentation. A very sad thing indeed when bankers are at a loss to know what to do with the cash with which depositors have intrusted them. At this point we may be said to reach the kernel of the whole matter. What to do with money. It is a state of affairs that did not fall within the experience of the old political economists. In former times, money was so difficult to be obtained, and was so precious in character, that no one entertained the notion that a period would arrive when one of the torments of society would consist in a superfluity.

Money is a blessing or the reverse, just as we make a good or bad use of it. In the olden time, what struggles there were to effect even the smallest public improvement, owing to the want of money! Bridges could not be built, roads could not be improved, churches could with great difficulty be erected. A cathedral was not completed, except in a pinching way bit by bit over a space of perhaps two hundred years. Any attempt to levy rates for a matter of public utility would have raised a rebellion, and been after all abortive. The plain reason for all this was, that in the community generally there was no redundant cash. Excluding a few usurers and lucky individuals, the world lived from hand to mouth. How has this backward state of affairs been meliorated? Simply by two things: Settled peace and industry,

England had not a day to do well until it got rid of contending dynasties, and sate itself down to work each man according to his vocation under the protection of beneficent laws and unchallengeable government. It is remarkable how speedily the change from poverty to wealth has been effected. With a steady regard for industrial occupation, a hundred and fifty years have done it.

The marvellous growth of the metropolis, the rise of busy seaports, and the spread of railways, are the more conspicuous phenomena in the new condition of things that has sprung up. Capital has increased so largely that it presses for investment, and rushes headlong into all sorts of extravagances. Among the numerous modern wonders, the most wonderful, as it may be esteemed, is the fact that Scotland and Ireland, both treated as contemptuously poor in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the subject of diverting sarcasms on and off the stage, have absolutely come to the front as lending countries. Irish and Scotch banks have had the audacity to set up branch houses in London—much to the disgust, as it appears, of certain native firms, who view them as a species of interlopers. As a feeling of this kind is altogether foreign to the spirit of fair-play which distinguishes the English character, we may anticipate that it will come to nothing. It is mentioned here only as a curiosity of modern finance; having its origin in the general redundancy of accumulated capital.

Every country aspiring to civilised usages begins with an infancy in finance, when paper-money for small sums is accepted as a necessity. Bank-notes for a dollar, for five francs, for five shillings, at one time prevailed. Discreetly managed, those paper representatives of money served a useful end. A time comes, however, when by the progress of wealth they may without disadvantage be dismissed. Every one who has studied the subject will acknowledge that one-pound notes have been of inestimable value to Scotland, in fact have helped enormously to make the country what it is. There are reasonable doubts, however, if this species of paper-money is any longer an essential condition of national prosperity. In our opinion the country could now successfully dismiss its one-pound note currency, and place itself on the same financial level as England. Bankers might not be indisposed to take the same view of the matter, for so large is the proportion of gold they must keep in relation to their note issues, that the change would not be of serious importance. The chief objection would be on the part of the community, by the great mass of whom, strange as it may seem, notes are invariably preferred to sovereigns. That whimsical notions of this kind would speedily disappear, can scarcely be doubted. The withdrawal of the one-pound note currency would at any rate remove difficulties which at present perplex the international position of the banks.

It must come to this at last. A wise policy would consist in looking the inevitable in the face, and in making preparations accordingly. w. c.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—MR DICKER.

'GLAD to see you, Captain Ashton!' said Mr Dicker good-naturedly, as he gave Hugh a forefinger to shake, and waved him to a chair. 'Knew your name at once—not likely to forget it—for, my dear sir, you have rendered me a still greater service than I was aware of, when last we met.'

Hugh was pleased with the cordiality of this reception, but his looks expressed a not unnatural surprise, which the capitalist was not slow to note. He condescended to explain.

'I told you, Captain Ashton, that the papers which that poor, faithful fellow Purkiss—I shall never get such a clerk again—brought over in the purple bag, and which your courage preserved for me, were of considerable value. They were indeed of very considerable value—more so than I dreamed of. He had done very well indeed, had Purkiss, as my agent out there; and I am a richer man, if I chose to realise to-morrow, by— Well, well, never mind how much—what with wool, and copper, and land, and gold, and the rest of it. The securities thus saved represented something worth having, Captain Ashton.'

Hugh had no doubt that they did; but he scarcely knew what to say in answer to Mr Dicker's harmless vaunt, and merely smiled.

'I am a warm man, as we say in the City, as you may possibly have heard, Captain Ashton,' said Mr Dicker, rattling some money in one of his pockets in a slow, lazy manner, as though he enjoyed the tinkle of the sovereigns as they slipped one by one through his fingers.

'I can well believe that, sir,' answered Hugh, who had no doubts as to the warmth, financially, of his moneyed acquaintance.

'And this colonial business has brought in a very tidy return, very tidy,' said the capitalist, tapping his still sound and strong front-teeth with an ivory paper-cutter. You ought to have your share, Mr Ashton.'

'My share, sir? I can hardly understand you!' answered Hugh, in some surprise.

'Yes, yes,' returned Mr Dicker, half-impatiently, and with a glance at the clock. 'You preserved for me vouchers of no trifling value; without which, had they gone to the bottom of the sea like that poor fellow Purkiss, I should have met with vexatious delay and practical loss, in endeavouring to assert my rights. So, as a matter of business, and as usual among business men, I shall be happy'—and he picked up a pen, and rustled over the leaves of his cheque-book as he spoke—to write you an order on Clink and Scales, of Lombard Street, for—'

'Excuse me if I interrupt you, Mr Dicker,' broke in Hugh Ashton, the colour mounting to his sun-bronzed cheek and brow. 'So far as I understand, you desire to do me a kindness, but a kindness which I cannot accept. It was not to solicit money from you that I came here to-day.'

The capitalist, in the very act of filling up the promised cheque, looked up at Hugh's face,

and arched his eyebrows in very genuine surprise. According to his experience, which was a tolerably wide one, money came amiss, on whatsoever pretext, to nobody; and he had known it to be eagerly grasped at, not to say angled for, by the very finest of fine gentlemen and ladies with whom he had conducted negotiations in the course of an active and pushing career. Colonels and countesses, legislators and leaders of fashion, each and all of these had proved willing to take a bribe for services to be rendered in puffing some newly blown soap-bubble of the Stock Exchange, provided that the bribe were delicately administered, and called a commission. And here was this youngster—a master-mariner, an ex-fisherman—whose tone and countenance expressed actual indignation at the offer of an eleemosynary draft on Clink and Scales.

'Bless me!' exclaimed Mr Dicker, hardly knowing whether to be irritated or not; 'you really are a very extraordinary young man!'

'Do not mistake my meaning, Mr Dicker,' said Hugh quietly; 'I am sure that your intention was kind, though I cannot accept the kindness in the form of ready-money. That is all.'

'You'll never get on in life, Mr Ashton, never!' returned the self-made man, laying down his pen, and surveying Hugh with a look of mingled pity and admiration.

'I daresay that I shall not, sir, in the usual sense of the word,' answered Hugh with a slight smile.

'Well, well,' said the capitalist slowly, and with a sort of philosophic tolerance of error, 'it makes a difference of course, in matters of business, whether one has learned to look upon things in a business light.—But what can I do for you, Captain Ashton, since I must not draw you a cheque? I am your debtor, very much your debtor, for the service rendered the other day, and that even more so than I thought when last I saw you. Along with my securities were certain private papers that had been deposited in an Australian bank, and the recovery of which would be of the utmost consequence to a poor friend of mine. I call him poor; but time was, that in our intercourse I was the obliged party.' And Mr Dicker laid considerable stress upon the personal pronoun, as though the circumstance of his being under obligations to somebody else had been a portent indeed.

'Yes,' continued the capitalist, who had grown earnest now, as some newly awakened train of thought occurred to him, 'I don't mind telling you, between ourselves, that I was once a very poor and struggling man, and didn't find too many hands stretched out, I can tell you, to help me as I toiled up those lower rungs of the ladder of life that are always the hardest to climb. This friend of whom I speak, a gentleman born, stepped out of his way to do me a good turn, and I keep the memory of his kindness green and fresh, Mr Ashton, I assure you. I cannot mention his name, even would it interest you, as of course it could not—reasons against that! But, at anyrate, there were papers belonging rightly to him in that purple bag that you prevented from becoming flotsam and jetsam, and that he would gladly see, if only I could find his present address, poor fellow! Dear me, I have wandered sadly from the point. It is not often in the City that we

have the leisure or the inclination to indulge in sentiment.—And now, what can I do for you, my dear sir?' asked the capitalist, again becoming conscious of the clock, and of the candidates for admission that were chafing in his anteroom.

Hugh answered modestly enough that he had come to Guildhall Chambers for the purpose of asking Mr Dicker's advice. He had left Cornwall for ever, had resigned his late appointment, and was now in search of something to do.

Mr Dicker pursed up his lips, and contemplated his young acquaintance with a rueful sort of interest. 'Rolling stones, eh—but you know best, of course,' he said, again tapping the teeth of which he was proud, with the paper-cutter. 'Sudden—wasn't it?'

'I see, sir, that you think I ought to have stayed,' answered Hugh, in his frank fearless way; 'and, as a man of the world, I am sure you judge rightly. I have a sorrowful conviction in the truth of the old proverb you quoted but now, and wish for nothing more than to be steady. It was no mere restlessness, believe me, that has made me give up my ship and leave Treport.'

'No, no; of course not,' said Mr Dicker, casting about for a motive, and, as men of the world always do, looking out for a vice or a weakness on which to graft it. That Hugh had left the Tug and Salvage Company in disgrace—that he had done, in common parlance, anything wrong, his previous experience of Hugh's conduct, and the singularly noble bearing of the young sailor, forbade him to believe. The capitalist was for a moment at fault. Suddenly his countenance cleared. 'Yes, yes; the lad must be in love, and crossed as to his wooing, either by disinclination on the fair one's part, or, much more probably, by the harsh prudence of parents.' And Mr Dicker, who regarded love as a youthful disorder akin to measles or whooping-cough, was sincerely sorry that his young friend should apparently have taken the complaint in an aggravated form injurious to his worldly prospects. 'I hardly know what to advise,' he said, thoughtfully rattling the sovereigns in his pocket. 'Would you like to go to sea again, or abroad?'

'I should prefer,' answered Hugh, with some hesitation, 'to stay in England, if I could but earn a maintenance by anything within my power to do.'

'Stop—I have it!' exclaimed Mr Dicker, beginning to toss and tumble over some papers that lay before him on the table. 'We want a station-master. I am deputy-chairman—you may have heard as much, perhaps—of the Extreme South Line, at—where is it?—yes, Hollow Oak, in Dorsetshire. The manager sent me word on the subject a fortnight ago, and the appointment rests with me, since old Sir Bodkin, the chairman, is not in a fit state of health to attend to details. Would Hollow Oak suit you? It is a quiet place, somewhere west of the New Forest. And the salary is a hundred and something a year; whether forty or sixty, I cannot remember. Of course there are coals and candles, and of course there is a house to live in—and those I suppose are all the advantages of the situation. Such as it is, will you accept the place?'

'Certainly, and gratefully, Mr Dicker,' said Hugh, with quick decision. 'If you will give me the place you speak of, I will promise to do

my best in the duties I shall be called upon to fill.'

'Then, very well,' said the capitalist, who by this time had become painfully conscious of the clock and the flight of time, and the many interviews that lay before him. 'I will send you in the morning, by a clerk, your credentials. You will then have nothing to do but to start by an afternoon train—there is one, I think, at two—yes, at two—and you will be at Hollow Oak at six or thereabouts. And what, Captain Ashton is your address?'

Hugh mentioned *Shadwick's Inn*, Shadwick Place, E.C.

'How very odd!' answered the capitalist, again oblivious of clock and engagement. 'I know the place; but very few, even among Londoners, do. It was in the little, gloomy, three-cornered coffee-room of that secluded inn that the friend I have mentioned—and whose papers I have here—met me, and lent me the money which—No matter, Captain Ashton—he was a gentleman by birth, and—Never mind. Something in you reminds me of him; I cannot tell why. Good-bye, dear lad! And he gave Hugh his whole hand to shake; and there was an end of the interview.

CHAPTER XXXV.—MAUD GOES HOME.

There was a stir and a suppressed ferment of excitement in Llosthuol Court, to which every human heart pulsed in strange unison. A letter from Maud's mother had arrived the day before, summoning Maud home, if Alfringham, her uncle's rural palace, might be called by such a name, as the widow of Colonel Stanhope did not scruple to call it. As a general rule, Mrs Stanhope's letters were of no very great account. She sent a good many of them, having belonged to a letter-writing generation, and to a gushing age. But now, as Lord Penrith's mouthpiece, she spoke, or rather wrote, with authority. Her brother, she said, was worse—well, he never was—but now his state of health was critical, and Lord Penrith was longing for Maud's return. 'Come at once!' said the letter; and if italics and underscoring could prevail, Maud should indeed have felt herself bound to hurry.

'Of course she must go!' the Dowager had said decisively, but regretfully, for the loss of her pretty niece at Llosthuol meant to her the almost hopeless isolation of a benevolent female despot among her servants and tenantry. She had a few clergy to visit, and here and there a scarce family of the estates class, and that was all. She paid the penalty, in a social point of view, of dwelling in a picturesque and impossible corner of England, near which no ties of sport or business can fetter the well-to-do.

'Nobody lives in Cornwall,' Lady Mary Tattles would say, if you asked her, at five o'clock tea, in Grosvenor Place, what were your social prospects in the ancient realm of King Mark; and Lady Mary would not be far wrong. Squires are rare in Cornwall, and country society widely scattered. Lady Larpent lost a good deal in losing Maud.

But Maud must go. The wishes of old men in Lord Penrith's position are paramount. He was so rich, he was so free to do as he liked with Alfringham and all that appertained to it, that had he chosen to pick out a stable-boy as his heir,

or, like Pope's Miser, to endow a college or a cat, none dared even to venture on remonstrance. Certainly, Maud must go. There was packing in hot haste. Maud's maid and my Lady's abigail impeded one another as they folded and packed and locked trunks, and found that things inestimable had been overlooked, and at the last moment thrust them in, and kept everybody within their influence in a mild state of feverish flurry. Sir Lucius Larpent was to escort his cousin to Alfringham. Nothing, considering the relationship, could have been more proper, or, to Maud's taste, less congenial; but still she had to submit.

'I am very sorry to part with you, my dear; but of course in such a case there is no help for it. And it is a comfort that, next week, Edgar and Willie come home from school,' said Lady Larpent. And then came the parting itself, and the drive to the station, and the railway journey itself, swift and smooth, eastwards from that far outpost of sea-girl Britain where Llosthuel looked out over the endless billows of the Atlantic. Young ladies are seldom given to abstract speculation, and it is not very likely that Maud Stanhope contrasted the comfort and monotonous ease with which the modern first-class passenger is conveyed, amid rugs and cushions, sun-blinds and foot-warmers, to his destination, with the pilgrimage that a winter's journey from Cornwall once was, even for travellers of her own rank in life. No more anxiety, nowadays, as to floods certain to break bridges and render fords impassable; no more fear of highwayman-haunted heaths, and no dread of the clumsy family coach, painfully dragged along the vile roads by six horses, being buried in a snowdrift, or 'stugged in the mire,' on wild Dartmoor. No more riding, belated, with chilled feet that could scarcely feel the steel stirrup, and the collar of the loose 'horseman's coat' turned up to screen off the driving drift, as the bewildered guide tried to regain the track, easily missed when once the short December day had blackened into early night, which led across the waste. We most of us, however, forget or ignore the sufferings of those who went before us, and merely resent any trivial interruption in the clockwork regularity of existing arrangements.

There is no railway station nearer to Alfringham Hall than the small one of Hollow Oak, four miles and a half away. Lord Penrith had, indeed, like many another lord of lands, done his best in parliament to exorcise the railway from his estate, and had reluctantly consented under compulsion to derive indirect benefit from the detested innovation. At Hollow Oak, then, Maud and her cousin Sir Lucius found, on alighting there, one of 'my lord's' carriages waiting for them. For a good many miles round Alfringham Maud's uncle was 'my lord' in popular speech, and Cowper's mighty Monsieur Nongtongpaw scarcely seemed a more universal proprietor than he was. Some such reflection probably suggested itself to the self-seeking mind of Sir Lucius. He had not been very talkative during the hours of the railway journey, burying himself in his newspapers or lounging in his corner, with half-shut eyes, and leaving his fair kinswoman to her novel and her own thoughts. Once indeed, the baronet had spoken with a certain amount of energy, but even then the choice of a topic was unfortunate.

'You can't think how glad I am,' he had said amiably, 'that that confounded fisherman fellow that my mother chose to take up, has had to take himself off from our neighbourhood. I don't profess to know what he had done to make the country too hot to hold him!'

'I am sure, Lucius, that you do Mr Ashton cruel wrong!' interrupted Maud, with flashing eyes and quivering lip; 'and that you are unjust in attributing bad motives to his leaving us—for his leaving Treport, I mean. I never saw any one in whose honour!'

'Honour!' somewhat rudely broke in Sir Lucius, 'honour! forsooth, when you are talking of a cad like that! But if you women will insist on making a model hero of the man, it is useless to argue the point.' And he savagely banged down the window nearest him, and, turning his face away, neither spoke to his beautiful cousin nor looked at her for many a mile. On the way, in Lord Penrith's carriage, to Alfringham, the baronet found his tongue again. 'I owe you an apology, Maud,' he said, 'for my unkind speech an hour ago; I was irritable, and I behaved like a bear. I do hope you will forgive me, Maud.'

'Well,' replied Miss Stanhope in her gentle voice, 'let us think no more of a hasty word!'

'But Maud, dear Maud,' went on the baronet in his most persuasive accents, 'will you not push your generous impulse a little further, and give me hope—a little hope? If only you knew how I longed for it!' he added, with an earnestness that seemed real.

'You mean'—Maud came to a stop here. It was not for her to interpret her kinsman's meaning.

Then Sir Lucius spoke out, glibly enough. It was Maud's love he asked for. It was Maud, whose consent to be his wife, withheld from him till now, he sought as a suppliant. He did not, he would not, press her for an immediate answer. She need not say 'Yes,' or enter on a formal engagement at once. Only let her shew a little kindness, only let her tell him that he need not despair. A word, a look, a pressure from her little hand—of which, at an early part of the conversation, he had contrived to possess himself—would suffice to revive his hopes, and then he would urge her no more.

But Maud Stanhope was not foolish enough to purchase a respite from unwelcome addresses by giving any such assurance, on which a future claim would certainly be founded. Gently, but resolutely, she drew her hand away. 'I can but repeat, Lucius,' she said as kindly as she could, but quite steadily, 'what I said to you before, at Llosthuel. You had better learn to regard me simply as a friend—as your sister, if you will—for what you now wish can never be.'

'Come, come, Maud; this is not fair treatment for a man, after all that has come and gone,' returned Sir Lucius reproachfully.

'Nothing has come or gone between us two,' answered Maud firmly, 'that gives you the right to complain of unfair treatment at my hands. As a friend, I can never cease to regard you; but your wife I shall never be.'

'And would you thwart everybody's wishes—and—upset the family arrangement, just for a whim?' cried Sir Lucius, very angrily. 'You know I must be Lord Penrith. You know our

uncle will leave every stick and stone of the estate to you. And it has always been an understood thing that the title and the property were to come together again. You would be a peccress, Maud. And it is a shame, indeed it is, to throw over a man as you do me!

Sir Lucius, in spite of all remonstrance, enlarged upon this theme so vehemently, and became so eloquent as to the wickedness of his kinswoman's conduct in rejecting his proposals, that when the carriage drew up before the stately doors of Alfringham, Maud was in tears; and it was all that she could do to preserve a tolerably decorous air of well-bred calm in passing through the lighted hall, with its double file of liveried serving-men drawn up for the reception of the new arrivals. Mrs Stanhope, who had come three steps beyond the door of her favourite pink drawing-room, to meet her daughter, saw the glistening traces of tears on Maud's eyelashes as she kissed her, and very likely guessed something approximately near the truth.

'So kind of you to come, Lucius,' said the faded beauty, putting out her jewelled fingers to her nephew. 'You will stay some time, I hope, to cheer us up at Alfringham.'

'I shall be off to-morrow, thank you! I only came to see Maud home,' answered the baronet, with a brow like a thunder-cloud.

Mrs Stanhope sighed. She saw that her nephew was in a very evil temper, and augured ill for the prospects of the family arrangement, which she had as much at heart as it was possible for her to care for anything. And this was Maud's welcome to her Dorsetshire home.

ORAL INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

At a Teachers' conference held in January of last year, Mr Van Praagh gave a complete and interesting explanation of his 'oral' method of teaching the deaf and dumb. On this interesting subject we would direct attention to the following remarks.

Both Professor Wallis in Oxford, and Dr Amman in Holland, commenced to practise this system at the same time; but the credit of resuscitating it and putting it into general practice belongs to the Germans. Mr Van Praagh affirms that the expression 'deaf and dumb' is a misnomer; deafness is originally the only defect, and dumbness is the unfortunate result. Ninety-nine out of every hundred deaf-mutes can be taught to speak; and every deaf-mute, unless he prove to be an idiot, can be so far taught by this oral method. This method of teaching by lip-reading requires great study, patience, and devotion. A mother in teaching an infant to say some simple word is obliged to repeat it over several times, while the child watches the movement of the lip and endeavours to imitate the sound. The same patience and frequent repetition are necessary with a deaf-mute; and as the ears of the latter are shut to the entrance of sound, the training must take place through the eyes, which must do duty for both seeing and hearing. In teaching them to speak, the child is taught to breathe properly, to imitate the position of the teacher's mouth and

face, and the ordinary vibrations caused by sound. When a sound is produced, it is repeatedly practised until the pupil can reproduce it without help. Vowels are taught to begin with, then consonants; afterwards combining the vowels and consonants into syllables and words; the meanings of which are either conveyed by shewing the objects they represent, or by models or pictures. As soon as possible the children must make use of the spoken words; when the teacher next goes to polysyllables and short simple sentences, and without teaching the terminology of grammar, the child's attention is drawn out towards the qualities, quantities, and actions of objects taught.

The instruction in lip-reading, writing, and speaking proceeds simultaneously. The progress made is slow but thorough. In spelling, a purely phonetic system is followed; only the sound of the consonants is given to the children, a murmur or a hiss as the case may be, but never mentioning the names of the letters.

In speaking to deaf children who have thus been trained, we must remember that lip-reading has with them taken the place of hearing, and that it is best to speak slowly and without making contortions of the face. All artificial signs and the finger alphabet are rejected by this German school. The French system of teaching as invented by De l'Epée, makes artificial signs and the finger alphabet the means of communication and instruction; but the German method makes no use of these signs. The latter system goes upon the principle that lip-reading requires the sole and undivided attention of the child, who cannot watch the movements of face and hands at one time. Writing and reading are taught, as already noticed, at one time, by means of lithographed instead of printed type, which is found to be a vast saving of valuable time.

A lady who has paid a visit to Dr Van Praagh's establishment favours us with the following:

'The 'oral' instruction of the deaf and dumb' seems a contradiction in terms, but it is in fact a reality. At the Normal School, 11 Fitzroy Square, the success of this strange and wonderful system, which has been in use there since its foundation, about seven years ago, may be fully tested. My visit to the school was paid on a very rainy day, and many of the pupils who reside with their parents or board in the neighbourhood were absent. There were, however, I suppose more than forty children of various ages, and divided into classes, all at lessons.

The director, Mr Van Praagh, had himself been teaching the first or youngest class, when my coming interrupted the lesson. These were made to repeat after him, watching and imitating the action of his lips, the vowel sounds, the word 'pa-pa,' and to reply to some questions: 'How do you do?' 'What is my name?'—the answers given being not mere parrot-like repetition; for one little girl when asked several times over: 'Why were you not at school yesterday?' caught at last the meaning of the lip-motions, and answered: 'I was poorly.' So strange and even startling was it to hear words actually pronounced by the so-called dumb little lips, that I fear my impressions of this first or elementary class remained somewhat confused on leaving it.

Assistant teachers—who are not deaf and dumb, and whose training for the work is carried on in

the school by Mr Van Praagh—were superintending the older classes. The necessity of making the pupils repeat over and over any word which they do not pronounce distinctly, as also of making them distinguish the labial (lip) sounds, *b, p*, for example, from one another, seemed to be specially insisted on by the director, whose patience is hardly less wonderful than his skill. To one of the classes—children who, if I remember right, had been in the school for about two years—he himself gave a ‘dictation lesson,’ first calling their attention by stamping his foot, the vibration being felt, and making them instantly look up. What he then said I did not hear, though standing close by, the words being uttered to himself; but the children, eagerly watching his lips, took their slates and began to write. In a minute or two they had written—‘This lady has never seen a deaf-and-dumb school.’ The writing, by the way, was very good, one reason for which may be that lithographed instead of printed type is used in instruction.

‘Now,’ said Mr Van Praagh, speaking aloud, ‘speak to the lady. Ask her where she comes from.’ A boy immediately asked me the question. I replied, speaking slowly: ‘I come from Scotland.’ The boy audibly repeated my words, but hesitated at ‘Scotland.’ I said it again; and a boy on the opposite side of the table caught and repeated aloud the word, and asked in return: ‘What part?’ My answer was understood.

‘Why is not So-and-so at school to-day?’ said Mr Van Praagh to the children, adding: ‘Perhaps it is the bad day. He is afraid of being melted.’ The children at once laughed. They talk to each other by the lip-motions in the same way. No signs and no finger-language are allowed. The French, or artificial sign system, though it has been perfected to the extent of allowing rapid conversation to be carried on between the deaf and dumb and those who have mastered the sign language, is of course useless when the knowledge is only on one side.

The German or oral system, introduced into England by Mr Van Praagh about ten years ago, enables deaf-mutes to understand any one who will speak slowly in language familiar both to himself and the deaf but no longer dumb person.

Our visit to the most advanced class, whose course of instruction came nearest to the prescribed length of about eight years, was exceedingly interesting. With several of the boys in this class, Mr Van Praagh talked with the greatest ease. Here is a specimen of the conversation, the boys’ answers being perfectly fluent and ready.

‘You read the newspapers, don’t you?’—mentioning the boy’s name. ‘What newspaper do you read most?’

‘The *Standard*, or *Daily Telegraph*.’

‘What do you read about?’

‘About the Afghan war and the Zulu war.’

‘What is the name of the Zulu king?’

At this the boy, as might be expected, shook his head, and said: ‘I can’t remember.’

‘Shew the lady your drawings,’ said Mr Van Praagh to a bright-looking young girl, who immediately rose and fetched them; and very good they were—copies from casts. I saw also excellent specimens of needlework.

Wishing to express my surprise and gratification

to the children, I was about to tell them that I thought all I had seen ‘wonderful;’ but the director stopped me.

‘No; don’t tell them that.’ Then he said to them: ‘The lady is surprised because she has never seen a school like this before. But there’s nothing very wonderful in it; is there? There was a girl here the other day who had never been at school; she couldn’t speak, she couldn’t do anything—she was like an animal—but then she had never been at school.’ The listeners, as I may almost call them, evidently followed all he said with appreciation; and I too appreciated the wisdom of his speech.

I shall be glad if this slight and necessarily imperfect sketch of a very interesting school induces any one to pay a Wednesday morning visit to 11 Fitzroy Square, or to be present at the next annual public examination of the pupils, to be held I believe in July.

It might be mentioned that the voices of the ‘deaf-mutes,’ though thick and somewhat unnatural in sound, were not in the least unpleasant.

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

WHAT I am now I need not tell; but many years ago I was assistant to Dr Bower of Broadhurst Lee, in one of the southern English counties.

Dr Bower was not a young man. I had been his assistant for more than three years, and I had a well-founded hope that in a few years more I should become his successor. I do not mean that I had any hope, well founded or the reverse, that Dr Bower would die—far from it; but the doctor had been very successful during his twenty-five years’ residence at Broadhurst, and I knew that he would be glad to retire from the more arduous duties of his profession when a favourable opportunity offered, and he could feel sure that he was leaving his old patients in good hands.

I lived with the Bowers. The family was a small one, consisting of the doctor himself; his wife, by many years his junior; and their only child, Lucy. A dear, bright, sweet-tempered child she was, though terribly spoiled by her father. At the time I am writing of, Lucy was about thirteen. I was walking in the garden one morning, when Lucy came rushing up to me, breathless with excitement. ‘Mr Williams, I’ve got such news to tell you!’

‘Well Loo, have the kittens opened their eyes, or what?’

‘No, no; nothing about the kittens; much better than that. But you would never guess if I gave you till doomsday, so I may as well tell you at once. I am going to school at midsummer!’

Lucy did not know that I had heard that news some weeks before, from her mother. To please her I seemed surprised. ‘Indeed Loo, You astonish me. What will become of the poor kittens?’

‘Oh, they will be quite grown by that time. It’s nearly six months to midsummer. And do you know—mamma says I am to have a governess till then, because I am so stupid about my music and French and things. And she says I would be ashamed to go among other girls when I know so little; so papa has written out an advertisement to be put in *The Times*. I do wonder what she will be like!’

Lucy rattled on for some time longer; but I don't think I heard much of what she said. I was wondering too what the governess would be like. Her arrival would be quite an event in our quiet life. I hoped, like Lucy, that she would be 'nice'; but I hardly expected it. 'Most likely some hideous old maid in spectacles and a "front,"' I muttered to myself as I mounted Jetty my mare, and started for a long round.

For a whole fortnight after this I heard of nothing but the 'governess.' So many had answered the advertisement, that Mrs Bower had been quite bewildered, not knowing which to choose; but when it was known that the engagement would be only for six months, most of the applicants dropped off. At last, in fact only two remained to choose from. One, a London lady, made such market of being able to teach calisthenics, that I greatly doubted if she could teach anything else. The other was from Scotland, quite the north too. Mrs Bower inclined to the lady of dumb-bells and expanders; but the doctor went in heart and soul for the Scotchwoman. He had been educated at Edinburgh, and still preserved a fond recollection of that noble city and its hospitable inhabitants.

'But my dear, this Miss Stuart does not come from Edinburgh,' pleaded Mrs Bower. (She thought the use of the dumb-bells would improve Lucy's figure so.) 'Besides, they talk such a dreadful dialect—don't they?—and are so wild in their manners!'

'Nonsense, Jenny; there's nothing wild about them. They talk beautifully at Inverness, and this place, Banmuir, must be quite near that. I remember my poor brother Dick and myself being at Inverness. Let me see; it must be near thirty years ago. It was when we took our tour through Scotland after leaving college. I remember seeing the women washing and beating their linen in the river. How Dick did laugh!' And the doctor smiled at the recollection of something he did not mean to tell us. 'Yes; I remember it well. It was long years before I knew *you*, Jenny; and he patted her arm affectionately. 'I think we'll have this Miss Stuart. Just write and say we agree to the salary she asks, and she can come immediately. So now that's settled.'

Off bustled the doctor; and Mrs Bower sat down, not without some misgivings, to engage the Scotchwoman as her governess. But when her husband said 'It is settled,' then she knew it *was* settled, and submitted, like a good wife, as she certainly was.

About a week after this, Lucy informed me that Miss Stuart was coming the next day; that the carriage was to be sent to Wharton Station to meet her; also that 'mamma said Miss Stuart would have to go to bed whenever she came, she would be so tired coming all the way from Scotland.'

I at once settled in my own mind that I would not be at hand at the time of the arrival. I had heard so much about this precious Miss Stuart, that I detested her very name. I pictured to myself a tall red-haired woman—for were not all the Scotchwomen I had ever heard of red-haired?—with a loud voice and vulgar manner. No; certainly I would have no dealings with this unwished-for and, to me, unwelcome intruder. The next day, therefore, I did not return from my

rounds until I knew dinner must be over, and Miss Stuart, if she had arrived, safe in the drawing-room.

I was hardly seated at my solitary meal in the dining-room, when Lucy came scampering in. 'She's come, Mr Williams; and she is *so* nice! I know I shall love her awfully! She likes little kittens, and has had one of mine on her lap ever since dinner; so you see you were all wrong when you said she would hate them. And you are wrong about her looks too; for she's very pretty. Papa says so. She is not so tall as mamma, and'

'Has she red hair?' I asked.
'O no. Such pretty hair. I was just coming to that. It is quite fair, and curled. I wonder,' added Lucy, in a meditative tone of voice, 'if it curls of itself, or whether she has to put in curl-papers, as I have?' This grave question seemed to occupy Lucy's thoughts for some time, for she did not speak again until I had finished dinner.

'I think I will go up-stairs and see this paragon of yours, Lucy,' I said as I left the table.

'Don't laugh in that way. You *shall* like her. But make haste, or she will be gone. She would not lie down when she came, but did all her unpacking; so mamma said she should not let her sit up beyond eight o'clock.'

Lucy and I ran up-stairs; but I was only in time to catch a glimpse of a shining sheaf of golden curls, and the long folds of a black dress, as Miss Stuart quitted the room by one door, and I entered it by another.

Miss Stuart did not appear at the eight o'clock breakfast next morning, so I had to go out without seeing her. Requiring to cash a post-office order that afternoon, I rode home through Wharton. As I dismounted at the post-office, I saw the Bowers' carriage drawn up at a milliner's nearly opposite. Mrs Bower was doubtless deep in consultation with Miss Meek about some new dress or bonnet; but Lucy was in the carriage; and that girl in black beside her must be Miss Stuart. They both seemed to be looking at and discussing the bonnets displayed in Miss Meek's window. Neither saw me, and I watched them unobserved. Miss Stuart's profile was turned towards me. It was not good. How could they say she was pretty? Her features seemed far from perfect, especially her mouth; it was too wide. Her hair certainly was lovely.

At last Miss Stuart seemed tired of looking at the bonnets. She leaned back in the carriage, and I thought I could see that she sighed wearily. Presently she turned her eyes full upon the spot where I was standing; a bright pink flush overspread her pale face; her eyes seemed to grow brighter and larger. Suddenly she seemed to remember that I might remark her gaze bent so steadily upon me, for she turned her head away; but soon I saw her whisper to Lucy, who immediately looked round in the direction where I had been standing; but she was too late; I had escaped into the post-office, and did not shew myself until I had watched from the window Mrs Bower come out of Miss Meek's and the carriage drive off. That day I was in time for dinner. Mrs Bower and I were alone in the drawing-room when Miss Stuart came in. As Mrs Bower introduced us, I saw a surprised and embarrassed expression on the face of the little governess, and the same bright colour which I had

noticed in the afternoon suffuse her fair cheeks and forehead. This confused me somewhat too; but I managed to ask if she had recovered from the fatigue occasioned by her long journey. She answered that she had, quite; and thereupon followed a rather awkward silence, which was fortunately broken by the entrance of Dr Bower and the announcement of dinner.

'Ah, Williams! got home in time to-day; that's right. Give Miss Stuart your arm.—I can't desert my first love, you know, turning to Miss Stuart.—'Come along, Jenny.' And the chatty old doctor tucked his wife's arm under his own, and trotted down-stairs, leaving me to follow with Miss Stuart.

'Do you think you shall like Broadhurst?' I asked on the way down-stairs.

'It is a very pretty place, she answered with characteristic Scottish caution; 'prettier than I expected to find out of Scotland;'

'Then you have not been in England before?'

'O no; hardly ever from home till now.'

Her manner was frank, and her voice soft and pleasant; the slight Highland accent she gave some of her words sounded peculiar, but not disagreeable. Miss Stuart was certainly far from what my ungallant fancy had painted her; and as I sat opposite to her that day at dinner, I thought I had judged too hastily as to her appearance when I had seen her in Wharton that afternoon. Her profile certainly was not good; but the shape of her head was perfect; her hair loosely curled, was gathered into a great shiny knot behind, and seemingly kept in its place by two bands of black velvet, which gave the whole head a massive Grecian look. It was at this time that I inwardly decided that Miss Stuart did *not* have to put her hair in curl-papers like Lucy. Then her eyes were full and large and dark; of what colour I can hardly tell, for they seemed ever changing in hue as they varied in expression. When first I had seen her, I thought her mouth too wide. I do not think now there could be too much of such a beautiful thing. I never could decide whether her eyes or her mouth were the most expressive. I think the eyes expressed for the most part the fire, the ardour, and the sublimity of her character; and the mouth, the sweet gentle love, and also the firm determination and calm self-reliance of her disposition. When her features were at rest, there was a look on her face strange in one so young, a look that seemed to tell that she had braved danger and sorrow, that she had overcome the one and patiently endured the other. It must not be supposed that I thought all this on the first evening of my acquaintance with Miss Stuart. It was weeks and months before I knew her well; and long after that the full beauty of that nature was revealed to me.

That evening Miss Stuart played and sung. Her playing was good, nothing more; but her singing was divine. Hers was a voice such as few are gifted with, the upper notes clear and ringing; even the faintest whisper in her song thrilled one through and through. Some of her notes had a strange chord-like sound in them, and gave me that feeling which I had never experienced before from a single voice, though exquisite harmonies have often touched me in the same way. That feeling I can hardly call anything but *pleasurable pain*. It seems to lay hold of some inner chord

of your heart, and draw out and expand, nay almost rend that chord as the note itself is drawn out and expanded. This feeling dies away with the note that gave it birth; but in dying, gives one last shiver and thrill of exquisite pain or pleasure, I can hardly tell which. After having sung some Scotch songs, Miss Stuart rose; but we all begged for one more; so she sat down again and sang *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*. Every one who knows that beautiful song will understand the feelings with which we listened to it, sung as Miss Stuart sung it. When she finished, not a word was spoken. She rose, and gently shut the piano. No one wanted more music that night; that last song was enough to think of and live on for many nights.

Before the arrival of Miss Stuart at Broadhurst, the evenings at Dr Bower's had often seemed long and tedious enough. After dinner, the doctor generally went to sleep, waking up only for his cup of tea, and immediately dropping off again. On these occasions, he always had *The Times* in his hand, and doubtless thought he was reading. Mrs Bower was generally occupied with her fancy-work or a novel; and I was fain to take refuge in *The Lancet*, not unfrequently imitating the worthy doctor by taking a nap, shielded from observation by its friendly page. Sometimes, indeed, we tried a game of whist, my partner being sometimes Lucy, and sometimes a 'dummy'; but this at best was slow work. All was now changed, however; there were no more sleepy evenings for us. Miss Stuart took dummy's place; and when we were tired of whist, she would sing to us; but we never tired of that, and the evening would be over before I thought it had rightly begun.

Under my care were generally placed all those patients who required night attendance; for Dr Bower, though by no means sparing of himself, naturally preferred his own fireside to a cold ride, of some miles perhaps, in a winter night. This being the case, I sometimes missed part of those happy evenings; thanks to Jetty poor beast, that I did not lose more of them! Many a hard ride she had that I might be in time to hear Miss Stuart's last song, and hold her little white hand in mine one moment while I wished her good-night.

Sometimes when I came in late, I would find the doctor and his wife deep in cribbage, with Miss Stuart working beside them. Then I would sit down and watch her nimble fingers. How fast they moved! How many times in a minute that bright needle passed through and through her work! and the little diamond ring she always wore gleamed and glittered as the light fell upon it every time she raised her hand. No fine young-lady embroidery was her work, but plain long white seams. When she had finished the task she seemed to have set herself, she would fold up her work gaily and challenge me to a singing match. She had taken great pains to teach me several duets; and it was my great pleasure to look forward to singing them with her. What dangerous work it is that singing of the same music, with a golden head almost touching yours; and a soft hand laid deprecatingly on your arm when you sing a false note, and a smile of sweet encouragement and congratulation when you have got well over some difficult passage! Yes; it is very dangerous. I thought I was strong, but I

was very weak. Agnes Stuart had unwittingly bound me fast in golden fetters, and I lay a helpless captive at her feet. She had not been long at Broadhurst when I loved her madly, wildly, but almost hopelessly. Hopelessly; for I saw that as each day made me love her better, so it made me quieter and more embarrassed in her presence. There was no corresponding change in her manner towards me. She was frankly kind and cordial as ever. From the first she had seemed to like me; but much as I tried to think otherwise, I could not but say to myself: 'This is mere friendship, not love.'

By-and-by I came to notice that at stated intervals Miss Stuart received a thin foreign-looking letter, covered with post-marks; and that these letters, when they came, were thrust into her pocket, not opened and read at the breakfast-table like those of less favoured correspondents. I heard Miss Stuart say she had a brother in New Zealand; doubtless the letters were from him. It was in April, I think, that these letters stopped. Every morning as the post-bag was brought in, I saw the colour deepen in Miss Stuart's cheek, and fade again when she saw there was no letter for her, or at least not the one she expected. One morning it seemed as if her patient waiting was to be rewarded. Dr Bower handed her a thin crispy letter. I could see the delighted tremulousness with which she received it. She tore it open without looking at the address; but as she saw the handwriting, her countenance fell, and I could see tears trembling on her long dark lashes as she seemed to be reading the letter; I say seemed, for I noticed that her eyes remained fixed on the same spot, and that she returned the paper to its envelope without having turned over the leaf. Soon after she left the room.

Some days after this, Dr Bower told me he was anxious about Miss Stuart's health; she was looking thin and pale, and her appetite failing sadly. 'She says there is nothing the matter but a bad tooth, which keeps her from sleeping, and she asked me to take it out; but I won't do that unless it gets all the worse. I think she ought to have more exercise; that walk with Lucy is not enough. But I have made up a tonic which I think will do her good.'

The doctor's tonic or something else did do good; for after this she seemed to improve in health and spirits, notwithstanding the tooth, which continued obstinate, and which therefore was doomed. She asked the doctor to rid her of this perverse piece of ivory, so beautiful, but so cruel; but he refused.

'My hand is not so steady as it once was, my dear; but Williams there will do it for you, if you are determined.'

Miss Stuart was determined; and though sorely against my will, I was obliged to consent. The next morning she came into the surgery, where I was sitting alone. 'Mr Williams, take it out now, please. I have had a bad night again; and while it goes on like this, I can't do my work properly.'

'Oh! dear Miss Stuart, don't!' cried Lucy, who had followed. 'Mr Williams, don't do it. Only wait till papa comes.'

But Miss Stuart was resolute. She was a little pale; but perhaps want of sleep had made her

so. With a smile, she sat down, and said: 'I would rather you did it now, please. It will be over; and I don't want a fuss.'

I felt compelled to do her bidding. After all, it was only taking out a tooth. I had often done the like before, and would often do it again; but my hands trembled, and I made sad work of it.

'Is it out?' she asked after a fearful wrench, during which she had sat still as a statue, her two cold hands clasped tightly together.

'No; it has broken,' I said. 'But I can leave it so. I can file it down so that you won't feel it.'

'But that won't prevent the pain coming back. You had better take it out, Mr Williams.' She was braver than I was.

'It will hurt you a good deal. Are you sure you can bear it?'

'Yes; but make haste,' she answered almost impatiently.

I went behind her this time and made her rest her head on me. She never moved, though I must have been an age in getting out that hateful tooth. At last it came. But the lovely head was not raised; it sank lower, lower upon my breast.

'Lucy!' I cried. But Lucy had run off; she could not bear the sight of her dear preceptress suffering pain.

I held that fair head in my arm; I kissed those rings of gold, those living links that had bound my heart to hers. I kissed those darkened eyes; my day when they shone upon me, my night now when closed, but what sweet night! At last they opened, and looked full at me. She raised her head gently from my arm, and said: 'I have been a little faint; I am better now.—Yes; I will have some water. Thank you; and thank you for having taken it out. Now; I shall do nicely. Where is Lucy? We must go on with lessons.'

I was bewildered, she rose from her seat so calmly, she spoke so firmly. Had she been conscious of what I had done? Had she felt those soft long kisses in which my heart had pressed through my lips? I *must* tell her now. Let her think what she would of me, I must tell her how I loved her. When I looked up, I saw that she had glided away, and I dared not follow her.

That afternoon, Mrs Bower, the doctor, and Lucy went to pay a visit at some distance; they would not be home till late. I wondered if I should see Agnes. I always called her Agnes in my own mind now. I knew she had not gone with the Bowers; but I asked the man who waited upon me at dinner, if she had.

'No sir. Miss Stuart has had her dinner fetched into the schoolroom, which she 'as not 'ad time to eat a bit of it, for I see her ageing out as I fetched in the celery.'

Had she gone out to avoid me, I wondered? It was the first of May; but the evening was unnaturally cold; the wind had risen, and the sun was setting amid red and angry-looking clouds. Not waiting till the table was cleared, I hurried out and looked round for Agnes. She was walking on the terrace; I could see the white feather in her hat flutter and wave in the wind. I determined to join her.

It seemed as if she had divined my intention; for she came towards the house, saying as she met me: 'I find the wind rather too cold to be

pleasant; but it is a fine evening for a walk.' Then she passed on into the house.

I went to the grassy terrace where she had been walking; the turf which her tiny feet had pressed but a minute ago, now yielded to my heavier tread. 'I will go and have it out with her; I can't go on like this. I wish I had spoken in the morning. Can she care for me?' One moment I warmed with hope; the next I grew cold, and shivered with doubt and fear. I resolved to go and find her. Anything, even her scorn, would be better than this. But I knew she would never scorn me; she was not one ever to trample on a true man's honest love, even if she could not return it. Then something within me seemed to say: 'She does return your love. Ask her; try her.'

I hastened to the house, and up to the drawing-room. The evening was so chilly that a fire had been lighted there; but the room was empty. Down again I went, and looked into the dining-room; but there was no one there. On the opposite side of the hall there was a little room which, since Miss Stuart came, had been used as a schoolroom; it had a glass door, opening upon the carriage-drive. There, seated on a low chair by the window, sat Agnes. Her hat was lying in her lap, and she was unconsciously stroking the soft white wing which was fastened in it, looking all the while far off into the distance at the fierce red sky. She did not look up at my entrance or seem to notice me till I came and stood quite close to her. Then she said in a strange hard-sounding voice: 'You have not walked far.'

'No. Like you, I found it too cold to be pleasant.' Then there was a silence, which it seemed hard for either of us to break. She had taken her hand off the soft white feather; she was leaning her head now on that hand. Some sudden impulse moved me, and I put out my hand and touched that glossy wing; stroked it slowly, gently as she had done. Then at last she looked up at me with a little smile, then a little sigh.

'Do you like my feather?' she said. 'I had it sent me from far away; so I love it.'

'Your brother'—I began.

'No; not my brother,' she said; and it was not the reflection of the red clouds that made her cheeks light up into that warm glow; it was not the cold wind without that made her voice so tremulous as she spoke. She went on as if it were a task she had set herself. 'Not my brother; but I thought until quite lately that you knew; and now I think—I may be wrong, but I think I ought to tell you. I have been engaged these four years, and hope to be married in the summer.'

I was about to stammer out some words of congratulation; but she spared me.

'Now, I will tell you about it,' she said in a low hurried voice. 'Sit down here by me. Four years ago, when I was only eighteen, I promised my cousin Walter to be his wife. He had a good appointment at Madras, and I was to go out with him. Our marriage-day was fixed; when my dear mother fell ill of fever. I could not leave her. Walter could not stay; so he went, and I was to follow when my mother should be well. But she died. And next my twin-sister was taken. Then my eldest sister grew ill. She recovered from the fever, but not from its effects, and I nursed her until last June. I had written to Walter not to

wait for me; but he would not let me give him up. So Jeanie—my only sister now—is to take care of my father; and Walter is on his way to Scotland. I thought if I came here it would be like beginning to leave home. I wanted to let Jeanie have a trial before I was quite away. And I wanted to make a little money too; for I could not go to Walter quite empty-handed, you know; and we are very poor at home. I had no letters for a while; but one from Malta yesterday tells me he is near home. I told Mrs Bower part of this when I came. You have all been very kind to me. I have been very happy here.'

'Will you let me be your friend?' she said after a moment's pause, and turning her eyes for the first time towards me. She had kept them fixed on the ground while she told me her story in short, quick sentences, and in a very low voice. 'I should like always to be friends with you,' she said simply, holding out her hand to me. 'I am sure Walter will like you when he knows how kind you have been to me. Do you know, you are so like him! When I first saw you, it almost frightened me. But now I know you so well, I don't see it so much.'

I had taken her hand in both mine. I could not speak; but I bent my head and kissed it, and I did not feel ashamed of the tear I left upon it.

'That must be the carriage,' she said gaily, as she gently drew her hand from mine and walked out upon the drive. I watched her in the twilight from the window of that darkened room. No need to follow her now. She had told me her secret; she knew mine. Agnes Stuart is my friend; and so is Walter, her husband.

I never succeeded to Dr Bower's practice; but I did succeed to something better, in after-years, through Mr Stuart's influence. I have a children's of my own, for I never married, nor will now. But I have a godson, and his name is the same as mine. I am rich, and my wealth will one day be Agnes Stuart's. All that I had I wished to be hers long long ago; and it will be hers some day, together with a life's respect and a heart's loyal devotion.

A NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE.

At a meeting of editors recently held in America, it was strongly urged that the art of journalism should be taught in the leading colleges. The instruction received at college, however good it might be in other ways, was considered wholly inadequate to qualify a young man for a position on the editorial staff of a newspaper. He was never told what studies to take, what to learn, and what to omit. He was not taught the art of condensation, of saying much in little space, and saying it attractively and persuasively.

In England, as in America, the lack of a special education for reporters and journalists has been frequently referred to, and many suggestions have been made from time to time to meet the case. It may therefore be interesting to those who intend to adopt journalism as a profession, to know that a 'Newspaper Institute' under the auspices of Dr Mackie, has been established at Crewe. The Doctor points out that while all professions and many trades have Institutes exclusively set apart for the special tuition which they require, those gentlemen who wish to be connected with

the newspaper press have no means of becoming technically educated, except by serving a long apprenticeship with its attendant drudgery. The result is seen, he says, in editors who know nothing of the duties of sub-editors, reporters, 'readers'—who revise and correct proof-sheets for press—or bookkeepers, and are consequently at the mercy of their staff. Sub-editors are also frequently ignorant of the duties of reporters, and cannot give proper instructions. Reporters, when not familiar with the work of press-readers, give unnecessary trouble; which readers, if ignorant of the art of type-setting, materially increase by ill-considered corrections; all ending in extra expense, besides delay and error at the critical period of going to press.

With the view of enabling adults who are competent in every other respect to reach proficiency in at least one of these branches, and to be so familiar with all as to take an intelligent oversight of every department, the Newspaper Institute has been formed. But even in this Institute persons will find no royal road to learning the various departments of newspaper work. They must submit to drudgery, though probably less than that which is undergone in an ordinary printing-office. As to their reaching proficiency in any of these departments in six months, it is impossible. But in our days, many men become newspaper proprietors who have no knowledge of newspaper management; and such persons would undoubtedly profit by six months' experience in such an Institute as Dr Mackie's.

But it is as a training Institute for youths that it is chiefly intended, and arrangements have been made for their education in the following branches. 1. In Type-setting, so as to know the names of all kinds of news types; to be able to set in case of necessity; to give intelligent instructions to a foreman printer; to calculate how much space a manuscript will occupy, and how long it will take to be put in type. 2. In Proof-reading, by instructing the student to punctuate, and otherwise correct his own proofs, or the proofs of others, and to do so in the manner least troublesome to the workmen, whose interests should always be considered. 3. In Reporting, by teaching Pitman's phonography, and giving such opportunities of practising it, both in the office and at meetings, as will enable any industrious student to master the whole duties of a reporter. (Great attention will be paid to the preparation of manuscript, or as it is technically termed, 'copy,' so that it shall be readable, properly punctuated, and so fit for the printer that it may trouble neither the sub-editor, compositor, nor reader. The difference between good and bad 'copy' in a large office is almost incalculable.) 4. In Sub-editing, so that the students may have a fair knowledge of sub-editing, including the best means of securing good copy and presenting it in an attractive form. 5. In Book-keeping, by giving such instruction as will enable a newspaper proprietor or manager to superintend the keeping of a full set of books, and especially with a view to an accurate Weekly Return of profit and loss, without which no newspaper book-keeping is complete.

While students will thus attain a general familiarity with all kinds of newspaper work, they may follow up any one department as a speciality

with the fullest confidence that six months' industrious application will fit them for taking an assistant's situation; and another six months at outside work bring them to average perfection. They will also have at the works the opportunity of daily witnessing type-casting, stereotyping, type-setting by steam-driven machinery, machine-printing, &c.; and the workmen being instructed to give every information within their power, the amount of information which industrious youths may gain in six months may be readily guessed. Every effort will be used to find situations for students on leaving the works; but any one may remain three or six months longer without extra payment, on condition that he continues to give his services.

Such are the subjects which Dr Mackie proposes to teach, and the inducements put forth to learn. It seems to us, however, that in six months very few would be able to attain a 'general familiarity with all kinds of newspaper work,' and fewer still to 'master the whole duties of a reporter,' even if they devoted their time to this branch exclusively. It would take at the very least six months to learn the theory of phonography, and another six months to attain any proficiency in the practice; and it is obvious that a youth who could even follow an ordinary speaker would not be able to report scientific meetings and historical addresses. Still, when a youth has acquired sufficient manual dexterity to follow a speaker, he will have no lack of reporting practice at Crews, as lectures and political meetings are very numerous, as are local Board and Town Council meetings. Agricultural, educational, and religious meetings are also frequently held. The meetings are therefore sufficiently varied to give him some conception of the nature of the duties of a reporter; and he will find six months in such an Institute worth far more than the money it costs him, should he find himself mentally qualified for a reportership.

'If I had had six months' training at the outset of my career,' said the editor of a large provincial journal to the writer, 'it would have been worth six years of my subsequent experience, and would have enabled me to take a good position very soon.' Many other reporters and editors are doubtless of the same opinion. At any rate, other things being equal, the student is likely to be well qualified for taking an assistant's situation. We say other things being equal, because no amount of mechanical training, however valuable in itself, will make up for the lack of tact and general aptitude needed in a reporter.

In printing, also, a youth will not learn sufficient to enable him to earn anything, even if he should qualify himself for taking an assistant's situation, as few masters could engage him without his indentures. He is likely however, to become a more intelligent printer for his six months' training, and a valuable apprentice.

The Institute seems to us more useful to those who contemplate becoming reporters, sub-editors, or readers for the press; and such would learn more here in six months than they would in a newspaper office in the same amount of time. In the latter, little or no time can be given to instructing a novice, in teaching him short-hand, and in superintending his first efforts at reporting. He is left very much to himself, and is consequently a longer time in learning his duties. But in the

Institute he is placed under the care of special men, whose sole duty it will be to instruct him in the various branches of newspaper work. The advantages of the Institute to such are therefore self-evident; and as complaints are now becoming very numerous as to the falling off in ability of reporters, sub-editors, and readers, the establishment of an Institute of this kind seems to meet a want of the times.

TURNING THE TABLES.

TOM HILLS, sometime huntsman of the Old Surrey Hounds, was once sent to buy a fox in Leadenhall Market for service the next day. The commission was not at all to Tom's liking; but obeying orders, he rode to town, got his fox, and putting him, securely strapped, legs upwards, in a capacious pocket in his overcoat, turned his horse's head homewards. Somewhere about mid-night he reached Stratham Common, to be suddenly stopped with the once familiar challenge: 'Your money or your life!'

'My money!' exclaimed Hills. 'I haven't got any; I am only a servant; and you wouldn't take my life, surely!'

The highwayman told him to look sharp, emphasising the injunction by pointing a pistol at the huntsman's head.

'Well, my man,' said the latter, 'we won't fall out. I want my life; so, as I've no money, I suppose you must have money's worth. You'll find something quite as good in my pocket here; so pray help yourself!'

The robber's disengaged hand dived into Tom's pocket instanter, and Master Reynard's teeth closed as quickly upon it, causing the fellow to yell in dismay, and drop pistol and reins; while Tom galloped off at his best pace, leaving his unwelcome acquaintance to bandage his hand and digest his disappointment, at leisure.

Relating his Indian experiences, Colonel Meadows Taylor tells of his being beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travellers, crying out against the bunnias or flour-sellers, who not only gave their customers short weight, but adulterated the flour so abominably with sand, that cakes made of it were utterly uneatable. The Colonel determined to punish the cheats; and this is how he did it. 'I told,' says he, 'some reliable men of my escort to go quietly into the bazaars, and each buy flour at a separate shop, being careful to note whose shop it was. The flour was brought to me. I tasted every sample, and found it full of sand as I tested it under my teeth. I then desired all the persons named in my list to be sent to me, with their baskets of flour, their weights and scales. Shortly afterwards they arrived, evidently suspecting nothing, and were placed in a row on the grass before my tent. "Now," said I gravely, "each of you is to weigh out a seer [two pounds] of your flour;" which was done.

"Is it for the pilgrims?" asked one.

"No," said I quietly, though I had much difficulty to keep my countenance. "You must eat it yourselves."

"They saw that I was in earnest, and offered to pay any fine I imposed.

"Not so," I returned; "you have made many eat your flour; why should you object to eat it yourselves?"

'They were horribly frightened; and amid the screams of laughter and jeers of the by-standers, some of them actually began to eat, sputtering out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon;' and so, with a severe admonition, they were let off. No more was heard of the bad flour.

It is a pity adulterators at home cannot be served in the same way; pure food would be the rule, if the concocters and vendors of vile make-believes were liable to compulsory consumption of their own wares.

Sir John McNeill, a shrewd Scotch diplomatist, gained the repute of being the only European who ever got the better of a dervish. During the New-year festival, the Persian religious mendicants ply their vocation most vigorously, not merely asking for alms, but demanding such sums as they deem proper, according to the rank of the giver. A dervish tried to extract an extravagant tribute from Sir John, and the ambassador proving obstinate, proceeded to 'sit upon him;' that is to say, he established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study windows, and relieved his feelings by making a hideous hullabaloo day and night. The diplomatist was inclined to make short work of the nuisance, but was warned that violent measures would be dangerous.

'Get rid of him if you can,' said his Persian advisers; 'but do not touch him.'

Sir John sent for a bricklayer, and gave the order: 'Build a wall round that howling beggar in my garden, and then roof it in.'

The dervish looked on composure while the wall slowly rose round him, and made more noise than before; but when the roofing process commenced, and he awoke to the knowledge that it was really intended to entomb him alive, he clambered over the wall, and rushed away like a madman, never to trouble McNeill again.

At the opening of the electioneering campaign that resulted in Abraham Lincoln's elevation to the Presidency of the United States, the Hon. W. L. Yancey, then on his way to the Baltimore Convention, accepted an invitation to address the electors at an agricultural fair in a small town. The Baltimore newspapers determined to furnish their readers with verbatim reports of Mr Yancey's speech, and five reporters left that city together by the morning train for a junction station, where they hoped to catch another train bound for the fair-ground. As they travelled along they entered into an agreement not to take any unfair advantage of one another, no matter what opportunity for doing so might present itself. They arrived at the junction too late for the connecting train, and were in a difficulty as to getting over the intervening half-dozen miles of country. They went prospecting, four thin scribes hurrying in advance of a veritable Falstaff. At last they espied an old-fashioned wagon drawn by a lean horse, and in a very few minutes the treacherous four were ensconced in the vehicle, filling it completely. In vain did the man of fat remind them of their agreement; his expostulations were received with derision, and the driver ordered to start. The cheated reporter appealed to the countryman, offering to give five dollars for a

seat on the dashboard. The offer was accepted, and the man slipped down to help him up.

'Stop!' whispered he; 'I'll buy your horse for twenty-five dollars, cash down.'

'Done!' said the man; and the dollars were handed over.

'Now,' said the new owner of the horse, 'take him out of the traces, and help me on his back.'

It was done; and horse and rider were soon lost to view. Next day, only one Baltimore paper contained a full report of the spechifying at the fair; and four belated journalists had a bad time of it with their respective editors.

An Illinois sheriff was noted for his activity in looking up unlicensed peddlers. Taking his walk abroad one day, he came across an old fellow whom he at once concluded was an illegal trader, and inquired if he had got anything to sell.

'Hev I got anything to sell, squire?' was the response. 'Guess, I hev got blackin' that'll make them old cowhide boots o' yours shine so't you can shave in 'em. Got razors tew, an article you want, I should say, by the looks o' your beard. Got Balm o' Klumby tew, only a dollar a bottle, good for the ha'r, and assistin' poor human natur.'

The sheriff bought a bottle of Balm of Columbia, and then desired to see the Yankee's license for peddling. The document was produced, examined, pronounced genuine, and handed back to its owner.

Then said the disappointed official: 'I don't know now that I care about this stuff; what will you give for it?'

'Waal,' answered the pedler, 'I don't want it, squire; but seein' it's you, I'll give you thirty-seven cents for it.'

The sheriff passed him the bottle and pocketed the money; when the pedler said: 'I say, I guess I hev suthing to ask you now. Hev you got a pedler's license about you?'

'No,' said the sheriff; 'I haven't any use for one myself.'

'Waal, I guess we'll see about that pretty soon,' replied the Yankee. 'Ef I understand the law, sheriff, it's a clear case that you've been trading and peddling Balm o' Klumby on the highway, and I shall inform on you.' Thus he turned the tables; and the sheriff was duly fined for peddling without a license.

In the States, however it may be elsewhere, it is risky business to entrap people into breaking the law. A Mr Greenwood, a zealous enemy of the liquor traffic, lately employed two men to buy beer on Sunday in a town in New Jersey, that he might prosecute those who supplied them; but the liquor-dealers indicted him and his detectives for conspiring to induce the violation of the law; and all three were convicted, Mr Greenwood thereby losing his rights of citizenship.

Some sixty years ago, a certain Yorkshire living was held by a company-loving parson much in request at marriage merry-makings, whose clerk was equally welcome at christening tea-fights. These two worthies contrived to fall out; so it came to pass that when the clerk was due at a tea-party, he found himself obliged to forego the anticipated muffin-feast, by reason of the parson requiring his attendance. He bore the disappoint-

ment with tolerably good grace, hoping for an opportunity for retaliation. It was not long coming. One Sunday morning, advised that the clergyman was going to dine with a newly-wedded pair, instead of giving out only part of the hundred and nineteenth psalm, the wicked fellow said: 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the hundred and nineteenth psalm—all on't.' Before his victim was well aware of the treat in store, the musicians were fairly on their way, resolved to go through their task, come what might. It was weary work; but they bravely persevered; sometimes only one instrument accompanying a single voice was to be heard; but singers and players were determined to do their duty, and held on somehow to the end; and the parson had to dine at home, inwardly confessing the tables had fairly been turned upon him.

The Rev. Dr Macleod, father of Dr Norman Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the doors of a new church he was about to open, was stopped by an elderly man with: 'Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you.' Asked if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience.

'Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, Duncan,' said the good-natured minister, 'I will hear what it is.'

'Well, doctor,' said Duncan, 'the recent man this. Ye see the clock yonder on the new church have no lack there is really no clock there, only the lectures and there is no truth there, only once in, as are local, and in my mind that is wrong, ver Agriculture quite against the conscience that this are also on a lie on the face of the house of the I, therefore.'

The doctor promised to consider the matter. 'But,' said he, 'I'm glad to see ye looking so well, man. Ye're not young. I remember you for many years; but you have a fine head of hair still.'

'Eh, doctor!' exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan, 'now ye're joking; it's long since I had my hair.'

Dr Macleod looked shocked, and answered in a tone of reproach: 'O Duncan, Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?' He heard no more of the lie on the face of the church.

A well-merited repartee was dealt by a smart midshipman to the daughter of a K.C.B. at a ball given by the latter to the naval officers on the North Pacific station. The middy was bold enough to ask the young lady to accept him for her partner.

'Oh, dear no,' said the supercilious beauty. 'Ma never allows me to dance with midshipmen!' Somebody let her know the middy was a lord, and she repented, and by-and-by reminded him he was engaged to her for the next dance.

The youngster, however, was not so easily to be mollified, and remembering the lady had native blood in her veins, smilingly replied: 'Oh, dear no! Ma never allows me to dance with squaws!'

Said one play-going young fellow to another: 'I was at the Gaiety last night for the sixteenth time, and took a look round the pit to see if you were there.' But nowadays disconcerted by the insinuation, the subject of his 'chaff' retorted: 'What! Been so many times to the Gaiety, and

not know that you can't see the pit from the gallery ?'

Said a young Belgian attaché, vexed at being transferred from London to Washington: 'At all events, I shall speak no English in Washington. I learned it in London, and don't intend to spoil my accent.'

The remark travelled. At a Washington reception, a friend of the attaché asked an American belle to allow him to introduce the embryo diplomatist to her. 'I could not think of such a thing,' was the merry response. 'I learned my French in Paris, and cannot risk spoiling my accent by talking with a Belgian.'

The attaché was fairly paid in his own coin.

So was the Parisian dame who answering a wet-footed visitor's request for the loan of a pair of slippers, by saying: 'Certainly, my dear, if you think mine will fit you,' received the clever rejoinder: 'I daresay they will, dear, if you tell your maid to put a cork sole inside them.'

'You have given me Scotch whisky; I asked for Irish,' complained a hurried imbibor.

'Never mind,' said the publican; 'fancy it's Irish.'

The man drank up the liquor and made for the door.

'Stop!' cried Boniface; 'you haven't paid me.'

'Never mind; fancy I have!' said his customer, and away he went.

CIVILISATION IN POLYNESIA.

THE Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, seem from all accounts to be advancing not only in material prosperity but in the arts of civilised life. Mrs Brassey, it will be recollected, says some kind things of these islands, which bask in an atmospheric paradise, but with the customary drawback of such paradises—an exuberant profusion of insect life. Mr W. M. Gibson, the American-born representative of Lahaina in the legislative assembly of the Sandwich Islands, while taking a holiday lately in the United States, embraced the opportunity of making his American friends acquainted with the charms of the land of his adoption—formerly a nest of savages, transformed into the well-ordered kingdom of a cultured monarch, with an enlightened legislature, and a loyal and law-abiding people.

Naturally enough, Mr Gibson paints the Assembly of which he is a prominent and popular member, in somewhat flattering colours; but if the picture he draws is a reasonably true one, the Sandwich Islanders rejoice in a parliament which puts some of its older sisters to shame. Numbering but thirty-two members, of whom thirteen are white men, it does not, as such small assemblies are wont to do, waste its energies in party conflicts bringing about continual changes in the executive government. The legislators of Hawaii know their duty to their constituents better. Although the native element predominates so far as voting strength goes, the business of the House is virtually controlled by the white members,

the majority readily deferring to their views upon all matters wherein they think them likely to be the best informed; and their trustfulness is not abused. 'There is no chicanery, no serving of petty ends, only appeals to judgment and patriotism,' all working together harmoniously for the common weal.

Only seven per thousand islanders are unable to read and write, thanks to the abundance of excellent schools. English is the standard language, although the laws are printed both in English and Hawaiian. The latter, says our authority, will eventually die out. The Hawaiians, we are told, are a very musical people. King Kalakaua is not only a fine pianist but a composer as well; and his sister, the Princess Lydia, is quite famous as a composer. After this it is not astonishing to hear that as regards social culture Honolulu, is precisely like the best part of Boston or Philadelphia.

No longer 'remote from all that science traces, art invents, or inspiration teaches,' the Sandwich Islanders are well posted in what is going on in Europe and America. It would be difficult to find a head of a Kanaka family who is not a diligent newspaper reader; many, not content with perusing one or more of the four journals printed in their own language, take in several English papers and American magazines. Says Mr Gibson: 'I would take a hundred labouring Kanakas and let them be brought in competition with a hundred farm-labourers from any state in the Union, and feel certain that in point of general information my hundred Kanakas would surpass your American farm-labourers.'

It were indeed to be deplored if a race that has taken so kindly to civilisation should be fated to die out. It is therefore gratifying to learn that the latest population returns indicate that the decay of the native race has been arrested; a decay Mr Gibson ascribes to the practice of infanticide, which was once so common that it was neither concealed nor punished. Thanks to religious and educational influences, the Hawaiian matrons are beginning to feel a horror of the barbarous customs of the past, and there is consequently 'a turn in the tide of life of the Polynesian people.'

Another blot on the fair picture of this lovely land is leprosy or the Chinese disease, as it is called from those who introduced it. Attempts are being made to prevent the further spread of this terrible pest by isolating the lepers at Molokai, and the legislature has appropriated no less than seventeen thousand pounds to that end. This horrible disease, once contracted, defies all remedies. Ten or even twenty years may elapse before it results in death, but the end is inevitable. It is almost wholly confined to the brown race. Among six hundred and ninety lepers, only two whites were found; one hailing from Cheshire, the other from New York; 'and they were filthy depraved persons who had lived on most intimate intercourse with leprous people. The disease is not communicated by any such contagion as decent people are likely to be subjected to.'

The ambition of the Hawaiians is to make their islands an entrepôt for the commerce of the Pacific.

They have a line of steamers bringing them within seven days of San Francisco; they are laying a telegraph cable along their archipelago, as something towards a contemplated line to that port, and with an eye to the ultimate federation of the Polynesian Islands; for much as they admire England and the United States, they have no desire to relinquish their independence for the sake of the protection of either power.

In summing up the charms of these favoured islands, Mr Gibson says: 'In all my travels—which have extended pretty well over the globe—I have never found anywhere else so uniform and bland a climate or a more productive soil. Our temperature runs from fifty to sixty degrees in the morning and evening, to seventy and eighty degrees at noon. I have never known it to go below fifty-four or above eighty-six degrees. It is only semi-tropical, and there is no such climate anywhere for arresting the decay of the vital forces. The white man's energy does not diminish there. I think too the Sandwich Islands is the only place where you hear no cry of hard times. With us, capital is competing for labour, not labour seeking employment from capital. Good farm-hands readily command from fifteen to twenty dollars per month, with board. All sorts of mechanics are sure of employment at very remunerative wages, and living is cheap. Any man who has the energy to come that distance is certain of doing well. If he has anything in him, he will not be allowed to remain idle. When I went there, I had no means; but I started the growing of a grain-crop on the island which is still my home, where agriculture even in its simplest forms was unknown before; and the first year made eleven hundred dollars. Then I got some sheep, and introduced the Bermuda grass, invaluable for grazing purposes. Now, I have fifty thousand sheep, and the island will support as many more. We find a good market for the wool in Australia and Canada. I have done well in the Sandwich Islands, and any man who will apply himself to the endeavour can do likewise.'

LOST PROPERTY DEPARTMENT.

From a correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* we glean the following curious facts. He says: 'Most Londoners have heard of the Lost Property Department at the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police in Scotland Yard; but very few are aware of the magnitude of the transactions carried on there; and the report recently published in one of the daily newspapers of a visit to this museum of forgetfulness must have been a startling revelation even to the most ardent believer in the vastness of the Great City. It seems that on an average, one hundred articles are received there every day from cabmen whose honesty is sufficiently active to induce them to comply with that stipulation in their license which requires them to convey to the nearest police station any stray goods or chattels found in their vehicles. Not that virtue is left to be altogether its own reward; for if the property be claimed, the owner has to pay two shillings and sixpence, or three shillings in the pound, which is handed over to the law-abiding coachman; and if no satisfactory application be made within three months, caddy becomes the legitimate possessor

of the "treasure-trove." It is said that the men as a rule, prefer to receive the reward rather than the article itself. And certainly, when it came to be the fourth umbrella or walking-stick or the third pair of spectacles, a smart young cabman might be excused for murmuring at the monotony of chance. But when it is a case of five hundred pounds in bank-notes, six hundred pounds-worth of watches, four hundred and seventy-six American gold eagles, or four thousand pounds in valuable securities, the requisite three months must seem to be a very long time to wait for a careless owner to put in an appearance. If the value of the property exceed ten pounds, the reward takes the shape of a lump sum fixed by the Commissioners of Police, in accordance with the particular circumstances of the case, and in a few instances ranging as high as one hundred pounds. Within the last twelve months, cabmen who are now plying for hire have received amounts in this way of twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred pounds.

'Some of the stories of forgetfulness thus brought to light are as curious as they are amusing. A hairdresser leaves behind him a bag containing all the materials of a modern *coiffure* and all the implements of his craft. A merchant forgets his cheque-book, a traveller his portmanteau, an invalid his box of pills, an actress her diamonds. Umbrellas, spectacles, opera-glasses, walking-sticks, muffs, pipes, even boots, all find their way to the Lost Property Department. Little wonder is it then that the total value of the "floatsam and jetsam" of this great sea of traffic was estimated last year to amount to fourteen thousand pounds.

'WHEN ROSES ARE BLOOMING.'

A MAIDEN sat musing her bower within;
The roses were blooming, cream-white, crimson-red;
The maiden was young, and the maiden was fair,
And strange from such lips were the words that she said:

'Though lovers may woo me,
I ne'er will be won;
In vain shall they sue me;
Of love I'll have none.'

Now Cupid was lingering the bower within;
The roses were blooming, cream-white, crimson-red;
And slyly he smiled as he handled his bow,
And swore that a maiden so fair should be wed.

Soon a youth came awooing,
Both gentle and brave;
'Thou hast been my undoing;
Then, love, thou must save.'

Why trembles that maiden so proudly serene?
The roses were blooming, cream-white, crimson-red;
Why that flush on her cheek, and that quivering lip?
Why stands she so silent, with sly drooping head?

'Though lovers should woo me,
I vowed to be free;
But too well dost thou sue me;
I yield me to thee.'

GLIS.

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EMS AND ITS SUMMER VISITORS.

NEARLY every one nowadays has been to Ems, that pretty little German spa, so celebrated some years back for its gaming-tables, and now for its hot and cold mineral waters, and for having been, till within the last troublous year or two, a favourite summer resort of continental royalty. It seems needless to describe a place so universally known; yet, for the few who have passed their lives quietly at home and who do not know Ems, we would say a few words descriptive of its beauties. It is situated in the duchy of Nassau, in the valley of the Lahn. The village, which is long and straggling, lies on the banks of the river Lahn; precipitous rocks ascend behind the houses on one side, and these again are backed up by pine-covered hills; while on the opposite bank of the river, tall hills arise, clothed with trees from their summit down almost to the water's edge. Beautiful villas stud the foreground; and all along the river are pleasure-grounds and shady walks beneath aëcia and walnut trees.

Many English people go there as early as May, in order to avoid the extreme heat and the crowded season, which is June and July. The heat then is undoubtedly oppressive; but the cool air of the early morning is always inviting for exercise; and one can during the day find shade and repose in the spacious lofty reading-rooms of the *Kursaal*. The Act which after 1872 made gaming-tables unlawful, met with much approbation from the residents at Ems. Though to them the gaming-season was a golden harvest, the town being so crowded that the meanest lodging commanded a fabulous price, the winning gamblers recklessly spending their money in the purchase of jewels, dress, or anything they fancied for the time, and for which the merchants never failed to demand and receive large prices; yet we have frequently heard them declare they preferred to forego their gains, than have the place overrun by gamblers.

During the summer we spent, several years ago, at Ems, while at breakfast every morning at the

Vier Zeitung Hotel, the tall figure of the Russian Emperor strode past the window on his way to drink at the *kranken Brunnen* in the *Kurhaus*. He went quite unattended, save for the companionship of a large black retriever, of which he was very fond. To see him casually, one might think there were no Nihilists to be feared, that his life was easy and secure; but on a closer observation, if ever a face expressed 'Uneasy is the head that wears a crown,' that face is the Emperor Alexander's. There is something inexpressibly interesting about him. He is a noble-looking man, with the air of a sovereign; but his weary careworn expression could not fail to excite the warmest sympathy. Although going about Ems with such apparent confidence and security, the town was full of Russian detectives in plain clothes, keeping watch in every direction over the safety of their monarch. Notwithstanding their vigilance, however, some ill-disposed person struck the Emperor's pet black retriever a blow across the back, almost killing the poor animal; and for many days after this cowardly act he was unable to accompany his master in his morning walks.

There could be no greater contrast than that which the German Emperor presented to his nephew of Russia. Always going about amongst the people, jovial, good-humoured, and full of gay spirits, his subjects actually idolised the very ground he trod on. Wherever you saw the old gentleman walking along, with seldom more than one attendant, you saw every one start up to salute him, as if the sight was new, and with the warmth of their hearts beaming in their eyes; while he kept shaking his stick at them, requesting them to 'sit down; put on your hats; sit down.'

We well remember the first time we saw the German Emperor. Returning one day from a walk, we observed a crowd of people in the promenade, standing at a short distance from, and watching an elderly gentleman talking to a very pretty girl. The girl kept courtesying backwards, retreating a step each time. The Emperor William—for he it was—followed her up, making-

believe to bore a hole at her with his walking-stick. The whole scene had a most ludicrous effect, but was highly characteristic, and indicative of the friendliness that existed between him and his people.

Another day, a large party of schoolboys, headed by their master, arrived at Ems to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and drinking the waters, they came trooping along the covered colomade which forms one side of the Restaurant Gardens, and which is itself lined with stalls belonging to the larger shops in the town. The Emperor walking quietly along in the opposite direction, accosted the foremost boys, saying: 'What brought you here, my lads?'

'We came to spend a holiday and to see the Emperor,' promptly replied their spokesman.

'To see the Emperor! Then have a good look at him!' rejoined the monarch, turning himself round back and front. 'I am the Emperor!' And forthwith he took the delighted boys to a book-stall close by, and presented each of them with a photograph of himself.

One morning there was considerable excitement at the *Vier Zeitung*, waiters rushing in all directions, and Herr Huyn our little host looking fussy and all-important. We inquired the cause, and were told that the Emperor was expected in the afternoon to call upon some ladies of high rank who were staying at the hotel. A huge roll of new carpet which had just been brought in was to be laid down on the grand staircase, and flowers were to be scattered in profusion everywhere. All the forenoon poor little Herr Huyn was in a pitiable state. He did not like to lay down his beautiful carpet, and have its freshness sullied by the numerous feet passing continually up and down the grand staircase; and yet he was in a considerable fright lest he might not have all ready in time when the Emperor should be seen approaching. Waiters acting as scouts were continually running in and out and peering up and down the street. It was a never-ending refrain of, 'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?' At last a horror-stricken waiter came rushing from the corridor above us, exclaiming: 'The Emperor is here! He is at this moment in the *salon* of Madame la Princesse!'

Herr Huyn stood aghast. 'How did he get there? When did he come?'

Alas! it was discovered that the Emperor coming quietly and unattended, had turned in at the entry to the baths, gone up an uncarpeted back staircase leading from the court, inquired his way from the astonished servant to the Princess's rooms, and so stolen a march on our poor crestfallen little host.

There was nothing now to be done but carry carpet and flowers round to the back staircase, and spread the one and scatter the others as rapidly as possible. This done, Herr Huyn kept guard at the foot of the stairs, still uneasy lest, through a combination of untoward circumstances, the Emperor might now make his exit by the front entrance, and so, after all, never know of the preparations made to do him honour. However, at last he was heard approaching, accompanied by the Princess. At once noticing the change, he inquired: 'For whom has all this trouble been gone to?'

'For you, sire!' returned little Herr Huyn reverently.

'Alas!' said the Emperor, 'it is a pity to leave such lovely flowers to be trodden on by an old man like me.' And stooping, he selected some of the most beautiful, and presented them to the Princess, and then fastened a blossom in his own coat. Such was the graceful acknowledgment he made to Herr Huyn, and by such simple acts did he daily endear himself to his people.

Prince and Princess Frederick-Charles with their daughters came one day to call upon the Emperors; amongst them was our own Duchess of Connaught. We recollect thinking how rude the people were, staring at the royal party as they sat sipping coffee in front of the *Kursaal*, each spoonful being eagerly watched from the time it left the cup until it disappeared down a princely throat. We too might have stared as earnestly, could we have foreseen that the slight graceful girl dressed in the palest shade of lilac, with a gauzy white bonnet, was to be in after-years one of England's daughters. Later in the afternoon they met the Emperor Alexander in the promenade; and after the interview, at which all Ems assisted at a distance, the Czar remained sitting alone on the *banquette* where he had been conversing with the Princess Frederick-Charles. Presently, out of the crowd and contrary to all etiquette came an old man, dressed very peculiarly in drab clothes, with knee-breeches and gaiters, a large muffler concealing much of his face, blue spectacles, and a broad-brimmed hat. He walked deliberately on until he came opposite to the Czar, stopped within a yard or less in front of His Majesty, and began thoroughly scrutinising him. He then went from side to side, looking at him from every aspect. The Emperor never moved a muscle. The crowd did not know whether to laugh or be indignant. Presently the old man moved off; but before going many paces, he returned, apparently not yet satisfied; and after again taking a side-view of the Czar, he actually walked round on the grass close behind him, and remained gazing at his back for more than a minute. Yet the Emperor never flinched, or made the least sign that shewed he was aware of his presence. And yet how unpleasant the position. The man might have been an assassin, his very peculiar dress simply a disguise. More daring attempts on life have been often made; for instance the shameful outrage which occurred in the Winter Gardens of St Petersburg so short a time since; and at all events, even to an ordinary individual it could not fail to give a disagreeable creeping sensation in the spinal marrow to feel that some one with unknown intentions was closely contemplating their back. However, curiosity appeared to have been the motive that prompted this old fellow's extraordinary behaviour; for having gazed his fill, he walked off, every now and then turning to take a parting look.

Never shall we forget the smile of mingled relief and amusement that overspread the Emperor's features as he turned to the people, who had been silent yet anxious spectators of the scene.

Many are the interesting and celebrated characters besides royalty to be met with at Ems. In a walk through that gay promenade, if you are fortunate enough to be with some intelligent foreigner, he will point out to you celebrities of all kinds, such as Herr Krupp, tall, stately, with his high forehead and intellectual face; the

rugged old commander-in-chief of the Cossacks, and his wild unkempt-looking son, whose names, celebrated though they be in the annals of Russian warfare, we could not attempt to pronounce, much less to spell; and the last new singer, come for rest, and to prove the virtue supposed to be possessed by the waters of Enns for strengthening the throat and chest. Every evening at the *Vier Zeitung* we used to enjoy the most delicious music from some Parisian Opera singers who were staying there. One in particular, a Madame C—, though rather *passé* as to her voice, afforded us much amusement. She was most anxious to make a youthful appearance, and her complexion was in itself a miracle of art; while she wore her hair, a lovely golden colour, in the most juvenile fashion, with a number of small ringlets across her forehead. One night at the theatre she was amongst the audience, when feeling the heat oppressive, she removed her veil. In doing so alas! the band of golden curls became entangled, and was removed also, exposing to view some coarse and grizzled hair; while to every one's infinite amusement, the yellow locks dangled for the rest of the evening on her shoulder; and she, unconscious, coquetted away with her cavalier—who was too polite to tell her—as if she had been a beautiful girl of sixteen.

Every one who goes abroad of course enjoys himself after his own fashion, and it is presumptuous in one to dictate to another; but one cannot help being struck with the fact all the same, that the English lose half the benefit of the complete change of ideas they might otherwise enjoy, if they could for the time leave behind them some of their intense insular respectability; and when they go to Rome, do as Rome does. They like to go to the hotels frequented by the English, because they think them more respectable, and because perhaps they get a few more of the luxuries they are used to at home; and no one can help remarking the sort of wet-blanket with which a number of English will envelop the *table-d'hôte* of an hotel mostly occupied by foreigners. During the meal, every one is dreadfully well-behaved, a few little commonplace platitudes only being exchanged; but when the English get up and retire, which they usually do with one accord, it is as if school-hour was over, tongues are loosed, and gaiety and merriment are the order of the day. At such places as Enns and the various bathing-springs abroad, acquaintances are easily formed. Even if they are not always unexceptionable, they serve to pass the time; and when you leave, you are not likely ever to meet your friends of the summer again. But even in this the English are so guarded, that they spoil their own enjoyment. We remember walking one evening with an English lady of large means and good position; a gentleman raised his hat to us.

'Who is that?' she inquired.

'Count L—,' we replied. 'He is a Russian, and attached to the Emperor's suite.'

'O dear, how provoking!' was her comment. 'I dropped my handkerchief the other day, and he stepped forward and picked it up, as it had fallen where I could not reach it. Next morning, when I met him, he raised his hat; but of course I looked another way, as we had not been introduced. I never dreamt he was Count L—.'

It seemed to us that our countrypeople were

always complaining of the dullness of Enns. We did not find it so. Our corner at the *table-d'hôte*, where the same party always met, was the gayest of those long tables. Flowers and fruit were every day found beside our breakfast-plate, the graceful morning gifts of our numerous foreign friends. Expeditions on foot, on mule-back or in carriages, were frequently on the *tapis*, and the evenings we shall always remember with pleasure. When unoccupied by theatre or opera or the amusing dances in the *Kursaal*, the walks through the perfumed gardens, often alight with fire-flies, the band playing soft music, the balmy air of the sweet summer night, a pleasant companion, and a desire to enjoy, without grumbling, the good gifts of this life as they came, made in all a combination so pleasant as not to be easily forgotten.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AT HOLLOW OAK STATION.

It was dark when Hugh Ashton, stepping from the second-class carriage in which he had travelled from London, alighted on the low brick platform of Hollow Oak Station. Only two or three other passengers got out there, and they were apparently natives of the place; for the porters in attendance greeted them with a growl and a nod, such as in agricultural districts pass current as a polite form of salutation to an acquaintance. But they looked at Hugh with some curiosity, as if marvelling who he might be; and when the steam whistle had sounded, and the train jarred and jolted itself again into motion, like some slow-moving stream of sluggish lava on a mountain side, the most intelligent of them touched his cap slightly, saying: 'Going anywhere, sir, near here?'

'No,' answered Hugh, smiling. 'I am going to stay where I am. You, I suppose, are the head-porter, and I daresay are in charge of the keys?'

'Our new station-master, sir? I thought as much,' said the man civilly, and again touching his official cap in recognition of his superior. 'I've got the keys handy, sir; and if you'll just stop across'—

Under the porter's guidance, Hugh crossed the rails, and gained the little wooden platform, screened by the buildings of the station, which corresponded to the little brick platform on the down side. There was a sleepy air about the tiny booking-office, and the tinier waiting-room, and the very clock ticked drowsily, as if its constitution, town-made article though it was, had been affected by the somnolent influences of the place.

The station-master's house, of red brick, like the rest of the buildings, stood a little apart from the business part of the premises, and was trim and in good repair, as such edifices, the property of a wealthy Company, usually are. A creeper, the leafless tendrils of which looked withered and bare, but which waited for the touch of the vernal sun to put forth leaf and bud again, had been carefully trained over the front. The head-porter unlocked the door, and acted as cicerone in exhibiting the four rooms and a kitchen of which the tenement consisted. There

was furniture, of the sort that is put in by contract, and calculated, very properly, to be durable rather than ornamental. There were coals, and there were lamps, gas being, at Hollow Oak, a non-existent source of illumination. The porter bustled about to trim and light a lamp, and to kindle a fire in the chilled parlour grate.

'Mrs Waite—Mother Waite we call her, mostly—the old woman who did the work for the last station-master, who happened to be unmarried—I suppose like yourself, sir—lives hard by, at this end of the village. A respectable, tidy old soul she is, if you'd like me to give her a call in?'

Hugh thanked the man, who seemed to be a good specimen of the railway servant on his promotion, and expressed himself as willing to retain the services of the tidy Mrs Waite.

'I feel new and strange here,' he said. 'And a ship's deck has been more familiar to me, hitherto, than the plank platform of a railway station. Is there anything I ought to do, as a matter of duty, to-night?'

'Nothing worth mentioning, sir,' the porter said. 'It might be as well, for the sake of practice, to look out, and see all clear, when the night express goes by—and so with the up-mail. Never mind the heavy train at 9.45. I'll attend to that, as I have done this fortnight past, since Mr Weeks left. And then there's the locking-up. And that will be about all. But, since it's late, and there's nothing ready in the house, perhaps your best way, sir, would be to get a bit of supper at the *Beville Arms*.'

Hugh could not repress a slight start at the mention of the name. 'Why, *Beville Arms*?', he asked, in a tone of assumed carelessness.

'On account of my lord, sir,' returned the porter, with some surprise. 'I forgot,' he added, 'you were a stranger here. I mean my Lord Penrith. Most about here belongs to him, and you can see his grand house, Alfringham, on a clear day, from the ridge a mile off from where we stand. That's why it's the *Beville Arms*, sir.'

Hugh made no further remark, but quietly proceeded to take the porter's sensible advice, hiring the experienced Mrs Waite to undertake the charge of his modest housekeeping, ordering the inevitable mutton-chop and potatoes, which the neat public-house of the hamlet—over the door of which creaked the signboard painted with the Beville coat-of-arms—was competent to supply, and presently addressed himself to acquiring by examination of the printed rules and time-tables some knowledge of the duties that devolved upon him in his new capacity.

'How strange,' muttered Hugh to himself, when at length he laid his head upon the pillow of the make-shift bed which tidy Dame Waite had hastily prepared for him—'how strange that, of all places in the world, the hand of Fate should have led me *here*! The name of Hollow Oak Station at first suggested nothing to my memory or to my fancy. But Alfringham? Surely it cannot be for nothing that Mr Dicker's good-nature has consigned me to this out-of-the-way spot. Surely there must be something more than mere coincidence in the fact that I, of all men living, have been suddenly transferred to this place, of all places in the south of England. I feel as though I were groping and stumbling through darkness along a rugged road, and yet

with a vague confidence that I should reach the goal at last.'

By the first gleam of the cold gray winter's dawn, Hugh Ashton, an early riser always, as sailors and colonists commonly are, was astir. The station, when he emerged from his own little solitary dwelling, and stood alone on the platform, looked ghostly and cheerless enough; and yet, as the wintry sun struggled through the broken clouds, he could see that in summer at least the place must be lacking in few of the elements of silvan beauty. Even the deep cutting within sight had its steep banks thickly planted—perhaps through the care of some floricultural station-master departed—with rhododendrons, that in due season must carpet the slopes with gay colour. The country around was broken and undulating, and studded here and there with dark copses of holly and ash, or with clumps of fine trees—relics, it may be, of the primeval forest that Canute first, and William after, enlarged and meted out as a Royal Chase.

'I am glad, for more reasons than one, that I am here,' said Hugh to himself. 'My station would have pleased me less had it been among the fat pastures of Leicestershire, or perhaps among the bulrushes and endless windmills of the fen country in the far east.'

It was not, to all appearance, a very bustling career which lay before Hugh Ashton at Hollow Oak. Edmunds, the civil head-porter, who, as a native of the village, though a travelled one, felt bound to say a good word for the borders of the New Forest and all things thereunto appertaining, described the work to be done at Hugh's new station as easy in the extreme. 'Business hereabouts is slack,' he said, apologetically for the quiet that prevailed. 'But in truth, sir, there's never much of it. No mineral traffic, no manufactures, you see. A timber-train now and then, going to some dockyard, or a cattle-train bound for London, we may have; but that's about all.'

Everything was neat and orderly, on a small scale, at Hollow Oak. A slim stripling in uniform sat in his narrow den, full of coils of copper wire, and clock-faces marked with cabalistic characters, and all the miscellaneous properties of a telegraph office, listening, so it seemed, as necromancers of old hearkened to the whisperings of some familiar demon, to the sharp click, click of the mystic little needles that trembled ever, stirred by the unseen subtle influence many a mile away. The porters went about their duty as demurely as though their business had lain in the starting—every axle tapped, and every flange examined—of the 'Flying Scotchman' or the 'Wild Irishman' on its rush of rocket-like swiftness, with a cargo of valuable lives, to Holyhead or Edinburgh. The ticket-clerk was but a boy, but sedate and smart; and the only confessed loungee was the green-coated railway policeman, who seemed to have nothing to do but to brighten his buttons and tighten his belt.

There was, after all, a queer resemblance between a station and a ship, which, after a little while, suggested itself to Hugh Ashton, and tended to reconcile him to his new duties. There was for the station-master the same round of routine cares, the same sense of daily and hourly responsibility, that there is for the captain. The

work might be a trifle more mechanical, the nerves were not braced by the sharp but wholesome tonic of sea-danger; but the similarity seemed to Hugh beyond dispute. He had his watches now to keep, on account of the night-trains, as he had done many a time at sea. He had even his own deck to walk, in the shape of a boarded platform which, however, was neither tight enough nor clean enough, through constant hystolysing and the free use of broom and mop, to please a sailor's eye.

'He'll be a good station-master—better by long chalks than old Weeks—but somehow those sea-faring chaps can turn their hands to most trades,' said Edmunds the porter, in the taproom of the *Beville Arms*. And here it may be noted that Edmunds, though a good head-porter, and hopeful of promotion, never expected to take such a leap up the ladder of advancement as to become in his own person a station-master. Such functionaries are commissioned officers in the Railway army; whereas porters are likely to rise no higher than does, in a parallel line of life, some sergeant-major, staff or regimental, who is respected in the service, and fairly well off, but who will rise no more.

There was leisure enough, Hugh found, at Hollow Oak. Highly salaried masters of important stations in great commercial centres might be half distracted by the incessant calls on their attention; but at that haven of repose the commandant of the little garrison of railway servants had time to ride a hobby of his own, be the same butterfly-hunting or pigeon-fancying, gardening or authorship. The country, as has been said, was pretty, and in parts wild, lying as it did on the confines of the New Forest.

'They call us Hollow Oak, Mr Ashton,' said the explanatory Edmunds, glad of a new listener, 'because of the Oak itself, five hundred yards, as the crow flies, from Hollow Oak churchyard, on the crest of the Ridge. There it stands, the grand old tree, a mere shell now; but a goodish lot of people could stand inside. It's been printed about it, has, in many books, and many learned gents come to see it. If it wasn't standing, as I daresay it was, when Julius Cesar came, I'll be sworn it was when Rufus came to die of the arrow. It's been hollow this many a year; but—'

'But what?' asked Hugh, as his informant hesitated.

'They do call it the Haunted Oak, as well,' answered Edmunds, dropping his voice. 'Anyhow, odd sounds are heard, and folks keep clear of it on a dark night.'

'Does not the Ridge, as you call it, on which the Oak stands, overlook the Bullbury Road?' asked Hugh suddenly.

'It does. You've read of it, sir, belike?' replied the porter.

'And is there not a place, between the Ridge and a brook, called—let me see—Caldar Brook—a place called Lambert's Stile?'

'Murder Stile, we always call it now, sir, or also Bloody Stile, ever since one of my Lord Penrith's sons shot the other beside it, five-and-twenty years ago, or more.'

'I have heard the story,' answered Hugh calmly. 'When I have time, I will stroll out and see the place.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.—IN PERIL.

'This, then, must be the place where the fatal deed was done. It has been often in my thoughts—so often, that it is difficult to believe that these eyes of mine behold it for the first time.' So soliloquised Hugh Ashton, as he stood beside a stile giving access to a field across which a foot-path led, in the direction of the wooded Ridge. Behind him was the narrow country road leading, as a moss-grown old finger-post declared, to Bullbury, Mepham, and Greenend. The field through which the path wound was rush-grown pasture-land, shut in by a huge thorny hedge and tall bank overgrown with giant fern. The stile itself was, to look upon, merely an ugly hog-backed stile, of brown oak, with stepping-stones worn with age and use, and which would have been voted an awkward obstacle by even the most intrepid of fox-hunters. Such as it was, Hugh Ashton stood gazing at it long and fixedly.

'Lambert's Stile' said a little crowfoot, who now came past, in answer to an inquiry on Hugh's part. 'Not as I knows on, master. Bloody Stile, this one is.' And the urchin went slowly back from his dinner to his work, without manifesting any inquisitiveness as to Hugh himself, or the motive of his question.

Hugh Ashton drew a deep breath, and surveyed the spot as if resolved to imprint every local detail indelibly upon his memory. 'From behind yonder hedge,' he said, 'tall, and old, and fern-grown, doubtless, even a quarter of a century ago, the fatal shot was fired. There, no doubt, the assassin crouched amid the fern and brambles, awaiting the coming of his victim. I can fancy Marmaduke Beville, wilful, headstrong, careless of danger, advancing along the path without a thought of the violent death that was so near. It was sudden, terribly sudden! I can see the flash of the gun, and see the blue smoke curl upwards from amidst the fern, and the man that fired the shot— Ah! if I could but drag him to justice, in the open light of day, and right the cruel wrong that has endured so long, and wrecked a nobler life than his who died that day!'

There seemed to be a hideous fascination about the ill-omened spot, for it was difficult for Hugh to tear himself away. He did not actually, however, cross the stile or strike into the footpath, but avoided both with an involuntary repugnance that his reason could not conquer. He went on along the Bullbury Road for some distance, until at last he reached a narrow lane, bordered by ragged hedges, which evidently led towards the Ridge. A few minutes of brisk walking brought him to the verge of a belt of woodland, through which a track, available for foot-passengers, led. Hugh struck into this path; and presently emerged upon the very crest of the Ridge itself, a long chain of low hills, wooded yet as to its sides, but on the highest portion of which the trees had fallen beneath the axe, leaving but a tangled mass of shrubs and brushwood, where once the towering elm and spreading beech had lifted their proud heads sunwards.

Hugh took a steady survey of the wintry landscape, new to him, yet by report so strangely familiar! He could have made a shrewd guess at the real names of more than one of the landmarks, unseen before, that met his gaze. That

clump of fir-trees, rising black against the sky, must be Scranney Holt, famous for its fox-earths; and yonder waste Cheam Common, where a battle had taken place between Royalists and Round-heads early in the Civil War. And that grand house, on whose many windows the sun threw a gleam of pale gold, standing amongst hereditary oaks of mighty growth, with its park stretching miles away, and its mass of buildings suggesting the proportions less of a mansion than of a palace, could be no other than stately Alfringham.

Alfringham! Hugh's heart beat high for a moment, and his eyes glistened as he caught the first glimpse of the majestic pile of which he had heard so much, beneath very different skies, and in the midst of a very different vegetation, from those on which he now looked.

'And to think that a word from me would'—Thus much he said; but he did not complete the sentence, and with a cold, proud smile, turned away. He did not throw another glance towards magnificent Alfringham, but rambled on, nearer and nearer to where, like a wall, rose up on the horizon's edge the girdling belt of trees that marked the edge of the Forest. It was a desolate, but in some respects not an uninviting landscape on which he looked. He had turned his back on the fertile vale reaching to Bullbury and far beyond, which formed the most profitable portion of Lord Penrith's estate, and what he saw before him was a wild and picturesque tract, where half-savage herds of ponies cropped the short herbage of some heath; or peat-cutters could be distinguished far away plying their trade beside a swamp, reed-crested; where patches of woodland were frequent, and few indeed the thatched roofs and wreaths of smoke that indicated human abodes.

More and more did the country resemble a wilderness as Hugh Ashton approached the boundary of the Royal Chase. There had fallen on the previous night a sprinkling of snow, which on the upland remained, unthawed by the pale sun, and cracked crisply beneath his feet as he advanced, pushing his way through stunted heather and lofty fern, until, from a neighbouring thicket of underwood, overtopped by three or four old trees that the lopping axe had spared, the smothered sound of voices reached his ear. He pressed on, pushing aside the nut-boughs as he came forward, and burst into a clearing almost entirely shut in by bushes and golden-blossomed gorse, and there beheld an unaccustomed sight. On the ground, its sinewy limbs entangled in a net, lay a noble stag, gasping, and feebly struggling still to rise, while the blood streamed fast from its throat. Over the prostrate animal knelt two swarthy fellows, whose olive skins, long hair, and glittering black eyes left no doubt as to their caste, one of whom was firmly grasping the antlers of the dying stag, while the other held in his hand a curious sort of a knife, with a broad blade and a carved handle. Two others of the tribe who, leaning against the trunk of a scathed wych-elm, were surveying with much interest the proceedings of their brethren, started, as they heard the dry leaves and snow crackle beneath Hugh's step.

'A spy! a spy!' they exclaimed. 'Ware! Ishmael!' And the man with the knife turned his head and saw Hugh Ashton within a few feet of him.

'So much the worse for the Busne, if he's alone!' muttered Ishmael, scrambling up and clutching the knife more firmly.

Hugh took in the situation—none of the pleasantest, it must be admitted—at a glance. The sight of the deer—escaped no doubt from the limits of the Royal Forest, if indeed those boundaries did not include the place on which he stood—lying on the ground, of the gipsy crew around, of the net and the knife, told its own tale. The wanderers had been busy in securing to themselves as dwellers in and near the New Forest were till recently wont to do, an illicit share of those rights of vert and venison which are by statute and common law the exclusive property of the Crown. And there was no mistaking the character of the unfriendly glances which those whom he had disturbed in the course of their poaching transaction threw towards him, the intruder on a region which they probably considered as their own hunting-ground.

'Come, come!' Hugh called out in his clear deep voice; 'I am no keeper, my lads, or ranger, whichever they call it, so I have no wish to interfere with you, unless— Ah, my fine fellow, I can't stand that!' he added, less amicably, as a lithe, long-haired stripling, the youngest of the group, stole round and aimed a blow at Hugh's head with the butt-end of a rusty and short-barrelled gun. And before the young gipsy could repeat the stroke, cleverly eluded, the gun was wrenched from his grasp, and that with a force that sent him staggering into the midst of his friends. Ishmael, who seemed the strongest and most resolute of the party, came forward, knife in hand. The others clutched their heavy sticks. One and all had the aspect of wild-cats brought to bay. A male gipsy, as many of us can avouch, is apt to present a singular example of how a savage nature can be kept in check by the constant presence of a civilisation that it abhors and rejects. He is sometimes sullen, not seldom orientally abject in his attempts to please. He is useful too in a spasmodic way, and will get through a job of work, if mending be required, with a patient deftness that regular European workmen do not equal. But you can never quite trust him, and you never know when the vindictive spirit of his lawless ancestors may make itself felt. These gipsies, caught red-handed beside a slain deer, were desperate.

'There's nothing in the gun!' exclaimed the man who was called Ishmael; 'rush the Gorgio!' And he himself set the example by bounding forward, flourishing his knife. To Hugh, the information that the piece which he had captured was unloaded, was an unwelcome one; but he clubbed the gun, and setting his back against a tree, prepared for the worst. The fiercest, as well as the strongest, of the long-haired crew was plainly Ishmael, who now commenced the attack, brandishing the knife with which he had despatched the deer. But Hugh had had to do with those who trusted to such weapons before that day; and he had Ishmael by the wrist, and had struck the knife out of his hand, before the gipsy could well realise the fact that he had met with more than his match. The others, however, were closing in, and the unequal scuffle could not have been long sustained, had not a weird female form flitted, spectral, from behind the trees, uttering

words in a strange tongue, the sound of which produced an instant effect upon the gipsies, for they suspended their attack as though spell-bound.

Hugh had not much difficulty in recognising his rescuer. It was Ghost Nan, the wild, roving mendicant whom he had seen in Cornwall, and for whom he had hitherto sought in vain—the half-crazed gipsy who had threatened and alarmed Maud Stanhope within rifle-shot of Lady Larpent's gates. She stepped forward now, with the air and bearing of a queen, between Hugh and his scowling assailants.

'Lay not a finger on the Gorgio!' she said. 'Seek not to harm a hair of his head, a shred of his garments, unless ye would have the hand ye lift dry and wither, and the eyes grow dim, and the feet pine and perish and grow feeble and frail, within the stone walls of Dorchester Jail. He is charmed, fools! charmed from hurt or ill, until his allotted task be done! Think ye, but for that, that he would ever have come here?'

The words were strange and fraught with mystic meaning, or a madwoman's frantic fancies, as the listeners chose to take them. There was no doubt as to the impression produced upon the gipsies around. They laid aside their threatening aspect, lowered the bludgeons which had been brandished menacingly enough, and slunk off, one by one, like wolves surprised by the daylight in the outskirts of a town. Hugh remained alone, beside the dead stag, confronting the singular woman who had come between him and his foes.

'I have wished to see you more than once,' said Hugh earnestly, 'dame, since you and I met at Treport. You seemed then to fancy that you knew me.'

'I took you for your father!' answered Ghost Nan, with a grim laugh. 'Once you scared me, young man, but now I know better. You cannot call the dead to life, can you? Even I cannot do that!' she added frantically.

Hugh thought that he saw the gleam of insanity in the haggard eyes that this strange woman fixed upon his face.

'If you can,' resumed the gipsy, after a pause, 'go down to Bloody Stile, where I saw you stand to-day, and try your power! Marnaduke Beville, he that died there, and left the place its evil name, should surely rise, if the dead can rise, at your command. Or perhaps the heavy marble of his tomb, the heavy lead of his coffin, may keep him down, ha, ha! and make him deaf to your voice. I saw the funeral pass down the park at Altringham, a goodly show—and I bethought me of how still and low he lay, on the grass, among the nettles and the kingdom!'

'Woman, you madden me! For heaven's sake, you who know so much, tell me, do you know all? Were you present, or near to the accursed spot, when the foul deed was done? And if so, who was the treacherous villain who contrived to fling the blame of his coward crime upon one innocent, who?—'

'Ha, ha! son of the Red Hand!' interrupted Ghost Nan, with her shrill, ghastly laugh; 'would you fain bring a murderer's neck at last to the hempen cord that has long been waiting? Well—it is your star has drawn you here; and if your star prevail over *his*, the truth may yet be known. Meet me, if you will, beside the

Hollow Oak, at moonrise, on the third night from this.'

'I will not fail,' said Hugh; but already Ghost Nan had glided away, as if she had been a ghost indeed, and was lost among the trees and bushes; while Hugh, with a throbbing heart and busy brain, walked back to the scene of his new duties at the railway station under his charge.

(To be continued.)

EAST-END EXPERIENCES.

WINTER, which has had such a persistent reign this year, has been productive of terrible scenes of pinching cold and destitution in some parts of the east end of the metropolis. The casual wards of the workhouses were every night filled of course to repletion; and despite the severe weather, the number of persons of either sex who were compelled to walk the streets every night in default of a lodging was heart-rending.

Let us see how these people exist with no employment, with everything going out, and nothing coming in. Exist they certainly do by some incomprehensible process. Let us visit one or two of them in the hovels where they reside, merely premising that a decently dressed person is seldom allowed to take such a liberty with them. Being confident, however, that we shall be welcomed, we dive down a narrow court, through the half-open door of a miserable two-storied house, in a locality where, but that we happen to be acquainted with the occupant, we would not care much to venture by day, and in which we certainly would not be found at night. Up-stairs, unannounced we come to the room occupied by Mr King, a short, shrivelled-up old man of sixty-five, but who earns a good deal of money at the wharfs and docks in the summer. Mr King's room is his castle, and from it he carefully excludes such city missionaries or district visitors as care to venture near him, even when he is in the greatest distress. But if anybody knows him at his work, or is say his foreman or 'ganger,' Mr King will open the door to him immediately. Entering, we perceive him squatting on the apology for a bed that lies on the floor beside a scrap of fire, his face resting in his hands; while opposite him, in a backless chair, sits a young gentleman chewing a piece of string, and fancying it is tobacco. We recognise them both, and are saluted with a 'Well, captain!' simultaneously. Mr King's *vis-à-vis* has a name of course, but we never knew it, for he is known only by the *sobriquet* of 'Taters' by everybody. The room is plentifully hung with some rather tattered linen in a dubious state of cleanliness, and this is some 'family washing' which Mr King's wife takes in, and is at present completing, iron in hand. Amidst the steaming linen we take a seat in the backless chair, the oscillatory movements of which we are constantly compelled to steady with our legs, the polite 'Taters' in the meanwhile taking a seat on the bed beside Mr King. Well! how have things been going with him? Oh, very bad indeed! no work, not a stroke for the last

six weeks. Yesterday, all he and the 'old woman' had was half a quarter of bread; and he gave a piece of that to 'Taters,' who had called to beg some, as he had not broken his fast for twenty-four hours.

They have had no breakfast this morning, and it is now ten o'clock, and they were both too faint to go out and look for work. What Mr King now lives upon is what the 'old woman' gets by washing, but there is scarcely any of that to be had; and he should not have been so badly off, only the landlord of the public-house where his 'money club' was held, ran away, and so he lost about four pounds he had saved in the summer.—Then why did he not put his money in the Post-office Savings-bank? Oh, too much humbug and bother about that.—Had he applied to the parish for any relief? Well, he thought we had more sense than to ask him such a question as that. We knew very well that unless he went into the 'house' altogether, all he could get would be a meal of food for himself in return for a task of stone-breaking, but he could bring none of his earnings home. As for 'Taters,' he was a single man, and had no business to come sponging on Mr King; but that was like him, for he always spent his money at the public-house when he had any.—Did Mr King owe any rent? Yes; he owed ever so much, and was besides in debt at the baker's and grocer's nearly two pounds.

Honoured as we were by admittance to Mr King's domicile, we felt constrained to offer him a couple of shillings by way of loan, a sum he would have rejected, had it been offered as a gift by his parish clergyman. Smilingly and with eyes dilated, Mr King takes the coin, and at once hurries off, returning shortly with some bread and cheese, tea and tobacco. The tobacco, singularly enough, is attacked first with wolfish ferocity; and the pair having feasted on the bread, express their conviction that 'the captain is not a bad sort after all.' The meal half-finished, we startle them with the intelligence—which we have purposely till now withheld—that the ship *Gamboola* is going up to dock with forty-five thousand bags to land. Up they start as if struck by an electric shock, and with a 'Good luck to you for the news, captain!' hastily pocket the remainder of the bread and tobacco, and scuttle away down the stairs as fast as their legs can carry them. Left alone with the 'old woman,' we extract from that lady that her husband is stupid, and stands very much in his own light; but that for her part she is not so squeamish, frequently obtaining, unknown to him, tickets for bread and coal from the charitable.

Bad as things were with Mr King, there were a few cases where they were worse—cases of families huddling together in a state of starvation and semi-nudity; but such instances were not numerous, as the poor readily assist each other, and but few deaths occurred during the winter from actual want. Passing along a large thoroughfare one bitterly cold night, we were accosted by a respectable, though shabbily dressed man, who with husky voice implored us to purchase of him a small pocket-knife to enable him to pay for a lodging. He was a professor of languages, and an excellent musician to boot, but had walked the streets three nights consecutively,

picking up by day a crust of bread occasionally from some charitable baker. The knife became our property; and with the purchase we threw in a few hints for his guidance, which we are glad to say proved useful, as when we met him about three weeks afterwards, he informed us that his circumstances had slightly improved.

Along the wide expanse of the Mile End Road we find some large Assembly Halls abutting upon the main thoroughfare, where evangelistic services are constantly held all the year round, interspersed with lectures, magic-lantern exhibitions, and other entertainments likely to interest the masses of the people. The most commodious and useful of these is one erected by the promoters of the Tower Hamlets mission; and here there is every variety of preacher, from the Oxford man down to the converted pugilist. During the severest part of the winter, a gentleman connected with the mission voluntarily distributed some bread to a few who were in need; and in the course of a few days the number of applicants had increased so much, that the hall, capable of accommodating about fifteen hundred people, was transformed into a 'draw,' being filled three evenings every week by a hungry crowd of men, women, and children, each of whom received a large piece of bread and a pint of cocoa; the money to provide which was chiefly supplied by readers of some of the morning papers. Edging our way among the crowd on one or two occasions, we saw that the applicants were unmistakably in need; a great many, however, being those who always are upon the fringe of the labour market, and constantly standing on the brink of starvation. On subsequently questioning a number of poor fellows as to whether they had visited the hall and accepted relief, their reply was invariably in the negative. They were afraid that if they had done so it would have reached the ears of their 'mates,' and they would never have heard the last of it.

Thrifless while labour is plentiful, how can such people be assisted? They abhor the parish, though directly or indirectly they pay rates, and they will not have charitable people prying into their homes with bread-tickets. The method of reaching them is a secret. Over and over again have clergymen and others complained to us that they cannot 'get at' the working classes. Certainly not, for they will not let the working classes 'get' into their drawing-rooms to shock them with their vulgarity. Neither do the working classes wish to intrude there. But if any clergyman in his youth has learned some handicraft trade, and can show them that he can handle a chisel or wheel a truck as well as themselves, he will be received with open arms and more than deference. The working classes hold *laborare est orare* in all its inflexibility, and in their eyes no labour but hand-labour has any value. Your brains may certainly be necessary to guide, arrange, and plan, still they argue that without their handiwork, brains would be at a discount. Hence, when they are in distress, they will not trouble 'brains' to assist them. But from any one who is as competent with the hands as themselves they will gladly receive assistance; and it surely might be possible to arrange on a future emergency that foremen and others who are acquainted with deserving cases should have the means of distrib-

uting a few shillings weekly all round until the bad time be tidied over. The money could readily be found, and—treated by the recipients as a loan to be repaid when better times should come—would be carefully expended; the only difficulty would be in finding a suitable method for its distribution.

So long, however, as thriftlessness during good times rules rampant, and money that ought to be laid aside is squandered in dissipation, so long will want and misery prevail when dull times come. If the working-man could be taught that what he makes while the sun is shining *must*, in part, serve for the exigencies of the rainy day, there would be less of periodical starvation in the country.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF A BOW-STREET OFFICER.

A WELSH ADVENTURE.

AMONG my other experiences of life, it has been my lot to hold the position of sergeant in the metropolitan police force. I was stationed at Bow Street, and was one of a very small number of officers to whom was delegated the duty of attending at those prisons throughout the country where it was necessary to re-apprehend criminals about to be discharged, but against whom warrants were issued from the Home Office on account of them being 'wanted' to answer for other misdeeds. The task, as may be readily imagined, was sometimes one of no small danger; and a brisk and active life we led at all times, for there was work enough to keep us pretty well always on the move. It was a life of excitement, and not without attraction for those who were possessed of an adventurous spirit, such as I fancied I did possess in a very great degree at that period of my life.

One day I had a summons to the presence of the chief magistrate, who put into my hands a warrant that would take me down to the heart of a mining locality somewhere in Wales. I purposely avoid being more definite. From inquiries that I made I learned that the individual whom it would be my duty to bring up to London was a criminal of considerable notoriety, whose presence was most particularly in request, on account of some flagrant misdeeds that the authorities could on no account overlook. I also ascertained that he was a powerful and rather desperate character, and that I need not count on the capture being an easy one. But I knew that in case of need I could arrange with the prison authorities for assistance, and that if I once got the 'darbies' (handcuffs) fairly on I might count the worst of the job over.

It was the spring-time of the year, somewhat raw and gusty, but not by any means bad travelling weather on the whole. Within the hour after receiving my warrant and the needful directions for my route, I was speeding away westwards from Euston; and early in the evening was deposited at a small town a few miles from my destination, the railway going no farther. It was easy for me to procure a conveyance, on my

showing who and what I was; and I drove over to the county prison, intending to use the vehicle the next day in conveying back myself and capture. The drive was not a very long one; and I arrived in ample time to make all my arrangements with the governor, and to accept of an invitation which he gave me to meet some of the leading tradesmen of the place at the principal inn later on in the evening.

I made a comfortable though somewhat late dinner at the *Wrekin Arms*, and had abundant leisure to smoke a quiet pipe or two before the parlour company began to assemble. My introduction being duly made, I must say that I met with a truly hospitable reception. Vanity apart, I have no doubt that to the tradesmen of the dull place it was no small excitement to find themselves on neighbourly terms with one of the Bow-Street officers, whose fame even now extends all over the country, but who were a good deal more looked up to in the days that I speak of; Dickens having then riveted the attention of the reading public everywhere on the detective and his doings. A pleasant evening was spent, and I had an attentive audience when I told one or two of my best stories; the only thing to complain of—though nobody did complain—was that the sitting was prolonged to rather a late hour, considering the work before me for next morning.

In good time I drove up to the county jail, and leaving my vehicle in charge of a warder who was on the look-out for me, I was quickly in the presence of the governor. We were in the reception-room of the prison; and after a few minutes' talk the order was given for the production of the individual whom I had come to take charge of. Presently he entered the apartment with a lively step and a jaunty air, but which changed in an instant to something very like a look of dismay when he found me with the governor. It was plainly evident that he had guessed my character in a moment, and that he as clearly understood the errand I had come on.

'Here is your discharge Jones, and some things belonging to you,' kindly observed the governor. 'But I am sorry for your sake that I have to tell you this officer is here with a warrant to take you to London; and as go you must, I would earnestly desire you to go quietly, as being best for you in the long-run.'

'I will not give in,' answered Jones sullenly and hoarsely, while there was a twinkle in his eye that foreboded mischief. 'The Bow-Street bobbie,' he continued, 'knows he has no right to grab me inside the prison; let him come outside and try and take me.'

'We know there are a lot of roughs outside, and among them very likely some of your old pals, whom we suspect to be waiting for no good purpose; and therefore,' remarked the governor, 'we think we have a good excuse for stretching the law a bit. Once more I would counsel you

to let the officer put on the bracelets, and spare us the necessity of having to use force.'

Jones's answer was an oath of defiance, which it is not necessary I should write down, and which he had no sooner given utterance to, than, at a nod from the governor, he was in the clutches of two of the warders.

Though a little taken by surprise, the prisoner was not placed at any disadvantage, for he struck out swiftly and strongly. It was a fair up-and-down fight, which admitted of no third party interfering. Now one or other of the warders was down, now the prisoner, but neither party could boast of any decisive advantage. After an ineffectual struggle of some little duration, the two assistants fairly gave in, blown, and quite out of breath.

More defiant than ever, Jones stood as if rather proud of his victory; and I must say the governor looked not a little nonplussed, if not downright dismayed. I am a man but little above the middle height, and still tough and wiry; but at the time of which I now speak I had the advantage of being in first-rate training. Jones, as I hinted at the outset, was a big and powerful man, who had gone through many a rough encounter in the course of his criminal career; and it was not, I must confess, without some small misgiving that I made up my mind to encounter him single-handed. To my demand that he should at once submit before more force was called in, he promptly answered by immediately grappling with me.

By birth I am a Devonshire man, and from a part of the county closely bordering on Cornwall. In my younger days I had engaged in many a wrestling-match, and was by no means unacquainted with the Cornish 'hug' and other dodges of those who follow the athletic sport. I soon found that my antagonist was powerful enough, but that he was unskilled. He had much the greater amount of strength; but I had endurance, and could wait my opportunity. After several desperate attempts on his part to get me down, a chance offered, of which I instantly availed myself—a dexterous back-throw, and over he went flat, and with a stunning crash measuring his length on the floor. Before he could recover from the effects of the fall, I was free from his grasp, and he was at our mercy.

In a minute or two he was all right, and holding up his hands, said: 'I give in. You're a something plucky fellow, or you couldn't have done it so neatly.'

The handcuffs were adjusted, and both myself and prisoner bade the governor good-bye; thanks being added on my part for his attentions. When we reached the prison entrance, I did not like the look of things at all. There was a considerable crowd gathered, and among them some very ugly-looking customers, who seemed as if they would not mind a 'scrimmage' in the least. Seeing how things looked, and bent on making sure of my man, I unlocked his right hand, and secured him to my own left wrist. I had not many yards to go to reach my vehicle, and I made a show of meeting the scowling and threatening countenances around me with as easy an air as possible;

and this I found it all the less difficult to do when I discovered in the crowd some of my entertainers of the previous evening, whose presence gave me a certain sense of safety. On reaching the trap, I whisperingly asked the warder in charge of it if he could drive; and being answered in the affirmative, I told him to mount and take the reins. In a moment I had my prisoner in, and off we went at a rattling pace.

When fairly clear of the town, and past all apparent risk of pursuit, I again secured both hands of my involuntary travelling companion, and dismissing the warder, I took the reins myself. Jones sat perfectly quiet, and seemingly quite resigned to his fate. Before, however, we had gone far, he turned abruptly to me and remarked: 'You were in a precious funk when we got outside the prison; and I fancy you had half a mind to call upon the warders to guard you to the trap.'

'No,' I replied; 'I cannot admit that I was in any bodily fear; and besides, there were some of the townsmen in the crowd, who would have come to my help, I have no doubt, had there been occasion.'

'I can tell you, you were in more danger than you mayhap counted on,' rejoined my prisoner. 'There were pals of mine in that crowd who had come for the express purpose of rescue; and had I only but given the word, you would have had a rough time of it before the tussle was over.'

'They would not, however, have got you,' I replied, 'without they had first wrenched off my arm to set you at liberty.'

'Why, they could have got the key and unlocked the darbies—couldn't they?'

'No,' I said. 'I don't think they could have found out where I hid the key; and I'm quite sure they would not have got it if they had guessed where I had it.'

'Why, where on earth *did* you have it?' asked Jones with evident amazement.

'Well,' I answered, 'just to let you into a little bit of a secret, I may mention that I had the key in my mouth all the while; and I would certainly have swallowed it sooner than let any of your chums get possession of it.'

My prisoner was evidently dumfounded, and had but little more to say during the remainder of the drive. In due time we reached the town where we were to take the rail; but long before the time for the train starting, I drove up to the inn where I had hired the vehicle, and asking the landlord for a private room, I ushered Jones into it.

When we were alone and in no danger of being interrupted, I entered freely into conversation with the poor wretch. I frankly pointed out to him that my duty was not by any means an agreeable one even to myself; but that I would be glad to make things as pleasant as possible for him while we had to bear each other's company. 'Trust me as a man, and behave like a man, you shall have a man's treatment. Act like a dog, and you will have to be treated as a dog,' was the conclusion of my brief but very emphatic address.

He seemed pleased, though in a surly sort of way, I must confess, with what I said to him; but still he looked so far softened as to encourage me to add, that if he would pledge me his word to make no attempt at escape, I would relieve him of

the handcuffs while we were not under public observation, and would treat him as a friend until he passed out of my custody. He did not at once respond to my offer; but after a minute or two of thought, he answered in a hearty tone that had a truthful ring about it: 'I'll do it.' Presently, he added: 'You deserve the pledge; and I'll keep it. I like a fellow that shews pluck, and you have shewn plenty of it to-day, both when you laid me on my back—and it's not many could do that—but also when you marched me through among my pals with such a bold front, and they a dozen to one against you.'

Off came the bracelets in a twinkling; and as there was leisure to spare, I ordered a plain but substantial dinner, early as it was, and took care that there should be plenty of good beer, which I knew would be the greatest treat to my charge. After dinner came a pipe or two, which my man enjoyed prodigiously; and I took care there should be ample store of tobacco for the journey, with a modest flask of spirits to cheer the way; for I had no objection to the good things of life myself, and I meant my companion to have all the comfort I could afford while he remained with me.

I had of course to put on the bracelets again when we marched to the station; and as I was known to the guard, a hint from me was sufficient to procure us a compartment all to ourselves by the simple process of locking us in. The conversation of my travelling companion was not without a melancholy interest, for he was a man who had wasted many years, and some small amount of energy and ability, in an unavailing war against society. I remember thinking at the time what a splendid soldier the fellow would have made in a hot campaign, for he had been noted throughout his career for plenty of dash and enterprise, which had lately degenerated into something like a sullen ferocity.

We reached London punctual to our time. I handcuffed my man, called a cab, and drove off from the station. As we drove along, it came into my head that I would like to give the poor fellow one more taste of freedom however brief. I told the cabman to pull up at a place where I knew we could be private; and on our getting out, I intimated to my charge that I was going to stretch matters a little in his favour by treating him to another drop of beer and a pipe. Relieving him of the bracelets, I set a tankard before him and handed him my tobacco-pouch. He seemed sensible of the attention paid to him, but looked somewhat bewildered, and was very quiet. When the beer was finished, and the pipe smoked out, he put up his hand, took mine, and burst into tears. 'I've been treated like a wild beast for years,' he exclaimed with bitterness; 'but you are a man, and have shewn the kindness of a brother. I will never forget you!' The fierce outcast of society was subdued. Without the preceding display of force, there would probably have been no ground to work upon; but I think I may venture to say that the succeeding show of confidence and kindness was called for to make the subjection complete.

He held out both hands of his own accord for me to put on the handcuffs, and we drove off to Bow Street. I may just add that I never saw Jones again. He got some very lengthened

term of penal servitude, towards the end of which, as I learned quite accidentally, he died of heart disease.

A GOSSIP ABOUT FEES.

VERY pleasant to a young lawyer is his first fee, the forerunner, in his mind's eye, of many a retainer and refresher in store for him as he works his passage from the bar to the bench. But it is oftentimes weary waiting for that first modest reward, mortgaged, maybe, long before it comes; like the future celebrated Counsellor Scott's half-guinea, which had to be handed over to his Bessy, in accordance with the agreement between them, that he was to take the receipts of the first eleven months of his barristerhood, and give her all he earned in the twelfth month for her own use.

Parsimonious as he is reputed to have been, that was not the only instance of the future Chancellor Eldon cheerfully surrendering the fruits of his labour. While he was still only a rising man at the bar, not overburdened with riches, his hairdresser remarked to him, that if everybody had their own, a certain friend of his, then in indifferent circumstances, would be enjoying the possession of a fine estate. Scott sent the hairdresser to Solicitor Bleasdale to have the facts reduced to writing, and then set about the necessary proceedings to recover the property for his rightful owner; asking the solicitor to keep an account of the fees to which he would be entitled, until the termination of the suit. When it did terminate in the triumph of Scott's client, Mr Bleasdale presented him with a purse containing the whole of the fees due, in gold. Sending for the hairdresser, he congratulated him upon his friend's success, and tossing the well-lined purse to the astonished man, said: 'You have had a good deal of trouble in the affair, so take that purse.'

Another Scott, more famed as a poet than a pleader, had a housebreaker for his first client at Jedburgh, and did his best for the rogue, who in thanking him after the trial, expressed himself as much grieved at being unable to repay him in current coin; but lacking that, gave him two valuable bits of information; assuring him that a yelping terrier inside a house was a better protection against thieves than a big dog outside a house; and that no sort of lock so bothered one of his craft as an old rusty one. Philosophically accepting the inevitable, the author of *Waverley* consoled himself by turning the couplet:

Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's first Jeddart fee.

Yet more unsatisfactory was the product of M. Rouher's first brief, held in behalf of a peasant. When the verdict had been given in his favour, that worthy asked his eloquent advocate how much he owed him. 'Oh, say two francs,' was the answer. 'Two francs!' exclaimed the ingrate; 'that's very dear. Won't you let me off with a franc and a half?' 'No; two francs or nothing,' was the counsel's ultimatum. 'Well then,' said his client, 'I would rather pay nothing,' and with a bow, he left M. Rouher to reflect upon rustic simplicity.

To be taken at one's word is not always agreeable, as Daniel Webster found when outwitted by the Quaker. The Clockmaker is responsible for the story, and we must let him tell it. 'This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a canse down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so says he: "Lawyer Webster, what's your fee?" "Why," says Daniel, "let me see. I have to go down south to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company; and I've got to be at Cincinnati to attend the Convention; and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and fatigue. It would cost you, maybe, more than you'd be willing to give." Pressed to name what he would take, Webster said a thousand dollars. The Quaker well-nigh fainted when he heard this. But he was pretty deep too; so says he: "Lawyer, that's a great deal of money; but I have more causes there. If I give you the thousand dollars, will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?" "Yes," says Daniel; "I will, to the best of my humble abilities." So down they went to Rhode Island; and Daniel carried the case for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he: "What will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me a thousand dollars for a fee; but now he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you." So he got three hundred dollars from one, and two from another, and so on, until he got eleven hundred dollars; just one hundred more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heard this. "What!" said he, "do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire?" "Friend Daniel," said the Quaker, "didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine." Daniel laughed out ready to split his sides at this. "Well," says he, "I guess I might as well stand still for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence anyhow." So he went good-humouredly to work and pleaded them all.'

Lawyer Dudley, a fellow-countryman of Webster's, was not to be so easily beguiled into giving advocacy gratis. Having to defend a man accused of helping himself to a hog belonging to a neighbour, he succeeded in obtaining an acquittal. 'How can I ever repay you, Mr Dudley?' said the lucky rascal. 'I haven't a cent; accept my thanks.' 'Thanks?' cried the lawyer. 'Send me a side of the pork!'

This reminds us of Abraham Lincoln's story of the hog-stealer who insured his safety by judiciously placing his ill-gotten provender. The theft and the identity of the thief were so incontestably proved, that Mr Lincoln did not see his way to fighting against a conviction, and intimated as much to his client. 'Never mind about that,' said he; 'just abuse them witnesses like the deuce, and spread yourself on general principles.' Mr Lincoln obeyed instructions. The jury retired, and after a short consultation, astonished everybody but the prisoner by declaring him not guilty. 'You see, squire,' he explained, 'every one of the fellows had a piece of them hogs!'

Let things go well or ill with the world in

general, there is never any lack of work for gentlemen learned in the law. Every parliamentary session sees the creation of new offences, the invention of fresh openings for litigation; a game increasing every day in costliness, thanks to the liberal use by solicitors of their clients' money, till one is inclined to echo Uriah Heep's saying, 'lawyers, sharks, and leeches are not easily satisfied.' In taxing the costs in a cause tried at Carlisle, the Master only allowed a counsel's fee of thirty guineas on the brief, with fifteen-guinea refreshers from the second day of hearing. Against this decision the parties concerned appealed, stating that they had paid a Queen's Counsel a retainer of a hundred guineas, and given him a daily refresher of twenty-five guineas, commencing with the first day of the trial. This astonished the court; and one of the judges remarked that he had never before heard of a counsel receiving a refresher for the first day, and could not imagine what he could want with one; whereupon a learned brother suggested that he possibly required it to refresh himself after his long journey. But the court declined to sanction the innovation, or to interfere with the Master's award.

The relative positions of solicitor and counsel would appear to be reversed in France, if a story told lately by the Paris correspondent of a London newspaper be really true. 'We have long had the fable of the lawyer eating the oyster and giving a shell to each pleader, and now we have a pendant. A French lawyer in a separation case pleaded very warmly for his client, who, he said, was literally dying of hunger, and who had two little children. He demanded the immediate aid of two thousand francs, in the name of humanity and in the name of justice, and full of confidence threw himself on the equity of the court. A few days later his client received the following letter: "Madame, I am happy to say we have succeeded in obtaining the provision of two thousand francs. I have handed a thousand francs to your attorney, who has given me a receipt, and I am much obliged to you for the surplus in settlement of fees."

In a case tried at Dunfermline in 1876, two Edinburgh doctors deposed that there was no fixed scale of fees for consulting-physicians, but that the ordinary charge was from two to three guineas per hour; and three local doctors testified that they usually paid a consulting-physician fifteen guineas a visit. From a medical journal we learn that London physicians and surgeons of ordinary repute charge a guinea a visit; two guineas for consultation with another practitioner, one guinea a mile for journeys by road, and two-thirds of a guinea per mile for journeys by rail. Fees for performing operations, or assisting at them, are left very much to the judgment of the individual; but there is a sort of loose understanding that for the great operations involving a risk of life a hundred guineas is a proper average fee; half that amount sufficing in minor cases. Ophthalmic surgeons have made a hundred guineas the current charge for extracting a cataract; fifty guineas that for iridectomy; twenty-five guineas that for strabismus; and so on, with more or less variation, according to the standing of the surgeon and the means of the patient. The principle, however, of charging for a thing not according to its value, but by the presumed depth of the purchaser's purse, is open to question; every

man, be he rich or poor, has an equal right to get his money's worth for his money; whether he has much or little is beside the question. That one practitioner, however, should exact a higher fee than another, is proper enough; we must expect to pay for experience, whether it be our own or that of other people.

A young Parisian lady after being relieved of a tormenting tooth, laid down ten francs in payment. Looking at the fee contemptuously, the dentist asked if that was for his servant. 'No, sir,' responded Madame with a sweet smile; 'it is for both of you.'

A worthy baronet handed his medical adviser his fee rolled up in paper, to find, after the doctor's departure, the proper fee still in his pocket, and a couple of mint lozenges gone. Meeting the defrauded doctor a few hours afterwards, he asked him how he liked his fee. 'Oh, it was very sweet,' was the reply. The next morning saw amends made by the sending of a sovereign and a shilling, with the lines:

The fee was sweet—I thank you for the hint.

These are as sweet; they've both been through the Mint.

The famous Dr Fothergill was once, by his own election, very strangely recompensed for his professional services. A merchant-vessel arriving in the London Docks with captain and crew down with yellow-fever, Dr Fothergill removed the captain to his own house, and succeeded in pulling him through. At first, Fothergill refused to accept any payment at all; but the grateful seaman persisting in rewarding him, he said there was one thing he could do for him—if he were making a voyage to the East and passed through the Straits of Macassar, he should be glad if he would bring him two barrelsful of the earth of Borneo. This the captain readily promised to do. However, when he reached the spot on his voyage out, his heart failed him; and fearing to incur the ridicule of his men, he sailed through the Straits without fulfilling his promise. Returning by the same route, the same thing happened; but after he had left the Straits two hundred miles behind him, his conscience smote him for his ingratitude, and putting the ship's head about, he made for Borneo, and took in the earth. When Fothergill received it, he had a piece of ground prepared by the burning of the surface, and laid the Borneo earth upon it; and in due time had the satisfaction of making the acquaintance of a number of curious plants new to him.

We hear a good deal nowadays of 'payment by results,' a method of remuneration seemingly not unknown in Savagdom. The Utes, says an American authority, have a peculiar and exemplary mode of disposing of medicine-men unlucky in their dealings with disease. Such a practitioner lately contrived to kill two men and one woman. Piat, the chief of the tribe, quietly took down his Winchester rifle and made the doctor's three wives widows; believing that a maladroitness medicine-man was better fitted for the happy hunting-grounds than for this mundane sphere.

The Fee family is a large one; but we have occupied too much space with the legal and medical branches to have any left for the rest; still we cannot refrain from quoting from an old song glorifying the only fee that is pleasant

alike to giver and taker, and that leaves the giver no poorer:

'Let's kiss,' says Jane.
'Content,' says Nan;
And so says every sho.
'How many?' says Batt.
'Why, three,' says Matt.
'For that's a maiden's fee.'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE audiometer invented by Professor Hughes has been employed, with interesting results, by Dr B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., in testing the hearing of a number of persons. A telephone, microphone, a small battery, coils, and a clock are required in the construction of the instrument. Extending from one of the fixed coils to the other is a graduated bar, from two hundred degrees down to zero, on which the induction coil in the form of a ring may be readily shifted. Place the coil at two hundred degrees and the listener hears the clock ticking surprisingly loud; but from degree to degree as the coil is shifted downwards the sounds decrease, and end at last in absolute silence. The point of silence varies: some persons can hear down to two and a half degrees; others stop at thirty, twenty, or ten degrees, as the case may be, according to their state of health or the sensitiveness of their hearing. Complete silence is necessary during the experiments; and the person under examination should be placed so as not to see the movements of the coil on the graduated scale. It is found in practice that the faintest sounds can be heard only when the decrease is gradual and continuous; and that they are lost by jumps and pauses in the shifting of the coil.

As a rule, the right ear is better than the left; but instances to the contrary have been met with among persons accustomed to exercise their left ear. Some deaf persons fail to remember sounds. A youth was tested who was unable to 'catch all the sounds lying between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and seven degrees until he could remember what he had to listen for;' but by practice he succeeded in identifying all the intervening sounds. These facts, says Dr Richardson, 'seem to indicate that deafness from imperfection of the tympanum or other parts of the organ of hearing may be increased beyond the mere physical failure, either from some lost power of automatic adjustment in the auditory apparatus, or from failure of receptive power in the cerebrum itself, so that the memory rendered imperfect is slow to assist the listener until by exercise of function the readiness is restored.'

The hearing is improved by holding the breath after a deep inspiration; and also by the high barometer. The influence of atmospheric pressure can thus be tested. In his own case, when the barometer is at thirty degrees, Dr Richardson can hear on both sides close down to zero; but below thirty degrees he fails to reach zero on the left side by two degrees. He is of opinion that the audio-

meter will be 'an essential in all physical examinations of men who are undergoing examination as to their fitness for special services requiring perfect hearing, such as soldiers, sentries, railway officials, and the like.' Also in diagnosis; in differentiating between deafness through the external ear and deafness from closure of the Eustachian tube—throat deafness; and in determining the value of artificial tympanum in instances of deafness due to imperfection or destruction of the natural tympanum. In actual practice Dr Richardson finds the best artificial ear-drum to be a small gold cylinder, with which he restored fifty degrees of hearing to one of his patients, who without it could not hear lower on the scale than one hundred and ten degrees.

By attaching a microphone to a sphygmograph, and connecting with an electric battery and a telephone, Dr Richardson has discovered a method for making the movements of the pulse audible. The instrument or sphygmophone, when prepared, is placed on the pulse in the ordinary way, and as soon as it works properly, a distinct series of sounds is heard in the telephone keeping time with the beats of the artery. 'When all is neatly adjusted,' says the Doctor, 'the sounds heard are three in number—one long sound and two short, corresponding to the systolic push, the arterial recoil, and the valvular check. The sounds are singular, as resembling the two words, *Bother it*,' and in a quiet room may be heard at some distance. Here there is a new appliance for the medical profession, for although not so good a recorder of the pulse as the sphygmograph, 'it may be made,' as Dr Richardson remarks, 'very useful in class, for illustrating to a large number of students at one time the movements of the natural pulse and the variations which occur in disease.' It may become very useful also in studying the effect of stimulants on the circulation. Let the person under examination drink whisky and in three minutes the pulse gallops, and sounds are heard at times which may be described as screams.

A German professor has arranged a flexible stethoscope in such a way that, as is reported, he can hear the rush of the blood through the capillaries of the skin; also the sounds of muscular contraction, tendinous extension, and the vibration of the long bones. The name of this sensitive instrument is dermatophone.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers have published a long list of 'subjects' on which they desire to receive papers for reading and discussion at their meetings. Machinery of all kinds, manufacturing operations, and mechanical devices are included. In some instances the refinements of science are required, as in lighting by electricity, and in improvements in the construction and insulation of electric telegraphs, in the transmission of messages, and in telegraphic writing. The Council of the Institution intend to propose that during the present year three hundred pounds shall be expended in promoting 'experimental research on unsettled mechanical questions,' which can hardly fail of acceptance. Three questions have been chosen for a beginning: 'the conditions of the hardening, annealing, and tempering of steel; the corrosion of different classes of steel and iron; and the best form and proportions of riveted joints, both for iron and steel plates.'

It has been ascertained by experience that a rail of Bessemer steel will last nine times as long as an iron rail. About one-third of the railway mileage in this country is laid with Bessemer steel rails, and the economy thereby effected is well pointed out by Mr Price Williams, who states: 'It is estimated that the annual saving in labour alone, in the ordinary maintenance of the lines, which has resulted from the less frequent breaking up of the permanent way where steel rails are now used, is equivalent to the saving of the services of at least a man in every three miles; and this at seventeen pounds per mile will, on ten thousand one hundred and ninety-four miles of single line already laid with steel rails, these being the most heavily worked sections, represent an annual saving of one hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight pounds;' to which must be added the much larger sum saved by not having to renew the rails so frequently as in former years.

In a discussion at a meeting of the Institution on Economy in Railway Working, Captain Douglas Galton pointed out that the traffic best deserving of attention by railway companies is third-class traffic. The first class is stationary; the second class declines; but the third class is always growing, and the receipts therefrom could be 'very largely' increased by a further reduction of fares. This was corroborated by Mr Price Williams, who stated that while the profit on first and second class traffic amounted to not more than twenty per cent. the third-class profit might be 'roundly put at seventy-five per cent.' And further: 'Taking the whole of the third-class passengers of the kingdom, the average fare per person was one shilling, and detailed statistics conclusively showed that ninepence out of that shilling was clear profit to the railway companies. That being so, it would be well for railway managers to consider whether Captain Galton's suggestion of a still further reduction in third-class fares could not be adopted with advantage.'

Professor Osborne Reynolds, President of the Scientific and Mechanical Society of Manchester, in his address to that Society, instanced the past year as one of mechanical improvements and mechanical disasters; the latter, collisions and sinking of ships, and collisions and so-called accidents on railways. He showed that our achievements in speed have gone far beyond our means of stopping and turning, and that the important problem now is to stop and turn with a readiness and completeness proportionate to our locomotive speed whether on land or water.

The problem as regards stopping a railway train seemed easy of solution: it was known that a single carriage could be suddenly stopped by screwing the brake blocks tight, and so skidding the wheels. But Captain Galton's experiments have proved that it is not the same with a number of carriages, for he discovered that 'by skidding the wheels the brake loses nearly half its greatest power of stopping a train. If the brake is applied with the greatest force short of skidding the wheels, the train will stop in something like half the distance required if the wheels are skidded.'

Professor Reynolds's conclusions on the question of speedy turning of ships so as to avoid a collision were stated in a recent *Month*: it is as much an error to expect the rudder to act on reversal

of the screw of a steamer, as it is to stop a train by skidding the wheels. 'The whole error,' we are told, 'arises from a failure to grasp the circumstances on which the action of the rudder depends. As long, and only as long as the water is rushing backwards past the rudder, will the rudder exert its normal tendency to guide the ship.' The problem in this case is far from being solved.

Niagara is confessedly a 'water-privilege' of the foremost rank for power and grandeur. If that prodigious power could only be transmitted to a distance, what a number of places which are now idle for want of power, might avail themselves of the electric light, and take to spinning and weaving, hammering, sawing, planing, grinding, and other mechanical employments! Surprising statements on the question have been put forth; one, that the cost of an efficient cable would be sixty dollars a foot; another, that the copper deposits of the Lake Superior region, ample as they are, would not suffice for the construction of a cable to transmit the power of the mighty waterfall. In answer to these statements, Professors Thomson and Houston of Philadelphia, whose electro-magnetic researches we have before noticed, tell us that should it be deemed desirable, the total power of Niagara might be conveyed a distance of five hundred miles or more by a copper cable not exceeding one-half of an inch in thickness. For the consumption of one million horse-power, they say that a cable of three inches diameter, if perfectly insulated, would suffice. Of course no single locality could make use of such a vast amount of power; but the important fact still remains, that with a cable of very limited size, an enormous quantity of power may be transferred to considerable distances.

Similar views were expressed by Sir William Thomson in the evidence which he gave a few weeks since before the Select Committee on the Electric Light. 'There would be,' he said, 'no limit to the application of electricity as a motive-power; it might do all the work that could be done by steam-engines of the most powerful description.' And he thought that 'legislation, in the interests of the nation and in the interests of mankind, should remove as far as possible all obstacles, such as those arising from vested interests, and should encourage inventors to the utmost.'

Experiments have been made by the Trinity House on the lighting of buoys with gas, which is manufactured from waste fitty matters or the refuse of oil-works. This gas is passed into the buoys under severe pressure, until a sufficient charge is accumulated to burn for three or four weeks, shewing a bright light by night and day, even in boisterous weather. Here then is a means of lighting an intricate channel, or a passage, or of indicating the position of a wreck, which cannot fail to be useful; and the Trinity Board have ordered the construction of two buoys which will hold compressed gas enough to burn from four to six months. With these, further and, as we may assume, conclusive experiments will be carried on in the estuary of the Thames. The same kind of gas is, we are informed, used for the lighting of railway trains.

The difficulty of raising sunken ships from deep water has led to the invention of the 'gripping camel,' which, when floating over the wreck, lets

down two long arms to which air-bags are attached. The arms are intended to grip the wreck; but the grip is a flexible grip, for air is forced into the bags, which press with increasing force against the sides of the ship, and impart an element of buoyancy. At the same time the lifting power of the floating camel is augmented, and thus the sunken vessel will be lifted. Should it have sunk into a deep bed, a special contrivance sends down a strong jet of water, which, properly directed, soon washes away the heavy pressing sand.

Another method has been made known and discussed at a meeting of the United Service Institution. An iron tower is placed upright by the side of the sunken ship: from the inside of this tower, holes can be bored, into which attachments are fastened. The boring is carried on by means of compressed air, and a man in the tower guides the tool. There may be two or more towers according to the weight to be lifted. When all the attachments are properly made, a floating dock is placed directly above the vessel to be raised; and by alternate pumping out and taking in of water, and taking advantage of the tides, the lifting is accomplished, the dock steams shorewards; the wreck grounds, and is again lifted, until, after a series of repetitions, she is safely placed in the floating dock and carried into port.

That the different colours of the spectrum have an influence on vegetation, has long been known. Plants grown under green glass soon die; under red glass they live a long time, but become pale and slender. Mr Yung of the University of Geneva has placed the eggs of frogs and fishes in similar conditions, and found that violet light quickens their development; and blue, yellow, and white also, but in a lesser degree. Tadpoles on the contrary die sooner in coloured light than in white light. As regards frogs, Mr Yung has ascertained that their development is not stopped by darkness, as some observers have supposed, but that the process is much slower than in the light.

In an account of a simple and sure method of detecting the difference between natural and artificial turquoise, the *Journal of the Chemical Society* states that artificial turquoise is manufactured in at least three countries of Europe. And further, that these imitations possess all the characteristic physical properties of the natural stone in regard to colour, hardness, density, fracture, and appearance under the microscope; even the brown ferruginous inclosures characteristic of some inferior oriental turquoises being added, while a qualitative analysis simply shews the composition of the imitation to be almost identical with that of the true turquoise.

An extra volume of *Philosophical Transactions* has been published by the Royal Society, containing 'An Account of the Petrological, Botanical, and Zoological Collections made in Kerguelen's Land and Rodriguez during the Transit of Venus Expeditions, carried out by Order of Her Majesty's Government in the years 1874-75.' The two islands thus visited are so peculiar and so little known, that the particulars given by the painstaking naturalists of the results of their adventurous endeavours will be found unusually interesting to general as well as to scientific readers.

A French inventor residing at Sermaise les Bains (Marne) who has been engaged in perfecting his apparatus for applying electricity to agri-

cultural work, has had a public trial of his electric plough. The electricity which propels the plough is not produced by voltaic batteries, but by a powerful gramme-machine which works under shelter, while copper wires, resembling those of the ordinary telegraph, connect it with the plough. The gramme-machine for generating the electricity, though usually worked by a small steam-engine, may be driven, when convenient, by wind or water power. The process—any questions concerning which may be addressed to M. Peronne, Sermaize les Bains, Marne—has been patented, and a Company formed.

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

It was in the summer of 1855 that a party of some thirty children, ranging in age from five to ten years, were returning for dinner from the 'District School,' some few miles west of Cincinnati, Ohio, United States, when one of those sudden thunder-storms, so frequent during the hot season in that part of the world, burst on them. The school-house was situated in the midst of a piece of waste land known as 'The School Common,' and before the children had cleared the Common they were nearly wet through, and the terrific lightning and reverberating thunder were quite enough to appal older and stouter hearts; and they had still another quarter of a mile ere they could reach the village.

Although the Common itself could boast of neither tree nor shrub, yet just at its edge stood one of those gigantic oaks which the settler's axe had spared. Beneath its branches the whole party could easily find shelter, and although the storm had been raging some five minutes, its foliage was so dense that the ground underneath it was quite dry. 'Let us get under the oak,' said one little panting mortal. 'Ay, ay!' was echoed and re-echoed by several; whilst all as quickly as possible put the resolution into practice. Just then, one little girl suddenly said: 'We ought not to stay here. I've heard of lightning striking trees and killing any one who happened to be under.' And at last she persuaded them to face the storm once more; nor did they stop again till they had reached the village, where they took refuge.

The storm, furious in its character, soon spent itself; and an hour and a half after, several of the same little people, well fed, and attired in dry clothing, were again making their way to the school, when suddenly, with blanched cheeks, they saw the old oak which had withstood the storms of centuries, still standing certainly, but with several of its branches torn off, others broken and hanging loose, and its huge trunk scorched as though a fire had been kindled all around it. The tree had been struck by lightning. The news of the narrow escape was soon known; and feelings of admiration for the presence of mind displayed by the little girl were mingled with thankfulness for the narrow escape which she and her companions had made.

Perhaps the story may teach those who are unaware of the danger, to avoid the shelter of solitary trees during a thunder-storm. Nothing can be more hazardous, a fact which the death-rates by lightning thus attracted, shew.

KNITTING.

Knitting gaily in the sunshine,
While the fragrant roses blow,
And the light wind stirs the petals,
Till they fall like flakes of snow;
Laughing gladsly, glancing shyly,
At the lover by her side—
Saucy dimples, coy confessions,
All a maiden's love and pride;
Weaving in with skilful fingers
Girlish fancies, pure desires,
While the brightness of the future
Flashes through the twinkling wires;
And a young heart's fond ambitions,
Tender hopes, and golden dreams,
Deepen as the sunlight deepens,
With its thousand darts and gleams.

Knitting silent in the shadows,
With a drooping, weary head,
Gazing out into the twilight,
Whence the life and light have fled;
Moving nerveless, languid fingers;
Striving to be bright in vain,
And to still the heart's wild flutter,
Throbbing in its mighty pain;
Working through the silky texture,
All a woman's unguished fears,
Looking out on past and future,
Through a mist of burning tears,
Knitting patient in the twilight,
Quietly bearing all her woe,
While the roses shed their petals
In a fragrant summer-snow!

Knitting fiercely, in the anguish
Of a burning, fiery strife;
Or quietly in the sunlight
Of a calm heart's happy life.
Knitting heavily and slowly,
In life's last fitful hours;
Or skilfully and gaily,
Among the summer flowers!
Weaving in a glorious future;
Or a son's dumb aching pain,
With the memory of pleasures
That will never come again!

Thus a woman's life is bounded
By the humble, daily task,
Meekly taking up her burden,
Fanning not to strive or ask.
Ah! how many hearts beside us,
Were we not so worldly wise,
Might we see in gentle moments,
Looking out from wistful eyes!
And how often, did we listen,
'Neath a gay and laughing tone,
Could we hear the bitter yearning
Of a strong heart's restless moan!

BEE.

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